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JULY
1930

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Volume XXXII

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Number 5

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CAN ONE BREAK INTO TALKIES?



IT'S the one question asked PICTURE PLAY so often, that we determined to give our readers an authoritative answer based on the actual experience of one who attempted it. Thus you will find next month the report of Mignon Rittenhouse, who not only succeeded in working at Paramount's New York studio, but interviewed casting directors, extra girls and others vitally interested in the business of making talkies.

Miss Rittenhouse learned that talkies have closed down the old-fashioned, most familiar entrance into the movies and opened up new ones. That there actually is a chance for the outsider, but that in obtaining that chance he must pursue an entirely different course than in the days of silent pictures. It is a surprising story that Miss Rittenhouse tells, and it is one replete with human interest as well as sound information. Make a note to order PICTURE PLAY for August and run no slightest chance of missing it.

Not Heroes To Their Tailor

WHAT happens when your favorite male star decides to replenish his wardrobe? Certainly our darlings of Hollywood don't open the mail-order catalogue and check off the "nobby" suit they decide to buy. Far from it. Clothes are too important an item in their professional personal lives to leave any detail of them to chance. So they go to a tailor who is popular with the majority. But if you think their calls are confined to one or two visits, you are very, very much mistaken. Or if you think that their likeness to Apollos on the screen makes the fitting of their clothing an easy task, you are mistaken.

It's a long story, this intimate revelation of tweeds and twills and the gentlemen who wear them. Just the sort of story you would expect of Samuel Richard Mook, in fact. And he has gone after it with his accustomed zest. So much so, indeed, that he succeeds in telling you what you never knew of certain stars, and what is revealed by their taste in clothes, as well as their conduct when off duty in a place no writer has ever invaded before.

In this unusual story there is still another proof that PICTURE PLAY yields to no summer doldrums, but is the best magazine of the screen in every season.



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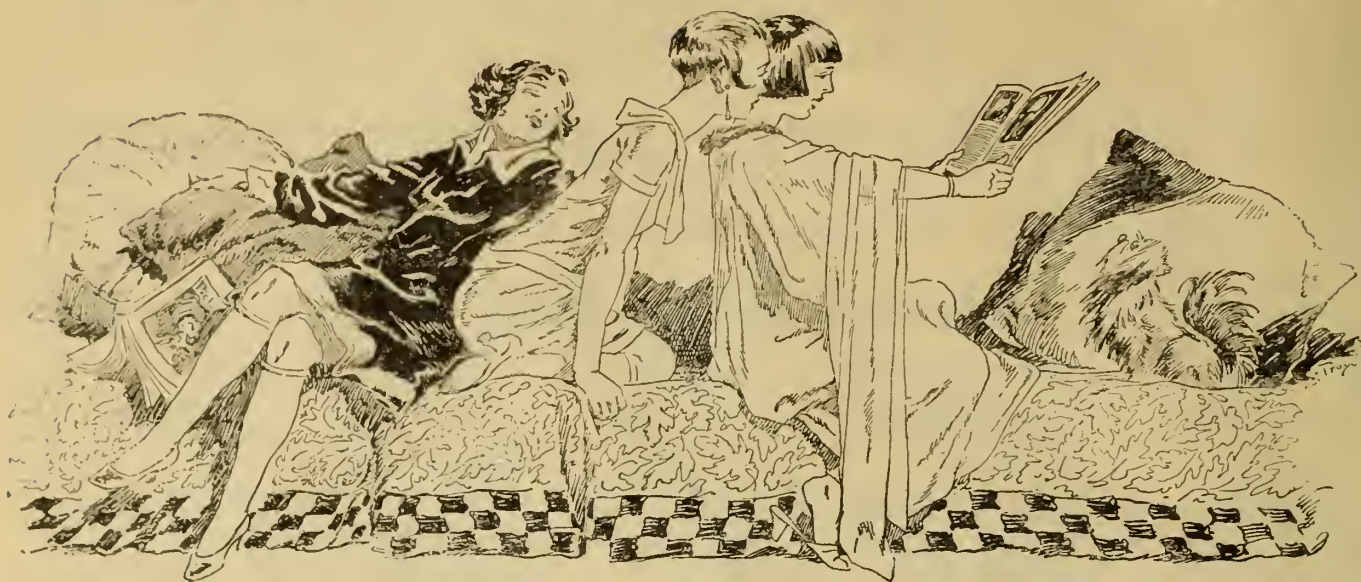


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GIRARD, KANSAS

What The Fans Think



The Public Boop-a-doop.

IF Samuel Richard Mook, who wrote "Bread-and-butter Babies Looking for Cake" in April PICTURE PLAY, is a prophet, then Heaven help the fans, for it looks like a long season of boop-a-doop shows and back-stage revues. A little vaudeville goes a long way, and when one has to sit through a wretched hour of talking vaudeville acts in hopeful anticipation of the feature to come, and then to find just another of the wisecracking bread-and-butter babies of the Broadway hooper type in a rehashed stage play, it is no wonder that we doubt the Jovian wisdom of Mr. Mook, and long for more of the "cold and unsympathetic" sophistication of Ann Harding, one of the finest and most appealing artists the stage has yet given to a bored public.

Look again, Mr. Mook, beneath that characteristically "destructive coiffure," of which you so evidently disapprove, to see the fearlessness, the tenderness, the humanity of those eyes and that lovely, sensitive mouth, and then thank your stars that out of the welter of muck of "what the people want" we've been privileged to see "Condemned" and "Paris Bound."

If we are to have talkies, for Heaven's sake let us have players who *can* talk, or let us sit quietly and absorb the beauty of the peerless Corinne, or the baby ways of "our Mary," and not suffer the disillusionment that we must when they open their mouths to talk! And remember, Mr. Mook, there are a few thousand of us who prefer a finely constructed drama to flashes of female anatomy and mushy theme songs.

ISABEL BARTLETT HATCH.

90 Highland Avenue,
Greenfield, Massachusetts.

"On Land and on Sea."

In response to Gilda's letter, headed "Three Cheers for Dick," in which she said that she admired Barthelmess for snubbing some schoolgirls in Mexico City, may I ask who is *he*, compared to the many better-known and better-loved actors, to ignore those who make his livelihood possible? Just a drop in the bucket, compared to the many *real* players.

Last summer, while cruising around Catalina Island, I saw several parties of movie people on their yachts, among them Cecil DeMille, Nils Asther, Victor McLaglen, and others, all of whom returned our greetings.

But Barthelmess—Dick turned his back, not casually or nonchalantly, but very abruptly and rudely.

When pictures starring Barthelmess are advertised, this unpleasant happening comes to mind, and I prefer staying home to contributing to the upkeep of his yacht.

BERNICE THOMPSON.

1734 Lemon Avenue,
Long Beach, California.

Heavens! A Harem for Gary?

When people take upon themselves the positions of match breakers, it is time the bar went up. I refer particularly to the case of Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper. Ever since their engagement was announced, it has been tabooed by these few. I sincerely hope that the marriage took place soon after the announcement. Whether or not, they *are* still loving each other, and Gary is putting up with it and *likes* it.

It was pointed out to him by R. Newcomb that it was indeed unfortunate and the sooner he terminated it the better.

Lupe's feelings were not spared one bit, for Fay Wray and Mary Brian were selected as suitable partners, although in Fay's case it was too late for a romance. Still that leaves Mary Brian. We are not told if Mary is to have any say in the matter or not. Excuse me, R. Newcomb, but since when were you elected Gary's keeper? If he has gone down in the estimation of a number of so-called fans, then he must have gone up in the estimation of thousands of others, for he has reached the pinnacle for which he was headed and is sitting there good and pretty. *It wouldn't matter if he kept a harem.* Thanks to Marie Price for the information she handed out so *sweetly*, but it missed the mark.

A MONTREALER.

Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Slightly Out of Tune?

What is all this racket about John Gilbert being through, and that his voice is impossible and a complete flop? Just because his vocal cords were not functioning at topnotch in "His Glorious Night" is no reason for saying he is not as good an actor in talking pictures as he was in the silent. One swallow does not make a summer, and one poor picture does not necessarily condemn one as a bad actor.

Continued on page 10

VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL



Use the Vitaphone sign as a guide to the best of good times. It appears only on pictures produced by Warner Bros. and First National Pictures. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner . . .

Teaming for the first time, in a picture teeming with laughs!

"HOLD EVERYTHING" held all hilarity records in its one-year run on Broadway . . .

Now here it is on the talking screen, with every riotous roar retained by Vitaphone.

"'Hold Everything' is a riot . . . rich and rare" . . . "full of the best 'gags' ever developed"—say famous newspaper experts who have seen it.

But don't take their word for it.—See for yourself!

WARNER BROS. present

HOLD EVERYTHING

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR with

JOE E. BROWN ★ WINNIE LIGHTNER

Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier

Abe Lyman and His Band




What The Fans Think

Continued from page 8

—and threw her razor away!

WHEN SHE LEARNED THAT WITH ZIP

IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT



John Gilbert's reputation has already been made, and nothing can steal his fame from him. Have fans forgotten his splendid performances in "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Merry Widow," "Love," "The Big Parade," and "Cossacks"? His fame rests securely on these, and no carping critic can filch it from him.

Be good sports, fans, and give him another chance. Voice culture, and more care and time spent on his next picture, will surely restore him to his old place in the fans' affections, provided the picture is a worthy medium for his art.

MRS. FRANK E. RICHARDSON,
Villa Cedars, Richardson Road,
Hope Hull, Alabama.

How Some Quarters Stray.

What becomes of the quarters sent in for photos? Perhaps this will serve as an answer to the preposterous insinuations of some of the fans.

I have been receiving money through the mail for some time in connection with the Lois Moran club, which I conduct. One day I received a notice to appear at the post office in person. I was handed a letter which had arrived open, and was asked if anything was missing. Fortunately, the writer mentioned an inclosed quarter, and in the same mail pouch which brought the open letter was a loose quarter.

But there were many letters which I never did receive, and they contained dollar bills. Needless to say it was with difficulty that I assured those who claimed to have sent the money that I had not received it. Where did the money go? It's hard to say, exactly, but I do know that I felt more or less put out, as the whole thing cast reflections my way. I can imagine how the players must feel, reading these direct insinuations against their honesty.

Don't always blame the stars. It may be true that some are negligent—I don't know. And I'm sorry for any one who has sent several quarters for photos and received no reply. If the money reaches its destination, then the star should maintain the same honesty his fan displayed, and send a photo. Why not assure yourselves, fans, that your quarters reach their destinations, before publicly casting any reflections?

Remember, mail has an uncanny habit of straying, especially mail containing loose money.

The players have no way of knowing anything about their mail, which arrives in such enormous quantities, until it gets into their own hands. Think of all the handling before your letter reaches them.

Lest any more make a mistake—and many do, for I've received letters with a simple, little application blank filled out, and a loose bit of change jumping all over the interior of the envelope, and marveled at the safety!—here are a few points to remember, when sending money through the mail for anything, photos, club dues, or stick candy. If you do not purchase a money order, and cannot register your letter, then take other precautions.

Wrap your coin or bill so that it is not easily recognized as such by feeling.

Address your letter plainly, in ink, and also give your name and return address. There can be no mistake in the direction this way.

When sending money through open mail, be sure you use a good, heavy envelope, and be sure it is sealed securely.

A good idea when sending a coin, if a

regular coin-container is not available, is to paste it between two pieces of thin cardboard.

I'm sure the players would be glad to come to an understanding with the fans about this money business. I can't feel that any player, receiving the salaries they do—though some of those salaries are exaggerated, for the benefit of the hungry public's appetite!—would stoop so low as to collect those quarters, and give nothing in return for them. That is rather ridiculous, don't you think?

GENEVIEVE A. LARRIEUX-LOUDANCE,
P. O. Box 272,
Wilmington, California.

The Quality of Mercy.

How I hate pessimistic people! Those who contribute to this page, saying "She's a flop. He'll never get anywhere. Who got them in the movies?" or "They're just kids. Who cares about seeing smart-Alecks cut up?"

Let me say to those wise birds who know so much, that it's the youth of to-day that's making this country the desirable place it is. Of course there are many failures, but let's not condemn them. Is it not better to try and fail, than never to have tried?

I wish to say further, that most of my favorites are stars who have come back, as well as a bunch of youngsters who are having tough breaks in filmland. When a young player is miscast, please don't say "Throw him out," but say "Come on, fans, let's put him over. Let's see that he gets better rôles."

EDDIE JEROME.

Box 782, Donna, Texas.

They Can't Fool Jennie.

Why pick on Richard Barthelmess so much, when half the other players have voice doubles? In "Mother Knows Best" Barry Norton didn't sing. In "The Wolf of Wall Street" Paul Lukas didn't speak. When these players moved their lips you could notice that some one was doubling for them, but when Richard Barthelmess moved his lips you never knew that some one was singing for him, so you must admit that that was pretty clever. We never would have known that Frank Withers had doubled for him if we hadn't read about it, but it certainly gets you sore when you find it out.

The talkies have enough faults without voice doubling. Why put a player who can't sing in a singing picture and have him get the credit for the double's work?

Nowadays instead of listening to a talkie, I watch the movements of the players' lips. Every time I hear a song I can't believe it's the star singing.

Of course, there are some players with lovely voices. I wasn't a bit disappointed in William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Clara Bow, Margaret Livingston, Ronald Colman, Betty Compson, William Boyd, and George Bancroft. JENNIE SCHULMAN.

152 Varet Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

An Appeal to "Dorothy."

Will "Dorothy," of 7, Algar Road, Isleworth, Middlesex, England, please write to me at once and give her full name? I have a long letter waiting to mail to you, Dorothy, as soon as you send me your last name.

ELINOR GARRISON HENDERSON.
521 Puget Street,
Olympia, Washington.

Baclanova Gets a Hand.

Rose Boris' letter in a recent PICTURE PLAY causes me to express my joy at finding, at last, some one who fully appreciates that most wonderful actress, Baclanova.

It is very refreshing nowadays to find a person able to recognize real talent when she sees it. I have always admired the many beautiful women on the American screen; but to my mind none of them—with two exceptions—could be called actresses in the true sense of the word; their acting is very amateurish. Producers think that tragedy queens and comedienues can be made in a day, and that is their great mistake. Who could, for instance, call Clara Bow's vulgar gestures, Sue Carol's silly smiles, or Joan Crawford's ridiculous attempts at sophistication, good acting? Their undoubted success is only due to the fact that the public in general is still ignorant enough to admire a pretty face and youthful contours more than histrionic talent.

I have heard many intelligent, cultured people voice the opinion that Lillian Gish and Pauline Frederick are the only two American actresses who have real talent, and I must say that I agree with them.

Baclanova's charm, though totally different from that of Lillian Gish, is just as captivating, and her ability is just as great. Besides this, her personality is unique. I also agree with Miss Boris that Baclanova as a woman is delightful, and I am glad to see that she still believes that a woman should look like a woman and not like an ironing board.

In my desire to be just, I must say that my opinion of American actresses cannot be applied to its actors. Hollywood can boast a whole handful of really talented actors—Lon Chaney, the Barrymores, John Gilbert, and Charlie Chaplin can serve as examples. But the height of perfection in acting, in my opinion, has been attained by that marvelous man, Ronald Colman. Could one ask for anything better? His ability is so great, and his portrayals so true to life, that he succeeds in making one forget that he is acting. His personal charm is unequalled by any other actor, and his much-talked-of reticence is only one of the characteristics of a gentleman.

Baclanova and Colman remind one that there still exist real men and women in the world of flappers and mothers' boys.

MISS C. GARCIA.

Calle 11—Entre Je I, Havana, Cuba.

Won't Miss Brian Last?

Emphatically I agree with "Just Me," who says that Mary Brian really *cannot* act. Mary is an example of the type who can "put it over" by doing nothing but just looking sweet, honeylike, and pleasing to the eye. But even those who do not favor the little *Wendy* girl must admit she *has* "put it over." How long her popularity will last is another more doubtful matter.

JOE-ANNA.

Sydney, Australia.

Ruth Chatterton for Claire Windsor.

A question which, I presume, quite a few other fans would like answered is why the producers are running to Broadway for actors and actresses when they have people who are just as clever and capable of giving the same characterizations. Take the cases of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Richard Barthelmess, Ronald Colman, and others.

Producers decide we do not wish to see Leatrice Joy, Florence Vidor, Esther Ralston, Claire Windsor, and so on, and think they are doing us a favor by giv-



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ing us, in their stead, such pictorial washouts as Ruth Chatterton, Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Terris, Marguerite Churchill, and others too numerous to mention.

What motion-picture actress could not give as adequate performances as Ruth Chatterton gives? The majority of them are much more versatile. It doesn't seem as if she can play any other parts but society women, and even then she does not play them half as well as our own Gloria Swanson. Could she play *Sadie Thompson* or a comedy rôle? If she can, she is keeping the fact very dark. I will admit some of the stage actresses are fairly interesting—Kay Francis, for instance—but for both looks and acting ability, both in silent and talking pictures, give me the moving-picture actors and actresses and not those from the stage.

IAN BARRETT.

Montreal, Canada.

Refreshing As Mountain Air.

So much excellence and beauty has been given to the screen that it seems the ultimate has been surpassed and the greatest has already been accomplished time after time. Daily we ask ourselves what more can be left in splendor, achievement, and acting for motion pictures.

Yet the world moves ever onward and carries with it the people who have given us their interpretations of many rôles. The king is dead—long live the king! That is the spirit of the public, who sees its stars arrive with a flourish and depart into the land of the forgotten, without acclaim. It is inured to losing those on whom it has fastened its favor. There is always another star to take his place! Let him go!

There is one star, however, who holds her popularity, who lives in the hearts of those who follow her pictures and love the serene beauty of her performance. Like a breath of mountain air, she comes with the eternal spirit of womanhood in her heart and gives us something we have hungered for. She creates for us a new life, one filled with poetry and romance and glory. She smiles, and the world of trouble vanishes, and the kingdom of dreams is real. She sings, and we have heard the melody of love poured out from a vessel of the rarest purity. She speaks, and we listen for the magic that is her voice, and thrill to it.

To men and women constantly confronted with life's realities, she is the embodiment of youth and beauty. She is Lois Moran! HELEN LEDBETTER.

1041 Goodlet Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Those Slighted Chorus Girls.

What is the matter with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? Surely you fans haven't anything against him. He has more talent and acting ability than most young men on the screen. Besides, if you are Joan Crawford's fan, it would be no more than right for you to support him, too. Joan is a fine actress, and she doesn't need any one to tell her so, yet she is criticized by most of the people. If you would study Joan you would learn to appreciate her more.

In the "Hollywood Revue" the ones deserving the most credit aren't even mentioned, neither were they treated right. If they had taken the chorus boys and girls out of the picture it would have been a failure. Yet you never hear anything said about them. I really admire them and their work more than any one that took part in the production. In the end of the picture, when they were giving

close-ups of the stars, they could have given close-ups of the chorus boys and girls, also. I have heard others who have the same opinion that I have, and I hope that they will be given more credit in the next picture. If any of the boys and girls who took part in this production read this, I would like to hear from you, or from any others who care to write.

MELVIN REESE.

811 O'Shaughnessy Avenue,
Huntsville, Alabama.

Heralding Evelyn Laye.

As an English reader, I feel I must give you a few words of congratulation. I might say that here we have no weekly, monthly, or annual that can compare with *PICTURE PLAY*. It is by far the best film monthly that I have ever seen, and I hope to read it for the rest of my life.

I have noticed lately how eagerly you all are awaiting the arrival of our own dear Evelyn Laye in Hollywood to make her talkie début. I can assure you right now that she will be nothing short of a sensation. I am all on edge to see and hear her first talkie, and I only hope that Samuel Goldwyn chooses Ronald Colman to play opposite her. My, what an ideal pair! She is by far the most beautiful English actress, and has a wonderful singing voice.

What a pity America has not discovered her before! She would have made her name some years ago, but England has sadly neglected her. She has only played in one or two very poor films; therefore, she has never reached the hearts of English fans; but she will do so, once Goldwyn stars her.

I can assure him that he will not be disappointed in his "discovery." He certainly has made the biggest discovery in his life.

I am sure that American readers will agree with every word I have written when they see her first film.

One final word. Although I am enthusiastic over English films, I don't think that you will ever occupy second place in the film industry. You have talent, ideas, and the right people and producers to father these two things, but we over here have some of the most unenterprising people in the world. J. J. DRUDGE.

20 Ash Road, Newport,
Isle of Wight, England.

From a Vaudeville Star.

Florence Bogart is wrong. The answer to such beautiful pictures as "Orphans of the Storm," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The Wind" is Lillian Gish. Beautiful, artistic, delicate acting, and, best of all, a humility and finesse that few stars ever achieve. I have often wished that D. W. Griffith would devote his time to pictures of Lillian alone, as she was never more perfect than when under the direction of this great man. A man presumes when he or she dares criticize the attitude of an actress. Does Florence know for certain that Lillian herself demanded, "Has some one been criticizing me?" I have given many writers leave to write whatever they chose about me, and it was done because the time demanded of artists is often too full to give each and every interview personally.

I can imagine one may snort, "You have time for this letter!" I have. I'm a fan. Also, I have time to hear a little Belgian girl who has asked to sing and dance before me. Perhaps she is a "new face," and I've never permitted myself to be too busy to see potential artists.

Fans, pity Bill Haines, but don't cen-

sure him. Put some of the blame for his overacting on directors and producers.

Betty, did you see Dick Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms"? After that, no one could say he is cold-blooded. But "Weary River" was just one long plug for a couple of song writers, and it nearly broke my heart to see the Dick of "Broken Blossoms" wearily wandering in wet waters.

Greta Garbo *gripes* me. Sorry she does it. I would adore her if—but then I go to see her pictures, so what's the odds? When in Denmark I visited the barber shop where persons proudly boasted of the fact that Greta had once mixed lather there.

Gary Cooper is one of my favorites. I never think, "Can he act?" I just like him, and I do not call his reserve high-hat. What if Lupe does shout things to him in public? Wouldn't nearly any fan die of thrills if he heard such a shout? That is, coming from the fiery, delightful Lupe?

I love Mary Pickford. I lose all reason over her. I don't care *what* she does; I'm blindly loyal. Mary holds first place in my affections for stars, and always will.

I have been two years in England, and the American voice and accent are disliked only by journalists. The public doesn't care where pictures come from, or what the accent is, as long as they get good pictures.

I spent three months in Australia and two in Africa, where the people prefer American artists and American pictures to English productions.

Laura La Plante is one of the greatest favorites on this side. She surely doesn't know her power over here. If she would come over and make pictures she would be the first star of England and the British Isles. They *love* her, and her name is always first in the billing of any picture—even when she is only the featured player. I hope she sees or is told about this, because it's great for her future. Let's hope she realizes her greatest field for pictures is here, where she is already the uncrowned queen.

I hardly hope this long letter will be published, but if only part is used, please tell Mary she's my favorite, and Laura that she's the greatest pet in England.

ANN SUTER.

Brussels, Belgium.

What Makes An Actor?

The fans seem to care more about whether Gary Cooper is high-hat, or whether the stars should charge for their photographs, or whether Joan Crawford answers her fan mail, than they do about the ability of the players.

Perhaps I would, too, if I had wasted my quarters, or some one had attacked my favorite. But when I have written I have done so because I just couldn't help expressing the pleasure I have taken in some particularly good acting, and have never thought about receiving an answer.

I was always a movie fan, but never interested enough to write until I saw Dick Arlen in "Wings." But since then I don't think Dick has had any more persistent pluggers. I have a couple of autographed portraits, and have heard from Mr. and Mrs. Arlen several times. After giving us such splendid characterizations as "Dum Dum" Brooks, Larry Lee, and Steve, I feel that he has nothing to worry about, and with a voice which registers delightfully he should keep right on climbing by leaps and bounds, as he has this past year. ELIZABETH G. WINTER.

13 Westlake Avenue,
Auburn, New York.

Continued on page 116

She Was Swept Into A Magic World



A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

And soon she was head over heels in love with an actor and involved in the strangest mesh of circumstances. For Fate decreed that she must go on impersonating the famous star, and soon she was the reigning beauty in the fantastic world of studio and location.

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By BEULAH POYNTER

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"You folks must think I can't play!"

I cried, when they laughed at my offer

It was the monthly get-together of our little group. We had met at Tom's house, and the fun was at its height. Mabel had just finished singing a touching version of "Frankie and Johnny" and the room fairly shook with laughter. Then I offered to play.

"Boy! This is going to be good. Did you folks hear what Jim just proposed? He said he'd play for us!" cried Tom.

I pretended to be highly insulted. Drawing myself up with mock dignity, I said, "You folks must think I can't play! Why, the very idea!"

This caused a fresh explosion of laughter. "Can't play!" called some one. "Say, if I could play as well as you, I'd be digging ditches right now!"

That was too much. Seating myself at the piano I held up my hand to command silence. Then, with a good many flourishes and turning of pages, I opened the "Collection of Southern Songs" at "Swanee River," turned it upside down, and began to play.

And how! My usual one-finger clowning was as nothing compared to the performance I put on now. It was masterly. I traveled up and down that keyboard with my one good finger, as Tom called it, until the crowd howled for mercy. Finally I stopped, turned around, and demanded.

"Now who says I can't play?"

"You win!" came from all sides. "Only please don't demonstrate any more, for the love of heaven!"

But instead of getting up from the piano, I suddenly swung into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love

Song." But with a difference! This was not clowning, but real music. I played as I had always longed to play—beautifully, effortlessly, with real skill and feeling.

No wonder the crowd gasped with astonishment! I knew they could hardly believe their ears. The moment the piece was finished they overwhelmed me with questions. *Where had I learned to play? When had I studied? Who was my teacher? Why had I kept it a secret?*

How I Taught Myself to Play

And so I told them the whole story. Told them how, ever since I was a child, I had been crazy about music. But, like most children, I hated to practice. That's why, after a few desultory attempts, my music lessons were given up, and I had to content myself with hearing others play.

But every time I pepped up a party with my one-finger clowning the longing to really play returned. However, I had no time now to take lessons and spend hours practicing, to say nothing of the expense of a private teacher. Just as I was beginning to think that my dream of some day learning to play would remain a dream, I happened to come across an ad of the U. S. School of Music.

"Why, that's a correspondence school, isn't it?" interrupted Tom.

"Yes," I told him. "It's a correspondence school. The ad had offered a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher, in one's spare time. That sounded reasonable to me, and I sent for the test lesson. But I never expected that it would be as easy as it actually was.

"That's why I sent for the entire course. It was great. The U. S. School of Music course requires no private teacher—no interruption to one's regular duties. I learned in my spare time, after work, and enjoyed each lesson as much as if it had been a delightful game. For there are no long hours of practice—no tiresome scales—the U. S. School of Music way. Everything is as easy, almost, as A-B-C."

"In fact, almost before I knew it, I was able to play all the pieces I had always longed to do. Jazz, classical, anything. But I didn't want to tell you folks until I was sure

of myself—you know, no clowning . . . Well, what do you say?"

They were dumbfounded. But only for a little while. Then they eagerly demanded piece after piece—dance music, ballads, snappy songs. Now I'm never invited anywhere that I'm not practically forced to entertain with my music. Some difference between now and the days when they used to listen to my clowning with polite attempts to act pleased . . . As Tom says, learning to really play has certainly made me popular.

No Talent Needed

This story is typical. People who once didn't know one note from another are good players to-day—thanks to the U. S. School of Music.

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Photo by Gene Huwert Richee

"True to the Navy"—and Clara Bow does her best to convince Fredric March that she is. If you remember her success in "The Fleet's In," you will have no doubt of her ability to entertain the sailors as wholeheartedly as the fans. For Clara's talent in keeping a group of huskies pepped up is apparently stimulated when they are in uniform. In her new picture they besiege the soda fountain where Clara dispenses liquid refreshment and where, until *Gunner McCoy* comes along, she carries on with a high hand.



Beauty and talent made Agnes Ayres a star, but now her hopes are centered on vaudeville.

BEHIND every movie success lurks the grim phantom of disaster. Behind every glistening celluloidal triumph stalks the specter of a desuetude more sad than it is innocuous.

Hollywood is a giant whirligig, on which, to hold a place, is something akin to a death struggle. Those who are in the center of the merry-go-round move slowly and safely—perhaps. But those on the swiftly rotating outer edge may topple off at any moment. Ever ready to leap upon the flying carousel is a throng, hoping some one may have to let go, some one who finds the momentum too great—even battling for a place and stamping over the strewn bodies.

The strange thing is that despite all the moil and trouble nobody ever seems to leave the film colony. A scant few have departed, but the rest stay on though broken-hearted—if you want to put it into a rhyme

"Standing on the side lines"—that is a name for a game played in season and out in the studio world. "Oh, I'll get my break some day!" is the slogan of faith and courage among the less fortunate citizenry.

The real truth of the matter is that there aren't enough jobs to go round, and haven't been for years. Pictures are pretty well stabilized—so the Will H. Hays, or any portentous business office, will tell you. There are about seven hundred pictures made in a year. There are perhaps seven good rôles in each of these features. That makes four thousand nine hundred opportunities in a single year. And there are seven thousand actors, fully half of whom receive screen credit.

These are cold statistics, and they spell just one thing, in the parlance

The Heartbreak

It belongs to former stars who cling to the hope that a brave front and seemingly ignore the multitude of
Theirs are the broken hearts of Hollywood,

By Edwin

—somebody has to take the rap! "Gee, I hope it isn't me!" scream the players in their more hysterical moments.

The lucky stars are the ones under contract to the studios. There are only, even during these flush days of the talkies, about three hundred of them. And they—at least the majority—are assured of a weekly salary. But what of the others—those who have had their names emblazoned? What indeed? The Hollywood hills are full of people who have never lost the spark of ambition, people who have tasted the riches, the fame, and the glory of being a cinema celebrity, or tasted at least a bit of fortune, and these are all to be counted on. Some, indeed, are very high favorites.

There is William S. Hart, for example, who challenged all Western gunmen in his days of grandeur. Bill is comparatively comfortable. He has an imposing mansion on a hill some distance from the film metropolis. He could remain in retirement with ease for the rest of his life. But—

Bill is still an enthusiast for work. He would like to be back on the screen. His fans have shown that they want him back, by the number of letters that they send him. He would undoubtedly be twice as good in talking pictures as he was in silents, for he has the background of years of stage experience.

However, it is said that there is some sort of ban on his activity. Bill himself says so, at any rate. He was signed for a talking



Acclaimed the foremost actor on the screen, Emil Jannings was dethroned by song-and-dance films.



Once a DeMille heroine, Lillian Rich has waited a long time for another opportunity.

Behind the Smile

some day they may return to the screen. They keep up newcomers that gather round the candle flame of success. theirs the tragedy of royal robes worn threadbare.

Schallert

Western by Hal Roach about a year ago—but the plan of starring him never came to fulfillment. Therefore he waits and watches, a bit skeptical about the whole thing, but still lured rather cruelly by the screen, fame being the keynote rather than money, in his case.

Ruth Roland has contemplated a comeback on more than one occasion. She is still a favorite. Exhibitors' letters proved that, when her intention of returning was announced. She is coming back; that is now a certainty, though the film was considerably delayed in the making. But when did Ruth last appear? Records do not show any activity with which she was identified since 1927. This was in "The Masked Woman," which starred Anna Q. Nilsson.

Meanwhile Ruth has continued to be a figure in the colony—an integral part of its social life. Her parties, and, especially her marriage, have been events of importance, attended by stars in the first rank of popularity to-day. They pay to Miss Roland the tribute of their fondness for her and their admiration. But only a new company, with need for personalities, was willing to give her the chance before the

Shirley Mason and Viola Dana, once stars, are on Hollywood's waiting list.



Photo by Kessler

It seems only yesterday that Constance Talmadge was the reigning star of high comedy.



Photo (c) by Spurr

William S. Hart looks longingly at the audible screen for a fitting comeback.

public. I don't know whether or not Miss Roland will prove an actress in the modern acceptance of that word, but certainly she is remembered favorably by many fans from her past endeavors.

Bill Hart and Ruth Roland are exceptions in having a fair share of the world's bounties. What of the stars who have not been as shrewd in safeguarding their earnings? Who haven't saved and made investments?

This is a throng unnumbered. They come out of the nowhere. Somebody you haven't seen for years around Hollywood will suddenly bob up unexpectedly.

I think that I know in all a good thousand persons who at one time or another have appeared on the screen. I know and hear, too, that a great many of them are still "among those present." I often wonder how they manage. One hesitates to

ask, for it is a difficult thing to inquire of a star what he or she is doing, when you know that the star is, so to speak, "between pictures"—and a long time between.

I do ask the question sympathetically, anyhow, and the answer is always bright and cheerful—much more so than you might be led to imagine. Frequently it is, "Oh, I just had a job in a nice two-reeler; I hope you will see and like it." Or, "Oh, I just made a picture for a small concern for fun. I'm really happy, though, because it turned out so much better than I imagined."

There is an unflinching optimism to movie folk. It must be one of the products of California sunshine.



Ruth Roland's long absence from the screen will be put to the test when she reappears shortly.

There is a move on foot to establish a relief fund for needy people—directors, actors, and writers. A portion of the charity work will be confined to bracing up the spirits of the downhearted.

This sort of aid seems hardly necessary. The morale always appears so very high among even the less fortunate. But, of course, there is a lot of bold front about everything that is done in the colony. It is a legend that you can't let any one believe you are down on your luck; it is likely to be disastrous to the chances you have of getting a part to play. This is almost a superstition.

So the bold front stays. And stars keep going socially and professionally, long after they have really ceased to be the significant glitterers they used to be in the picture theater.

And oh, the seductiveness of the camera! I have seen a girl, at a garden party, clamber up a stairway on crutches just to be photographed. She saw the news-reel camera directed on celebrities descending, after she herself had come down. And she couldn't resist the whirr. Painfully she made the ascent just to be in front of that clicking box once again, to know that her face had been registered on the film.

My face on the film! There is the beginning and end of all life for the player in movieland! And the heartbreaks!

There is published in Hollywood a directory that contains the names of a majority of the players. It is a veritable history in itself. It is a sort of catalogue to which casting offices sometimes refer. A name may be inserted in its pages for a small fee. There are larger stipends for full and half-page advertisements to which stars resort for larger attention. The advertising pages often scream the achievements of the actor. Generally, though, they are dignified. Frequently they comprise photographs of the player's various rôles, particularly if he is thought to be versatile.

There are names in this book that are echoes of the past. Recently I ran across

the following: Percy Marmont, Mary Alden, Theda Bara, Enid Bennett, Sylvia Breamer, Betty Ross Clarke, Virginia Lee Corbin, Marjorie Daw, Elinor Fair, Georgia Hale, Walter Hiers, Gareth Hughes, Mary MacLaren, Mae Marsh, Harry T. Morey, Jane Novak, Lillian Rich, Monroe Salisbury, E. K. Lincoln, Anita Stewart, and Ethel Grey Terry, to mention but a few. In most cases, I can't tell you when I saw them last in a picture, but I can say what they are doing, in a few instances.

Percy Marmont, of course, has been in England for the past several years. He returned to this country to make two films about eighteen months ago, one called "San Francisco Nights," and the other "The Stronger Will." I never saw them, but possibly you did. This type of picture seldom, if ever, gets a first-run showing in Los Angeles.

Only a few years ago Helene Chadwick was sought for more engagements than she could accept.



Percy Marmont was an idol when he made "If Winter Comes." He was a high-salaried idol, too. He was smart, I believe, and saved his money. He went back to England, whence he came, and worked there. *But he still keeps in touch with Hollywood.* Its magic is irresistible. And who knows, Marmont might stage a comeback at any moment! Keeping his name before Hollywood is, as a film executive might say, not bad business.

Theda Bara? She is married to Charles Brabin, who is directing pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. For all practical purposes, one might assume she had quit the screen for good. But why, then, the name in the directory? The truth of the matter is that Theda still loves the world of make-believe. She loves also to talk about her pictures. They are to her no dreamy events of yesteryear; they are



Though in England, Percy Marmont keeps hopefully in touch with Hollywood.



Colleen Moore has announced no future activities.

live realities. How, after all, can a person who has once been turbulently active settle down to the quiet of mere domesticity? This is the lurking problem every star faces who once has tasted success, even though he or she now lives in comfort.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford announce, almost annually, that they expect to retire from professional life. They tour around the globe, to Egypt, China, and Japan. They move restlessly on these trips, seeking adventure and new thrills. Yet every time they return to Hollywood with renewed enthusiasm. The screen and the studio remain ever enticing. Doug, perhaps, is less susceptible to its influence than Mary, but both are under the spell. They won't retire as long as there is a picture that offers the least fascination for either of them.

Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin will go on. It is in the blood. The large fortunes that Norma and Charlie possess make them impregnable. They are not stirred by the new revolutions; they make their own pictures; they are the envy of the others. Now that talkies have come in, and Charlie cannot talk satisfactorily, or *will not*, at least, he proposes to form a company to make silent pictures. He wants to restore the mute art to the screen. He believes it can survive, though many well-informed persons disagree with him. He may lose a fortune in the venture. But Charlie apparently wants to protect his silence.

Talkies are making havoc, of course, with many reputations. Colleen Moore hasn't worked for months. There are no immediate prospects of a contract. It is more difficult, sometimes, for the popular star to find a

Corinne Griffith has finished her contract.



Theda Bara advertises in the casting directory.



Elinor Fair has played few heroines since "The Volga Boatman."

wonder that most of the stars hand this about as a byword. *But they never stick to it!* To be sure, there is a pleasant side to all this. Stars also make comebacks, and some have done so of late, largely because of the talkies.

There is Lila Lee, for instance, really "out" a few years ago, who is now kept busy constantly. There is Betty Compson, identified only with Poverty Row productions for a season or two, who is now cast in bigger features. There is Bessie Love, brightest example of all, who quit the studios for an engagement on the Fanchon & Marco stage circuit. She is a 100 per cent winner in the new medium. And she never had her real day in the silents. [Continued on page 104]



It is improbable that Mildred Davis is immune to the lure of recapturing her fame on the screen.

place than the newcomer. Colleen was making \$10,000 a week in her heyday. It would be stepping down to take less. Besides, she has acquired by this time, it may be assumed, the semblance of a fortune.

Where, too, is Corinne Griffith going? She has left First National. Both she and Colleen, naturally, have the option of forming their own companies. But fortunes and prominence have been lost that way; witness Charles Ray's experience.

Vilma Banky has not worked in more than a year for Samuel Goldwyn, who brought her to this country and produced her pictures in the silent days. She starred in "A Lady to Love," for Metro-Goldwyn, and has been favorably received in that. She is a beautiful type, rare and ethereal. But the audible drama has not been too kind to her thus far. It is difficult to obtain the proper kind of story. Goldwyn has been paying her a salary during the year of idleness, but what of that? The heartbreak is *not working, not being able to work.*

Emil Jannings, when he left for Europe, carried the statuette awarded him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of the year. He was rated the greatest interpreter on the screen, but—*there was no place for him in the American studios, grinding out song-and-dance productions.* That, indeed, was an incident of ironic pathos.

Standing on the sidelines—yes, standing on the side lines one way or another! The bitterness of the movie "heartbreak house" is like no other bitterness! "Make your pile and get out"—no



These were the pictures of himself that Neil Hamilton brought to New York as evidence of his ability to act.

I Stop To Look Back

The second installment of the autobiography of a country boy who became famous in the movies.

By Neil Hamilton

PART II.

AT the time I decided to leave home and set the world on fire I had only one suit to my name, a light-gray one. In order to create the impression of an extensive wardrobe, I had a picture taken with a cap on, one with a soft hat, then without the vest, besides changing my ties four times, all with the same suit. The combination achieved by the hats, ties, and other alterations gave the effect of several complete changes. I wanted each one posed in a striking manner and at the same time subdued, realizing my inability to act, but I also wanted to avoid stiffness in the photos. So in one I posed as though I were being called away; another, thinking; one lighting a cigarette; and another, reading.

Finally came the great day, May 17th. It was the first long trip away from home that I had undertaken alone. Although New Haven is only two hours from New York, it seemed to me days before reaching the end. I had never thought of spending two hours on a train going at top speed anywhere. It assumed, in my eyes, the same proportions as a trip to California.

As the train goes to New York from New Haven, it passes through one of the latter's suburbs, West Haven, where we lived, and I had a slight sinking sensation. I was homesick already.

Entering New York, we had a three-minute wait at the 125th Street Station; and as I looked out the window, my first impression was of miles of clotheslines. It didn't seem possible that there could be so many lines and clothes. The streets were thronged with what seemed to be crowds of people. It was impossible to get

any view of the city, as tenements rose on each side of the track.

Needless to say, I was terrified at the boldness of my undertaking. Already I felt squelched. It seemed such a preposterous thing that I should come to this vast city crowded with thousands of people who were familiar with all its streets and buildings and occupations, and still had not been able to accomplish any marked success.

As I got off the train with my suit case and walked up the platform into Grand Central Station, it would have taken only a word from a policeman, or a representative of the Travelers' Aid Society, to send me home. As a matter of fact, I think one of the bravest things I ever did was to leave that station, for I felt horribly alone and terribly frightened, mostly by the noise.

One step directly from the station onto 42nd Street, one of the busiest arteries of traffic in the city. I felt exactly as melodramatic authors have it—caught up by a whirlpool and spun around.

Anyhow, I knew where I was going—to Fort Lee. I had learned from a fellow in New Haven how to reach it. He told me I was to get to Broadway, and then take the subway or street car, until I reached 125th Street. At first I thought Fort Lee was an island in the harbor, all bristling with guns, and my disappointment was keen when I found that it was a town in New Jersey, and did not boast one gun.

I started to walk from Grand Central in the direction of Broadway. Of course, when I actually stood on Fifth Avenue, as one does in going to Broadway, my first thrill came when I realized I had my two feet on that famous thoroughfare. This was the first thing that

It is a pleasure

to offer Neil Hamilton's own story to readers of **PICTURE PLAY**. First, because it is entertaining, informative and revealing not only of the writer, but of the movies yesterday and to-day.

Secondly, because the story is actually written by Mr. Hamilton and is published exactly as it came to us. It captures the liveliness and humor of his conversation as nothing written by another could have done.

Best of all, this story of a country boy who put his name in electric lights on Broadway is cheering, inspiring and *real*.

Last, but not least, there is nothing in it to make either Mr. Hamilton or our readers embarrassed because of his frankness.

served to brighten my hopes, or rather cheer me up. At least I had achieved the distinction that none of the boys back home had: that of actually being on Fifth Avenue.

I continued to walk past Sixth Avenue and under the elevated railway. I must have been the hickiest-looking hick that people had ever seen, for I remember standing rooted to the spot, gazing up at the trains. I walked on, and it seemed that if I walked much farther I would be at Fort Lee. At last, still confused, I sauntered into a cigar store. I never shall forget what followed.

The clerk had his back turned, as I politely inquired, "Can you tell me where Broadway is?"

He stopped in his tracks, looked around at me, and asked, "What did you say?"

I repeated, "I am looking for a street called Broadway."

With withering sarcasm, he replied, "You poor fish, you're *standing* on Broadway now!"

Without waiting for further comment, I grabbed my suit case, rushed out of the store, and asked a policeman the way. He politely told me that the safest way to get to 125th Street was to get on the street car and stay on until I could go no farther.

Well, on the way uptown I passed two bands. As it was still morning, ten thirty or eleven, I was amazed. I could not wait to get my hands on pen and paper to write home and tell them what a wonderful city New York was; that even as early as ten thirty bands were playing. I had a wild feeling that the music was in honor of my arrival. At least, I told myself this, and it was very gratifying.

One gets off the street car at 125th Street and takes the ferry across the Hudson River. Here was I at last boarding the ferry on which, many months before in a movie magazine, I had seen a picture of Frank Mayo, June Elvidge, and Muriel Ostriche standing on the forward deck.

We reached the New Jersey side, where one gets a trolley for Fort Lee. I told the conductor that when we reached the town I wanted to be put off at the farthest studio. I had a hunch that I did not want to get off at the first one and walk to the last. I felt that if I came from the opposite direction I should have a feeling of being one of the initiates.

The town of Fort Lee is built on several hills, with a studio on the crest of each one, and also in the valleys. The one farthest was the old Goldwyn studio. I hopped off the car and noticed a little shop. Thinking possibly the proprietress could tell me where to get room and board, I hastened in. It was warm, and in my nervousness and everything, I was very hot. Setting my luggage on the

It was two years before Neil found a full week's work as an extra.



By accident Neil Hamilton discovered that he could eke out his precarious income by posing for collar ads.



floor and pushing back my hat, I started to mop the perspiration. Lunching at a table was a priest. Being a Catholic, I raised my hat and said, "Howdy-do, father," to which he paid no attention, continuing to eat.

The thought struck me that this was a curious place for a priest to be, and again I thought that even though he didn't have his hat on, he could at least have acknowledged my salutation, and I took one good look at him. To my amazement and complete embarrassment, I discovered he was Alec B. Francis, in make-up. As I looked a second time, he had evidently told the young fellow opposite that a hick had mistaken him for a priest, because his companion was staring at me with a broad grin. It was Rod La Rocque. I could have been bought on the spot for fifteen cents. Without finding out what I had come in for, I grabbed my bag and ran. Little did I dream then that I would ever work with Mr. Francis years later in "The Music Master."

Finally I found a beautiful room in a private home owned by an elderly lady who did not have to take roomers, but wanted men in the house. It was quite the nicest room I ever occupied in my travels from pillar to post in all the rooming houses in New York and elsewhere. It had a bath, was beautifully furnished, had a big double bed and a soft carpet; and it cost four dollars a week!

I was overjoyed to learn that the man who lived across the hall was a cutter for the Goldwyn studio, and I felt that he could tell me whom to see and what to do. This he very kindly proceeded to do. So next day I started my attack, first registering at the World studio.

When asked if I could ride, dance, swim, and fence, I replied, God forgive me, "Oh, yes, very proficiently," though I had never ridden a horse, had never seen a foil, and was afraid of the water. If they had asked me if I could fly an airplane, or make parachute jumps, or break wild horses, I would as readily have said yes to get a job.

Next I went to the Fox studio, where I registered; to the Paragon, where Marshall Neilan was directing Blanche Sweet; and then to the Goldwyn studio, the largest of them all; then to the Solax, where Maurice Tourneur directed. I got no promises of jobs, but this, of course, did not mean a thing. I was prepared to wait. Didn't I have fifty dollars?

Next day on the street I saw for the first time a company making exteriors, and also for the first time I saw stars, June Elvidge and Frank Mayo. I shall never forget my amazement to find she had green over her eyes. I asked every one in the crowd what that was for, and was finally told that it made her eyes photograph better. Immediately I bought a stick of green paint.

Four or five days passed, and I finally got my first call to report at the Manhattan Opera House at midnight in full dress. If they had said, "Be at the top of the Woolworth Building," I would have as cheerfully responded.

My friend, Dalton, the cutter, bought me some more grease paint, and the next day, being Sunday, he was free to take me to a shop in New York where they rented evening clothes. It cost me \$2.50 to rent a suit, \$3.00 for make-up, 60 cents for car fare, and I was to receive \$5.00 for my work, a net loss of \$1.10. However, it was *work*.

I arrived at the Manhattan Opera House at six o'clock, to be sure of being on time. The reason for the midnight call was because they wanted to use the main stairway, and of course they could not do so until the audience had dispersed. Midnight finally arrived, and I was herded into a room with about three hundred men, all in evening clothes. It was the first time I had ever worn formal dress. I discovered to my surprise that there was only one little mirror, and then noticed that each man had his own. I had neglected to purchase one, so decided it was not really necessary. I spread a lot of grease paint on my face, in and behind my ears, and in

the roots of my hair—as I had read it was necessary to do—powdered heavily, used plenty of rouge on my lips, and applied mascara with a generous hand. How I must have looked!

Kitty Gordon was the star, Irving Cummings her leading man, and the picture was "The Scar." The session finally ended about six in the morning, and we were dismissed. I felt it was too much trouble to take off my evening clothes and make-up; so I just packed up the clothes I had arrived in, and started for Fort Lee via the subway. And to say that I was a curiosity is putting it mildly. Every one was nudging each other, looking at me, and leaving a large space on either side. I suppose they thought I was a maniac, whereas I thought I was a moving-picture star.

The fifty dollars became forty; the forty, thirty; the thirty, twenty; this to nothing, and I had my first experience in being broke.

It was not until the following September that I knew there were any studios in New York. There were the Famous Players on 57th Street, the Pathé on 127th Street and Second Avenue, the International farther uptown, the Realart, the Bison, the Elco, the Biograph on 174th Street, and of course the Vitagraph in Brooklyn.

That summer I worked in a few pictures, among them "The Life of General Pershing," directed by Richard Stanton; two pictures with Maurice Tourneur, one called "Women," of which I captured my first still from an assistant director; a picture at the World studio, with John Bowers, directed by Del Henderson; one with Geraldine Farrar, called "The Turn of the Wheel"; and with Guy Empey, in "Over the Top," directed by Emil Chautard. I never shall forget this one, because we were supposed to be British soldiers and at a given signal we were to go over the top and out into No Man's Land.

Everywhere out there were charges of dynamite which, we were told, would be exploded after we passed. I wasn't going to take any chances, so on reaching the

top of the trench, and immediately in front of the camera and not ten feet away, I died very gloriously, only to find, to my horror, instead of being a good dead man every time a charge of dynamite was set off I would leap from the ground two feet, at which all the directors, the assistants and the camera men would shout, "Lie still!" and being the only thing in the foreground, the effect must have been horrible. It had taken hours to put up the set and rehearse the actors, only to have the whole thing completely ruined by the spasmodic leaps of a greenhorn. The next night the assistant made sure that I was miles from the camera. [Continued on page 104]



Posing for magazine pictures gave Neil Hamilton practice in the dramatic situations he longed to play on the screen.

There, There Don't Cry

Perhaps this gifted quintet has been reading "What The Fans Think," and tears are shed for those whose quarters fail to bring photos of Greta Garbo.



Helen Kane, above, who makes her fortune by crying, gives ready tears to any and all who request them.

Lillian Roth, below, sheds tears of sympathy when Nancy Carroll's child is mentioned in print, because she knows Nancy doesn't like it.



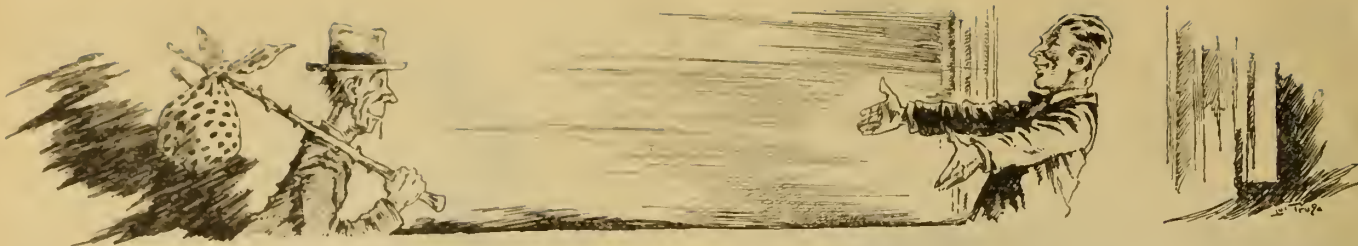
Stuart Erwin, below, vows that he cries when any one says he is dumb, but we think he is too clever for that.



Jean Arthur, above, thinks that sad news over the telephone is more evocative of tears than when it is handed out in person.

Nancy Carroll, below, is just a little Irish sentimentalist, for nothing more touching than some one singing "The Last Rose of Summer" will set her tear ducts going.





How To Live On Nothing In Hollywood

Strange to say, it can be done, but it requires nerve and endurance to be what is humorously called a couch guest, and the rules of this curious occupation won't be found in any book of etiquette.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

WHAT a break the middle class of movie workers got, when the pioneers of the drama-canning industry located its factories in balmy southern California instead of on the shores of Hudson's Bay, or in the suburbs of Nome, Alaska!

It is generally warm and sunny in Hollywood—and I'm not trying to sell real estate, either. Even when it rains, the downfall is about the temperature of cafeteria coffee. So that sleeping in Griffith Park is actually pleasant in summer and endurable in winter, if your suit doesn't shrink.

All of which leads us to the art of being a Hollywood couch guest, an art which is highly developed and extensively practiced in that section of Los Angeles referred to by the city's more lucid residents as the violent ward.

It's nothing to be out of work in the movies. Our best people do it. Consequently, a jobless, homeless soul is not looked upon there with as much disfavor as he is elsewhere.

And who knows? That guy who put the finger on you for a meal, and camped in your apartment, may be in the big dough a month from now, with you wearing out your knickers in his outer office.

Laymen who have never been in the land of the muttering snapshots regard Hollywood's residents as consisting of but two general classes, this belief having been well nurtured by sob sisters and viewers-with-alarm.

One class consists of stars and directors who live in purple mansions, eat caviar for breakfast, change wives and shirts simultaneously, and are carried to the studios on the necks of Nubian slaves to collect their \$30,000 a week.

The other class—according to popular legend—consists of hollow-cheeked, starving extras, who exist on two meals a day, mourn for their happy homes in Kansas, and lurk about the studio gates begging crusts of bread and drug-store gin.

The popular idea of both classes is remotely near the truth. There are stars who make more in a week than most of us do in five years. And there are

plenty of hungry extras, too, but plumbers, newspaper men, and magazine editors have been known to miss meals.

But popular fancy has always overlooked the great middle class of Hollywood, which never gets much attention anyhow, either in the City of Pecans, or in Joplin, Missouri,

The g. m. c. consists of minor actors, down-at-the-heel scenarists, gag men, comedy directors, press agents, camera men, assistant directors, and gents and ladies with all manner of petty Hollywood rackets.

When they work they live high, wide, and occasionally handsome. When they lie around, they huddle together in bands of four and six and indulge in polite panhandling.

Being a Hollywood couch guest is a well-established custom. It entails a fairly comprehensive list of acquaintances, but any one who has lived there six months has that anyway.

It's as easy to make friends in Hollywood as it is in a speak-easy at three a. m.

You call a man by his first name on first meeting. He's "pal" the second time, and he borrows money from you the third—if you don't beat him to the punch. And, boy, they're quick on the draw out there!

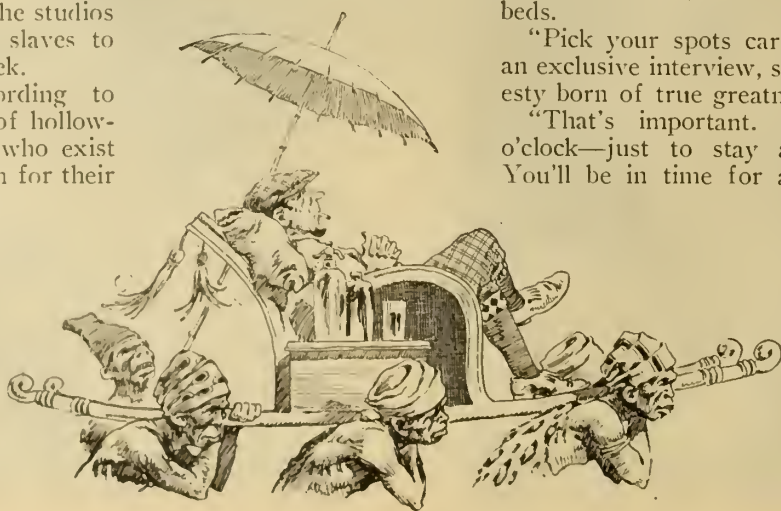
A gag man—one of those sad-eyed witsters who makes his living, when he makes it, by sitting on a comedy set and remembering the funny things Harold Lloyd did in his last picture—recently gave me a complete course in applied Hollywood couch guesting. He's one of the runners-up for a city-wide championship at it and once ran up a record of seventeen nights, without repeating on the beds.

"Pick your spots carefully," he told me in an exclusive interview, speaking with that modesty born of true greatness.

"That's important. Drop in about five o'clock—just to stay a minute, you know. You'll be in time for a few cocktails before dinner. Get to talking excitedly about something—how good your host is in pictures, probably—and forget how late it is.

"Dinner will be kept waiting all this time, and pretty soon they'll get so hungry they'll ask

Directors are supposed to be borne to work on the backs of Nubian slaves.



you to eat with them so they can start. That's the first victory.

"Help wash the dishes. That always sets you in with the wife. Generally with the husband, too, because she'd probably make him wipe them if you weren't there. That's victory number two.

"After that comes the big test. You gotta be good from here on. Start on some big subject, or get the victim started. If you do the talking, be funny. You're sunk if they yawn.

"Along about eleven o'clock get the yap started on the story of his life. It can't miss. Then, after midnight, glance at your watch—if it isn't in hock—and gasp, 'I had no idea it was so late! I've missed the last car!'

"Then it's a cinch for them to say, 'Why don't you sleep here on the davenport to-night?' Object, but not too much.

"It's in the bag, then, for the night. And here's another angle. Pick a guy who works on the set—an actor, or a camera man. They have to get up early. These nugs in the production offices never show up till eleven. The reason is this. Those davenports are not so comfortable. Most of them are too short. If the chump and his wife have to get up early, you can crawl into the real bed and knock off a couple of good hours of hay.

"Here's another important point. When you get up in the morning, never ask for a clean shirt. Start fumbling around in the bureau. He'll say, 'What are you looking for?' You say, 'A nail file.' Then, before he has a chance to tell you where it is, you exclaim, 'Well, isn't this a break? Here's a shirt just my size. It's probably too small for you anyway.' Put it on quick.

"Now at breakfast start babbling about an appointment with a director or somebody in Culver City, and make 'em think it's a big shot. When you start to leave, fumble around a minute and discover you haven't got carfare. He'll give it to you for two reasons. First, if you're telling the truth, you may get a job and pay him what you owe him. Second, if he doesn't give it to you, you're likely to be in his apartment when he comes home that night.

"Of course you don't go to Culver City, and that solves your lunch. Then you can grab another spot that night."

Another angle of the living-for-nothing-in-Hollywood racket was developed by an actor who had an income sufficient to pay the rent of a small apartment, but no way to stock it with food unless he worked. But he was a genial soul, very generous in lending the apartment to friends who wanted to play on their night away from home.

The errant husbands would arrive with a bottle blonde and a bottle of gin—funny they so often go together—and the actor would greet them like a welcome to Lindy and Anne.

"You'll want something to mix with that gin," he would say when the daffy soup was exposed to view. "I'll phone the drug store. They'll deliver."

And how he would telephone! Not only



The prospective couch guest is advised to help with the dishes.

would he order a case of ginger ale, but he'd call for a dozen siphons of seltzer, a carton of cigarettes, a basketful of sandwiches, tooth paste, shaving cream, magazines, hair tonic, and whatever else he happened to be out of at the time. The errant husband couldn't dodge the bill in front of the blonde, and the joint was stocked with essentials for another week.

But this wasn't all of his racket. Hollywood drug stores—as they do elsewhere, doubtless—demand a dollar deposit on seltzer siphons. The errant husband could hardly lug off the empties that night, and next morning the actor would turn 'em in for the deposit.

At last reports he had his apartment booked solid for six nights a week and had practically retired from the screen.

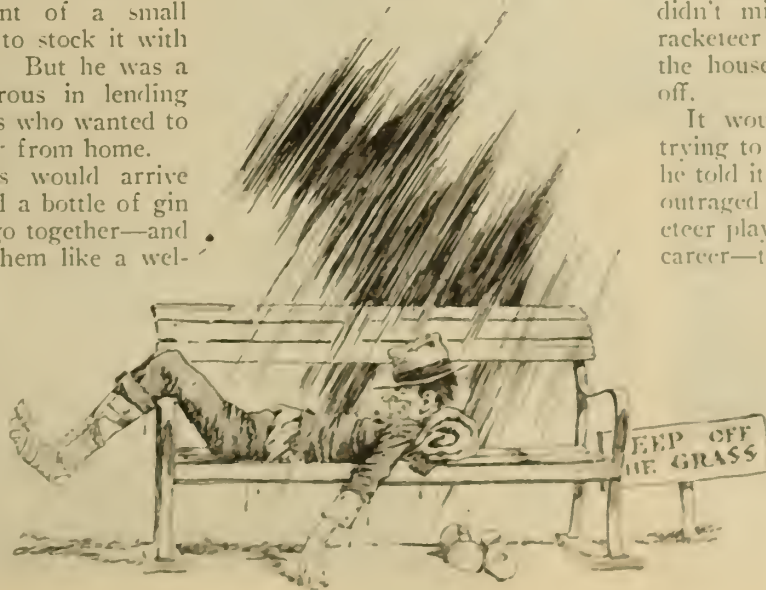
Another Hollywood racketeer—also an actor, whose lisp didn't go so big in the talkies—discovered a neat way of picking up money. He found a press agent who had convinced his wife that the Wampas—an organization of movie publicity men, in case you don't know—met twice a week. Consequently he was away from home every Tuesday and Friday, for purposes we will not go into just now.

It was an easy matter for the racketeer to extract hush money from the press agent—for a while. But he was like the egg that owned the golden goose, or however that old crack goes. The wife wasn't so bad at all, if you didn't mind them dumb, and the racketeer began to float around to the house on the husband's nights off.

It wound up with the husband trying to keep a straight face while he told it to a judge, with an air of outraged innocence, and the racketeer playing the greatest rôle of his career—that of snake in the grass.

Deprived of his lucrative, if somewhat peculiar, income, the racketeer is now thrown back on his own resources, and is eking out a miserable existence being the man in the advertisements whose very best friends won't tell him. But still he manages to live.

Sleeping in the parks of Hollywood is pleasant in summer and endurable in winter, if couch guesting fails.





Buddy Rogers, above, is willing to play any song Kathryn Crawford wishes, but she shows no sign of obliging with a number in keeping with her position.

Page Helen Morgan!

The famous singer of torch songs started the epidemic of girls who leap atop a piano to sing, but with results that do not equal those of the original.

Lola Lane, below, puts herself thoroughly at ease for the accompaniment of Dave Stamper, noted composer of popular melodies, and—but you've heard Lola sing, haven't you?



"I Don't Want Your Kisses," sings Elliott Nugent, right, to Phyllis Crane, who is seated where she can hear him the better.



Richard Gallagher, below, takes matters in his own hands in a laudable effort to break Lillian Roth of sitting where she has no right to be.



Corinne Griffith, above, takes her unconventional place with gingerly daring, as if wondering about the propriety of executing a tap dance, in "Lilies of the Field."



Such Men Get There

And Robert Montgomery is one of them. Not by luck, not by mere hard work, not because of pull is he, of all newcomers from the stage, best liked by the fans. And this article tells why.

By William H. McKegg

A STAGE player finding himself three thousand miles from his home town, working in a new medium, discovers much to think about. He has to face so many methods strange to his former existence.

Robert Montgomery, for instance. Bob has crashed through in pictures in a way to make most of the stage luminaries cast a speculative, not to say slightly greenish, eye in his direction and wonder how come.

In the fourteen months he has been in Hollywood, Bob has made nine talking pictures. The list, if you are one of those hounds for detail, includes "So This Is College," "Three Live Ghosts," "Untamed," opposite Joan Crawford, "Their Own Desire," opposite Norma Shearer, "On the Set," "Father's Day," "The Divorcée," again opposite Norma Shearer, "The Big House," and "Our Blushing Brides," again opposite Joan Crawford. Two pictures with Norma and two with Joan. Significant, isn't it, that two of the important stars have asked for encores by Mr. Montgomery?

Bob should have some idea what it is all about—and don't think he hasn't. He appeared for the interview in mud-spattered riding clothes and with tousled hair. His baby-blue eyes and naïve smile belie the intelligence that is behind them.

"Life weaves its patterns for us pretty cleverly," he vouchsafed, by way of beginning. "I fought off the movies for months and months and yet, all of a sudden, here I am in Hollywood, right up on the bandwagon rooting for them with all my might. Nine finished in a little over a year, and I can't wait to get the next fifty done."

"Hooray!" said I, "but what do you mean, you fought them off for months and months?"

"That does sound rather conceited, doesn't it?" said Bob, "but it isn't, really. You've no idea what it was like in New York when talkies first came in. They were signing up actors at the rate of twenty-five and thirty a day, and it wasn't just some days—it was every day. Casting directors, agents, friends of producers—every one you could think of—were calling up everybody on the stage, at all hours of the day and night, and wanting to sign them. I had just begun to be recognized on the stage, and I wasn't anxious to leave it. I loved the theater and the movies had always seemed unreal to me."

"Well, feeling that way, what decided you on the fateful step?" I persisted.

"Nicholas Schenck saw me on the stage in 'Possession,' in which I made my biggest hit. Nothing would do but I must make a test for him. Finally he told me if I'd make the test I could have a print of it. I thought it would be fun, so I made it. They shipped

Bob Montgomery will go to the bat for a friend any day.

Robert Montgomery's first ambition was to write, and he shipped on tramp steamers in search of material.

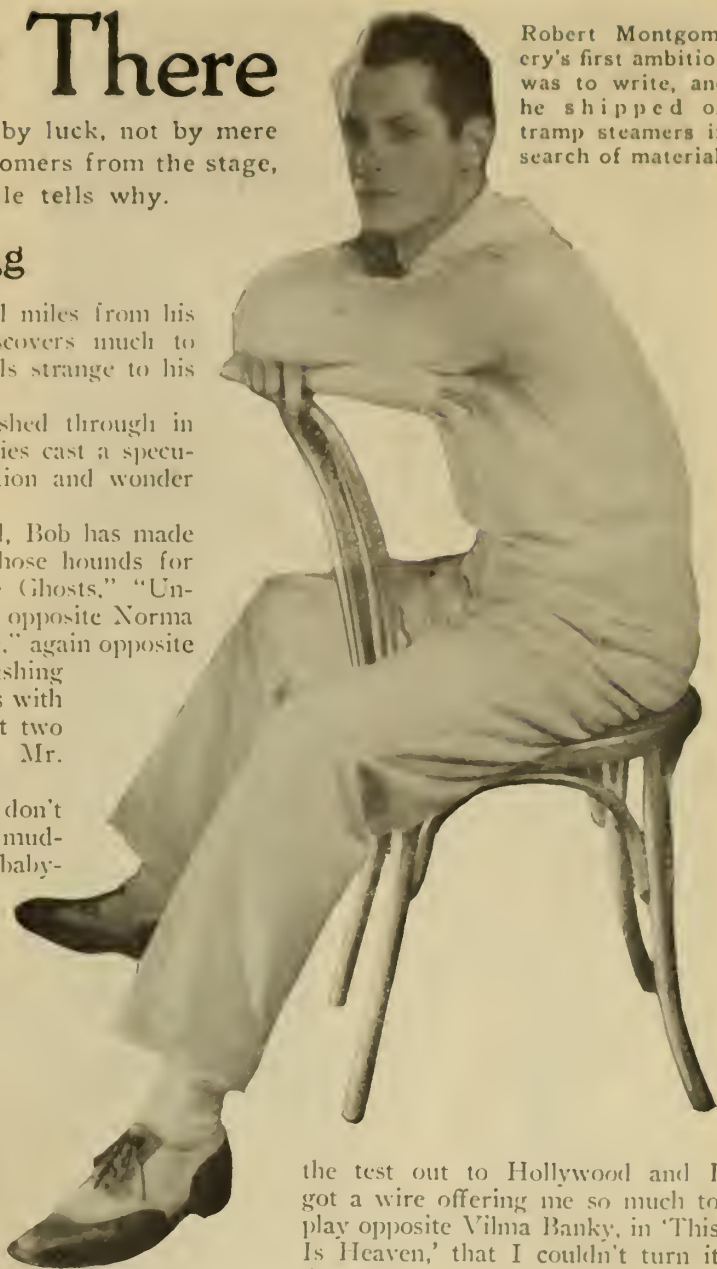


Photo by Louise



Photo by Bull

the test out to Hollywood and I got a wire offering me so much to play opposite Vilma Banky, in 'This Is Heaven,' that I couldn't turn it down."

"But you didn't work in that picture," I objected.

"Who's telling this story?" Bob demanded, absent-mindedly eating my salad. "Samuel Goldwyn gave me a six weeks' guarantee for that picture and took a five-year option on my services, without ever having made a test of Vilma and me together. When I signed the agreement, the idea was that it was to be an all-talking picture. When the time came to shoot it, they had decided to make it one of those hybrid affairs that had a few talking sequences in them. That didn't interest me at all, so I asked to be released from the contract. They paid me my six weeks' guarantee and agreed."

"Daddy, buy me a contract like that," I pleaded.

"Shut up!" Bob said, grinning. "The next thing that happened, I got a wire from M.-G.-M. which



At first Mr. Montgomery hated Hollywood, but now he is all for the movies.

topped Goldwyn's. Mr. Schenck was determined that I should go into pictures, and when I got my release from the Goldwyn contract, he sent the test he had made of me to M.-G.-M."

Some people are born lucky, some achieve luck, and for a few Lady Luck rides heavily on their shoulders. Can you beat it?

"At first," Bob went on, "I hated Hollywood. I hated the studios and everything connected with them. And it's no wonder. On the stage, when you rehearse everything is quiet as a tomb, and every one's attention is centered on just one thing—the performance. If a charwoman so

Nine pictures in fourteen months is Robert Montgomery's enviable record.



much as clanked a pail she'd be thrown out. The scenery is built miles away and, even when the play starts, it is set up during intermission when the actors aren't on the stage."

"I've seen some plays that weren't," I observed brightly.

"If that's supposed to be a pun, it's rotten," he retorted. "I could do better myself and I don't even like puns. When I came out here it was like working in a boiler factory. Can you imagine trying to work out a symphony in a foundry?"

"I'm not interested in symphonies," I observed stiffly.

"No," said Bob, "you wouldn't be. Well, while you're trying to rehearse a scene, an electrician calls down, 'Mr. Montgomery, would you mind standing a little to the right?' and you move over and try not to pay any attention to the interruption. Then a camera man says, 'You'll have to stand more to the left, or I can't get you in this shot—you're out of focus.'"

"And there is a running obligato to all this of carpenters putting up sets, prop men playing cards, 'grips' telling jokes, and publicity people coming in every time you aren't speaking a line, trying to arrange portrait sittings, gag pictures, personal appearances, and interviews. I nearly went cuckoo."

"Nearly?"

"Takes one to know another," said Bob, quite unperturbed. "After a while you get used to it, but I honestly think that the conditions under which they worked had a lot to do with so many stage actors failing to get across in pictures. I've become so accustomed to it now that I don't pay any attention to it, but I certainly sweat blood at first, I can tell you."

What he didn't tell me is that he is one of the few people in the theater with a sense of gratitude. While he was playing in "Possession," one of those contretemps arose that makes life interesting in the theater. Just before the curtain rose one evening, the phone backstage rang, and a voice announced that the late Margaret Lawrence, the star, would not appear for the performance. Her understudy stepped in and played the part that night. But the understudy had previously handed in her notice so she could join another cast. The manager called on Mary Boland to finish the run. Miss Boland agreed, read the play, didn't like it, and regretfully decided against stepping into the rôle.

And that's when Bob showed that the milk of human kindness doesn't always curdle. He had made a great hit in the play and had had numerous offers. If the play closed, he could accept one of them and get a second showing on Broadway the same season. But closing the play meant throwing the rest of the cast out of work, and it also meant that the producer who had given him his chance would be out the cost of the production.

Bob, who had never met Miss Boland, took it upon himself to call upon her at her home. He appealed to her sense of sportsmanship. From twelve to two in the morning they argued, discussing and planning how her rôle should be played. Next day she phoned the producer and told him she would be ready when the understudy left.

Continued on page 113

If At First—

That's Eddie Nugent's motto when trying to wash his dog, though he admits he never quite concludes it with a flourish of the brush.

Eddie begins, below, by politely explaining to his dog how much good it will do the animal to have a nice, soapy bath and what a lark it will be, but all he gets is a limp paw.



When politeness fails, says Eddie, below, the only thing to do is to force the brute into the tub, but the dog meets that decision with obstinacy.



You never know, says Eddie, above, when the beast will take it into his head to bolt and leave you with all your pains for nothing, so it's safest to grab hold of him while the grabbing's possible.

Mr. Nugent, left, finds himself at a disadvantage when his dog decides to become affectionate and helpless as a means of impersonating a clinging vine to avoid soap and water.



At the end of the tussle, above, both master and dog come out even, with complete victory for neither, though Eddie insists that getting the animal's hind legs into the tub is truly a feat.

Over the

By The Bystander



Photo by Seely

Laura La Plante has been enjoying a vacation in New York.

FOR years I have tried to convince Fanny the Fan that she is an extremist in her interest in motion pictures. Indeed, after that fateful day when she dragged me to three films in one afternoon, with only a dash in a taxicab from one theater to another by way of intermission, I've strongly advised her to see a psychiatrist, or take up some good, healthful exercise like tidily-winks.

"Look around you," I've counseled her. "You don't see other little girls making gluttons of themselves, do you?"

At first she only bombarded me with clippings that informed me that Colleen Moore and Laura La Plante had seen Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Rogue



You will never see Winnie Lightner at a first night.

Photo by Wide World

Song," unumpy-ump times. Just the other day my phone rang in what seemed the middle of the night. It was Fanny.

"Come right over," she urged. "They've decided to open Loew's State Theater at eight thirty every morning. You'll never believe me until you see with your own eyes. There are simply mobs of people who get up bright and early and go to pictures."

"They may get up early," I retorted sleepily, preparing to dive back into bed, "but they can't be quite bright."

It wasn't more than two hours later when she telephoned again. Then she arrived in person and simply dragged me out. I was rushed from the Rialto to the Strand, from the Paramount to the Roxy, with a brief pause at the Winter Garden. Eventually I balked. In cool, firm tones I told our taxi driver to take me to the Ritz, regardless of where she wanted to go. I chose the Ritz because one can have tea served in the anteroom where there are big, comfortable chairs.

She glared at me silently for a few minutes, and then launched forth.

"I was only trying to fortify you against starvation days ahead," she said resignedly. "You probably don't realize it, but motion pictures are threatened with a blight. Not the boll weevil, but that old zealot Will Hays is on a rampage. And if anybody pays the slightest attention to his new list of 'don'ts,' the screen is going to be just too Elsie Dinsmore for anything."

"He's all worked up over underworld heroes and profanity and gilt-edged sin, and he's simply determined to allow no more of them in pictures."

"Dear, dear," I yawned, "hasn't he heard that motion pictures aim to be entertainment?"

"It was bad enough," Fanny went on viewing with alarm, "when he stood guard over the private lives of players and wouldn't permit them eight or ten infractions of his moral code. But now that he won't even allow them to have any fun in pictures, something will have to be done about it."

She sighed heavily. I could see that she was worrying about the fate of Lowe and McLaglen, of Lilyan Tashman and Fifi Dorsay and William Powell and all the others who are most interesting when they are most abandoned.

"It's just as well," she went on, "to see a lot of pictures now, anyway, because there are so many new players coming to the screen that some of the old favorites are bound to get lost in the shuffle."

I knew who one of the new ones was without asking. Fanny and I had wept in gusty unison all through a matinée of "Death Takes a Holiday," and had come out of the theater wondering how pictures had ever overlooked any one as endearing and

Teacups

Fanny the Fan gives a passing glance to newcomers in pictures, buries a hate, and confesses to a shattered illusion.

lovely as Rose Hobart. The very next day we had learned that for the past two years she had been turning down offers to go into pictures. Every time she opened in a play, some manager came along with another manuscript that she liked, and she postponed the uncertainty of the screen for her assured success on the stage. And then Fox decided that she was just the girl to play in "Liliom," as long as Janet Gaynor wouldn't do it. The chance of being directed by Frank Borzage in her very first picture was too much for Miss Hobart, so she accepted. After "Liliom," she expects to make a picture for Universal, and then she is coming back to New York to open in a play in October.

On the stage she looks quite fragile, but in real life she is a gay, breezy, outdoor person. With her talent and Borzage's direction, she is bound to be a knock-out.

"Of course, Marie Saxon isn't entirely new to pictures," Fanny admitted. "She's just signed a contract with Fox, but she made a picture for Columbia a while ago. She's new as far as I am concerned, though, because I never could find that picture anywhere.

"I used to go to see her in musical comedy and thought her delightful. The way she dances will make you want to go out and gambol on the green. She simply flutters through the air—not one of those chasing-a-but-terfly æsthetic dancers, but a strictly vo-de-o-do type with real grace. Next to Marilyn Miller, she's the nearest to a human zephyr that I've ever seen.

"And this Marlene Dietrich that Paramount has imported from Germany is most attractive," Fanny went on, with real enthusiasm. "She's not the doll-faced ingénue type

Nancy Carroll may come East to make a picture.

Photo by Iyar



Marie Saxon will lend her airy grace to Fox films.



at all; she leans rather toward the Garbo model. She is very tall, and not really pretty, but very magnetic.

"She was supposed to land from Europe on Tuesday, and Paramount planned a big luncheon for her on Wednesday. Then that old devil sea got rough and her boat was a day late, so she had to come to the luncheon right from the dock. She looked a little tired and had on a most unbecoming dress, with a high neckline and a girlish tie that was broken out with a rash of large, white polka dots. In spite of everything she swept every one off his feet. That, little children, is what is known as magnetism.

"She speaks with very little accent, in one of those nice, round, cultivated voices. Plays the piano and violin and sings, and—would you believe it?—played a musical saw at the ship's concert coming over!

"She was terribly thrilled over landing in Brooklyn, because it is Emil Jannings' birthplace. She just finished making 'The Blue Night' with him in Germany, you know. Several New York producers want to borrow her for stage plays, but she would rather make pictures for a while. She has to go back to



Photo by Childnoff

The cards are all stacked in favor of making Rose Hobart a grand slam in pictures.

Germany in six months or so, because she is under contract to Max Reinhardt to do 'Rain' on the Continent.

"Some one asked her what player in American pictures she liked best, and her answer came without hesitation. I thought a publicity man would have coached her to say Nancy Carroll, or Ruth Chatterton. But no, they let her speak her mind. She said that she considered Greta Garbo the greatest actress of the age. The girl seems to have a lot of enterprise. When Paramount signed her, she was all ready with a suggestion for her first picture. She had read a Foreign Legion story that she liked. So it was bought for her, and she will make it right away, with Gary Cooper playing opposite."

"Don't they ever think of getting any new men in pictures?" I asked, when she paused for breath.

"If they do, they don't seem to take any action about it," she remarked, as if it really didn't matter, anyway. Then her eyes popped open with amazement.

"There is a man they will simply have to get for one picture, at least," she announced vociferously. "I understand he doesn't want to act any more, but it would

be wicked for any one else to play a part he did so marvelously on the stage."

"And do you mind telling me who it is?" I asked, a little acidly. Fanny has such a way of telling everything but the point of a story.

"Well," she began charitably, "I'll tell you the whole story. There's a guy named George Abbott who is as talented and versatile as Jimmy Gleason. He wrote a swell play with Gleason years ago. Since then he has been coauthor of four of the biggest successes on Broadway. At odd moments he directs plays and pictures. And a few months ago a play called 'Those We Love,' of which he was coauthor, seemed doomed to die unseen, because no actor could be found who was big and gruff and charming enough to play the lead. Finally, Abbott was prevailed upon to play it himself, and the way flappers and dowagers act over Rudy Vallée was just nothing to my carryings-on over him when I saw it. A mutual acquaintance offered to take me backstage to meet him. Though you'll probably never believe me, I got all choky in the throat and trembly in the knees and couldn't see it through. I can meet all the Vallées and the Chevaliers, the Novarros and Coopers, as part of a day's routine, but this man Abbott made me just a retiring bit of sentimental lavender and old lace.

"Now Paramount has bought the screen rights to 'Those We Love' for Ruth Chatterton, and they have George Abbott under contract, so they ought to insist on his playing in it. Unfortunately, he is much more interested in directing. He's making 'Manslaughter,' with Claudette Colbert. But maybe my prayers will be answered."

And I thought Fanny was growing up!

It worries me a bit to have Fanny speaking so highly of every one.



Photo by Fryer

No film is complete nowadays without Zasu Pitts.

Usually those streaks hit her only after she has been talking to Mary Pickford, and I realize that the influence will pass in time. This time I couldn't blame it on any one, so I asked if her stock of venom had run out completely. I don't want to be around if she turns into a gusher. That is, a continuous one.

"I know it seems spineless of me," she admitted. "Everybody ought to dislike a few people, if only to make them appear discriminating. I've cherished an acute distaste for Harry Richman ever since I first saw him, and now even that is gone. Lucille Gleason told me so many nice things about him that I've had to bury my pet hate."

"I haven't been, really annoyed at any one in weeks, except Jack Oakie. Any man who has a glad-handing manner is bad enough, but

one who wears patent-leather shoes with a tan sports coat makes me want to go out and gargle."

And Fanny liked him so well on the screen! It is a pity he ever came East.

"Did you know that Nancy Carroll may come to New York to make a picture?" Fanny asked absently as she

glanced around the room. "It's called 'Laughter.' Paramount has been dickering with Laura La Plante to do it, but unless they are ready to start right away, she will sign with some one else and go back to the Coast. She's been taking a vacation in New York. Not a real vacation, though, because she's taking vocal lessons.

"Laura is one of the most satisfactory people I know. She is so bland and good-natured and interested in everything, she makes other people seem like sputtering high-tension wires. She has been working so hard in pictures ever since she was a baby that she would like to take a long rest and travel a lot."

In a way stars are like habitual criminals. They always think they will retire after just one more job, but most of them don't. Colleen Moore is one of the few who has stuck to her determination to break away from pictures for a while and see something of the world. She was in New York for a few days incognito, and she looked radiant. She is having the time of her life, traveling a bit whenever the notion hits her, going to art school, and leaping across the country to see her brother, Cleve, on the stage in "June Moon." Cleve has developed into a fine actor, and Colleen is much more thrilled over his success than she ever was over her own.

From the way that Fanny lapsed into silence and fidgeted around I knew that she was looking for some one.

"I was just hoping that Madame Frances would come in," she explained. "You'd be interested in seeing her."

"Just why?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, because then you'd appreciate how wildly Fox flatters her in choosing Irene Rich to portray a character that was written around her.

"Rita Weiman wrote an awfully good short story called 'On Your Back,' and Broadwayites immediately recognized the main character as Madame Frances. She's been a big influence in New York for a long time. Started out with a little five-dollar hat shop next to the Palace The-

ater, and in a few years no actress felt that she had really 'arrived' until Frances designed her clothes. And what they cost!

"Whenever a producer found a girl with talent, he'd submit her to Madame Frances and ask what she really thought of her. She was a big influence in shaping the careers of Alice Joyce, the Talmadges, Corinne Griffith, and a lot of others by designing clothes that made them look their best.

"I only hope that the director who makes the picture knows Madame Frances, because if her gusty, hard-boiled humor is left out, I'll look on the picture as a tragedy. Irene Rich is infinitely prettier than Madame Frances, but I don't know that she can get her swaggering, insouciant pessimism. Frances always expects the worst, and makes it appear amusing. Marie Dressler is more my idea of the one for the rôle,



Photo by Spurr

Broadway's most famous modiste will be portrayed by Irene Rich on the screen.



Paramount brought Marlene Dietrich from Germany in high hopes.

but then you never can tell. Irene always surprises when she gets a rôle that gives her half a chance."

"Marie Dressler," I began, "is she really—"

"Yes," Fanny gloated. "At last Metro-Goldwyn means to star her. It's about time. You would think that the company would listen to Frances Marion's advice, inasmuch as she has written so many of their best pictures and suggested so many of their big successes. But she had to argue with them for two years to make them see that Miss Dressler was a big drawing card.

"In getting her starred Miss Marion won a double victory, because her first picture is to be 'Dark Star,' by Lorna Moon, which Miss Marion has been try-

ing to persuade them to film ever since it was published last year. Miss Marion spends so much time trying to promote her friends, it's a wonder she ever has time to do anything else.

"Lorna Moon was a scenario writer with Metro-Goldwyn until she developed tuberculosis and was ordered

Continued on page 108

The Delaware Delilah

She is Estelle Taylor, whose seductiveness sends the interviewer's senses reeling back to biblical history.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



Photo by White

liner's suite. Vaudeville has changed. Dressing rooms have become suites. The old idea of a chair and a trunk has given way to a wicker settee, a couple of rockers, a chaise longue, and, wonder of wonders, a bath.

"Sit here and talk," said Estelle, "because this is a fireman's job; I do my act every hour. Sometimes oftener. Whenever somebody raps on the door I'm all ready to jump out on the stage and do my stuff."

The time-table showed, however, that Estelle had a two-hour respite, to say nothing of a gasoline brougham below. So we started for a cozy haven in the fertile Fifties.

There is something very genuine about this Wilmington, Delaware girl. She talks in short sentences and sounds sincere. There are no circumlocutions, no elaborate euphemisms; when something deserves a terse epithet that is precisely what it gets.

Regarding herself, she harbors no illusions. In front of the camera she is sure of her ground; on the vaudeville platform she knows that she is a novice. Not long ago she essayed a part opposite her husband in something articulate, "The Big Fight." When it opened in Philadelphia she invited a few friends from New York, saying, "The most that I can hope for is that I won't make myself ridiculous." Parenthetically, it may be added that she did not, nor did she carry the affair to success; Katharine Cornell and Alfred Lunt could not have saved that particular play.

The last time I had seen Estelle Taylor was years ago, when she was starting a purple career as the dynamic lady in "While New York

Estelle Taylor looks just as arresting in a simple frock as she does on the opposite page.

Sleeps," a Fox melodrama that was something of a classic. That was in the days when Mae Murray was still the blondest ingénue in captivity, when Pearl White was attempting drama rather unsuccessfully following her triumphs as *Pauline*, when Louise Glaum was the grand old vampire of the screen, and some idler named DeForest had tried to show a picture that was synchronized with a phonograph record.

ESTELLE TAYLOR was in New York, taking a fling at vaudeville. She was appearing at 3:05 p. m., so at 3:04 I bought a ticket and found my way into the dim reaches of the theater.

An impressive silver curtain served as background for a less impressive pianist who busily sang about movie stars in general, and, in due course, Estelle Taylor in particular. There was a dramatic pause, a resounding chord, and a spotlight pointed upstage, center. Then Estelle appeared, as advertised, "In person."

However vast your experience among stellar bodies has been, Estelle, in person, is something to write home about. The Taylor figure is little short of spectacular, and some canny fellow had designed a gown that emphasized every eloquent point.

As I recall the proceedings, Estelle sang a song or two that didn't matter tremendously, retiring to change to a second gown, undoubtedly designed by the same canny fellow, that served as an overwhelming setting for the succeeding two songs. Then the act was over, with a great burst of applause, and I was on my way back to the stage door.

On the way I remarked that there had been no cooing about Hollywood and her fan public, no mention of Jack Dempsey, who is, in Hollywood, "Mr." Estelle Taylor, no attempt to be other than what she was—a movie star on vacation, making it pay.

Backstage I climbed a flight of iron steps to the head-

Before any one begins to think that all this would date Estelle Taylor as one of the original Florodora sextet, let it be said that she was barely out of her teens, trying Fox immediately after an inconspicuous Broadway début in a play that failed to run three weeks. If I felt statistical I would be inclined to guess Estelle just this side of thirty. She doesn't look more than twenty-six.

Her face is a background for her eyes, still the most memorable pair the films have to offer. They are abnormally large and round, without being at all ingenuous, and they carry a dangerously high voltage. The Taylor mouth is not to be omitted by the snapshot reporter, either, representing, as it does, a symposium of the seductive mouths in history.

Without sinking to bald repetition, let me say that from the head down one could easily wax eloquent. The Taylor figure, I repeat, is spectacular. Proof of this statement may be found in the fact that she looked just as arresting in a sports costume as she did in her revelatory stage dresses.

The years, as the phrase goes, had wrought little change. In the Fox factory on Tenth Avenue I had been impressed by the Taylor eyes, the Taylor lines, the Taylor frankness. In the grilled basement of a brownstone front off Madison Avenue, I was again impressed by the same details. Added was a definite poise, a sureness gained by success.

Continued on page 110

ESTELLE TAYLOR is one of the three most colorful personalities encountered in ten years of interviewing, says Malcolm H. Oettinger on the opposite page. But take it from us, she is really more than that, as you will discover for yourself.



Photo by Apeda



AN interesting event in prospect for discriminating fans is the first appearance together of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes—otherwise Ruth Chatterton—in a film, "The High Road," by Frederick Lonsdale, whose "Last of Mrs. Cheyney" delighted lovers of worldly comedy.

Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Russell Ball

ALL doubt of Harold Lloyd's future in talking pictures was overwhelmingly answered by "Welcome Danger," and this moment finds him absorbed in a successor, "Feet First," the story of a shoe salesman with social ambitions and a quickening pulse for Barbara Kent.



MARRIED and settled, so to speak, Marian Nixon turns to her first love to assuage the burning ambition that even rich young wives possess. We mean, of course, that eternal Lorelei, the screen, which will offer her "Courage" as well.

Photo by Preston Duncan



Photo by Preston Duncan

WE blush to use the old, familiar adjectives in describing Lilyan Tashman, and it is futile to mention her latest picture, because there are too many of them. This new photograph, then, is just a pleasure for her fans and ourselves.



Photo by Otto Dyar

TUT, tut, child! Why do you think we prefer caviar when you are such perfect peaches-and-cream? For this arch siren is Mary Brian, no less! A moment of girlish impulsiveness with the curling iron and, lol we've lost our Mary.



Photo by Gene Robert Ricbee

A YEAR ago only those with extraordinary memories had ever heard of Stanley Smith, but to-day it is quite different. "Sweetie" opened the way to the fans' hearts, "Honey" smoothed it, and "Queen High" is expected to keep him there.



Photo by Hurrell

LIKE most persons, William Haines has many sides to his character unsuspected save by those who know him well. In the story opposite, Samuel Richard Mook captures fleeting impressions of Billy in odd moments that will make you know him intimately.

Random Notes On Billy

These disconnected impressions of William Haines reveal his many sides more surely than a single interview in a stipulated time. See if you don't agree.

By Samuel Richard Mook

THE first recollection I have of Billy Haines was when he was being interviewed by a staid newspaper woman from Boston. It was evident that she had never met any one like him before and Billy, sensing that, was certainly taking advantage of her credulity and making hay while the sun shone.

"Yes," said he, "I am engaged to Patricia Moran. She's one of the Morans of Virginia—one of the very best families from that State."

"I don't believe I know them," murmured the writer.

"No," said Bill, "you wouldn't."

And he was quite right, for they never existed. The "Patricia" referred to is the lady known in pictures as Polly, and her native habitat is Chicago. But little things like names and places never worry Billy when he is telling a story. Finding the writer interested, he waxed eloquent. "It's bound to be a happy marriage," he continued, "because we have so much in common. We can ride to the hounds together, we enjoy the same things when we're away from the studio. We're only waiting until she's finished her contract and saved a little more money before we marry."

One of the men from the publicity department intervened and escorted the lady away. Billy was in high spirits over his interview and repeated it to every one who would listen. Nut!

Occasionally the clowning was interrupted by work and they shot a few scenes. His leading lady couldn't remember her lines in a certain sequence and it was shot and reshot a number of times. The poor girl was in tears. "I'm terribly sorry," she kept saying continually.

"Aw, don't worry," Bill consoled her. "I do the same thing myself—all the time." Big-hearted and sympathetic.

During a lull I asked what he considered the principal differences between making a talkie and a silent.

"When you make silent pictures you leave the studio and go out to play. When you make talkies, you leave the studio and go home to study your lines for the next day. That's all the difference, as far as I'm concerned."

"Well, that's not enough to fill an article," I retorted. "You'll have to do better than that."

"Fix up something yourself for me to say. You know as much about this game as I do." Flattery.

"Like fun I will," I returned. "Why should I rack my brains for something to make you appear clever? I'm as dumb as you are."

"Really?" Billy murmured. "I didn't think writers were ever dumb. I thought I was being generous. They never write what you tell 'em, anyhow."

"True," I conceded, "but when they don't, the actors still get the breaks."

"Yeah? You break the best of them." Ingrate!

Billy Haines at an opening. Clowning. Life of the party. Personality plus and all that sort of thing. Good business. It's what's expected of him. He gives 'em what they want.

Billy Haines walking around the lot. High-hatting Robert Montgomery. Wonder why?

And then an afternoon in his home when the two of us sat in front of a log fire sipping ginger ale, when not a wisecrack dropped from the lips of either and even smiles were rare. An afternoon of long silences and intermittent conversation, in which he still contrived, somehow, to tell me of his friends. He spoke generously of their wit—of, for instance, a trip he and Roger Davis had made to San Francisco, when, stopping for the night in a halfway hotel, they had retired about ten o'clock and he had cautioned Roger that they expected to leave at seven thirty next morning.

Arising himself at seven, he had wakened Roger a little later. "What time is it?" the latter asked sleepily.

"Seven twenty," Bill informed him.

"Well, my contract calls for seven thirty," Roger said, and turned over to go back to sleep.

"When a fellow can waken out of a ten-hour sleep with a crack like that," said Bill, "that's my idea of humor." Unselfish, to praise some one else like that.

The fire crackling and glowing cast a semispell over us.

"What the deuce do you think about when you're by yourself?" I asked.

"I dunno. Like Lorelei Lee, in 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,' I seem to be thinking practically all the time—and I guess my thoughts are just about as ponderous. When I'm not working, I putter about the house here and seldom see any one during the daytime. This is the third day I've been here by myself. When night comes I like to get going." Funny bird.

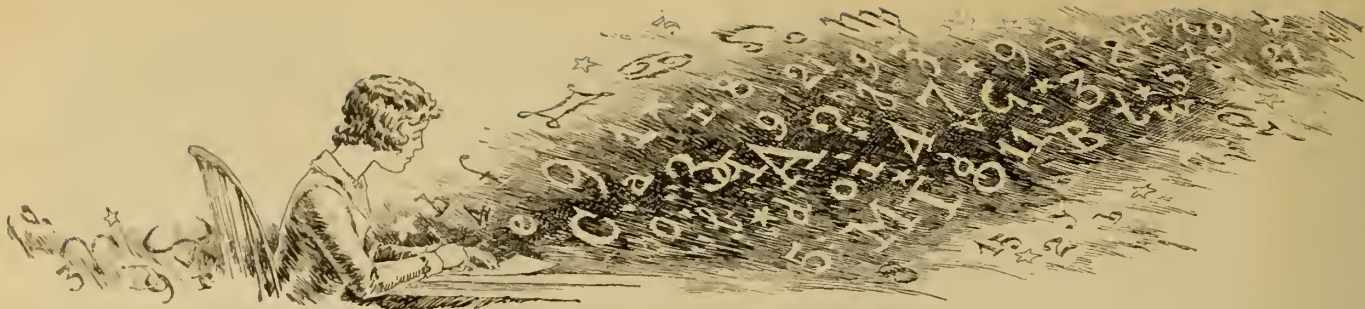
And then he took me through his house from stem to stern. A house that, from the outside, could belong to any one but which, from the inside, could belong to no one but a person of uncommon taste.

And then he exhibited boyish pride in his possessions—in a set of sixteen exquisite miniatures, only a few of which he has hung, because more than a few seemed out of place and he didn't believe in sticking them up just because he had them. Good judgment.

Continued on page 105



William Haines is one star who welcomes competition from players in his films.



It does seem like magic, doesn't it? But you don't believe in magic, and neither do I. Yet you must be wondering, when you have met the proof that these readings are true, how it is that I can tell you that you were deeply in love ten years ago, or that you were eight years old when your father died? It seems utterly unbelievable, I know, that so many details could possibly be indicated in a name, made up of about thirty letters at the most, with several letters used more than once. And yet I do tell the truth.

Two months ago I gave you a little indication of how vibration is life itself, and of how this rate of vibration differs and expresses itself in different ways in the world that we know and see and feel, in numbers that are records of vibration. Now let me give you an illustration that will make the principle of reading names quite simple and clear.

Do you know anybody named John Smith? If you do, you can prove to yourself a little of the truth of this mysterious law that gives you, at birth, a chart of the life you will go through, with its pleasures, successes, disappointments, and pains, and an indication of the nature that you bring with you, as it has grown up out of the thousands of lives that you have lived before. Simply ask this John Smith whether what I have told you of him, taking his age into consideration, is true.

His name has become the symbol of the commonplace, the colorless, and the undistinguished, and there is a good reason for this intuitive interpretation.

John Smith's life is full of hard work—activity that may begin as early as when he is twelve years old, brings him more money than he has ever had when he is about twenty, but continues for at least ten years more before he can see any permanent results. He is a little boy with old-fashioned notions by the time he is ten, suffers from some rather serious abdominal trouble, or is run over, or loses his father, between the ages of eight and sixteen, or may even have all of this happen to him at that time. So he struggles to help his mother and brothers and sisters, because his ability to feel their troubles and his inborn sense of responsibility drive him to it.

In one way or another, life has John by the throat for the greater part of his existence. He rises slowly,

The Mystery

In this fascinating new department will be found
Besides examples of its influence on the lives of
the letters of

By Monica

one step at a time, because he takes no risks, but even when things go downhill for a while, he feels that it might be worse. Girls mean little or nothing to him, until he is thirty. About that time, he gets into some

difficulty with a woman who has been married before, more because he feels sorry for her than because of real love. Even when he does marry at thirty-five, or a little later, love means to him a home and a woman in it, but he is unacquainted with the ecstasy that makes young men see the face of a certain girl in the flowers and in the stars, and drives older men to fight for fame, power and money for the sake of a woman.

Between forty-two and fifty, John Smith has a very hard time. Business is bad, he and his wife are not happy; she is ill herself, and some other woman gets mixed up with their lives. But after fifty, success appears nearer, and he begins to enjoy some of the satisfaction that he has been seeking all his life, although he is troubled now and then by a high blood pressure.

His best years come to him after sixty. By that time he has gathered together what seems to him like a competence, he becomes spiritually independent, self-assertive, affectionate, and lively, and disrespectful youngsters wonder what he ever accomplished that gives him a right to be so cocky. Having lived past the dangerous years of his childhood and passed successfully the one difficult period of middle age, he is sure to live to be about eighty, and will have a few years in which to enjoy life.

There are two factors that will appear to make the lives of the many John Smiths differ. One will actually

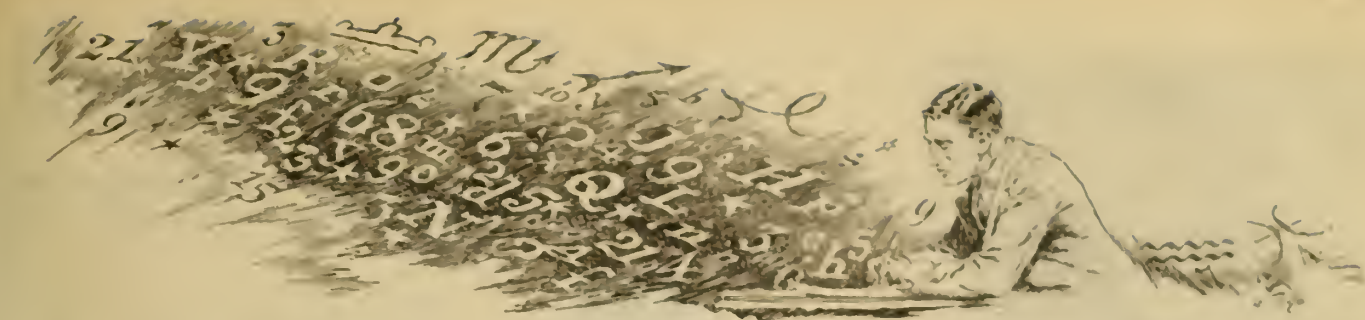
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A Message From Miss Shenston

Thousands and thousands of letters have come to me since the publication of my first article in PICTURE PLAY, and the second one brought no less a response. They have come from far and near, from addresses within a stone's throw and from points on the other side of the globe.

Answering each one individually is a tremendous task, but a happy one because of the stimulus I receive from such widespread interest in numerology.

As you can well imagine, a great deal of time is required to reach such a volume of names. That is why I bespeak your patience and assure you that each one of you will receive a reply, either by mail or in the columns of this department—that is, if you have followed the rules in filling out the coupon and sending it to me with a self-addressed envelope.



Of Your Name

an explanation of the science of numerology, stars, the names of readers also are analyzed from their names.

Andrea Shenston

What Buddy Rogers' Name Tells

THE vibrations that you attract to yourself, as those that you give out, dear Buddy Rogers, go up and down like the waves of the sea. The actual letters of your name are impressionable, generous, and yielding, but the totals for the different departments of your life have a remarkable power of understanding, of will, and of accomplishment.

To be successful, and overcome the dark birth path of Eight with which you are born and cannot escape, you will have to call on these deep reserves of your own nature, reserves that have nothing to do with what may happen to you from day to day.

But no matter what difficulties you meet, you have the power to drive right through them. Every rock in your path serves as a stepping-stone to lead you higher, and no cloud is so black that you cannot pierce it and find a silver lining—often the kind of silver that can be turned into gold!

That birth path does, indeed, indicate that you will never be entirely free from the dark clouds and the rocks, but the totals for the different aspects of your life are wonderful. The Five that is the total of birth and name together prove that you are intelligent, active, eager for knowledge, straightforward, true. Slow people drive you crazy, and any little thing that is not perfectly aboveboard makes you uncomfortable. Even if it is only in fun, you don't like it.

This Five also means that you will have plenty of money when you are past middle age. I admit that you will have an exciting time in keeping it, but it will be there.

You refuse to take things for granted, and anybody who wants to do business with you has to explain just

how and why. But that is not a hardship to him, since you find it easy to understand any explanation, no matter how complicated.

In the divine, which is the spiritual and the emotional side of life, you have the beautiful number Six, the number of spiritual love, of art, and beauty. Right now you are an impulsive, lively youth who is naturally drawn into all kinds of excitement, and you go along with the crowd and enjoy yourself whole-heartedly. But you have an ideal of love that is not satisfied with petting at a party, kissing in a roadster, and buying a ring and later a home for a jazzy little doll. You want a love that is deep and beautiful.

You dream of finding a girl who would love you if you never had a cent, and whom you would adore, no matter if she lost all her looks. Still you admire beauty with an understanding of it that few boys have; you appreciate art, and music is your great love. I am sure that you first thought of earning a living through music, and when you feel fed up for a while with the excitement around you, not because you lack vitality—you overflow with it—but because of this longing of yours for something profoundly worth while, music is to you like a drink of clear, cold water, like a plunge into a deep, shady pool on a sultry day.

Your great personal independence and aggressiveness keep you from being a born actor. You will be successful as long as you continue to play yourself, because that self is charming, but you will fail if you try to express anything else. Your great natural talent is for production on the stage or the screen, for in these you will find scope for the orderly mind, the power of expression, the fighting ability that will begin to stir more and more by the time you are thirty.

So far contentment has, on the whole, been yours, but in a few years you will be forced to struggle. This struggle will be your opportunity to rise to the heights where you belong, as an easy life is an ordinary life, no matter what may be the natural gifts of a man. It is always easier to walk on a level road.

Number Nine, the most powerful of all numbers, the vibration of fire, strength, activity, and achievement, is yours in the material. Never give in, Buddy, never give

Continued on page 100



You will be married within two years, Buddy Rogers, and will have something like the love you dream of.



Sweet And

Isn't it a relief to find the prettiest girls in the movies bereft, at last, their beauty is enhanced while their dresses com

Anita Page, left, cool as lemon ice on a hot day, is refreshingly clad in a frock of shell-pink silk crape, the bodice slender, the skirt circular and very full, and the collar adding grace to an extremely charming costume.

Gwen Lee, below, simple but chic in a dress of gay print, the trimming being of the same color as the pattern. Try it on your sewing machine!



Bessie Love, above, is really at her best in sweetly simple frocks, this one being of printed silk worn with a brightly bordered scarf. The skirt, you will note, is only moderately gored, and the ensemble is completely satisfying.

Sally Starr, left, recalls the crisp daintiness of old-fashioned dotted swiss, doesn't she? Her frock is of white material, with polka dots of crimson. The waistline is high, the ruffles full, and the bertha modified.

Simple

of their satins and sables? In these inexpensive summer frocks bibe chic, good taste and complete practicality.

Anita, a pretty Page, right, makes gingham more delectable than velvet, because her frock is smart and individual. Of red dotted in white, it boasts a scalloped, uneven hemline flounce, and the buttons are big pearl ones.



Only for the ultra-Latin ingénue is the afternoon frock of Raquel Torres, left, who glorifies frills and furbelows so fully that the home seamstress despairs of copying their many cascades.



Extremely chic is Leila Hyams, above, in a sleeveless frock with a knife-pleated skirt set on at the hipline, to be worn with a jacket, of course, of the same colors — purple and black — as the tie, pockets, and border of the skirt.



Mere cretonne is immensely smart when worn by Mary Doran, left, whose high waistline is very becoming to her slim figure.

The Ghost at

Along with the glamorous prosperity of a player or that some misstep, perhaps only a trivial faux pas, will

By Mignon

graph system conveys the word. A careless shrug, a cynical half smile often seals a fate.

Some are blacklisted for dire, dire offenses; others for trivial, occasionally amusing causes. Hollywood is like a small country village in that it is swayed as frequently by its pet likes and aversions, as by a well-balanced sense of justice.

There are any number of ways of getting enrolled on the town's invisible book, some guaranteed to be more effective than others.

Here are some of the reasons why certain players, stars, directors, and writers may bear the fatal black mark on their foreheads:

"Sassed" back the boss too many times.

Made box-office failures at a time when employer had acute indigestion, or had just been "stood up" by a blonde.

Broke the morality clause of a contract.

Broke contract to sign with another company for bigger salary.

Got caught playing shady studio politics against those with influence.

Complained too loudly about the way they were being treated.

Wrote criticisms of Hollywood or Hollywood's great. Weren't the "right type."

Were victims of personal grudges and grievances.

Among those who are suffering, or have suffered in the past, from the blacklist bugaboo are Adolphe Menjou, Erich von Stroheim, Roscoe Arbuckle, Conway Tearle, and Rudolph Valentino. But there are many, many others, some famous—some not so famous. Every class, every caste, from the humblest extra and prop man to the biggest executive, has contributed victims.

Indeed, Hollywood's black list is an almost endless one, with many ramifications. And Tom, Dick, and Harry, as well as Mr. Important Executive, help compile it.

Von Stroheim has been on and off Hollywood's black list for years. There are various charges against him, all of which he vehemently denies.

Producers say he's too darned temperamental. Erich says he has a perfect right to stick up for his rights. Producers say he makes the debit side of their ledgers look too red. He replies that he has made more box-office hits than almost any other director and points to some of his successes.

At any rate, after the indifferent suc-



Photo by Hommel

THERE'S a dark shadow hanging over the sunny town of Hollywood, threatening the happiness and existence of every one in pictures, casting terror into the hearts of even the elect. It's the fear of being blacklisted.

To be blacklisted may be as pernicious, as far as a career is concerned, as to be "spotted" by gangsters.

Many an actor, director, and writer has taken his slide to oblivion via the blacklist route. He's found it to be a one-way street, with "Out of the Picture" marked in capital letters at the end of the trip. Some few have made comebacks up this tortuous path; more have not.

The fear of being banned by Hollywood is the more insidious, because one seldom can prove that he is or isn't on somebody's list of condemned. And only the rashest of souls dare to break, with protests, the deadly silence which surrounds their banishment.

There's many a homeless player wandering from studio to studio unable to find a berth, watching his depleting bank roll and feeling as though he must be accursed with a plague. Even his best friends won't always tell him that he has been blackballed. As a rule, they don't know until the actor himself realizes it.

Hollywood's black list is no neat scroll sent out from headquarters upon which the names of the doomed are written. It's an unwritten list, seldom official. A grapevine tele-



Erich von Stroheim, directing with his son on his lap, has been on and off the black list for years.

the Banquet

director in his heyday, there is always the chilling fear cause the moguls to add another name to the black list.

Rittenhouse

cess at the box office of his last two pictures, he knocked on door after door of the studios, and was turned away. He was broke, unhappy, disgusted. Then James Cruze, a fellow director, cast him in the title rôle of "The Great Gabbo." It took courage, for Hollywood's big money-bag holders, seeming to have forgotten their own expensive mistakes from time to time, had united in turning thumbs down on Von Stroheim and had kept him out of pictures for some time.

Conway Tearle was forced to withdraw from the screen at the peak of his popularity, because the powers grew tired of his demands for higher wages and shorter hours. For years he was on Hollywood's black list. Talkies, however, sent producers scampering around for good voices. They heard Tearle's, and pardoned his sins of the past. Now he's back in the studios, shaking hands with all his formerly hostile bosses.

The morality clause of Hollywood is as strange as it is menacing. To most members of the colony it is an ever-present worry. Yet there are others who seem not to be bothered by it in the least. They break and rebreak it without being reproved. It's just one of those things.

But once on the black list for being involved in scandal, beware! This is the easiest way of all to oblivion.

The most conspicuous sufferer on this list is "Fatty" Arbuckle. He has tried frequent comebacks, but although he and his Plantation Inn are well liked by Hollywood, the screen will have none of him. Here is a case where public opinion cast the final voice in deciding an actor's fate.

On the other hand, there's a fair ingénue who, according to the usual procedure, would have been banned from entering pictures, even before her trunks arrived in Hollywood. She was involved in a scandal some years ago which made front-page stuff for weeks.

But she got around the morality issue by entering pictures under an assumed name. However, don't think she didn't put up a stiff fight for her movie career. She did! And won a high position for herself by sheer ability.

Large numbers of plays are barred from pictures as being immoral. A few, like "Rain" and "The Green Hat," are able to pass muster by entering films with a brand-new title and star.

Yet there are other plays which, if made into pictures, would cut into the box-office returns of some big screen productions along similar lines, but, mysteriously, no Hollywood purchasers are found. Or, if the plays are filmed, they are not always released. The reason given is that they're too immoral—too something or other. You can guess the real reason.



Conway Tearle's voice erased the black mark from his name.



Even Rudolph Valentino served time on the black list.

The late Valentino and Adolphe Menjou took trips abroad to make pictures when Hollywood turned them loose. Valentino was barred from the screen for two years. He committed breach of contract.

Menjou claims to be suffering from mergeritis, a disease which the talkies brought along with them to Hollywood. In an interview given to a New York newspaper, before sailing for Paris to make films, he declared he was being boycotted at the height of his career, because his contract had expired, and producers wanted to frighten him into re-signing at a lower salary than he was worth.

He told the world in bold, black print that before his contract terminated, he had made repeated efforts to talk with producers, but was denied interviews. He said he wrote them letters, wired, and telephoned—all in vain. Ominous silence greeted him.

Intentional or otherwise, the recent merging of numerous Hollywood companies is proving a boomerang to the bankrolls of other players than Menjou.

Instead of having nine or ten companies bid for their services when their contracts near expiration, as in the past, players are lucky to get one or two offers. In the face of new arrivals, they are finding their big names and salaries sometimes a handicap, rather than a help, in obtaining work. Stars who formerly could be sure of re-signing at increased salaries are glad to accept contracts with cuts.

Studio politicians are more numerous in Hollywood than sister acts, and the tactics some of them use to keep in right frequently get them very much in wrong. Employers, generally having a shrewd knowledge of studio politics, keep a sharp lookout to see that they're not being undermined. While there's many a "nest featherer" going blithely from studio to studio, stealing ideas, pass-

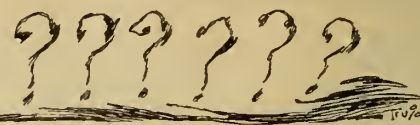
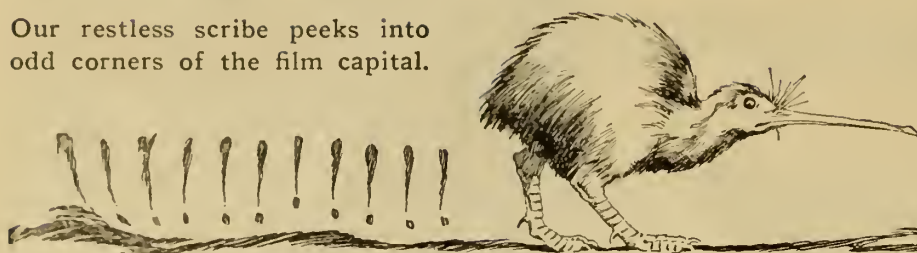
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The Stroller

Our restless scribe peeks into odd corners of the film capital.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



WE are achieving a fame in Hollywood all our own. Hollywood is the home of the comic-strip artist. The artists of everything from Ella Cinders to Freckles live here. I am told that after you have been a cartoonist for several years, it is very difficult to think of new gags or to steal them while they are still fresh—due partly to the fact that every cartoonist has to have his strip in the syndicate office three weeks in advance of publication.

If a good gag is printed in *Life* or *Judge*, three weeks later it is sure to pop up almost simultaneously in three or four comic strips.

Comic strips, instead of dying natural deaths, are increasing in number. One of the big syndicates is starting several new ones. And if you get one that clicks, like Ella Cinders, you will make from \$700 to \$1,000 a week. And apparently, you don't have to be even a graduate of a correspondence school of cartooning, judging from the art work of the funnies.

If you read this high form of literature, you will have noticed that every cartoon character goes to Hollywood some time during his career, and stays there for a while. Some of them stay in Hollywood permanently.

This is easy to explain. The author finds more inspiration here than in any other place in the world. The cavortings of the local goofies, a large percentage, are just natural comic-page fodder. Comic-strip artists don't like to work any harder than other people. So they merely observe and write down.

Cartoon fans, however, finally entered objections to the centralization of all their favorites in the movie colony. They liked their characters too much to want them to fall into the hands of studio press agents, and to be shown dining with the Gilberts, Garbos, and Gibsons.

So the bosses of the strips have ordered Clare Duggins and Will Blosser away from here to save their strips from the ignominy of going Hollywood. Others may follow. They complain that it's like leaving an open diamond pit to dig peat.

Fans often become furious when their favorites are panned by magazine writers.

In truth, these criticisms of the stars are often unfair and depend largely on whether the writer's breakfast agreed with him. Sometimes another writer tells him the star is impossible, and the resultant prejudice in the interview is the thing to be expected of those incapable of drawing their own conclusions.

There aren't many bold speakers left. If you fans don't like a story, what do you think the studio that employs the star thinks? Plenty.

Every time a writer says something the studio doesn't like, they call him on the carpet and plead with him to lay off. If he doesn't, the studio gates are barred to him. But strangely enough, the most successful fan writers are those who are barred from several lots. Their style may not please the studio, but it does please the editor, and what would a magazine be worth if it was filled completely with blah!

The life of a fan writer is hectic. So is the interview life of a free-lance player who has no studio to back him up. Every interview is a compromise between the interesting black truth and the horrible white lie.

Producers who can't even speak English properly are now producing French, German, and Spanish talkies.

They are innocent children in the hands of their foreign departments. They never know whether a language is correctly spoken.

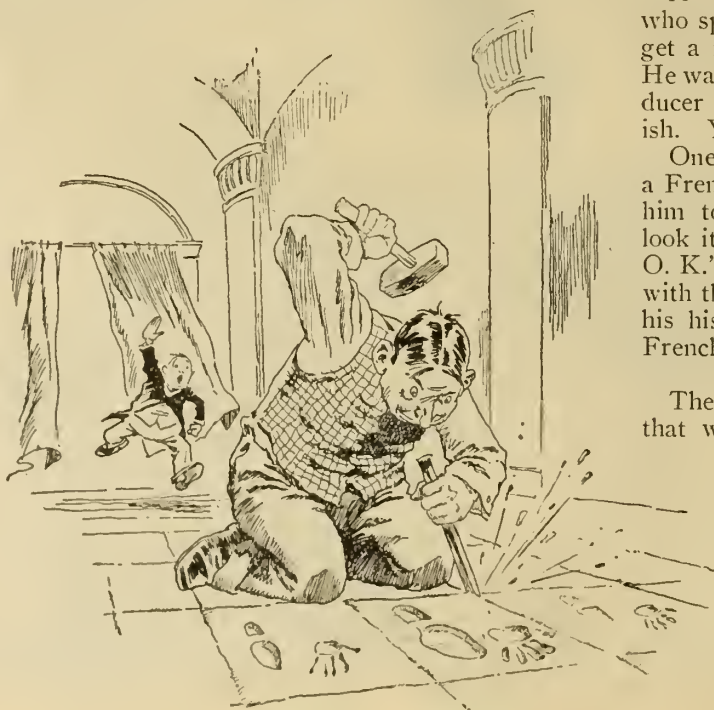
A well-educated foreign actor, who speaks perfect English, tried to get a rôle in one of these pictures. He was turned down cold. The producer said, "You can't speak Spanish. Your English has no accent."

One foreign supervisor submitted a French script. The producer told him to get a college professor to look it over. He did. The "prof" O. K.'d it, collected the money, split with the supervisor, and returned to his history class. He didn't know French from Siamese.

The song writers and things like that who are out here from New York are abashed at our use of superlatives.

They never heard most of the ones here. Back East about the strongest thing used, before the mental merger of East and West took place, was "sensational" and "on down the scale." Hollywood be-

Imagine a poor tourist's injured feelings when a theater manager caught him chiseling up the floor.



gins at "sensational" and builds up through "colossal," "gargantuan," and "superepic," to words out of reach beyond the clouds.

Gold-brick salesmen are reaping a harvest.

They sell everything. The tourists are the biggest fish, followed closely by the stars and executives of the studios.

The tourist contingent falls for anything connected with a star. They buy used cars at exorbitant prices. They buy Pickfair for \$10,000 down. They buy the Carthay Circle Theater.

The con men also work in preview crowds and sell the picture just witnessed to tourists for use in their home towns. The stars buy fake antiques and bonds, while the producers frequently get stuck with stories that haven't clear titles. One of Edward Everett Horton's fell in this classification. The studio bought the talking rights from the stage producer and made the picture. When they got through, they were gently informed that the screen rights were owned by another producer who would sell for \$50,000. He got his price.

Another gag is this. When a stage play is put on, the territorial rights to produce it on the boards are sold. There are Western rights, Southern rights, English rights, Australian rights, et cetera. Before the talkie version of the play can be shown in those territories, the screen producer must buy the rights from the local franchise holder. The result has been greater caution in buying, but for a while the producers were getting stuck plenty by these sectional owners.

A screen writer submitted a story to a studio about six months ago. They held the story for several months, and then returned it with the customary regrets.

A week or so ago the writer succeeded in selling himself to the same studio as a staff writer.

"Now," said the scenario editor, "I want you to write me an original story. Here are a bunch of synopses. Read them over and get me an idea to weave a story around."

The writer followed instructions. He came across a studio copy of the scenario he had submitted six months earlier. Investigation disclosed that the whole pile of stories given him to read had been obtained in the same way—by copying submitted stories, and then returning the originals to the authors.

This anecdote doesn't quite run true to form. This particular writer immediately resigned. Most of them would have made copies of the stories first, and then tried to sell them to another studio.

A star called up her agent. "How's everything?" asked the agent. "What's new?"

"Let's see," mused the star, "nothing much. I went to the Embassy for lunch yesterday. And—oh, yes—I got a divorce last week."

Mary Pickford threw the local newspaper men into excitement recently when she phoned them to come to her home for an important announcement.

The writers broke dates right and left to be there. Speculation was rife, with the preponderance of opinion expecting Miss Pickford to announce her retirement from the screen.

With a score or more assembled, she got up and, with the greatest poise, made her big announcement. Mr. Tinseltown had been appointed supervisor of her next picture. The reporters were so provoked that Mr. Tinseltown, or whatever his name is, has not yet received any publicity.



A bright young officer pinched a foreign extra, because he thought a dance chart was the map of a fort.

Talking blimps have provoked patient Hollywoodites to drastic action.



I went to high school with one of our leading male stars back in a Middle-West city.

Before I had ever decided to go West, this young man was already in Hollywood, extra-ing. But he visited the home town in what, I was to discover later, was the true Hollywood manner. He brought with him a picture of Pola Negri's house, and the local papers went for his publicity in a big way.

A couple of years later I moved to Hollywood and discovered that he had likewise sold Hollywood on his back-East fiction, a family of millionaires of great social position. I have never given him away—it probably wouldn't do any good if I did—but I mention this because it is in the same category with a racket now practiced in Beverly Hills.

On Sunset Boulevard are cars parked with signs on them, "Guide to the stars"

Continued on page 116

Marked Men

Lip prints on the shining countenances of our heroes speak more eloquently of their love-lives than any mere writer could.

Alexander Gray, left, we always thought absorbed in cultivating his baritone, but his picture with Alice Jordan tells a story far more hectic.

Jack Oakie, right, sheepish and submissive to the chorus girl who has marked him for her own.

Jack Mulhall, below, says there's safety in numbers.

Robert Montgomery and Raquel Torres, below, say they're only showing what happens with careless use of the new make-up required for Technicolor scenes.

Just a little kiss from Janet Joyce, below, and Walter Pidgeon is ingenuously aghast at the consequences.



In The Springtime

A young man's fancy can easily turn to Yola d'Avril, in April or in August, and besides, her budding career is well worth considering.

By William H. McKegg

YOLA D'AVRIL is an unfolding sensation. Her talents are still in the bud. Like her name—April—they are in the spring of her career. Should this sound too poetic, please excuse. If you knew Yola, you'd say the same.

Soon she ought to appear in rôles big enough that more of her work might be seen. So far she has only played small parts. Yet they are growing all the time. In "The Love Parade," Yola does an effective piece of work. It is only an episode, but Yola's presence can make an episode very telling! She also plays the young French girl opposite Lew Ayers, in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Lewis Milestone, the director of this film, was Yola's fiancé not long ago.

"People said to him, 'Why give Yola work in your picture when the engagement is broken off?' Lewis said, 'Why not? Can't we be friends still?'"

Yola expressed this bit of continental philosophy over a cup of tea and a slice of bread, in my bungalow. She had dropped in several days before but, being in a rush, as she generally is, we had little chance to talk.

Yola came from Paris five years ago. She, her mother, and Eddy, her brother, went to Canada. A dancing school materialized, because Yola could dance well. But somehow the Canadians were not in a dancing mood, for the school soon went up in smoke.

"Every one said to me, 'You should go to Hollywood and try the movies.' So I came and started as an extra."

Yola has a slight accent, but she does not harp on it. She has a mellow, persuasive voice which is rather disturbing to young bloods romantically inclined. For them to hear her throb "*Mon gros chéri*" is to come near swooning.

Perhaps her persuasive voice gained Yola entrance to the casting offices. Paramount gave her her first work, and even publicized her as Gloria Swanson's protégée. Gloria had just returned from Paris, where she had made "Madame Sans-Gêne."

Nevertheless, Yola searched about for work. She was placed under contract in Christie comedies, and later by First National. But with the coming of talkies, they let most of their contract players go.

Yola dispenses with all sob stories.

"No one wants to hear your sorrows," she declares. "Every one comes to me with their troubles. But if I am worried, I get in my car and drive to the beach.

"The sea," she confesses, "consoles me. I like to hear the happy, exultant song in the waves as they roll in, and the sad, baffled cry in them as they go out. I return to Hollywood feeling fine, and ready for more movie attacks."

There is rapture on the lonely shore
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar

This explains the tinge of mysticism in *la d'Avril*.

She tells her sob stories to the sea and is all gayety and romance when talking of herself and her work.



Photo by Jones

Susanne, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," is Yola's most recent rôle, and that smile makes a soldier swim a canal.

"I have always found, when we think we are in a bad plight, that something helps us from an unseen source.

"My first theatrical job was as a dancer in a revue. We left Paris for Portugal. Playing in Lisbon we went broke. We were left stranded in a

strange city, in a foreign country, without a sou to get us back to France.

"One afternoon, after scraping together as much as we could, we went to a café for a bite to eat. At a nearby table I noticed a handsome young man staring constantly at me. He was with a lady, too. I was a kill then; my friends used to make jokes at my expense.

"This young man was
Continued on page 114



Leatrice Joy proudly displays a plate that once belonged to Napoleon.

THERE is, at first glance, something incongruous about an heirloom in Hollywood, where everything radiates shining newness. The town has grown so quickly, youth is abundant, beauty fresh and unscarred; and careers reflect the distinctly modern note of an industry grown to power in this generation.

The mellow growth that you feel within walls elsewhere, the memories entwined about furniture and knick-knacks, is missing. Decoration, from its very motif down to its expression in each specific object, proclaims that it was ordered only recently, from a prepared plan, delivered and placed for effect, not garnered gradually. Even the age of antiques seems to have been achieved purposely.

For that reason, the number of interesting heirlooms that come to light with a bit of investigation is surprising. While there are fewer treasures of historical and sentimental value than one would find in old weather-beaten homes, they are, perhaps, prized the more highly; they are a sort of anchor in the prevailing air of recent acquisition.

Possibly, too, they escape notice at first, because little fuss is made over them. They are used, not wrapped in tissue and taken out of cedar chests only on state occasions. The actor's everyday life is colored by a more ornate and picturesque investiture than the round-steak and blue-serge cycle of most people. The very fact of living in the film colony, where drama makes the air tense, sets an atmosphere of glamour in which the odd and unusual are amusing, without striking a note too fantastic.

Eating from Napoleon's plate would no doubt be a great moment

Louise Fazenda has some old lace that adorned an ancestor's nightie umpty-ump years ago.

Pewter And

Behind every glittering new front in Holly look carefully, some treasure that dates from looms are stanch anchors of respectability in decora

By Myrtle

to most boys, little or big. They might even be lured to do justice to spinach served on it. Once the property of the little Corsican, it has been in Leatrice Joy's family for many years.

They come from far lands and near, these keepsakes of the cinema crowd. Ann Harding's pewter collection dates back to colonial days, and was an inheritance. If she likes you very much, Jean Arthur will serve your luncheon on pewter plates that were given to her mother umpty-ump years ago. Louise Fazenda and Joseph Cawthorn also have interesting assortments of pewter and brass, while George Fawcett prefers his old china to modern sets.

June Collyer had an Irish pitcher, a keepsake. Recently her brother was practicing a mashie shot in the living room, where the pitcher stood on a

Photo by Fryer



Old Lace

wood, you will find, if you the dim past, and these heir-a sea of dizzy modernity and tion.

Gebhart

table. Nothing is safe when parlor golf is in progress.

Renée Macready pours cream from a Queen Anne silver-luster pitcher, a legacy from her grandfather. And when Lawrence Gray invites one to tea, it is not difficult to imagine oneself sailing the seven seas. For his silver tea set, inherited from his seafaring great-grandfather, was the service in the captain's cabin.

The Edmund Lowes' ornately carved set is several generations old. Its large tray will hold more than the twelve pieces, consisting of two samovars, cups and saucers, sugar bowl, and cream pitcher.

Fay Wray's chest of silverware was brought from England, almost a century ago, by her ancestors. Among William Haines' antiques are silver candlesticks bearing the coat of arms of a forefather.

Paul Revere, who didn't spend all of his time horseback riding, is represented in Hollywood homes. John Mack Brown's small daughter, Jane Harriett, bangs upon her high chair a silver mug made by Revere. Her only concern is that it be repeatedly filled with milk. Carroll Nye owns spoons fashioned by the noted silversmith, inscribed with his name, and given to Rufus Putnam, a forefather of Carroll's. The actor also has a portable foot stove which warmed George Washington's tootsies, and bellows, a candle snuffer, and an ivory and ebony sand-shaker used as a blotter.



Alexander Gray had an old piano made over into a desk.

A glass bowl, an original made in commemoration of the Liberty Bell, in 1775, and bearing on its side a representation of the bell, is Dale Fuller's pride.

Without stepping out of yesterday's mood, you can get all lit up. And I don't mean mint juleps, either. Estelle Taylor's tiny glass lamp has been in the family more than one hundred and fifty years. By its fitful light her great-great-grandmother darned the woolens. It first burned whale oil, then kerosene. Estelle is having it wired for electricity.

Gary Cooper's old English candle lamp is believed to be the only one of its kind in America. A brass lacquer lamp, handed down through four generations, is said to have been made in England about 1770. Among Gary's many other heirlooms are a cup and mug made from a ram's horn, treasured by his forefathers for a century.

The outstanding piece in Alexander Gray's home is a desk made from the old-style square piano on which he took his first music lessons. The rosewood holds its original luster. The pigeonholes are fashioned from small bits of the piano. Gary's parents were singers.

"Lilowe" holds many treasures gathered by Ed Lowe's ancestors. The two high-back purple seats, on either side of the fireplace, were brought from Europe many years ago. The dining-room set is heavy, with that sturdy, simple-lined beauty of the early Monterey period. Among Sam Hardy's colonial furniture is a high-boy.

Though genuine works of art hang on the walls of many Hollywood homes, comparatively few are legacies. Most of them represent the cultural tastes of the actors, wealth accruing from success making possible the gratification of desires for the finer things. A very small percentage, however, bear the mark of family ownership.

During the heyday of his career, Charles Warner, father of H. B., discovered an English bobby painting in his "studio" over Gary Cooper's treasures include an old English candle lamp, said to be very rare in this country.





If she likes you, Jean Arthur will serve your luncheon on ancient pewter plates.

a stable and gave the youth his first commission, for five pounds. The woodland scene hangs in H. B.'s hallway. It is signed E. T. Jones.

Above Sue Carol's grand piano hangs an old tapestry, a family heirloom. Whistler's "Fitzroy Square," signed "By the Butterfly," is one of Renée Macready's inherited treasures. Sally Blane has a painting two hundred years old of a Spanish saint, and portraits of her grandmother, great uncle and great-grandfather. A relative of Louise Fazenda brought from Italy years ago a painting by a pupil of Leonardo Da Vinci, done in this master's studio. By purchasing it, Louise added another rare piece to her collection and enabled the former owner to send his children to college.

Strolling through Hollywood's ancestral gallery, one wonders what these progenitors would have thought of film fame and acting careers! James Gleason's grandmother would have approved, for she was a famous dancer. They have a painting of her, done in Paris, where she was born. Russell, fifth theatrical generation, will be given the picture to mark some important occasion. Carmel Myers prizes a portrait of her husband's great-grandfather. According to her husband, Ralph Blum, critics believe it to be a Sir Joshua Reynolds, though part of the name was burned off when fire slightly damaged the canvas.

Lillian Roth's mother has a picture frame, used to hold the portrait of each generation's mother. Her grandmother's face now smiles from the frame.

Richard Dix values "Pharaoh's Horses," a painting from the brush of his mother, Josephine Victoria Brimmer, exhibited in San Francisco before his birth. Helen Kaiser also cherishes her mother's work in oils.

While bookworms abound in the colony and many are the costly libraries, the majority have been bought by the players. Bebe Daniels' library of five thousand volumes left her by her grandfather, Colonel George Butler Griffin, and H. B. Warner's, bequeathed by his father, are among the few inheritances.

However, a number of old books have found their way through generations of the players' ancestors. "The Letters of Benjamin Franklin," published in 1790, now belong to Lon Chaney. Likewise, the Lacey edition of plays, the property of Hugh Trevor, H. B. Warner's collection of Charles Reid's plays, annotated by his father, their star, and by the dramatist, Albert LeVino's choicest treasure, the manuscript of Joel Chandler Harris' first Uncle Remus story, the book of sports records, compiled in 1809, which came to Harry Gribbon from his grandfather and of which Harry thinks a great deal, and George Fawcett's autographed Edwin Forest letter and Carmel Myers' signature of General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur."

If Joseph Schildkraut is in the proper mood, he may play for you on a violin made by Jacobus Stainer, valued at forty thousand dollars. The man made only one hundred and one violins, and they are considered finer in quality than the famed Stradivarius. And it takes no coaxing at all to get Ken Maynard started fiddling on the instrument which his grandfather brought from Scotland. Ken's great-grandfather had owned it in his day. The

boy learned on it, in his childhood, the tunes which he now fiddles for the screen. As a kid, he used to drag it around the Texas ranch home by its strings, but it seems to have had a sturdy constitution and able to stand wear and tear. Betty Compson treasures a violin which had been in a Southern French family for many generations until sold to her husband.

Emblems of peace and war mingle in the actors' treasure-troves. One of Ramon Novarro's most interesting belongings is an old cross, given by a priest to his great-great-uncle as he set off on an exploring expedition. Anita Page's Bible, once the property of a Spanish monastery, was given to a Pomares soldier-ancestor as a token of gratitude for kindness to the monks. It dates back to the fourteenth century.

A martial aspect is the result when Anthony Bushell displays the relics nearest his heart. He has an entire suit of armor worn by Anthony Bushell, knighted for his service in fighting Charles II in the Parliamentary War. The ancestral Bushell home, outside of London, is surrounded by a moat, allowing entrance only over a drawbridge. Also, there are stocks in which delinquents were punished.

Bebe Daniels shows a sword on which no customs duty had to be paid, because, she says, it came over on the *Santa Maria* in 1492. The blade

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Estelle Taylor's old whale-oil lamp is to be wired for electricity.

Muffled Dames

The big, strong men of films treat 'em rough.

Poor Inez Courtney, left, cruelly bound to a hatrack, suffers in wild-eyed silence, while her captor—hard-hearted wretch—sits on a publicity desk and tells the camera man to shoot.

Blanche Sweet, right, is squelched during a one-sided quarrel, in "The Woman Racket," by John Miljan. This enables the man to get in those hot last words he has been saving up.



When William Haines, above, turns dashing Lochinvar fresh off the college campus, Leila Hyams is perfectly helpless, even if "The Girl Said No" and was about to marry another man.

Ralph Ince, left, adds a punch to his "shushing" of Bennice Claire, in "Jail-break," that makes her understand that when he says pipe down he means pipe down.

And what mean old hom-
bre has bound and gagged out little Loretta Young? But let's not get excited—the inn-
See is casually glancing at the hall clock, hoping her naughty captor won't cause her to break an engagement.



Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Reflecting the glitter of news and gossip in the teeming movie world.

LON CHANEY is making his talkie debut as a ventriloquist. He is playing in that old success of his, "The Unholy Three." He will do a voice-doubling act in a side show, and imitate the parrots in a bird shop.

You remember the picture, doubtless. It was a huge hit five years ago. Chaney and Mae Busch were its outstanding personalities, and much amusement was contributed by the midget, Harry Earles, who appeared made up as a baby. Earles is to be in the talking version.

There will be no faking about Chaney's ventriloquism. He will speak in five different voices. Maybe more. And we'll wager his parrot imitations will prove entertaining. It will also give the jokesters a chance to say of any parrot they happen to see, "Is that a real Polly, or just Lon Chaney?"

Lila Lee gets the part that Mae Busch played in the silent version. Too bad Mae didn't have a chance at it, her performance was so good in the early film.

Pride of Conquest.

Warner Baxter is going about these days with his chest out and radiating smiles of joy. The reason is that he is the winner of the Academy award for the best acting in any picture during the past year. He received a gold statuette for his portrayal of the wicked bandit of "In Old Arizona."

The prize was given at a banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences not long ago. It was the industry's tribute to one of its own members. Only those pictures were considered for awards during the year ending in September, because the vote itself is a long and tediously careful affair.

Of the feminine stars, Mary Pickford received the significant tribute. "Coquette" was the production that won her the honor. The decision did not evoke quite the popular enthusiasm from those present that Baxter's did, but when everything is considered it was a very fair award. She dared the talkie adventure when most major film stars were hesitant about doing so, and proved herself a competent actress.

The picture receiving the highest approval was "The Broadway Melody," and the director honored was Frank Lloyd, who was responsible for "The Divine Lady," "Drag," and "Weary River."

A Regrettable Event.

Colleen Moore and "her John" have separated. Rumors have often been circulated of their domestic troubles. Colleen always referred to her husband, John McCormick, as "my John," and generally they seemed quite happy. They had within the past year built their beautiful Spanish home in Bel-Air.

The announcement of the separation came right after Colleen's return from a trip East. The inference was that she had taken this to debate the whole matter. On her return she admitted her intention of resorting to a legal separation. The house in Bel-Air is to be sold.

There is apparently no chance of reconciliation.

Marital Improvements.

Though marriages do not appear to last, inquisitors are finding that conditions are really improving. They have unearthed figures on the ratio of divorces to weddings during the past few years, and find that the legal smash-ups are diminishing a little. Three years ago there were eight to every ten marriages, and now there are only six.

This can be improved upon, however, because statistics for the country generally show much

better than that. Something like one to two divorces for every ten marriages.

Oh, well, we're not despairing!

Another Stellar Advent.

Little Dolores Barrymore is the newest stellar arrival. We take it, of course, that the daughter born a few weeks ago to John Barrymore and Dolores Costello will some time enter on an acting career. How could she avoid it, with two or three generations of players on both sides of the family?

Dolores is John's second daughter. He had a girl child by his prior marriage to Blanche Oelrichs, and he seems highly elated over this second one. Dolores, too, wanted a girl.

The Barrymores were very liberal in their advance announcement of the birth of their youngster. First admission of it was some time last September. The youngster was born early in April.



When Grant Withers finds a four-leaf clover his thoughts fly to Loretta Young, and Sue Carol smiles in friendly understanding.

A Warbling Copy-cat.

Composers are a funny lot, and Hollywood scarcely knows yet how to take these new musical personalities. One thing the song writers are always doing is accusing one another of stealing their tunes. In that connection the following story is told of Sigmund Romberg, who wrote "Blossom Time," "The Desert Song," "The New Moon," and other operettas.

Romberg was on the golf course. He was about to drive a ball when a bird in a neighboring tree piped up, and emitted a melody and a few trills. Romberg stopped and listened.

"That's pretty," he said, "very pretty indeed! I'm glad, my friend, Mr. Rudolf Friml isn't along to-day. If he were, he'd probably accuse that bird of stealing his music."

Tibbetts Everywhere.

Hail another rival for Lawrence Tibbett! Every studio has one now. And the great thing sought from each is the power to sing as loudly and as long as the triumphant Lawrence did in "The Rogue Song."

The new Tibbett rival to be nominated is Robert Chisholm, whose voice will be heard in "Bride 66." We listened to some rushes of this picture, and his singing is exceptionally fine. His voice has both power and beauty.

John Garriek, Joe E. Brown, Joseph Macaulay, and Zasu Pitts are in the cast, with Jeannette MacDonald featured as the title character.

Friml, the super-eccentric genius of the operetta world, provided the music. Incidentally, he took flight from Hollywood immediately after it was completed, disdaining film contracts, which baffled the producers, who are not accustomed to dealing with such marked temperament as this artist possesses. One of Friml's eccentricities, we hear, is to throw all his mail in the wastebasket without reading it. Kind friends have occasionally come in and extracted huge royalty checks from his correspondence, and given them to him. He receives them with unconcern, it is said, and in the midst of the admonitions probably hurries away to the piano to work out a new melody.

Friml is said to have told one producer he wouldn't write music for him because he didn't like his looks.

Want Babbling Damsels.

Find us a girl like Barbara Leonard! Every producer has this for a slogan. The reason is Miss Leonard's linguistic accomplishments, which are being demonstrated in "Monsieur le Fox." Miss Leonard qualified in four versions—English, German, French, and Italian, and Metro-Goldwyn obtained an option on her services, because of this amazing proficiency.

This picture is indeed a freak, what with four and five players all dressed alike standing around on the side lines waiting for their chance to speak the lines in



Mary Ann Jackson isn't quite sure whether to encourage Wheezer, that up and coming young fellow of "Our Gang."



Jack Oakie, the star of "High Society," shows how people get that way.

the different versions. One language follows right after the other in the taking of the scenes. The English players having done their bit, the Spanish leap up to perform the same scene; then the French, German, and Italian casts. A few of the players like Miss Leonard remain throughout the various versions.

"Monsieur le Fox" has also been a big boon for a seemingly ill-fated Hollywood star, namely, Margaret Mann who played in "Four Sons." That one rôle apparently ended her career; she got only bits and extra work for a while. But now, because she can speak several languages, her opportunities may brighten up. The part that she has in "Monsieur le Fox" is small, but she won it because she could speak French and German, as well as English.

"D. W." Fast Worker

A D. W. Griffith comeback!

So is "Abraham Lincoln" spoken of around the studios. "D. W." is said to have a great picture in his first with dialogue. And no small part of it is attributed to the excellence of the dialogue written by Stephen Vincent Benet, author of the poem "John Brown's Body."

The picture was filmed with new intensity for Griffith. Actual shooting time was less than thirty days, and the company worked on Sunday as well as week days.

Walter Huston in the title rôle; Kay Hammond as *Mary Todd Lincoln*, Una Merkel as *Ann Rutledge*, Ian Keith as *John Wilkes Booth*, and Hobart Bosworth as *General Lee* are some of the principal players. Much is anticipated of the Huston, Merkel, and Keith portrayals.

Gilbert in Briny Rôle.

There are high hopes that John Gilbert's perplexities have been solved. His new picture is called "The Way of a Sailor," and he is going to avoid sweet love scenes and romance. His rôle is of the vigorous he-manly type.

Frankly, we have refused to take Jack's problem very seriously, or to rate him out as a star because of his first talkies. Jack is too gifted a chap to be baffled by the difficulties attending a change to a new medium. He is fundamentally a good trouser and very talented. Care in the use of his voice will overcome superficial defects, and Jack has of late been giving this earnest study.

Ina Claire, by the way, has departed the Pathé fold. She made only one picture for that concern. She declared the severance of relations friendly, and voiced her desire to continue a screen career, hoping for more latitude in stories.

"Holiday," which was scheduled for her, is now serving Ann Harding, with Edward Everett Horton playing opposite. Miss Harding also recently completed "The Girl of the Golden West."

Bill Farnum as King.

It would seem that every month brings a host of newcomers to Hollywood, and also occasionally one or two old favorites.

It is perhaps interesting to note that William Farnum is prominently cast in Norma Talmadge's "Flame of the Flesh," as *King Louis XV.* of France. Conrad Nagel appears as the devoted lover of the heroine, but Farnum's chances are much more colorful as the wily and venal monarch.

Norma's new production is a rather free adaptation of the stage play, "Du Barry," and certain transpositions of historical events may cause it to be not actually referred to as being anything more than suggested by "Du Barry." The picture will follow the original in being a tragedy.

Chevalier Is Present.

Pleas for the return of Maurice Chevalier to Hollywood are answered. He is here now appearing in a picture called "The Little Café," directed by Ludwig Berger.

Chevalier comes near being the brightest star on the Paramount roster these days, among the male contingent. There are, to be sure, our old friends, George Bancroft, Buddy Rogers, William Powell, Gary Cooper, and Richard Arlen, who are all doing unusually well in the talkies.

Summer Stage Hegira.

The spring-summer stage rush westward has begun with many flourishes. Elsie Ferguson, Otis Skinner, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Marilyn Miller, and

Jack Buchanan are among those "registered in" for the season. The names of several are familiar from the silent days. Miss Ferguson starred in various pictures, including "Forever" adapted from "Peter Ibbetson," with Wallace Reid. Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn were both in silent comedies a few years ago. Otis Skinner's "Kismet" was an alluring feature of its time—ten years ago.

The hegira to the Coast is bringing sundry other stars—Adolphe Menjou, Claudette Colbert, Percy Marmont, Madge Kennedy, and Theodore Kosloff among them.

Menjou intends to stay in Hollywood, and is in a Paramount production to be made in five languages. Menjou can qualify in most of the versions. He is expert at French, and knows also German, Spanish, and Italian.

An Opera Star's Domicile.

Grace Moore has achieved exclusiveness. She has found a home on a hilltop far removed from the maddening crowd of Beverly and other residential environs. Miss Moore's house, to be exact, is in the vicinity of the Metro-Goldwyn studio, and is practically the only large mansion in that immediate vicinity. It is especially distinguished by its large and elaborate music room.

The opera star gave a party there to signalize her advent into moviedom. An outdoor luncheon was held for the numerous press representatives, who enjoyed themselves at will, but mostly in races in the swimming pool.

Miss Moore herself did not partake festively of the gathering and its sports. She is rather quiet and reserved. The only star in attendance was Beatrice Lillie, who is a friend of Miss Moore's.

As yet this opera star is just a name to most of the fans, but as you possibly know, she is appearing opposite Lawrence Tibbett in his next picture.

Avoirdupois Handicap.

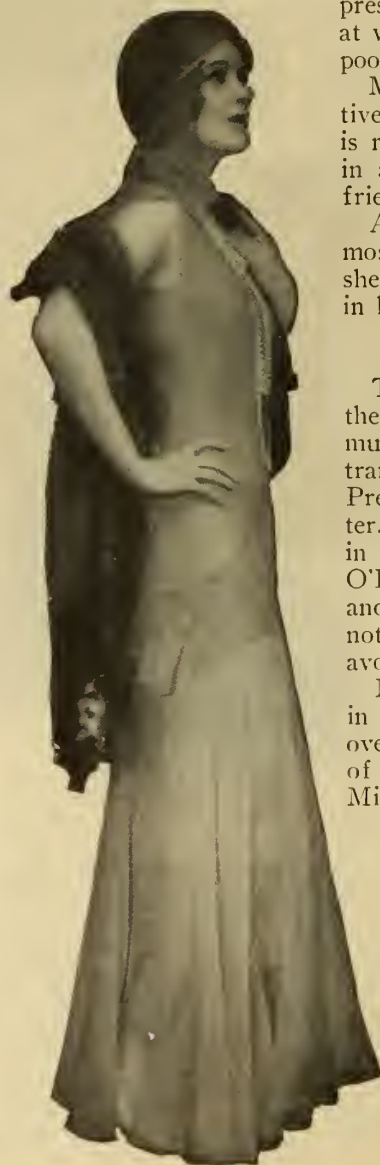
They must be running a race to lose weight these days—the girls who took on a little too much poundage. Three of them were entrants in a recent handicap, namely Marie Prevost, Molly O'Day, and Mary Miles Minter. Miss Prevost eliminated fifteen pounds in fourteen treatments by a masseuse; Miss O'Day by diet and massage, twenty pounds; and Miss Minter, twenty-five. Ambition will not be thwarted, it would seem, by excess avoirdupois.

Miss Prevost we thought unusually capable in "Ladies of Leisure," despite that she was overweight in this picture. The naturalness of her voice in the talkies is winning. Miss Minter and Miss O'Day may be heard soon on the screen.

Cody Night-club 'Hero.

The career of Lew Cody is duly resumed. He is cast as a night-club dancer in Gloria Swanson's "What a Widow!" It was decided that Ian Keith, originally cast for the part, was not the correct type, and Cody replaced him.

This is the first break Lew has had in months. Illness, the death of Mabel Normand, and other events interfered. Perhaps his new start will keep Lew



going for some time. He has always shown plenty of ability, and his voice is said to record splendidly.

Marjorie Daw a Mother.

Those who remember Marjorie Daw in the heyday of her screen career will be interested to know that she is the mother of a baby girl. Miss Daw hasn't played in pictures for about two years. She is the wife of Myron Selznick, engaged in executive work in the studios.

Baby "Sparklers" Out.

There will be no "baby stars" this year. The Wampas has decided not to elect any. This organization of press agents can't devise any suitable coming-out party for the debutantes, since their annual ball has been abandoned. Consequently all the hopeful, bright little girls of the films will have to go neglected.

The Wampas hasn't such a bad record. The press agents gave their O. K. to any number of stars who remain famous. Their selections in years gone by included Bessie Love, Lois Wilson, Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, Colleen Moore, Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Marian Nixon, Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Dolores Costello, Dolores del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Anita Page, Fay Wray, Loretta Young, Helen Twelvetrees, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Lupe Velez, and various others. Some of these were chosen very early in their careers, when a gift of prophecy was required to foresee how popular they were to become.

Cruze-Compson Split.

James Cruze and Betty Compson are in the throes of divorce proceedings. Betty is the complainant, and alleges that her home life was too disturbed by parties. Since she has resumed her career she needs more rest, and the festivities were not conducive to the proper reposeful atmosphere.

This time it looks as if there could be no reconciliation between Jim and Betty. You may recall that they separated once before. At least, Betty left home for reasons like those mentioned in her suit. Affairs were not then taken into the courts, but as they have been this time it's perhaps really finis.

Betty and Jim have been married five years. Their romance began not long after Cruze made "The Covered Wagon" at the old Paramount studio.

Incinerator Capricious.

Harold Lloyd is all off incinerators. He has one in his new home in Beverly Hills, but he regards it with intense suspicion. And can you blame him? His beautiful new mansion was almost destroyed recently because of an incinerator, and the fire company was kept busy for nearly four hours trying to put out the blaze. It seems that the apparatus, contained in the house itself, was defective, and that the fire penetrated to the woodwork surrounding the huge flue. As the blaze was between the walls it was particularly difficult to extinguish.

The idea of having the incinerator in the house is a novel one, even in Beverly, which inclines to innovations in construction. The

purpose of its being so built is that it may be used from any floor of the palatial residence. Trash is dumped right into an aperture on each of these floors, and is consumed by the flames in the basement.

"The Bird" on the Wing.

"The Bird of Paradise" is to be picturized at last. And so it will soon be time to get out the ukuleles again.

Filming this famous stage play has been planned before, but the rights were in litigation.

The suit is settled now, and it will probably be only a short time until the spell of Hawaii and its languorous tunes will be cast over the picture audience.

The story is regarded as having great possibilities, with music, and every girl in the colony is putting in a bid to play the rôle of *Luana*.

Veterans to the Front.

Age is no bar any more to film stardom. The veteran actor is having his day, with fireworks. George Arliss touched off the first skyrocket in "Disraeli" and "The Green Goddess." Then came Otis Skinner, who some months ago was announced for an appearance. Latest of all is Cyril Maude, the English actor, who toured the country a dozen years ago in "Grumpy."

Maude is playing in this success in pictures, and has come to Hollywood to do it. In the silent version some years ago the rôle was done by Theodore Roberts, with Wallace Reid prominently cast.

Regarding their ages—well, Skinner is the real veteran, according to "Who's Who in the Theater." He is 72, Maude is 68, and Arliss 62.

Only once or twice in past days have players of such advanced years been starred, and then never consistently.

Ince Will Prevails.

The late Thomas H. Ince's will has a way of appearing in the news every now and then that is interesting. It is a rather intricate document, and covers the disposal of a \$2,000,000 estate, which the widow and her two sons inherit. One of the boys, William T. Ince, is married to a picture actress, Ada Williams, who is working for Fox.

This youth doesn't receive the majority of his inheritance until he is forty years of age. He is twenty-one now, and is studying medicine.

Mrs. Ince, reports say, will marry Holmes Herbert, the actor, but she can't wed anybody until seven years after her husband's death, without sacrificing a large portion of her inheritance. This seven-year period runs out next year, and consequently the marriage will probably be deferred until that time.

Ince was very careful to provide far into the future for his wife and family. His death occurred in 1924.

The Chimes of June.

Listings for June weddings are right in order now. Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers will probably be married then, and there is much talk that Alice White and Sidney Bartlett will also be traipsing to the altar.

[Continued on page 62]



Yes, curves are coming back and Irene Delroy heralds the return to normalcy in "See Naples and Die."

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

MONICA MAYO arrives in Hollywood, a contest winner hoping to break into the movies.

Monica takes an expensive apartment and buys some new clothes, confident that the people she has met will help her along. But she soon realizes the mistake. At the Central Casting Bureau she runs into Bunny Tompkins, an extra she has met, who introduces Danny Jordan. Danny takes a deep interest in the newcomer.

She gets into the swing of things, moves to Bunny's shack, and there, at her first home-cooked dinner in Hollywood, Monica learns much of the seamy side of the game—and the human side. After dinner, on the porch, she finds love with Danny.

Lack of extra work forces Monica to take a job at a studio switchboard. Here she is bawled out time after time by a temperamental director, and finally she loses control of herself and tells him what she thinks. He rushes in and offers her a part if she can bawl out the hero like that. It is her big break.

PART V.

BITTERSWEET SUCCESS.

MONICA found herself where she had so often dreamed of being—in the center of the set, right in front of the camera, the lights focused on her, a famous leading man standing by.

"Now, you're to talk to him the way you did to me over the phone," Crandall told her. "You hate him; he's done you dirt, and you're getting square by telling him what you think of him. You say—where's that script? Oh, yes—you say, 'I might have known you'd treat me like this! After all I've done for you, you're throwing me over for that doll-faced blonde! You can't do this to me. Why, you low-down crook, I could send you to jail if I wanted to, and I'll do it—see if I don't! I was good enough for you in the old days, and I'm good enough for you now!' Never mind if you can't remember it exactly this time; this is just a test. You can learn it afterward."

"But, Mr. Crandall," protested an oversweet voice, "don't you think this scene should be played down a bit? I mean, after all, I'm the star, and *my* rôle's the important one. This could be cut——"

Crandall turned with a snarl of fury to face an exotic-looking blond girl whose pictures Monica had cut from movie magazines years before she even thought of going to Hollywood.

"Who's making this picture?" he demanded belligerently. "Of course, if you are, I'll step out in your favor. But——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Crandall," the girl cut in hastily.

Crandall coached Monica with a fervor that she understood only when the leading man explained it to her later.

"He's sore at her," he said, glancing over his shoulder at the star. "Hates her. He's given orders that your part is to be built up at the expense of hers all the way through. Swell chance for you—hop to it, baby!"

Monica did. It was a little hard for her to recall her fury at Crandall strongly enough to play at fever heat until the scene was finished satisfactorily. But she did her best, and when it was done, he patted her on the shoulder.

"Come in to see me to-morrow morning and we'll talk contract," he told her. "Now run home and get a good night's sleep."

Monica fairly leaped from the studio, not bothering to remove her make-up, and telephoned Bunny.

"Dump those infants right where they are and come home," she told her chum. "Throw up your job—I've got a good one, and we can both live on it till you get a break in pictures."

"But—I don't understand," stammered Bunny.

The Movie

Our little extra girl blossoms into a regular dreams, but success brings a heartbreak

By Inez

"Haven't time to explain, but I got a break at last," Monica told her hastily.

She started home. She might more easily have gone to San Francisco—or to Japan, for that matter. The last bus for Hollywood had just left. She took a Washington Boulevard bus, when it finally came, on which she rode for forty-five minutes, arriving at Western Avenue and West Adams Street, in the old residential section of Los Angeles. She waited there ten minutes, and bought an evening paper, because she was so excited that she was afraid she would break down and tell strangers about her luck, if her attention wasn't diverted by the latest murder. When the Western Avenue bus arrived, however, its lights were so dim that she couldn't see to read. The old vehicle jogged along, halted by innumerable stop signals, but finally arrived, after almost half an hour, at Sunset Boulevard, near the Fox studio.

There was a mob of people waiting there for the Sunset Boulevard bus. When it came, Monica climbed to the top and lurched down the aisle in search of a seat. She ached with fatigue; her feet had been trodden on by the crowd, her head throbbed—but none of those things mattered. This was her big day!

She got off a few blocks before she reached the end of the line, to shop extensively in groceries and delicatessen stores. She wanted turkey legs, stuffed tomatoes, celery, and a coconut custard pie. Anything but beans, on which she had been living for a week now. Ironically, the delicatessen hadn't any of those things. She had to fall back on liverwurst, pallid potato salad, soggy chocolate cake—and beans.

She walked eight blocks, the salad oozing over her hand, the sausage slipping from beneath her arm, and waited for her fourth bus. Apparently the driver either was attending a progressive dinner party or groping his way unsuccessfully through the clammy fog that was seeping through the streets. At last the bus, which originally had carried children to school, arrived. She struggled wearily aboard, and rode a couple of miles, then got out and walked up the canyon. It had taken her two hours to get home. She could have made the trip in fifteen minutes in an automobile. Never had she more deeply regretted the collapse of the old Ford.

Bunny came running down the steps that led up to their house, shouting questions. Monica sank down on the stairs and began to stammer out her news.

"You haven't gone goofy and imagined this, by any chance?" Bunny demanded when she finished. "It just can't be true."

"I'm signing a contract to-morrow," Monica answered proudly, "and then you and I are going out and buy some clothes, my child—everything from shoes right along up."

"Shoes!" gasped Bunny. "Not shoes! We can have them sent from home for about half——"

"We'll buy 'em right here," Monica insisted. "And dresses and hats and manicures and everything."

"Listen, darling," panted Bunny, stumbling up the steps ahead of her. "If you're set with that company you'll never have any time to buy anything. I'll bet the reason Greta Garbo wears that man's overcoat all the

Racket

Illustrated by
Modest Stein

featured player, more than realization of her that takes the joy out of it all.

Sabastian

time, is because the studio has never let her alone long enough for her to buy anything else!"

Bunny's warning proved to be sound. Monica worked the next three days. Then she had a week off, but she had to report at the studio every morning at nine, and remain till five, because the publicity department would need her when it got round to it. At last a charming woman in the filing office of the department made up her biography.

Obediently Monica gave the facts of her life. The woman shook her head sadly.

"No, I'm afraid that won't do at all," she said. "You see we have a home girl, and a winter-sports girl, and a girl who swims, and one who reads books. You must be quite different. Now, what is there left for you?"

Monica's mouth took on a sarcastic twist.

"Are any of your girls interested in acting, perchance?" she inquired.

"Oh, acting's for the studio," answered the woman. "Now, you might be musical. Still, with sound effects, audiences would expect you to prove it. I have it! You must make a hobby of designing clothes! Only don't let us catch you taking that seriously. The wardrobe department will see to yours, of course. But we can do articles about how you make your own things, and we'll photograph you with a sewing machine, and show you working with water colors and fabrics—that'll be fine."

The next day the publicity department began thinking up things for Monica to do. It was a blazing hot day, so they took pictures of her with some small evergreens—she was supposed to have brought them in from the fields, or woods, or somewhere—and she staggered around in the glare of the lights, setting them up, trimming them, gazing at them in rapture, till she never wanted to see another shrub.

The following day was cold. So they took pictures of her out on the studio lot, wearing a thin white robe and clutching a bunch of Easter lilies. Monica caught a snuffly cold and fought with the dapper young man from the East, who posed the pictures, and was all set to drag her to the beach the next morning for bathing stuff.

Danny returned that evening. Monica had thought it would be fun to tell him her good news, but she was



"Oh, Danny, darling, I've been *longing* to see you!" said Monica. Bunny draped a wrap around her.

so tired and discouraged that she could only think about her troubles.

"You're too good-natured, sweetheart," he told her. "They're imposing on you. You got your first break through being disagreeable. Well, play it up. Get a reputation for being nasty and they won't ride you any more."

Danny had a chance at a small part at the Superba studio, and she rejoiced with him over it.

"We're getting ahead at last, honey," she exclaimed, as she kissed him good night. [Continued on page 92]



Photo by Spurr

Poor Lupe Velez! Just because she admired an interviewer's ring, he said that she was a gold digger.

THERE is no perch in the world quite so precarious as that to which the stars cling—the pinnacle of fame. In bold relief against the sky they are an easy target for rocks and mud slung by envious fellow players, disgruntled writers, and an unsatisfied public.

Realizing this, I have often wondered, if all the stars who have been panned in interviews had a chance to present their side to the public, how the revised version would read. Curiosity being one of my besetting sins, I went to see Richard Barthelmess.

"The most recent charge laid against me," he said, "is that I insulted a group of girls in Mexico by refusing to see them. It may be true that I refused to see them—I don't recall. But I do know that I did not insult them. You know as well as I that there are always women of a certain class who want to 'contact' every celebrity they can. They call you up and want you to go on a quiet party, and think you should break your neck to accept. They don't stop to think that any one in the public eye probably receives half a dozen such invitations a day.

"It is possible I did not hear the young lady say 'a group of girls' and assumed that she was one of the women of whom I've spoken. If so, I'm sorry. But, too, if I had met every one who was interested enough to want to meet me, I'd have had no time for anything else. Ask any star who's ever made a personal-appearance tour, and they'll tell you the same thing.

"Another time, a young lady came to interview me and said I had insulted her and done everything but call her a liar. What she didn't say was that it was her first interview and that she was totally inexperienced. She had some gross misstatements in the finished copy when she showed it to me, and I said, 'That's not true, meaning that it was not accurate. Being very sensitive, she misunderstood me. Having been mis-

The Stars

Few, if any, opportunities are given critics. They must smart in silence over them outrageous misstatement. And so them an opportunity to give their version

By Samuel

represented to the public on several occasions, I naturally become excited when I see something that is likely to add to their misconception of me.

"Another interviewer called and had numerous unpleasant things to say, because she had to walk up a hill to my house. In the first place, the studio always arranges appointments, and had the young lady said she had no means of getting to my place they would gladly have sent a car for her. All they told *me* was, 'Miss So-and-so will be at your home at twelve o'clock for an interview.'

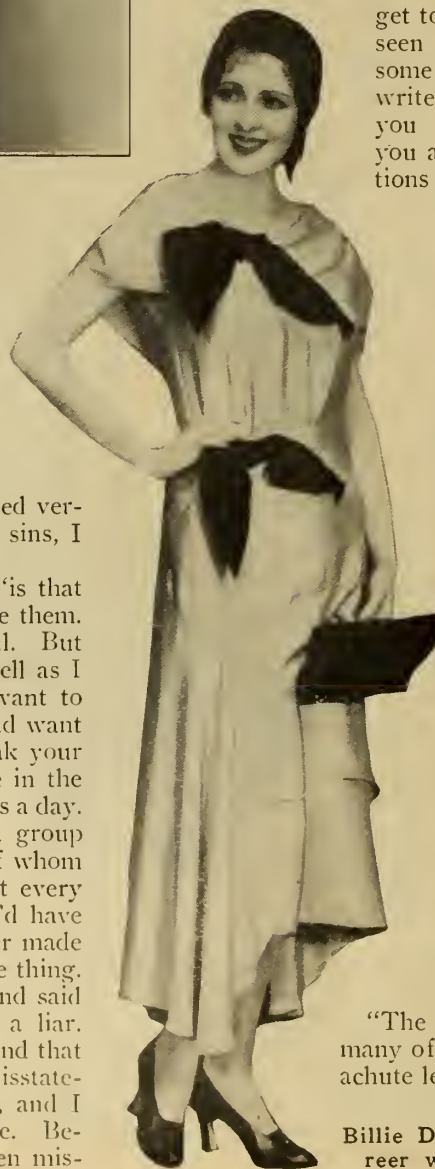
"In the second place, had she told them, when the meeting was arranged, that it would be inconvenient for her to get to my home, I could have seen her at the studio, or some convenient place. Most writers prefer interviewing you in your home, because you are free of the interruptions that are unavoidable in the studio.

"I have been severely criticized for permitting Johnny Murray to double for me in singing 'Weary River.' It was impossible to omit the singing and still have a picture. Unfortunately, I cannot sing. Had I attempted to, it would have completely destroyed the illusion of the film, because no one would have believed that a person who sings as I do could have built the reputation for himself that the convict did.

"Far from trying to trade on Murray's talents, his doubling for me was the best thing in the world for him, because it was the means of his getting a contract with the studio.

"The fans understand that many of the high dives and parachute leaps they see in pictures

Billie Dove denies that her career wrecked her marriage.



Hit Back

players to answer their interviewers and the slings and arrows of what seems to *Picture Play*, with its usual fairness, offers of some widely discussed interviews.

Richard Mook

are performed by doubles. They know that pictures of people balancing on the edge of buildings supposedly high in the air are really filmed about three or four feet from the ground. They never mind any of those things, because they add to the illusion, so why should they object because I had a voice double for the same purpose?

"As to advertising 'Hear Richard Barthelmess sing and talk,' the sales department was responsible for that. I had nothing to do with it. The only thing I could do was the thing I did do as soon as I discovered it, and that was, first, to tell the press that I had *not* done the singing and, second, to make them cut it out of the advertising.

"I hope, if you will, you can make the fans understand that I want and appreciate their favor, and that I am grateful for the space given me by the press, when it represents me accurately."

I have interviewed some of the most important names in the industry, and have become intimate with a few of them. I know Mr. Barthelmess only slightly, yet I can think of no one whom I would rather call "friend," which indicates that at times, certainly in my own case, he is not so hard to get along with as has been represented.

Betty Compson is another who has come in for what the players call misrepresentation. When approached on the subject, Betty was properly enthusiastic.

Betty Compson was accused by a writer of having married for money.



Photo by Dunean

Olive Borden gives her explanation of why a celebrated interview emphasized her physical charms instead of her mental ones.

"This is a swell idea! Usually writers come to see us, write what they please, and leave us holding the bag, because we have no out. For instance, last spring Vivienne Segal came to Hollywood. She was well known on the stage but, feeling that the picturegoing public should be made acquainted with her, she engaged an overzealous press agent who conceived the brilliant idea that if she could be drawn into a Hollywood feud it would assure her more publicity than anything else. Accordingly, I was quoted as saying derogatory things about stage actresses in general, and Miss Segal—whom I had never met at the time—in particular. She, in turn, was quoted as low-rating the picture actresses.

The whole thing was the product of her press agent's imagination, and there wasn't a word of truth in it.

"Since then I have met her, apologized for being quoted on something I hadn't said, and she apologized to me for something she hadn't said. We're very good friends now, and I'm one of her strongest boosters.

"On another occasion, a writer whom I greatly admire, wrote a very nice story about me, but in the middle of it she gently insinuated that I had married my husband for money. Any one who knows either of us knows how ridiculous that is. I buy all my own clothes, contribute half to the upkeep of our home, and I'm not even on an allowance from Mr. Cruze."

All of which is true. Miss Compson is conceded to be one of the wealthiest women in pictures, and money would be about the last thing to attract her.

The fiery Lupe Velez, too, has certainly not escaped unscathed. She was what she called "in ze air oop" when I called, but calmed down enough to voice her grievances. At least, she calmed down at the start, but she hit the ceiling during her recital of them.



Photo by Longworth

Richard Barthelmess expresses himself about that famous group of disappointed schoolgirls in Mexico City.

"One man, he coom see me for fifteen minute. He say I am lazee, eensolent, destructive, gold deeggaire. How he know? I should sue heem, but I think if person ees bad, God take care of heem, so I do nawthing. But I woork from nine to seex in the morning, and then start again all over. Ees that lazee? An' eensolent? Ha! Every one who woork with me say how easy to get along I am weeth. Ees that eensolent? An' gold deeggaire! Thees man have on reeng and I say, 'Wot a beautiful reeng!' An' he tell me eets heestory. An' I say 'How interesting.' But mostly he talk of heemself, so how do I 'ave chance to say something? Eef I cry and stamp my foots and say, 'Damn eet! I want that reeng!' then he 'ave right to say I am gold deeggaire. But I do nothing like that. I only say eet ees pretty reeng. An' he say I am destructive. I 'ave never destructed anything een my life.

"An' another time I woork on set of 'Where East Is East,' weeth Lon Chaney. All day I woork on back lot at M.-G.-M., een January, weeth nothing on but leetle brassière and short skirt, wheech ees my costume een picture. I catch cold and Mr. Browning, the director,

he say, 'Lupe, you go home. You 'ave catch cold.' So I go home, an' so tired I am that when I get eenside, I curl up at fireplace an' go sleep.

"An' Garee ees there. And presently he say, 'Womans ees here for eenterview you. Poobleceety 'ave sent her.'

"So, seeck as I am, I say 'Show her een'. An' from my cold, my eyes have wataire and my make-up, which I am too tired to take off, he have run. So thees woman, she say, 'I cannot interview you weeth make-up like that. I must see how pretty you are.' So I spend hour taking off old make-up and put on new and wen eenterview coom out, she say I 'ave take off *brassière*, which ees not so. Eet ees my costume een picture. And then, after all that, while steell seeck, I, myself, drive her home. And then she write like that about me!"

Een the excitement, Lupe my 'and 'ave grab hold, and, boy, howdy! One touch like that and it is easy to understand why the silent man of the great open spaces goes—not Hollywood, but Lupe.

Evelyn Brent, too, has come in for her share of trouble. She was once accused of permitting a woman reporter to wander around in the rain looking for the street car when Betty herself was driving within a block of the woman's home, on her way to the studio.

"What happened was this," said Betty. "I had just come home from the studio, and put on some lounging pajamas. I had invited Priscilla Dean for tea, when suddenly, without an appointment, this writer appeared and wanted to interview me. I had her shown in and the first thing she wanted me to do was to send Priscilla from the room. I refused to do this, as I had invited Priscilla and had not asked the reporter.

"When she got ready to leave, she asked the way to the car line and I directed her. As I had just returned from the studio, the part about my going back there and refusing to give her a lift was imagination, pure and simple."

Buddy Rogers, too, has begun to have unpleasant experiences with writers. One of these interviews appeared in *PICTURE PLAY* under the title "Buddy Looks At Love."

"Honestly," said Buddy, "I get sick every time I think about that story. That chap said, 'I'm going to give you a swell interview,' and I opened up and told him things I'd never told any one before. And he just distorted everything I said. For instance,

he quoted me as saying, 'I guess Claire Windsor is sort of sore at me.' My feeling for Claire was sincere enough and deep enough that I hope it went further than the point where I would say 'She's sort of sore at me.' When I first came out here she was a real friend, and I'll



Charles Morton explains where he received the black eye that figured in an interview.

always be grateful for that. Sometimes, for one reason or another, you don't see as much of people as you once did. And that's what has happened now. Claire and I are still good friends, and I hope we always will be.

"Then he asked if I entertained much, and I said, 'Oh, a little.' So he asked in what manner I entertained, and I said that I usually took girls to the Grove. He wondered how much that cost, and I told him. Next he asked if I went out much, and I said, 'Quite a bit.' In answer to his question whether *that* cost much, I said, 'No. You see, I'm invited out quite a lot, and don't have a chance to spend anything.' But he wrote the two items together and made it seem as though I go out only when I'm invited and don't *have* to spend anything, and that I took girls to the Grove because it didn't cost much. I took them there because it was where they wanted to go. And, besides, no matter where you take a girl in Hollywood, it costs just about the same.

"He also quoted me as saying that I went with the Hamburgers because they are society people, which was not true. He asked me who I associate with, and I mentioned them, among others. He commented on the fact that they are society people, and I said 'possibly,' but when the article came out, it read as though I were the one who had commented on it. I go with people because I like them, and because they like me—not because of the position they happen to occupy.

"There was also another interview in a newspaper, which was picked up by the papers in Kansas City and my home town, saying that I had 'gone Hollywood,' and was affecting sideburns and a chauffeur and footman. I *had* to wear the sideburns for my rôle in 'River of Romance.' As soon as that was finished, I cut them off and haven't worn them since.

"And as to the chauffeur and footman, when my mother was out here I had to get some one to drive her around while I was at the studio. There was a little colored boy who was crazy to break into the movies. He used to pester me to help him, so I hired him as chauffeur. When mother didn't need him to drive her, he used to hang around the set and



Photo by Dyar

Buddy Rogers gets sick every time he thinks of an interview that misrepresented him to his fans.

carry my make-up box. Is there anything so terrible about that? Gee whiz," he finished, "if you fellows are going to come out and ask a chap a lot of questions and then not print what he says, we're better off not to have any interviews at all."

Billie Dove, in addition to her other troubles, has recently had a misleading interview to contend with.

"A young lady," Billie explained, "came out to interview me, with a friend of Mr. Willat's and mine. I am quite sure that the young lady did not intentionally misquote me, but she certainly misunderstood me. The interview would tend to lead the public, or at least that portion of it interested in me, to believe that Mr. Willat and I parted so I could be freer to pursue my career. My career had absolutely nothing to do with our separation. *That* was due to nothing more than incompatibility. I love my work, but neither pictures nor anything else seems as important to me as being happy. Had we been happy together, I would gladly have sacrificed my career to preserve our marriage.

"The writer also commented on the fact that I have had some bad stories lately. I replied that I had nothing to do with the *delection* of my stories. They advised me next time I signed a contract to see that there was a clause giving me the privilege of choosing my stories. This discussion had nothing to do with our separation, yet, when the interview appeared, the writer connected the two ideas in a misleading manner, and gave an impression that was utterly false.

Continued on page 108



Evelyn Brent says that she did not send a woman writer out of her home in the rain.

Time, the Comedian

Though you smile at these dresses worn in "The Florodora Girl," because they are so unlike those of to-day, you must remember that they were chic and charming in the gay '90s.

Marion Davies, right, is properly caparisoned for a shopping tour in the period when it was considered "bold" for a well-bred girl to show an ankle, and beyond the pale to be ungloved.



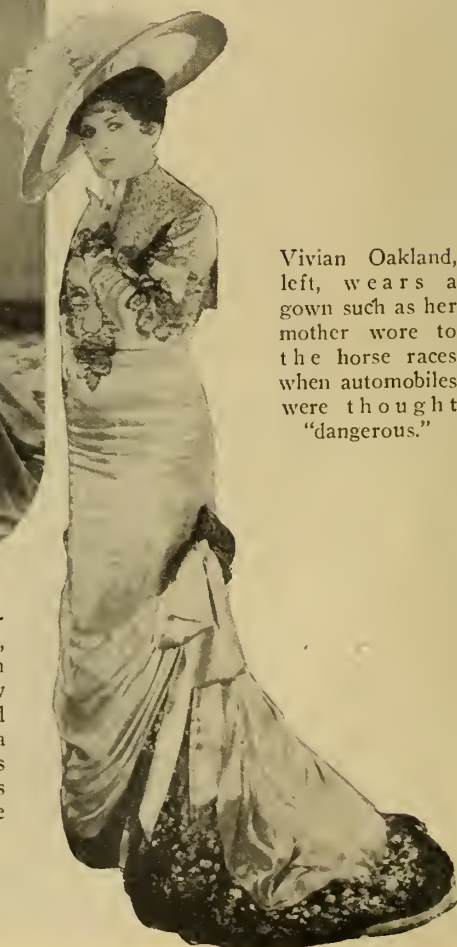
Ethel Sykes, above, is correctly attired for a formal tea given in the period when it was considered an affectation to imbibe that beverage in the afternoon, but a lady tasted nothing stronger unless she was, alas, "fast."



Leonore Bushman, right, is all ready to get into the victoria that will roll her in dignity on a round of afternoon calls.



Ilka Chase, above, is a typical matinée girl of the '90s, when William Faversham and the late John Drew stimulated hero-worship and would have considered a girl who placed her hands on her hips as being a little "common."



Vivian Oakland, left, wears a gown such as her mother wore to the horse races when automobiles were thought "dangerous."



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Sarah and Son"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton at her best as poor German girl who rises to the top as prima donna, in touching mother-love story. Difficult characterization perfectly done. Philippe de Lacy, Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Kenneth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Green Goddess, The"—Warner. George Arliss as suave, merciless rajah into whose kingdom a group of English land by plane. Plans for execution of visitors for revenge thwarted in thrilling manner. H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Sheffield, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Street of Chance"—Paramount. William Powell superb in smooth but powerful rôle of gambler who tries to steer his brother away from the racket, his efforts costing him his life. Direction and acting lift film above other underworld dramas. Kay Francis, Jean Arthur, Regis Toomey, Brooks Benedict.

"Not So Dumb"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies' version of "Dulcy" is amusing and her work is so clever you want to choke her while laughing at her dumb efforts to be the little fixer between her fiancé and his boss. Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, and others lend excellent support.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast.

"Anna Christie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Devil-May-Care"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue and song. Dashing, tuneful Napoleonic comedy, with Ramon Novarro at his best, and again singing with charming skill, as if the songs belong in the story. Bonapartist falls in love with royalist girl, and what they do about it. Dorothy Jordan, Marion Harris, John Miljan.

"Hit the Deck"—RKO. Dialogue and song. Technicolor sequence. Rousing entertainment with songs and Jack Oakie, who walks away with the picture. Good for tired musical-comedy fans. A sailor named *Smith* stops at a port, captivates a girl, and then is found again among all the *Smiths*. Polly Walker, Ethel Clayton, Wallace MacDonald, June Clyde, Marguerita Padula.

"Sally"—First National. All dialogue, all Technicolor. Light-hearted entertainment, beautifully photographed, with Marilyn Miller excellent in speech, dance, and song. *Sally*, a waitress, is "discovered" by producer, and then she's high-hatted and all that. Joe E. Brown, T. Roy Barnes, Ford Sterling, Jack Duffy.

"Mighty, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. George Bancroft as a gangster who sees the error of his ways through love of a good woman, the climax being worked out by unusual sequences. Esther Ralston in screen farewell. O. P. Heggie, Warner Oland, Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Revier, Charles Sellon.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. All dialogue. Three bad men take charge of baby of a dying woman on the desert and undertake to carry it out of the wilderness. Utmost realism portrayed by Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton, Fred Kohler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naively charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman.

Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Be Yourself"—A night-club entertainer's boy friend makes good in boxing, and gives the gal the air—that's when Fannie Brice sings about her man in the old Brice manner. Robert Armstrong excellent as prize fighter. Gertrude Astor, Harry Green.

"Song of the West"—Warner. Entirely in Technicolor. Background the glamorous days of '49, but film is indifferent. John Boles sings a great deal, Vivienne Segal is pretty. Joe E. Brown, Marion Byron.

"Case of Sergeant Grisha, The"—RKO. A Russian peasant is ground beneath the German war machine. Earnest story made unconvincing by medley of accents, and Chester Morris too alert for doomed peasant. Betty Compson, Alec B. Francis, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Jean Hersholt.

"Slightly Scarlet"—Paramount. When two jewel thieves meet at a safe, what can you expect? Love, of course. Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, the thieves, with Eugene Pallette, Paul Lukas, Helen Ware, Henry Wadsworth, Virginia Bruce providing good acting that saves trite story.

"Road House Nights"—Paramount. Interesting story of bootlegging proprietor of road house, introducing Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, famous night-club entertainers. Charles Ruggles clever, and Helen Morgan her own unique self. Fred Kohler a striking villain.

"Such Men Are Dangerous"—Fox. Elinor Glyn's brain child filmed, showing effect of plastic surgery on a man's face, voice, and general appeal. Complicated supertriangle plot, with millions and spurned love. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen, Albert Conti, Hedda Hopper.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

"Only the Brave"—Paramount. Gary Cooper in rôle of spy who must be caught, to mislead the Confederates, is pleasant and likable. Mary Brian and others struggle unsuccessfully with the Southern drawl. Philipps Holmes effective as jealous rival.

"Chasing Rainbows"—Metro-Goldwyn. Technicolor sequences. Sorrows and triumphs of troupers, with Bessie Love in love with a philanthropist and dance man, Charles King the man. Echoes "Broadway Melody." Marie Dressler and Polly Moran great. Eddie Phillips, Nita Martin, Jack Benny.

[Continued on page 118]



Colin Clive, of the London stage, plays *Captain Stanhope* in "Journey's End."

AMONG contemporary stage plays there is none more successful than "Journey's End." Originally produced in London, it has been on view in New York for well over a year, with no signs of closing. Touring companies are numerous in this country and abroad, with representations in foreign languages coming one after the other.

This, then, is the source from which comes the picture "Journey's End," so faithfully recorded that only the captious can determine what is gained or lost by the transference. So that in seeing the film you will witness the nearest approach possible to the original. Whether it will appeal to the fan at large I cannot say. It departs from the formula expected of a picture of wide appeal, for it is devoid of surface love interest, it transpires in what is virtually a single set—a dugout—and it lacks dramatic clashes and action, for it is wholly given over to conversation between men in uniform. And the men, with the exception of Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerrard, and Billy Bevan, are none that you have ever seen before. But their dialogue is strangely revealing and uncovers character with the sharp precision of a surgeon's lancet. "Noble, heart-breaking, and bitterly heroic" this conversation is described by those who derived more from it than I did, calloused, perhaps, by so much that is inane in the talk which comes from Hollywood, and wondering how the fans would take to the pronounced accents of the speakers.

They include Colin Clive, who created *Captain Stanhope* in London, Ian Maclaren, David Manners, and others. It is hardly necessary to add that their performances are first-rate, according to stage tradition.

Screen By The Norbert Lusk

Seeing Stars Really.

Of all the revues, "Paramount on Parade" is the only one that has wholly captured everything expected of this sort of entertainment. Comedy, farce, parody, satire, drama, opera, all are represented, with song, dance, and color. Best of all, there is not too much of any ingredient or any player. To mention the stars would entail listing the entire personnel of the Paramount organization, from Ruth Chatterton in a heartbreaking sketch to Mitzi Green in imitations, though one looks vainly for the agreeable Neil Hamilton and wishes that Baclanova had been on call when the picture was filmed for the strong note she would have added to it. But one can't have everything. Enthusiastically I recommend all this, confident that no matter what your taste, you will find it gratified in this genial, glittering show.

It is different from all others, because intelligence entered first into it, with money an afterthought. Its lavishness is manifest in the talent displayed rather than in showiness, though this, like all perfect revues, has its quota of the spectacular. But it never dominates the proceedings, nor lessens the importance of the individual contribution.

Though it is obviously impossible to describe the various numbers, or even to give the cast, one recalls pleasantly the witty sketch of Maurice Chevalier and Evelyn Brent called "The Origin of the Apache," in which Miss Brent is glorious to behold; and one remembers, too, Harry Green's "Isidore the Toreador" sung in a superbly staged Technicolor sequence, with Kay Francis a luscious-looking *Carmen*. Nor does one forget Nancy Carroll's exquisite dancing, and certainly one's risibilities are stimulated by thought of Helen Kane's school and her lesson in history. There is also George Bancroft's effective



John Barrymore is a farcical nobleman in "The Man from Blankley's."

sketch, which shows him first as a polite guest at a formal party and later as a violently impolite one behaving as we should all like to at times. Agreeable memories also are evoked by Gary Cooper's singing, of Leon Errol's reappearance, of the imaginative rooftop ballet, and, indeed, everything connected with the picture.

An Uninvited Guest.

In "The Man from Blankley's," John Barrymore chooses a medium for his talents that will startle those who do not remember him as a comedian in his early days. For the new picture is broad farce. Just how spacious the comedy is will be understood when you are told that Mr. Barrymore's attempts to carve a pigeon

inReview

Song-and-dance films are still having their innings, but drama holds its own in a month crowded with surprises and disappointments.

cause gravy to squirt into Emily Fitzroy's eye and, true to the traditions of this school of fun, it does so not once but several times. Also Mr. Barrymore seats himself on a hassock that slowly collapses. This too is frequently repeated so that you won't overlook it.

These expedients to provoke laughter are employed at a dinner party which Mr. Barrymore, as *Lord Strathpeffer*, joins by accident. He is supposed to be the man from an agency which supplies guests in an extreme emergency. The *Tidmarshes* have telephoned in dire extremity and *Lord Strathpeffer* is the answer to their appeal. In reality he has mistaken their house for the one next door, and the film is given over to his inebriated razzing of his hosts and their guests, all of whom are freaks. Love interest comes from the *Tidmarshes'* governess and *Strathpeffer's* discovery that she is a sweet-heart of a more sober day.

Frankly, I found the film tedious and Mr. Barrymore's antics not at all funny. His clowning has the quality of distinction, if not moderation, but it is overlaid with studied mannerisms, in especial his habit of staring with dilated eyes. This expresses nothing, really, and ceases even to be arresting when it is carried to such an extent. Yet I have been told that both Mr. Barrymore and his picture are fascinating, lunatic, Puckish, but you mustn't take *my* word for it. Loretta Young is the poor governess in a two-hundred-dollar gown.

Backward Children.

It is difficult to determine responsibility for the appearance of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in musical comedy. Perhaps they fancy themselves as singers, or it may be that the popularity of musical films forces them to compete with more experienced artists. Again, it is likely that their speech is not thought convincing enough to be employed in anything but the trivialities of childish make-believe. No matter what is to blame for "High Society Blues," the fact remains that the day is rapidly disappearing when they can be taken seriously. Soon only those with exceptional memories will recall the tender, poignant appeal of "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," and in less measure "Lucky Star." For it is easier nowadays to forget than ever before. And "High Society Blues" is, unfortunately, a film that fairly begs to be forgotten. It is logical that it should be, for those who find it momentarily entertaining must be persons who are incapable of the least mental exertion. For the viewpoint of the picture is



Stanley Smith and Nancy Carroll will be remembered in "Honey."



Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown are boisterous comics in "Hold Everything."

as unreal as it is infantile, and the sentimentalities of the hero and heroine are as remote from actuality as a dialogue among inhabitants of Mars. They are concerned in a version of "Romeo and Juliet," modernized by the ukulele and the stock market, but still the old

story of the aristocratic girl in love with the son of parvenu neighbors. But the characters are those of the comic strips, blue blood being expressed in bad manners and hearts of gold going with stupidity. There is also a French count of the usual variety, except that he does not wear checked trousers. The singing of Mr. Farrell and Miss Gaynor is still unmusical, and their acting is pleasantly amateur because there is nothing in the picture to demand more than smiles and cuteness. Hedda Hopper, William Collier, Sr., Lucien Littlefield, and Louise Fazenda are the parents.

Sweet, But Not Cloying.

If you sample "Honey" once it is likely that you will return for a second helping, for it is a thoroughly diverting musical piece. Inconsequential, it attempts nothing save to entertain for an hour and it does so more successfully than most pictures. The story won't give you brain fag, but it is more agreeable than the usual plots that emerge from the movie mill garnished with music. It concerns the son and daughter of a Southern family who rent the ances-



"Free and Easy."



"The Benson Murder Case."



"Captain of the Guard."



"The Girl Said No."

tral mansion to a snobbish woman from the North. She takes possession with her daughter whom she is hoping to marry to their rich guest. In order to fulfill the terms of the lease, the young owners of the house are obliged to masquerade as servants when the real ones leave. The guest is attracted to the supposed cook, and the butler woos the daughter of the nouveau riche.

True, there's nothing unusual in this, but the characters are put forth with such amusing detail, and played so excellently, that one is vastly entertained by the eventual pairing off of the lovers. Nancy Carroll is clever and appealing as the pseudo-cook in gingham and a brogue, and Richard Gallagher is droll as the supposed butler. Jobyna Howland, from the stage, is enormously effective as the upstage *Mrs. Falkner*, whose plans are put at sixes and sevens by the quartet of young people, as well as a younger one in the person of Mitzi Green, who plays a tattling child willing to sell secrets for a price. Long after you've seen the picture your ears will echo to Mitzi's crowing "I've got a secret!" Lillian Roth is also welcome in this array of hits, and Harry Green, with too little to do, makes the most of it; while Stanley Smith answers the popular specifications of a juvenile hero.

Let's Have More Like This.

Quite the best of the *Philo Vance* stories is "The Benson Murder Case," which they tell me is the weakest of the novels exploiting the gentleman detective. This probably is because the picture bears no resemblance to the original. But who cares when what is offered on the screen is first-rate entertainment and, in my opinion, the superior of all murder mysteries? It is absorbing, thrilling, and entirely civilized—as far removed from the usual picture of its kind as William Powell is unlike the villain of "The Perils of Pauline." It is intellectual, but at no sacrifice of movement or the elemental emotions which must serve as the basis of a mystery story, if it is to be a good one. Besides these admirable qualities, the picture offers another innovation. Instead of being called in to solve the murder, *Philo Vance* is present at the death of *Anthony Benson*, a stock broker, to whose country home come various persons whom he has sold out in the recent panic. They are both interesting and real, every one of them, and their complicated relationships add to the adult quality of the story and furnish worldly comedy. Each one of them has reasons for taking *Benson's* life, and it is hardly necessary to say that *Philo Vance* detects the real criminal.

William Powell, as *Vance*, equals his superb portrayal in "Street of Chance," which set a new standard for this splendid actor. Though the rôles are dissimilar, Mr. Powell brings the same quiet authority and eloquent repose to the new part. If anything, his voice is even finer. It is charged with infinitesimal gradations of thought and feeling, with an underlying richness of tone that is as satisfying as music. Happily the entire cast is on a par with him. Vainly one looks for imperfection in Natalie Moorhead, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette, E. H. Calvert, Richard Tucker, May Beatty, and William Boyd, the latter from the stage.

A Minstrel's Mammy.

To avoid crying himself to death, Al Jolson, as the end man in Meadows' Merry Minstrels, shoots Lowell Sherman, the interlocutor, when he tells a sob story about his aged mother, in "Mammy." The director of Mr. Jolson's new musical probably took his cue from the script and prevented the crooner from inciting his audience to a dangerously tearful frenzy. There's a great deal more fun and geniality woven into the mammy-o theme than in Mr. Jolson's early pictures, yet fans who look forward to Al's coming for "a good cry" probably will go to the theater in the right state of mind, with some personal woes saved up, and the touching scenes will be sufficient to set them going. And those who stare flinty-eyed at emotion in celluloid will not be unduly strained to control themselves. It is a departure from his film pattern for the better.

The story is of Al's love for the daughter of the owner of the show, Lois Moran, her love for "Westy"—Mr. Sherman—and his love for pretty girls in general. In the shooting act, Mr. Sherman's enemy substitutes a loaded pistol for the prop gun—they think up

such original climaxes in Hollywood—and Jolson really shoots his rival. Poor old Al then rides the rods to escape the law, with a hobo played by Tully Marshall, until he reaches the village in Ohio where his mammy, Louise Dresser, is waiting. After a couple of hugs and a song, Al decides to go back and face the consequences. He tumbles off the freight into the midst of the old minstrel troupe en parade. The girl tells him that the guilty man has confessed, and soon Al is strutting along in his old-time glory. Who gets the girl is not made clear. This is too much like every fan's triangle, so let's assume that Al's absence made her heart grow ever so much fonder.

But the story does not matter; it's Jolson's singing you want. There are several new Irving Berlin numbers, and having swung away from unrelieved tragedy, Mr. Jolson appears as the clever entertainer he was on the stage.

Miss Moran is a nice little heroine, and only a hard-hearted scenario writer would let *Westy* make her miserable by flirting so outrageously. Lowell Sherman has a great deal to do, and does it well. Others are Hobart Bosworth, Mitchell Lewis, Jack Curtis, Stanley Fields, and Ray Cooke.

Isn't War Fun?

The late war was certainly a jolly affair—just a lark for a group of fledglings flatteringly called "Young Eagles" in the picture of that name. What with close harmony, kidding, and practical jokes, you might think the boys were behind the scenes of the prep school's annual show. Their pranks are so cute and their minds so juvenile that one shudders to think of so many *Peter Pans* at large and in uniform, too. However, relief comes with the knowledge that it's all play acting and just another proof that Buddy Rogers won't grow up and be an actor. So one needn't consider him as such. And the airplane maneuvers are magnificently photographed. There's a captive German ace, *Von Koch*, a charming, worldly fellow deftly personated by Paul Lukas, whose urbanity throws the kindergarten mentality of his captors into disturbing relief. All the more so since Mr. Rogers, as *Lieutenant Gene Banks*, is sent to Paris on a furlough in company with *Von Koch* in the belief that the German will confide secrets of the enemy to him. One can only assume that Mr. Rogers' boyish charm is expected to make Mr. Lukas a traitor. In Paris they visit *Mary Gordon*, whose establishment is a sort of clearing house for those in search of amorous adventure, but even in these surroundings Mr. Rogers' innocent boyishness is kept intact. He plays follow the leader with the inmates. *Mary Gordon*, whose bagnio is just a blind, succeeds in learning Mr. Lukas' secrets so that America wins the war and she and Mr. Rogers receive the rewards of a grateful government. Jean Arthur is the spy who deceives Mr. Lukas. It's all right with me if you think she could. Stuart Erwin and Virginia Bruce are helpful.

Watch Your Maid!

Rather dull, but pleasant enough in a routine way is "Alias French Gertie." The amiable quality is due entirely to Bebe Daniels, her agreeable speech, some of it in French, and her creditable performance altogether. But it's a comedown from "Rio Rita," for the new picture is only a crook melodrama done on a modest scale. Her rôle is *Marie*, alias "*Gertie the Gun*," who serves as a lady's maid while awaiting her opportunity to open the safe of her employer. She faces *Jimmy Hartigan*, whose mission is the same, and they recognize each other as of the underworld. When the police come *Jimmy* gives himself up and is sentenced. On his release he and *Marie* form a predatory partnership, until they are fleeced by an elderly couple whose apparent respectability deceives the young crooks. A new version of "Cheating Cheaters." Ben Lyon gives a good performance as *Jimmy*, retrieving the reputation as an actor he temporarily misplaced in "Lummo."

Chanticleer.

Putting it in the mildest manner possible, "Cock o' the Walk" is a deluded bird. And this goes for the picture, too. It is an effort gone wrong, neither expert direction nor flawless photography

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"High Society Blues."



"Mammy."



"Alias French Gertie."



"Montana Moon."

Janet—As She Is

A sympathetic appraisal of Miss Gaynor as an individual, as comprehensive as it is conclusive.

By Margaret Reid

HERE is one of the real people. Here is a child of the screen, who has grown into emotional maturity untouched by the stains a picture career leaves on lesser minds. Here is a girl who would be just as definitely a *person* were she obscure instead of famous. Here is Janet Gaynor.

There has been inevitable confusion in classifying Janet. The haunting, heart-breaking tendril of humanity that is the cinema Janet is taken to be a projection of her real self. The public receives her too much as a personality. She is, rather, a magnificent actress—an artist in the pure sense of the word. Which is conclusively attested by her characterizations of cowed, bewildered waifs.

Janet is neither cowed nor bewildered. Her portrayals are not personal ones. She is the sensitive instrument through which they appear. But she is wholly independent of them. Greater talent has no Thespian than this.

Her work is not, however, essentially mental. It is an instinctive capacity for metamorphosis. Her submergence in a character is complete. She studies a rôle until her understanding of it is perfect. And there her conscious work ends. Knowing the girl she is playing as well as she knows herself, she then forgets Janet Gaynor and, becoming the character, thinks, feels, and acts without deliberation. "Living the part" has become a platitude through overuse by players who like the sound of it. There are, actually, a meager few who really do it—and they were born that way, since it is a spontaneous flame impossible to acquire. Of the few, Gaynor is just about the finest example.

She is a vacation for directors. Her instinct, springing from total surrender to the part, is unerring. Her director's principal task is to preserve the delicate mood. Any rude jar results not in a display of temperament, but in momentary collapse. When any of the maddening disasters of the studio occur, Janet does not manifest noisy indignation. Unable to cope with anger or tyranny, she hides in her dressing room, sobbing and trembling, a reaction of which she is deeply ashamed, but it is unavoidable, due to the high key in which she works.

Meeting her out of studio environment, she has none of the indications of professionalism. She seldom talks about pictures, having a terror of falling into the Hollywood rut. It is remarkable that she has no evidences of the actress about her. She entered pictures at the formative age, when impressions make their mark. Yet she has

developed outward from herself, rather than accumulating the influences of her surroundings.

Except in physical strength, she is strong and vital. Weakness, associated with her because of her rôles, is not part of Janet. Her mental processes and their manifestation are forceful. Not brilliant, she is, however, soundly intelligent. Her mind functions with crystal clarity, having no quirks or confusions. She is a sponge for knowledge, wanting to know the reasons and workings of everything, not satisfied until she finds out and understands.

There is nothing giddy about her, and nothing equivocal. She comes to a decision only when she has convinced herself that it is the right one. After which a fast talker can persuade her to act otherwise, but can never change her mind. This applies especially to studio activities and the fact that she can't bear to hurt any one's feelings. If, however, the issue is an important one, she quietly and unobtrusively plugs the logic she feels is on her side, until she gets her way.

Her judgment is nearly infallible. She has a "sense" for what is right. This is partly instinct and partly an intelligent knowledge of the medium in which she works. There are no arguments over the number of close-ups allotted her. It is in the rounded accuracy of the production that she is interested. And she knows what she talks about. Otherwise she doesn't talk.

Socially and professionally, her poise is recent. A very big party at Frances Marion's home was the occasion of my first meeting with Janet. It was shortly after "Seventh Heaven," and her entry into the company of the great. She had no idea she was already one of them herself. She was painfully shy, turning scarlet when any one addressed her, hiding solitarily in corners, longing to go home. When Gloria Swanson sought her out and said that she envied her

the triumph of "Seventh Heaven," Janet shook with nervousness, a few faint, strangled sounds indicating her gratitude.

People thought her adorable then—timid and cute. Her fresh charm sufficed as a social asset. And all the time she was growing up, her acquisitive mind expanding like a swift-growing flower in the sun. She began to read omnivorously. Her stepfather, whom she worshipped and who has since died, urged books on her. It

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Janet Gaynor adores jazz and dances wildly to her favorite records, but only for her husband or her mother.



Photo by Max Mun Axtroy

In the remarkable story opposite, Janet Gaynor is revealed searchingly, sympathetically, and completely by Margaret Reid. She isn't altogether the heroine you know on the screen, but a woman at variance with her mimic self and an endearing person to meet

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, right, wouldn't be themselves without a scene of comic intoxication, and who can play them more excruciatingly, whether the stimulation be parlor punch or something out of a black bottle?



Margin!

That inimitable pair, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are the stars of "Caught Short," a tragi-comedy of the stock market.



Miss Dressler, above, as *Marie Jones*, is Miss Moran's rival in the business of running a boarding house across the street, with frequent quarrels making their rivalry exciting and funny.



Trust Polly Moran, above, to commit a social error in a grocery store or, for that matter, anywhere else.

Anita Page and Charles Morton, left, are the young lovers, Miss Page Miss Dressler's daughter, and Mr. Morton Miss Moran's pride and joy, with complications that recall the feud of the Montagues and the Capulets.

Norway In Spring

That's where you will find the musical romance called "Bride 66."

Jeanette MacDonald, right, as *Jennie*, finds herself the promised bride of Robert Chisholm, as *Olaf*, while John Garrick, as his brother, regards her with reproachful eyes.



Carroll Nye, below, as *Nels*, confesses to Miss MacDonald, as his sister, that he has stolen money. It is this that causes her eventually to become a lottery bride, won by a man she has never seen.



Ive E. Brown, above, as *Hoke*, is the swain of Zasu Pitts, as *Hilda*, proprietress of a cafe which is on the verge of ruin because of her kind-heartedness.



Miss MacDonald and John Garrick, left, are happy sweethearts before trouble overtakes them and sends him away doubting her, while she serves a prison sentence. But we assure you all ends joyfully in tender tunes.



Hard-boiled *Hallie*

Self-seeking, but not unsympathetic. How could she be when Nancy Carroll plays her in "The Devil's Holiday"?

Hallie is a manicurist who doesn't confine her activities to the file and the buffer. She is quite a financier, in her way. For she takes charge of prospective customers of farm-machinery salesmen. The sales are always consummated, and *Hallie's* commissions are both certain and substantial. On his first visit to the city she meets *David Stone*, son of a rich wheat farmer, who falls seriously in love with her. Taking a daring chance, she marries him and then faces his father and elder brother. It is at this point that Nancy Carroll's opportunities as a dramatic actress really begin.

She is seen, above, with Phillips Holmes, as *David*, who tells her of his home in the wheat country. Miss Carroll, left, portrays a moment of blank despair in *Hallie's* turbulent life.



Tragedy in the Tropics

The death of Nils Asther, in "The Sea Bat," can be nothing less than calamitous to those who have been waiting patiently for his début in the talkies.

Raquel Torres, above, as *Nina*, finds solace in the brawny embrace of Charles Bickford, as *John Sims*, a convict masquerading as a missionary. He comes to the tropical island and finds the girl grief-stricken by the death of her lover, a sponge diver, whose life has been taken by the monster known to the superstitious natives as the sea bat. He breaks the voodoo spell which holds *Nina* and—as you can well see—she is glad of it.

Nils Asther, right, as *Carl*, whose untimely end early in the film is just that much more grief for his fans.





Cornered

It happens to Loretta Young, in "Road to Paradise," when she attempts to masquerade as her twin.

Miss Young, above, as *Mary Brennan*, and Raymond Hatton and George Barraud, her partners in crime, invade the home of the girl she strongly resembles, only to be interrupted by the police and the son of the household. Whereupon *Mary*, in a costume of the other girl, pretends to be she and deceives the officers, but not, of course, the young man. However, when the rightful heiress returns from a party *Mary's* masquerade becomes increasingly difficult, as may be well imagined. Incidentally, Miss Young plays both rôles—surely a test for so youthful a star.

She is seen, left, with George Barraud, her guardian, who loves her.



Ladies Love *Raffles*

And good reason, too, when he is Ronald Colman in the picture of that name.

Though *Raffles* has appeared on the screen before, he is virtually a newcomer by reason of Ronald Colman's artistry in speech and acting. Unlike *Bulldog Drummond*, whose task was to circumvent crooks who were persecuting the girl he loved, *Raffles* is a gentleman thief who reforms because of the woman he loves. But in order to extricate his pal from financial difficulty, he enters upon what he resolves will be his last adventure, with a diamond necklace his objective. And only a *Raffles* could emerge triumphant from the excitement that follows.

Mr. Colman, as *Raffles*, above, is the object of Kay Francis' admiration, left, and of Virginia Bruce's, right.

The picture, right, reveals him in the act of assisting John Rogers, as *Crawshaw*, to escape.





In The Toils

Circumstances sweep Billie Dove into "One Night At Susie's"—and what happens is everybody's business.



Billie Dove, as *Mary*, at top of page, consoles Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who faces a long sentence because of a murder committed by the girl.

Miss Dove, outer left, portrays a moment of serious emotion as she finds herself trapped by the man who professed friendship for Mr. Fairbanks and herself.

At the trial Miss Dove, left, again gives evidence of her maturing powers as a star capable of tragic acting.

As They See Themselves

By
Myrtle
Gebhart

That prayer of Robert Burns has been well answered for the picture folk, who see themselves on the screen for mannerisms to avoid and personality to develop.

ROBERT BURNS expressed the wish, "O, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us," when he saw a woman's finery spoiled by a small detail.

A film player has this advantage over the rest of us. He sees himself in a franker and clearer mirror than we possess. It should "fræ monie a blunder free" him. Is it any wonder that actors, aside from their good looks, are exceptionally attractive, charming of manner, and versatile in a light and entertaining way at many accomplishments?

Success depends upon development of native talent and the acquisition of other gifts. Constant study of their screen selves, if they rinse the ego dust from out of their eyes, cannot



Photo by Archer

George Arliss was shocked when he saw his first camera test.



Photo by Hommel

Lane Chandler learned sports that he kept up.



Photo by Thomas

Singing in a talkie brought out Jeanette Loff's voice.

but remind them to avoid awkward mannerisms, to cultivate accidental gestures which add appealing touches, and to perfect embryonic charm.

Sports which they have to learn for films benefit their health and usually are kept up afterward. Singing, dancing, the playing of musical instruments, essential to some degree in their work, make them much more interesting in private life. Personality itself duly considered, criticized and polished, invests impromptu numbers at parties with a certain radiance which makes them appear more professional than they really are. Too, the latitude of interests engendered by film work widens their horizons and familiarizes them with many subjects, making them more companionable than persons restricted to a cycle of endeavors.

"My shadow and me," is the refrain of a popular song. Putting it into practice has revealed to players unnoticed blemishes and how to make their best features more attractive. The speaking shadow has produced voices that surprised their owners, some of unsuspected melody.

Their shadow selves' predicaments and the actions taken, provided, of course, by the story, have helped several in similar situations of their own lives, and some say they have learned, from the characters that they played, traits which they adopted personally.

If one is sensitive, as most actors are, a study of one's shadow self should be a cure for egotism. Certainly it is not conducive to pride, though it is human to shirk responsibility. As Glenn Tryon pointed out, "When that fellow on the screen does the slightest thing which shows signs of intelligence, there is a quick desire to puff out the chest and say blithely, 'Pretty good, eh?' If it's punk, alibis come to mind by the dozen. Sometimes I would like to shoot my shadow."

Even George Arliss, so fine an actor, so distinguished a person, claims to have felt a distinct shock when he first saw himself act.

"I am thankful that I was left to myself in the making of that test," he said, "for it was terrible. I learned a valuable lesson, quickly and thoroughly. Never since have I presumed to think that I could direct myself. I saw a



One close-up of Sally Blane's unrestrained laugh was enough.

man seated at a table making a ludicrous effort not to look nervous. He picked up an envelope with emphasized nonchalance, tore it open with a flourish, and took out the letter as though he were producing rabbits from a hat. The lights in the projection room flashed on. I drooped in shame. I had always believed exaggeration essential for the movies, but I saw my error. Restraint must be practiced."

That her clear soprano might be good enough for public entertainment never occurred to Jeanette Loff, until the screen went vocal, and not for some months after that. The discovery was accidental. She was asked to play opposite a stage favorite in a test for a musical picture. The skit included a song duet. She was instructed merely to trail along the best she could. She did. Executives emerged from the projection room enthusiastic, not about the stage singer but about Jeanette's voice! You see, the shadow, reflecting harshly for one, gives another a pleasant surprise.

"Be prepared" might be an actor's motto as well as a Boy Scout's. For, besides acting, he must be able to carry on the occupations of a rôle, at least to a degree giving atmospheric verity. While enacting his scenes, he must impersonate a boxer, cowboy, aviator, acrobat, dancer, farmer, typist, or gangster, some familiarity with these callings being momentarily essential.

Though one of the youngest stars, Charles Rogers has had to learn the rudiments of many trades and professions. Flying a plane, bringing a tug boat through the Golden Gate, working on aerial apparatus thirty feet from the ground, high diving, racing in a track meet against an array of college runners, and playing seven musical instruments are some of the things he has been called upon to do. He had never seen an ice boat until shortly before he was scheduled to sail one on Lake Placid. Having to learn so many different things sharpens aptitude and enables an actor to become adept quickly. At one time Buddy was musically limited to the trombone and drums. Soon he acquired piano and saxophone technique, the latter being mastered by radio lessons in one month, at any rate, enough to make a more or less harmonious noise. The miniature organ was his next victim.

Though she had sung in light opera, until she saw the contortions through which she put her mouth and throat, Bernice Claire had no idea that she was not singing at all pictorially. Now the youngest prima donna uses her soprano just as effectively, but without making faces at the audience.

No one had ever noticed the tiny mole on Carmel Myers' upper lip. Her first close-up magnified the small defect alarmingly, making her mouth appear crooked. She learned to cover it with make-up.

"One of the most enlightening experiences of my life, but far from the most flattering," John Boles said of his introduction to his shadow. "I didn't walk the way I thought I did. I didn't smile right. I looked like an awkward, overgrown school-boy. I was discouraged and ready to quit, but the director laughed and said that all newcomers feel that way, and suggested that I check up all the wrong things. By keeping the searchlight going, and listening to constructive criticism, I have been able to modify some of my faults."

With her first talkie, Anita Page became conscious of a nervous, little laugh and cough as a running accompaniment to her conversation. In her quick chatter she had

Laura La Plante learned "to think before she acts."

Photo by Jones



Photo by Autrey

The screen exaggerated Ivan Lebedeff's continental mannerisms.



not noticed it. Poise and assurance are acquisitions she has made since previewing herself.

Hugh Trevor had to learn how to use his hands without obscuring the landscape. At first, they looked exactly as they felt—like a couple of hams. His shadow was too thin, too, as though it meant to evaporate, which is no young leading man's desire. Consequently, he set about developing his muscles with a daily work-out. His reflection now appears stalwart.

Screen work, particularly in the talkies, has given Gary Cooper a self-confidence which he lacked.

Watching himself still gives that old-timer, George Fawcett, an uncanny feeling. Naturally, he points out, an actor's own work is his greatest interest, and he scarcely glances at others in a scene. Added to the strange fascination, there is the constant appraisal. Mr. Fawcett has a habit of wiggling a finger, and is always on the lookout for the restless digit.

"Not being a sheik, I never could be obsessed with myself," he chuckled. "I enjoy watching myself in a fine uniform, in a rôle utterly removed from my own real being. But, ordinarily, though there exists a peculiar hypnosis, I avoid thinking of it very much, for it brings on a morbid introspection. I try to regard my work objectively and critically, as though it were some one else's job."

"My first picture was a shock to my vanity," Mary Nolan said. "The most difficult lesson to learn is naturalness. Every self-conscious thought seems to register more quickly than a smirk does away from the camera. I never saw any one look or act so stilted. I recalled each strained effort to hold this or that pose, and realized that rehearsal should perfect technique, that once in the scene, emotional expression is more natural. So my work does for me subconsciously what I tried to teach myself to do intentionally."

Even the suave and lithe Ivan Lebedeff was astonished at the many ungracious movements which his shadow made. Social mannerisms native to the continental look overemphasized, he discovered.

Laughing broadly used to be Sally Blane's

The screen showed John Boles his bad walk and grin.

Photo by Jones



Photo by Dvar

Lillian Roth's work in the studios taught her patience.



Photo by Caron

Jack Mulhall saw himself eat, and took up gesture study.

enthusiastic manner of enjoying a joke. One close-up of Sally's humor in action threatened to swallow the studio. Smiling prettily and standing erectly have been her principal aims in beautification after her first glance at herself in the silver mirror.

Joan Crawford italicized her sentences with nervous, panoramic gestures of her hands and arms. It was less noticeable in silent pictures than in the talkies, when, with vocal accentuation of her words, the double emphasis made it seem that she was declaiming and waving all

over the screen. Asking others in the scene to pinch her when she started the signals, she quickly cured herself of the habit. Carol Lombard also learned from her reflection to subdue her gesticulation.

Robert Montgomery's mannerism of rubbing the palms of his hands together became marked under the camera's all-seeing eye, which showed Elliott Nugent a slouching walk. He adopted a brisk gait and straightened his shoulders. Years ago an accident left Pat O'Malley with a limp, not so noticeable until screened. Practice almost eliminated the limp. Elevating one eyebrow in a quizzical expression made his face appear distorted until corrected. Prior to the talkies Pat's speech was nervous, impulsive. Constant effort was necessary to slow down for clarity and emphasis.



Photo by Baehrach

Hugh Trevor's hands used to steal the scenes.

His lack of graceful gesture never was so apparent to Jack Mulhall as when he saw himself eating asparagus. He resolved to acquire a less awkward manner and never, never, to eat spaghetti in a film!

Having tried many coiffures, Norma Shearer accepted the camera's choice of a long, smooth, behind-the-ears hairdress which invests her with added dignity. The shadow of Catherine Dale Owen taught the lovely blonde to hold her eyes naturally. Fearful that they might not photograph large and bright, at first she held them as wide open as possible, achieving a pop-eyed gaze, staring and distracting. The carriage upon which she had prided herself as stately and graceful seemed stilted. Joan Bennett stooped, until she saw how ungainly she appeared. She thought that wearing her hair parted on the side was becoming, before she had seen her prancing picture.

Nancy Carroll was told that her face was too round for the camera. Experiment showed that the circular effect was exaggerated by her short bob. Mary Brian, Fay Wray, and other girls have learned artful dressing, a gift of no mean value in personal life, from screen costuming and the advice of expert designers.

Though a Westerner, Lane Chandler had to learn specialized athletics, fencing, boxing, tennis, and golf, which made more flexible the muscles hardened by horseback riding. His carriage has improved, also.

Neil Hamilton golfed for a film and has played the game ever since. After some lessons, he produced a voice sufficient for another film and continues to cultivate it.

Neither Wallace MacDonald nor Lloyd Hughes had the slightest idea of possessing singing voices until the caroling cinema discovered them. In addition to the voice which the "warblies" obligingly produced for Bebe Daniels, she considers the fencing which she had to master for a rôle, and which was so fascinating that she kept it up, an important adjunct in its aid to agility and grace.

"To think before I act," is the lesson Laura La Plante has learned. "The correction of silly mannerisms, the avoidance of ugly, unconscious grimaces and of unnecessary motions, are possible if one precedes action with thought. People comment that I am very deliberate. If so, it is because I have looked at many bad rushes of myself."

Working on "Seven Keys to Baldpate" convinced Richard Dix that a healthy body and an active mind are the two most important qualifications, to be maintained at all cost, with the realization that if he hadn't these two aids the strain of so much running around at a terrific tempo would have been unbearable.

While most players discard mannerisms, others assume them to make personalities more pronounced. Alec B. Francis wore his hair long for a characterization. It added dignity with a picturesque touch, so he has worn it that way ever since. Not until he acted in the movies was Mr. Francis aware of walking pigeon-toed. Constant practice has now enabled him to "toe out."

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Photo by Dyar

Buddy Rogers' rôles forced him to cultivate his music.

Joan Crawford was cured of waving her hands while talking.

Photo by Louise



Rouging The Rose

An extravagant phrase, but in speaking of the film gals one has to compete with those Boulevard sheiks, you know.



Anita Page, above, scorns the use of tricky beauty aids in making up her lips, but the screen loses nothing.

Julia Faye, below, wants no better make-up brush than her own little finger.



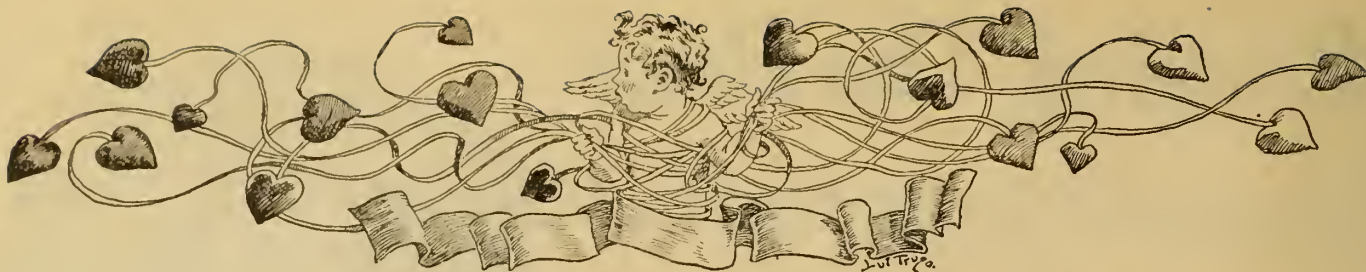
A new use for automatic pencils is demonstrated by Dorothy Jordan, below, who uses the large end to outline her lips, and the point helps to touch up her eyebrows.



Marion Shilling, above, invents a new use for orange-wood sticks.

Raquel Torres, below, takes the prize on her lip mold, which is stamped on rouge and then on her lips.





Beatrice Fairfax, Please Help!

An appeal for counsel in untangling the love complications that disturb the humbler folk of Hollywood.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IN amorous Hollywood rise some of the knottiest problems that ever confronted a dispenser of advice to the lovelorn. It's the unvarnished truth! The couple who combine the picture business with love's young dream have got to unravel not only the snarls encountered by the ardent everywhere, but also ones that are peculiar to Hollywood. Some of these problems are astonishing. Some of them are laughable. And where is the specialist on affairs of the heart who can solve them?

Take the small matter of the boy friend's bounding ego. Girls everywhere are used to suitors whose idea of a swell evening is to sit and talk grandiosely about themselves. Actors, as a rule, have more than their share of that sublime self-appreciation. Showing off is their business and their pleasure, too.

It was bad enough in the days of silent pictures, when the young actor decorated his rooms with one picture of his girl and ten of himself, and competed with her for the use of the mirror. But now that the talkies have made him voice conscious, matters are worse. He wants to prove to himself, to his sweetie, and to anybody who may be listening in, that he would be a knock-out in the audible films.

Many a would-be Conrad Nagel or William Powell is sitting up nights practicing on the long-suffering lady friend. And you think that's nothing? Well, imagine the most bumptious radio announcer who assumes that folks are listening in just to revel in his vocal personality, remove the possibility of tuning him out, multiply him to the *n*th power, and you may get a rough idea of the film suitor who has fallen in love with his own voice.

At the slightest encouragement he'll get up and sing a theme song, or imitate the "Two Black Crows." And don't think that, in the orgy of talk for talk's sake, the lady in the case is any less objectionable than the man. Many a Hollywood romance would last longer if the participants would talk less and say more. But how are you going to make them shut up?

One of the problems faced by the Hollywood girl yearning for a man to take her places, is the fact that the film male has been pretty badly spoiled. He expects and gets more than most men, both because he is a rather glamorous figure to girls, and because there is an

undersupply of eligible boy friends in the film capital. Many a young actor thinks it's a lucky girl who has the privilege of taking him around and paying the bills. It must have been a movie sheik who, according to the anecdote, pushed away the girl he was kissing, saying, "There. That's all you can have!"

In fact, the girl who is enamored of an actor has to be prepared to put up with almost anything. Any day her sweetie may be hired for a character part and be ordered to grow a beard. He stops shaving. Spikes sprout out all over his face. His kisses are an ordeal, and he looks like something God never created. He continues to take her to the show places, giving the impression of an Airedale in evening clothes. It's enough to shatter a girl's romantic notions.

Many a Hollywood gentleman finds it profitable to maintain a flourishing beard as a permanent asset. The beard brings him bits and even rôles, when without it he might be jobless. Some "beards" get \$20 or more a day for lending their facial herbiage to a scene.

If the director uses the cherished beard for a gag in a comedy, such as allowing a child to swing on it, or setting fire to it, he gets even more. Love, fortunately, is blind, but more than one sweetheart of a beard would prefer to have him clean-shaved.

One young fellow allowed his idol to wheedle him into shearing off his valuable doormat for the sake of improving his appearance. Alas, he found he was no longer wanted in the studios! His Delilah had robbed her Samson of his power. Like Samson,

he felt in exactly the mood for pulling down a temple. It's the old, old conflict between love and duty, with comedy relief!

Hollywood is a paradise for the suitor of eccentric appearance. You'll see many a girl going around with a fellow who looks as if he had stepped out of a Milt Gross comic strip. All the eccentric comedians, the circus dwarfs, India-rubber men, sword swallows and living skeletons get into pictures sooner or later, and all are on the eligible list of some Hollywood maiden.

Girls in Des Moines or Atlanta may scorn the suitor who has ears like the handles of a loving cup, a nose like an ant-eater's, and the general expression of a ventriloquist's dummy. But often the Hollywood girl



Even the man with ears like the handles of a loving cup isn't without a girl friend.

doesn't care if her boy friend does look like something dragged out of the aquarium—as long as it's putting him over in the movies. What if her "heavy sugar" does weigh 410, and gets around like a slow-motion film come to life? That very fact is his claim to fame and fortune.

The fellow with scrambled eyes doesn't wonder about Hollywood lovelorn. He finds plenty of beautiful girls who are glad to be seen with him, to marry him. And the plug-ugly fighter with the broken nose, the cauliflower ears, who can play ape rôles almost without make-up, is never lonely. The professional strong man finds a beautiful girl to sit on the knee across which he bends crowbars, to be caressed by the hands that tear telephone directories in two.

Yes, the gallant of odd appearance finds hearty welcome, providing he has made good in pictures, but he brings his problems. Take the case of the Chinese giant, who has played in several pictures. His girl friend is a good two feet shorter than himself, and the difficulties that little matter of height presents! Recently the girl was contemplating the purchase of a new Ford coupé, but she was simply flabbergasted by the problem of squeezing her seven feet six inches of boy friend into that perambulating handbox! It's just one of those strange puzzles of Hollywood courtship that seldom come to light.

There is the sad case of the girl whose wooer is a two-reel comic. She takes him quite seriously, for there is a brain and character hidden under his motley, and it pains her to have her idol regarded as a stupid buffoon. He has taken falls and has been knocked around, until the girl fears that he may end in a hospital or sanitarium, like other unfortunate slapstick clowns. He has done cross-eyed parts until she is apprehensive that his eyes will stay that way permanently. She does a lot of worrying about those comedy mishaps of his. What to do, what to do?

Consider some of the stumbling-blocks in the path of the film-land romance. Hollywood love is notoriously fickle, often unusually selfish. If one of the pair happens to be of a jealous disposition, there is likely to be trouble. Not only does many a girl know that her beloved is kissing another in a scene at the studio while she waits for him, but he later takes her to the theater to see his love-making on the screen. She hears other women saying, "What a perfect pair of lovers!" Then she reads that her lover and his leading lady are rumored to be engaged! It's the bunk, but a jolt nevertheless.

It works the other way just as well. Some of the lady motorists of Hollywood find it good policy to do a little judicious flirting with the traffic cops. It saves a lot of summonses for traffic violations. But sometimes when the jealous boy friend sees his darling getting so chummy with the police force, he doesn't understand.

A player is generally acting, even with the girl he loves. He's apt to change his personality and attitude overnight as the result of a hit in some new rôle. The screen gentleman-about-town may be a very different type off-screen, but he will usually assume



Growing a beard for the movies is an inducement for girls to go out with a man.

that he has the same savoir-faire that appeals so powerfully to the ladies, no matter where he may be. The man who gets over as a masterful brute in pictures is apt to build up a cave-man personality for off-screen uses. Often this sort of posing gives the lady friend an acute pain. But what can she do about it?

Indeed, actors occasionally do some of their best acting at the expense of their beloved. Suppose a Thespian feels that his heart's desire is getting rather indifferent. Ah, an idea—he'll appeal to her pity! He tells her she has broken his heart. She smiles. He makes a melodramatic attempt at suicide. Hurrah, it works! The poor girl is scared out of her wits. He is pleased with himself. He may be a failure at arousing emotions on the screen, but he can play on the feelings of the girl friend, all right, all right! But, unless the girl is exceedingly gullible, she'll soon catch on to his trickery and treat him with the contempt that he deserves.

One of the principal problems put up to the specialist on heart advice is, how is a girl to pick a husband? That is a puzzle indeed in Hollywood. Shall she marry for love? Then she must remember when her bean says, "You're the only girl I ever loved," that acting is his business; that ability to make love gracefully and convincingly is part of it. She's got to be uncannily good at seeing through pretense, keeping in mind the fact that an actor has a way of hypnotizing himself, for the moment, into believing whatever he may be saying. She must remember that, as the wife of a personable player, she will have lots of would-be rivals among the ladies. How's that going to work out?

Just how is the Hollywood girl going to peer into the future of the young actor who is proposing that she take him for the better or worse? No matter how hard-headed and practical she may be, she'll probably get fooled. Good clothes, a car, and signs of affluence, don't mean a secure future, or even present. The big car may not be paid for. The fine contract may not be renewed. How can the prospective bride tell, in the majority of cases, whether in five years she'll be living in a Beverly Hills mansion, or taking in washing?

Many a charming boy-and-girl romance has been broken up by the urgent necessity of protecting one's future. One could name a number of couples who were getting along admirably, when all at once one of them was catapulted into film fame. The young lover has found himself surrounded by new

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Squeezing seven feet six inches of boy friend into a Ford was her problem.



Within Their Lairs

The hearthstone is perhaps the magnet that causes the stars to "simply not go out at all."

Who can say what scenes King Vidor, below, visualizes in the blazing logs of his fireplace before they find their way to celluloid?

Nils Asther, above, as one would expect, has a fireside decorated with books and homy portraits, instead of strange odds and ends.

The hearth and home of John Gilbert, above, has been a subject of no little interest lately.



Renée Adorée, above, comes home to a cozy nook after the day's toil.

The fireplace of Norma Shearer, right, evidently is part of a gay color scheme.



William Haines, above, is the sole master of this unusual corner, which seems far removed from the rôles he has to play.





SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackall (First National); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HIT THE DECK, with Jack O'Leary and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); MAMBA, with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; RADIO RAMBLERS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD, with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Clare and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with Joan Bliss and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

MAURICE CHEVALIER — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes — stars again in "Paramount on Parade." Maurice Chevalier was a sensation in the drab black-and-grays. But in TECHNICOLOR . . . he steals your heart for keeps! For it is the real Maurice who carries you along on the crest of many emotions . . . talking, laughing, dancing . . . singing his newest hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade." Technicolor, too, you realize, has "swept the clouds away." The dim shadows of yesterday's "movie" today glow with life. Scenery, costumes, the characters, all seem to awaken as Technicolor imparts a personality that is fresh, life-like, enchanting.

**T[★]Technicolor
is natural color**



A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT



with
**ANITA
PAGE**

Adaptation and
Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
**CHARLES F.
RIESNER**
Suggested by
**EDDIE
CANTOR'S**
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn — and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Hail, Braves!

Some well-known faces are turned toward the horizon as if to see the first sign of a returning mate in war paint and feathers.

Anita Page, left, gives the impression of a submissive squaw more familiar with duty than with love.

Fifi Dorsay, right, is all prepared to laugh off any suspicions her brave may have of goings-on in his absence.

Alice White, below, is all set to sing "Tiptoe Into My Tepee," or something like that.



Evelyn Brent, left, has had time to brood on her wrongs in the absence of her supposed chief, and she looks as if a grunt from him at the wrong time would cause her to give him a piece of her mind.

Rose Marie Grimes, right, is frankly an Indian beauty of musical comedy and not the plains, in "The March of Time."



"Well, *you* are," he answered a bit glumly.

She pondered over that after he had gone. Would her success—if she were successful—come between them? Other people hadn't been able to stand it. Look at Billie Dove and Irvin Willat.

"But Danny and I are different," she told herself consolingly, and went to bed, feeling rather guilty because it was eleven o'clock, and she'd been given strict orders to be in bed by ten, as the publicity department wanted to have portraits made of her the next day.

"You're getting a good break for a contract player," Bunny told her. "They must think you're pretty good."

The next day she put Danny's advice to the test. The bright young man from the East was determined to change her name.

"Monica Mayo's too flowery," he told her. "We'll call you Sally, or Betty, or Janet."

"My name is Monica," she retorted, "and I'll stick to it."

"But, Miss Mayo, it's hard to pronounce—people aren't sure how to say it."

"They learned to pronounce Greta, didn't they?"

She won. The publicity department was under her heel. She wasn't summoned to shake hands with visiting near-celebrities and pose for pictures with them, unless she wanted to, after that. She was given almost as much consideration as if she had already arrived—and she had not yet had a picture released.

She was glad when they needed her on the set again. It meant working till all hours. Monica could never see why they wasted so much time during the day, shooting a scene and then going into conferences that lasted for ages, and then shooting it again in exactly the same way. The delay meant working late at night. She saw almost nothing of Danny. Bunny tried to console them both, but without much success.

She bought a cheap little car, which Bunny drove for her. And she began to put her money into the bank, after she had made the house in the canyon a bit more livable. She was glad to get home to it now. She wondered how she could ever have thought it so hopeless.

"Well, the masterpiece is finished," she announced to Bunny one evening, as they rattled home. "Of course, it may never be released, and when my option comes up at the end of three months I may be thrown out on my ear, but I've had a leading part in one picture, at least."

She was too tired to eat when she

got home, so she took refuge in a hot bath, and Bunny stationed herself beside the constantly ringing telephone. Monica tried to step out of the tub to answer it the first time, but Bunny hustled her back again.

"Hey, let me do that," she commanded. "You can't be talking to just any one now. And if you do answer it when I'm not here, don't admit that you're you."

"Oh, Bunny," Monica blurted with a sob, "don't start treating me like that. I get more of it than I can stand at the studio. They keep saying 'Don't do this,' and 'Remember you're some one of importance now,' till I could bite 'em."

She had worked herself into crying hysteria before Bunny could quiet her. That wise young woman diverted her to plans for the shopping expedition, which had not yet come off, and a feeling of drowsy contentment was stealing over her when the phone rang again.

"You'd better give me the message," Bunny said softly. "She's dead tired, you see; her nerves are a wreck. Better not try to see her tonight."

"Is that Danny?" Monica's voice was frantic. "Give me that phone! Oh, Danny, darling, I've been *longing* to see you! I've been so terribly busy—"

She talked on and on with him, while Bunny draped a wrap around her to keep her from catching cold, and then retreated to the porch. At last Monica joined her.

"We're going to have a grand time to-morrow, celebrating," she announced. "Danny's working in the morning, but he says all he has to do is stand outside a cell in the studio and yell, 'Lynch him! Lynch him!' at the leading man, which is just pure pleasure, and he's perfect in the part, because they did long shots all day today out on the Western street. He's going to come by here about four, and we'll go down to the beach somewhere near Malibu, and roast wienies over a bonfire. Run in and call one of the boys to go along."

"Hope I never get as sappy over anybody as you are about that guy," grunted Bunny, departing to telephone.

Monica leaned back in rapturous content and gazed up at the dark sky. From somewhere above came the sound of music and laughter. Turning, she could see a brightly lighted house, high on the crest of the hill. Oh, some day she and Danny would have a house like that, too, and give parties—not rowdy ones, but nice ones, like Bebe Daniels' or Corinne Griffith's. They were going to be so happy!

Just as she and Bunny were leaving the house the next morning, the phone rang.

"Don't answer it," Monica suggested. "It sounds ominous."

But Bunny did, coming back to announce that the studio wanted Monica to report some time during the afternoon, early.

"They said they wouldn't keep you more than a few minutes," she said. "If you get there by one thirty you may escape by four."

Monica appeared promptly at two, rebellious.

"We want you to go to the opening of 'Back-stage Blues' Friday night," the suave young assistant of the studio manager told her, as he sorted out the papers on his desk. "In a way, that will be your public debut, so we want to plan it so that you will make as striking an appearance as possible. Now, if you were an ingénue, we would insist on your attending with your mother, or your aunt—"

"Even if you had to hire one from the Central Casting Bureau," Bunny cut in, as he paused.

"But since your first rôle is rather a sophisticated one," he went on, ignoring the suggestion, "it is quite all right for you to attend with a party of friends, so long as they are carefully selected"—with a significant glance at Bunny, who promptly shivered and turned up her collar.

Monica drew closer to her. She wished she dared pick up the inkwell and hurl it at his unpleasant little face.

"Since Crandall is crowing all over town that he discovered you, he will probably want you to attend a dinner party at his house first. Then you can go on to the picture with some suitable young man—Booth Carlisle will do."

"I loathe him!" Monica sputtered. "Anyway, I haven't been invited to go."

"We'll attend to that," the young man went on. "Now, about your clothes—"

"No, she hasn't anything suitable," Bunny stepped in and took command. "And you're not paying her enough to put up a front, even if you ever gave her time to go shopping, which you don't."

"The wardrobe department has already been notified to lend you something to wear. Better go over there now and try it on. Then go to the still photographer. I'll have Crandall and Carlisle there to be photographed with you. We'll fix up something that looks like a theater lobby or a crowd in the background. We'll send these pictures to the papers instead

Bitter Lessons

It hurts the spankers more than the spankees, but duty is duty



Jack Oakie, above, dares a chorine in "Hit the Deck" to hit him, but the smile shows that the girl isn't taking the dare.



One of the Sisters G, above, has to take a young man in hand and chastise him, right out on the studio lot, but doubtless it was all on account of mistaken identity.



"Mammy!" yells George Ovey, left, when Marguerita Padula, in "Hit the Deck," heaves the old rolling pin with greater effect than grace.



"Caramba!" hisses Harry Langdon, above, when his Spanish teacher, Mildred Yorba, uses the ruler to inspire him to learn the *hablo, hablas, habla* patter.

Mary Brian, right, as the little mother of the flock of children in "The Marriage Playground," was sad when she had to make a family example of Philippe de Lacy.



Continued from page 92

of taking any at the theater. Can't take a chance on a bad flash light until you're well known."

Monica felt as though a steam roller were descending on her and she were powerless to get out of its way.

She felt better when she saw the clouds of lace and tulle that had been laid out for her inspection. As she slipped into a slinky, traily dress of ivory satin, she caught sight of some one in the mirror.

"Tubby!" she shouted. "Tubby Sparks!" But the girl had disappeared down the hall. "Go get her, Bunny," she cried. "That's the fitter I used to have lunch with when I was on the switchboard. She hasn't been near me for weeks."

"I didn't know you'd want to see me," Tubby explained, when Bunny dragged her in. "A lot of girls with a chance like yours grow awfully nearsighted."

"She's no high-hat girl!" protested Bunny.

"Well," Monica exploded, "if I've grown so important around here, I'll see to it that you're fired if you don't come on the set and call for me to lunch with you at least twice a week. Now tell me what I ought to wear, Tubby. You know better than I do."

All the women in the wardrobe department were her adoring slaves by the time Monica left. But it was nearly three o'clock, and she could think of nothing but Danny and her anxiety to get home before he arrived there.

"I'll go home and meet him and then we'll stop by here for you," Bunny suggested. "You'll never get through before five."

Monica dragged herself away to meet Crandall and Carlisle. Carlisle fairly smirked when he saw her. Monica wondered if he had forgotten the way he "shook" her when he heard that she wanted to get into pictures.

Crandall wanted to talk.

"And I said to Travis, 'Remember, I'm responsible for finding Miss Mayo. Go ahead and cast her in Barlow's picture, if you think his heavy-handed, old-fashioned direction won't ruin her. But she's got to finish in time to start with me.'"

"In what?" Monica demanded excitedly.

"In a marvelous picture, my dear, the best thing I've done. An epic, that's what it will be, an epic! And I have a part for you that—well, just let me tell you the story."

She was wild to hear what he had to say, but she longed to strangle him, as he talked on and on, while the precious moments ticked away. That story would be changed a dozen

times before it was actually shot, she knew, and while he wanted her for one of the big rôles now, by to-morrow he might change his mind. Carlisle, who hoped to get a part in it himself, yessed Crandall whenever he stopped for breath, while the photographer grinned sympathetically at Monica.

An office boy from the publicity department was waiting for her when she was free.

"They want you right away—something important," he announced, portentously. "Said you was to come right along with me."

On leaden feet Monica plodded along beside him to the publicity office. There she alternately pleaded and raged that she was already late for an important engagement, but the young man in charge was adamant. He kept her in the office while he sent a boy out to the gate to tell Bunny that Monica would be busy all evening and might not return home that night. Monica scrawled a note to Danny, but in the rush she could think of nothing to say that would half express her feelings.

"Now, this is the situation," the young man began, but she heard what he said only dimly. Something about a newspaper woman who was writing up the home life of prominent players, and how the publicity department had been working all day on her to get her to include Monica in the series.

"What sort of place do you live in?" he snapped, when he had finished. Monica tried to tell him, but he cut her short after a word or two.

"Won't do; won't do at all. However, I provided for just such an emergency. I've taken a suite at the Roosevelt. Sent a girl from the prop department up there a few minutes ago to throw some things around, and make it look as though you'd lived there for a long time. We got some fashion sketches from the wardrobe department and put your signature on them, and you'll find crayons and paints and some books on art lying around.

"You'll find a negligée and mules laid out on the bed. You're to wear them while you're being interviewed. This woman will arrive about six thirty. Order dinner sent up to your room and tell her you always relax after a hard day in the studio. Now, are you all set?"

Tears of rage ran down Monica's face as she departed. Yet, if it hadn't been for not seeing Danny, she would have enjoyed the whole proceeding, for when the interviewer arrived she proved to be Mrs. Bowers, the newspaper woman who had been so kind

to Monica on her first night in Hollywood, at Gay's party.

"So the publicity department got this stage all set for you, did they?" Mrs. Bowers went into gales of laughter as she glanced about. "Well, I shan't expose them. But tell me something about yourself, my dear. We'll decide what I'll write afterward."

Monica broke down and told her the truth—about the telephone switchboard, about the way Bunny mothered her, about Danny.

"It's all right to tell me," Mrs. Bowers assured her. "I won't print any of it, until you're so prominent that it will help rather than hinder you. But don't tell any one else—the publicity department will get down on you if you do. They don't like people who make them appear superfluous."

The instant they had finished dinner Monica scrambled into her own clothes and Mrs. Bowers drove her home.

She ran madly up the steps, calling "Danny! I'm here!" But there was no one waiting for her but Bunny.

"I tried to keep Danny here," she explained. "But he was like a wild man. Jealous, I guess. Said if you'd rather hang around with Booth Carlisle than go out with him, he'd clear out. Of course, it's hard on him, having you get ahead faster than he has. He lost that part up at Superba, and he's blue as your hat. Says he's going back to doubling in Westerns. Expects to leave for Utah to-morrow morning."

Without a word Monica rushed to the telephone and tried to reach him. But his landlady said that he had packed a suit case and left an hour before. It was weeks before Monica saw him again.

She attended the opening of "Backstage Blues," and the whole evening was a blur of lights, of hasty introductions, of people rushing up to say that they'd heard she was the latest wonder of Hollywood, while Crandall stood by and beamed. Monica felt as if she were something he had made up. People stared at her, pushed against her as she entered the theater, and again as she left it. Booth Carlisle was attentive, at first only when crowds were watching, but when he drove her home he was as devoted as she had once dreamed that he might be. And she longed only to get home and see if there was any message from Danny.

She went to work next day in Barlow's new picture, and Crandall visited her on the set immediately.

"Just like 'em to doll you up like this," he roared, pointing to her trail-

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Get Your Man

An important phrase in romance and gang warfare—but what's this?



Phillips Holmes, above, takes his blues to his mandolin, but Mary Brian denies him even that consolation.

Just be nonchalant when your leading lady gets funny, says Alexander Gray, outer left, of Bernice Claire's antics.



Jane Winton, above, sneaks quietly up with a two-by-four beam and but one thought—to show Tyler Brooke that it's dangerous to flirt with Patricia Caron.

One of the Sisters G., left, has designs on the peace and comfort of Hugh McHugh.

It's our old friend, George Bancroft, right, disguised as a gentleman, but Kay Francis sees through it.



atoning for a farrago of nonsense which recalls the excesses of foreign pictures a decade ago. This is attributable to the authorship of a South American, who presumably wrote for the Latin public. Just how the viewpoint of this public differs, is clearly revealed in a story which offers as its principal character—I won't say hero—a gigolo who flourishes on money wheedled from his women admirers and glories in it. Befriending a girl who is about to commit suicide, he offers marriage with the suggestion that he will insure her life and, after a year, she can then kill herself and leave him rich. He submits this plan with the glibness of a pseudo-philanthropist conferring a boon, and the girl accepts. Then love comes and upsets everything, even causing the gigolo to kill a man who whispers of the girl's scandalous "past." He is sent to prison, but miraculously escapes to prevent the suicide on which the girl is now determined in order to leave him the necessary funds for his legal defense. It is, as you see, quite too rich a dish for enjoyment. So we must accept it for the enjoyment it affords Joseph Schildkraut, whose familiar affectations are intensified in the "fattest" part he has ever had for their display. He exhibits them with a zest that embarrasses when it doesn't pain. On the other hand, Myrna Loy makes the girl appealing, if not real, and her voice is gently beguiling. If you like curious pictures this is one to see.

A Dancing Daughter Out West.

"Montana Moon" is horse opera in more than name. A story such as every Western star has played at one time or another is supplied with a cowboy chorus, jazz parties, modernistic settings and a spontaneous, likable performance by Joan Crawford. You must decide if the latter advantage is sufficient to offset the trite, artificial whole. It's all about a high-minded plainsman who marries, or rather is married by, a dancing daughter and their troubles in settling on a single standard of conduct. If you look at it closely it's preposterous, but it's the sort of entertainment Miss Crawford's fans expect from her, and love. But the character and actions of the heroine are baffling to me. I do not understand the brazenness of a girl who alights from a train at midnight at a way station and strolls up a railroad track in the darkness. Nor do I understand her decision to spend the night in a clearing with a strange male. Still less do I comprehend the terror of such a fearless girl at sight of a toad. As for the general suggestive-

ness of this episode—well, I don't understand the censors. One feels that the whole thing is staged for the purpose of stimulating barber-shop conversation on Main Street when *The Police Gazette* is worn threadbare. Certainly it will not do anything toward establishing Miss Crawford as the artist she no doubt is desirous of becoming, though it assuredly will aid her popularity among the less exacting. John Mack Brown is the cowboy. A bright spot in the picture is Cliff Edwards as *Froggy*, a cowboy of quite another sort, and there are also Dorothy Sebastian, Ricardo Cortez, and Benny Rubin.

Mr. Haines Sacrifices Himself.

Combining his familiar wise-cracking with serious acting is what William Haines does in "The Girl Said No." It results in a little confusion as to how to take him, and a film that is much too long. But it has moments of real merit. On the whole it is a better picture than Billy has had in a long time. Incidentally, it demonstrates anew that he is a much more adroit player than he is given credit for being. There are times when one views his antics with shuddering apprehension lest the next one exceed decency as the preceding one has violated propriety, but this makes for suspense, doesn't it? It seems to me that we usually know only too well what our stars will do. If there is one who keeps us in doubt, he is doing more than the others.

There are no departures in the current plot, except for an episode played by Marie Dressler and Mr. Haines with such brilliant results, that it immediately becomes the thing in the picture that one remembers longest. Miss Dressler is a sedate millionairess who is persuaded by Mr. Haines to invest heavily in bonds while intoxicated, the stimulant being craftily administered by Mr. Haines to the unsuspecting lady. It is only fair to note that Mr. Haines, like a gentleman, subordinates himself to Miss Dressler, whose scene it really is.

Of course there's a girl most pleasantly played by Leila Hyams, and a villain impersonated by Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Polly Moran is also briefly, but gratefully in evidence, and there's a funny scene in which Harry Armita, as a waiter, is persuaded to meow at a patron who is supposed to think himself a cat. Mr. Armita makes a comic gem of this.

Fun in a Studio.

For the most part, Buster Keaton's "Free and Easy" is low comedy at its best and among the more superior of his many pictures. Its excessive

length causes one to realize how much better is the first part of the film than the last. Even so, the average of amusing moments is much higher than in most comedies and there is one sequence which stands out with exceptional emphasis. It concerns the efforts of Mr. Keaton to take direction from Fred Niblo on a movie set. Romantically costumed as a courier, he is supposed to dash in and say "Woe is me, the queen has swooned!" He never does succeed in uttering the line intelligently, and the director becomes so maddened by his dumbness that he orders him from the set and threatens to kill him on sight. You see, it's one of those stories that happen in a studio, with Anita Page as the winner of Gopher City's beauty contest and Mr. Keaton as *Elmer*, her manager, not to mention bulky Trixie Friganza as her domineering mother. Though the idea is not new, the treatment is; and in the course of the entertainment one sees such notables as Robert Montgomery, William Haines, Dorothy Sebastian, Karl Dane, Lionel Barrymore, John Miljan, and Gwen Lee.

Muddy Waters.

A wealth of technical skill has been lavished on "Hell Harbor," but the quality of interest has been left out. Here is a picture that is finely acted, is photographed superbly and is directed with brilliant authority, but the proceedings never rise higher than ordinary routine. This verdict can only be blamed on the story. It concerns a "child of nature," a girl such as no one I venture to say has ever met, though she is a stock figure in the movies. She lives on the shores of the Caribbean and her associates are the dregs of humanity, but she manages to be clean and cute and cavorting until about to be the bartered bride of an unkempt reprobate. Already a handsome American has appeared in the harbor to buy pearls and eventually he becomes the girl's savior in, as usual, the nick of time. Lupe Velez plays the girl with becoming abandon and box-office naïveté, John Holland being the object of her heavy love-making. Strongly realistic portrayals are contributed by Jean Hersholt and Gibson Gowland, while Al St. John and Paul E. Burns are funny sailors.

Now It Can Be Told.

"Captain of the Guard" is bombastic and dull, its pretentiousness throwing these demerits into sharper relief. With the French Revolution as its background, the story is written around the composition of "La Mar-

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Luck o' the Irish

It is twofold; first, in being born on "the ould sod," and, second, in achieving a place in the movies, as these players have done.

Walter Byron, left, though hailed as a British star, was born in Dublin, with the good looks and culture that make him an asset to the American screen to-day.

Tom Dugan, right, whose good-natured grin and Irish accent always contribute comedy to any film in which he appears, is also a Dubliner.



Maureen O'Sullivan, left, the charming colleen whose debut in "Song o' My Heart" caused a flutter, is the true spirit of that country.

Tommy Clifford, lower left, also of "Song o' My Heart," shows fans what a real boy is like in the old country.

Lumsden Hare, below, recently recruited from a distinguished career on the stage, is a typical Irish squire.



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Bartlett didn't realize his dream of becoming a star in his first effort. He has only a very small part in Miss White's film "Man Crazy," but the luck may be better next one.

Miss Eilers and Gibson have been reported engaged for some months. They have also frequently denied their intention to wed, an old-fashioned Hollywood custom.

An Amazing Anomaly.

The mystery of the season: Why was "Strictly Dishonorable," the stage play, purchased by Universal with John Boles in mind for the leading rôle? It must be on the basis that it takes a singer to play a singer. Or maybe this play is to be made into a revue.

Amos 'n' Andy.

Be a black-face comedian and get a million dollars! The Two Black Crows surely started things when they starred on the screen. Now Amos 'n' Andy, radio favorites, have been signed for \$1,000,000 by RKO. They have surpassed even Moran and Mack, if this figure is to be believed. Four hundred thousand dollars was reported as the stipend for the vaudeville pair.

The real names of Amos 'n' Andy are, respectively, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll. They will continue to broadcast while appearing in the films.

Decries Tearful Maters.

Louise Dresser is in revolt. She doesn't want to play crying mothers any more. Louise doesn't feel that she does justice either to feminine parents or to herself by weeping through every picture, and she feels that the more recent ones have demanded of too copious tears of her.

"I've known a lot of mothers, and I knew them to suffer all sorts of unhappiness, but I never observed them spending their time crying about their misfortunes," Louise told us. "I don't believe in playing any sort of character that is false, and I think that weeping mothers are false. I liked to play such characters as *Mother O'Day* in 'The City That Never Sleeps,' and *The Goose Woman*, and the mother in 'Mother Knows Best,' but some of the other

rôles that I have undertaken have only caused me heartbreak."

Louise won her fame by her singing when she was on the stage, but has yet to be heard using this most obvious talent in pictures.

Specter is Laid.

Thank goodness the hullabaloo over the Valentino ghost is ended. Everybody in Hollywood spoke to us in whispers for months about the existence of the shade, and now it turns out there was nothing to it.

Harry Carey, who summoned up courage to occupy the Valentino residence, is the one who demonstrated that the phantom was more or less imaginary, or rather that it was the invention of a caretaker who once held spiritualistic séances at the house.

The caretaker, it seems, had rigged up electrical contrivances to help simulate the manifestation of a departed spirit. These contrivances produced ghostly lights, and also aided the materialization of the specter of the departed star from a spiritualist's cabinet.

A window loose in its fittings, the presence of a number of bats flopping about in the basement of the house, and the noise of the wind blowing through metal weatherboards all aided in increasing the belief that the house was haunted. These odd sounds were continually heard at night.

Carey is now comfortable in the home, except for one thing. He contends that it draws too many sightseers and souvenir hunters. "For that reason I'm going back later on to a ranch home," he said.

The superstitious shake their heads, however, and say that Carey's decision is not due to the tourists. A ghost still lurks there, they insist.

Renée Recovering.

Renée Adorée is on the mend. She will probably return to work within the next month or so.

Renée has had to sojourn at a sanitarium for a bronchial ailment that threatened to be rather serious. She has been so responsive to treatment, though, that her recovery is now imminent.

New Talkie Twists.

Mary Pickford will star in "Secrets"; Joan Bennett, in "Smilin' Through"; and Norma Talmadge is doing "Du Barry."

Everything that was true in the silents is altered now. "Secrets" was a Norma Talmadge picture, as was "Smilin' Through," whereas "Du Barry," called now "Flame of the Flesh," was associated with Pola Negri. It's puzzling, to say the least, how stars find it possible to do stories that have so well suited other stars.

Miss Pickford will impersonate an elderly woman in the prologue and epilogue of her film. The story takes the form of a cut-back on the heroine's married life, just as it did in Norma Talmadge's production.

Mary has abandoned her intention of appearing in "Peg o' My Heart," on the ground that the plot is too old-fashioned.

Doug's After Rhythm.

Douglas Fairbanks is now after "rhythm" for his next picture. He is bringing over Professor S. N. Eisenstein—not Einstein—from Europe to get "rhythm." Eisenstein directed "Potemkin" and "Ten Days That Shook the World," in Russia.

Fairbanks has gone to England for the open golf tournament there. He is alone on this trip, and the separation from Mary is very unusual. They have seldom, if ever, been parted this long since their marriage. Mary was busy on her picture at the time, and couldn't accompany him.

Doug announced all his plans at a tea, and incidentally took occasion to state that he was, contrary to rumors, not retiring from the screen.

Tom Coming Home.

The lure of Hollywood remains irresistible. Tom Mix is succumbing to it again.

Tom still has a contract with a circus, but when that expires a few months from now he probably will appear in a new series of Westerns.

We miss Tom, and it will be good to have him back. Hollywood needs some of his flamboyancy to relieve the present monotony of extreme professional seriousness from which the colony is unquestionably suffering.

WONDERLAND

I wonder at the sparkle
Of Norma Shearer's smile,
And I am in a perfect daze
With lovely Swanson's style.

White Lillian Gish is so demure
With downcast eyes and sashes,
But what I'd truly like to know
How long are Corinne's lashes?

John Gilbert takes my breath away
Whenever he makes love.
I understand why men leave home
To look at Billie Dove.

Those lovely smiles and dimples
Intrigue me—I'll admit.
But the thing that leaves me speechless
Is Greta Garbo's "It!"

JEAN DOUGLAS.

A Royal Flush

With Kays the suit, and it's up to you to figure out the ranking card according to your taste.



Kay Johnson, above, is another good bet when a smartly groomed heroine is required to portray the emotions of a civilized adult by means of a voice that expresses every shade of feeling.

Kay Francis, right, has earned the title of queen of hearts in several pictures by almost upsetting the romantic apple carts of the leading ladies.



Straight from the "Follies" came Kay English, left, to adorn Hollywood, where she already has lent her beauty to "Hit the Deck," "Rio Rita," "The Cuckoos," and "Dixiana."



Kay Hammond, left, came from the stage to make her screen debut in "Her Private Affair," and she was the crippled wife in "The Trespasser."

Blond and cute, Kay McCoy, right, has a girly-girly grin that will appeal to fans who may not like the sophistication of *la Francis*.



What Buddy Rogers' Name Tells

in! If you had not so much good judgment, I would say, "Don't be too stubborn," but that is not the advice for you.

Every time you step down, it will be into a hole, and every time you say yes to something not of your choosing, you will be saying no to all that you can and want to be. You have a lively temper, but such a sweet nature that people are surprised when the temper now and then breaks out. Never mind! The vibrations of the letters of your name, one by one, are so soft that you need all the steel you can put into them. A temper is not in itself a sign of strength, but you need one for the sake of the impression it makes. There is no danger of its doing any real harm.

Financially you will be very successful, but oh, what a deep hole you will have to dig yourself out of, with your bare hands, when you are about fifty!

You will always do well if you put your money into real estate, but never put a nickel into anybody's business but your own, and even then keep a sharp eye on every one concerned. Never, under any circumstances, allow your name to be used as security, even by your best friend. If you do, something crooked will appear in the deal, perhaps without the knowledge of the person who asked for your name, and you will be the one to pay in money and perhaps also in honor and self-respect.

When you were three or four years old, you were the kind of little boy every woman, and every man, for that matter, adores—winsome, happy, warm-hearted. Your home was more comfortable, through increase of income from some source, when you became five or six, than before. Be-

tween nine and twelve you had a lot of trouble around you, and when you were fourteen or so you had an illness of the throat or chest, but it did not prove very serious. At the same age you became very positively interested in music, and if your school had a band you were right there in it as soon as possible.

At fifteen you already had a school-girl sweetheart, but you never imagined yourself serious about a girl until you were eighteen. Then, oh, my! Serious is no word for it! She was very, very lively, of medium height, and when she got excited her eyes had little dancing green lights in them. But you parted as friends, and now you know that both your feeling and hers were nothing but the fires of youth being lit in young hearts before the coming of love itself.

You were earning your own living by the time you were twenty-one, and your life has been immensely active ever since. Just within the past year and a half, however, something has begun to quiet down within you, in the depth of your spirit, not in your outer life. You still prance around as gayly as ever, but you have begun to think of life in capital letters, as a man, not as a child, and life with you will always be tied up, for good or ill, with love.

You are still feeling your way, and you discern a little the voice that whispers within you and that will guide your steps through any shadow if you will listen to it—the voice of intuition.

You need this intuition more than you ever did before, to make sure what girl you really love. Right now you are undecided between at least two. It is vital for you to choose the right one now, and you will. You

will be married within two years, and will have, at least for a time, something like the love you dream of. Pure, divine, ideal love does not long exist by itself in this world, dear Buddy, unmixed with cruder elements, for we are all made of earth and water, as well as of fire and air.

The vibrations you carry from the cradle to the grave will always draw women to you, to cause you trouble, emotional and financial, as well as happiness, nor will the Eight of your birth path make this any easier to bear. You will certainly be married twice, the second time at about forty-five. Be otherwise as immune to women as true love and great determination and understanding of yourself can make you.

At forty you will be at the height of your business success, no matter what line of work you may be in, but from forty-five to fifty-five you will have to put in the hardest years of your life. Even so, you will rise again to the heights where you belong. The totals of your numbers will overcome any temporary negation, and you will use the stones over which you have stumbled to build steps to higher things.

All of life is before you, dear Buddy, and what it offers will make of you a wonderful man. When you get downhearted, ask yourself, "What do I realize now that is worth knowing?" You may have known it a long time and never understood it before. When you do realize it, you will never stumble over that obstacle again.

Be true to yourself, keep your exuberant vitality, your keen intelligence, your sense of power, and all will be well. Above everything else, keep your vision of love and beauty pure.

The Mystery of Your Name

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do so, and that is the birth path. The other will only seem to do so, and that is outer circumstance.

I have not mentioned the date of birth and the number of the birth path that is calculated from it in this reading of John Smith's name, because there are nine different main paths, one of which he is sure to have, and each one will change the detail, but not the tendency, of the vibrations of the separate letters. You can see for yourself how the paths of power, of satisfaction, of love, of destruction, of sensitiveness, and so forth, will strengthen the letters that they resemble, and weaken the letters that they oppose, since this birth path counts for fifty per cent in the reading of a name. Severe illness can be

overcome by strength, but will put an end to life entirely, if the bearer has the birth path of destruction. If you do know a John Smith, see if you cannot discover what main tendency has affected his life, bending it, for good or evil, in one direction.

You will think that the kind of home a child has, the wealth or poverty he is born to, his native intelligence, the type of existence that is his, will make an enormous difference in reading his name. This is absolutely untrue. If you read over the preceding paragraphs, you will find nothing that does not apply to any man in any walk of life. Everything is comparative.

The laborer who at sixty succeeds in paying for a little bungalow, and

who has a small income from a vegetable garden and a definite sum from his children, feels that he has done well. No greater satisfaction is felt by the college professor who has a paid-up annuity for the rest of his life, the price of an annual trip to Europe, and a charming home near the campus. Even the bank president, owning stock in the city's biggest corporation, with a country home and a city home, and membership in half a dozen clubs, can do no more than feel that he has earned the prize he fought for. Each man is satisfied, happy, according to his degree.

Least of all can the life of the spirit be measured by the external world that it lives in. The man who

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The Lost Chord

The stars are searching for the opening bars of that old song which begins, "Seated one day at the organ."



Chester Conklin, above, an unsuspected musician, is easily baffled by the chord that insists on eluding him.



Bernice Claire, above, the musical-comedy actress, doesn't take the opening bars of Arthur Sullivan's famous song too seriously, because she smilingly says they're right at her finger tips.



Victor Schertzinger, left, the composer-director, takes his music seriously, the organ in his home being only one of the instruments with which he woos the muse.

Kay Johnson, lower left, is proud of the old-fashioned organ in her Beverly Hills home, because it qualifies as an American antique.

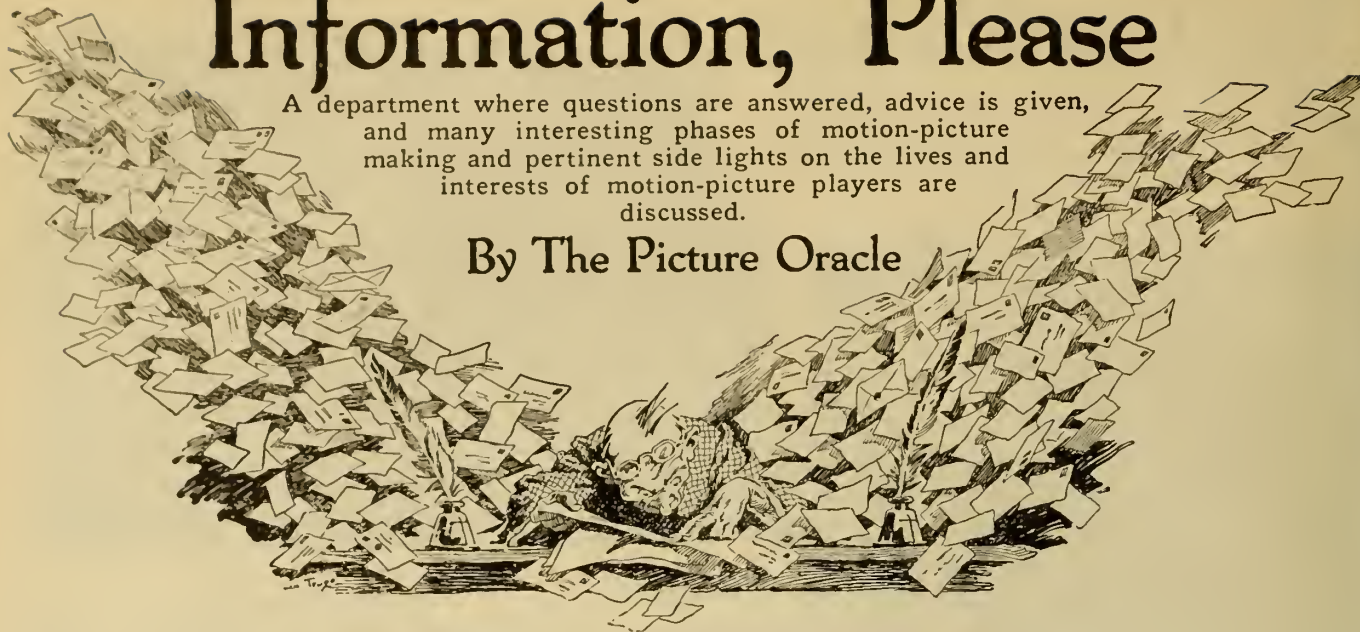
Harold Lloyd, below, hasn't yet had time to discover whether that chord is lost or not, as his home is so new he hasn't had time to try out its many novelties and surprises.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



CANDIDA CANDY TWINS.—As to whether Joan Crawford is really as sweet off screen as on, ask Doug, Jr. He says yes. Her hair was red, but she let that dye out, and now it's brown again. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1906. I could go on and on for pages listing her films. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He has dark hair and eyes and skin to match—I mean they go together. He doesn't go out with any actresses, but Lillian Gish is his ideal. I don't answer questions about religion usually, but Ramon is a Catholic. And Buddy Rogers' playing in "Abie's Irish Rose" doesn't make him Jewish. Bert Wheeler played *Chick Bean*, and Robert Woolsey played *Lovett*, the comedians in "Rio Rita." Certainly Richard Barthelmess lives with his wife—are you trying to break up families? Mary Hay, Jr., spends part of the time with her father and part with her mother. Dorothy Sebastian is playing in "Our Blushing Brides"; she's still single. It's hard to keep exact addresses at the end of this department, because these free-lance players flit about from studio to studio. By the time the magazine comes out the bird has flown.

DIANA WHOOPS.—What, haven't you got rid of that cough yet? Madge Bellamy was born in Hillsboro, Texas, June 30, 1903. Eleanor Boardman opened her eyes on Philadelphia, August 19, 1899. Marceline Day preceded Alice into Colorado Springs, April 24, 1906. Alice doesn't say when. Irene Bordoni followed Napoleon into Corsica—but at quite a distance.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Call me Mr. No-name if you like; the most famous man in the world is that chap Anonymous who writes poetry. Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. He's a blue-eyed blond, six feet tall, and weighs 160. He's been married for years to Ruth Helms and they have a daughter, Ruth, who is about 9. **PICTURE PLAY** published an interview with Conrad in the issue for November, 1928. His new film is "The Divorcée." Davey Lee was born in Hollywood, January 5, 1925—brother of Frankie Lee who used to play child rôles. Davey was discovered by Al Jolson, and played his first rôle in "The Singing Fool." He doesn't give a home address; write him at the Warner studio. Davey has dark hair and dark-blue eyes; as he is

growing, I can't keep a record of his height or weight. He is not making a film at present, but has been playing in vaudeville. As to whether Al Jolson wanted to adopt him, I suspect that was the publicity department's idea. Davey's fan club has headquarters with Miss Florence Freeman, 5061 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago. Al Jolson's new film is "Mammy." Al is 44 years old, brunet, five feet eight inches tall. Ruby Keeler is his third wife. Marian Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, October 20, 1904. She was married last August to Edward Hillman, Jr., and was once Mrs. Joe Benjamin.

RUTH WHITE.—I don't like to keep any one "anxiously waiting." Ann Pennington was born in Philadelphia, December 23, 1896. I think that is her real name.

CATHERINE HANRAHAN.—The editor, not I, makes up the photo pages, and he has quite a hard time pleasing everybody. I'll tell him you want Lon Chaney, H. B. Warner, and so on. Sally O'Neil's big brother in "The Callahans and Murphys" was played by Eddie Gribbon. Janet Gaynor was the heroine in "The Midnight Kiss." In "The Leopard Lady," the old man you refer to was James Bradbury, Sr. Sir Timothy, in "Smiling Irish Eyes," was played by Robert Emmett O'Connor. In "The Singing Fool," Arthur Housman played *Blackie Joe*. Cyril Chadwick played *Mr. Darling*, in "Peter Pan." "The Tale of Two Cities" was filmed years ago, with William Farnum as the hero. Write Winifred Westover, in care of United Artists studio. Lenore Ulric's Fox contract was bought out, but perhaps they would forward her mail. Thanks so much for the suggestion about publishing a list of ages, birthplaces and so on, but there are several thousand featured players on the screen, so I'm afraid we haven't room for that.

TINA GORDON.—That worried look you speak about comes from these talking pictures. In my dreams I fret over who sings what in which film, because of course I can't see them all. If you can tell me the character name of the man in "The Desert Song," who sings "If One Flower Grows Alone In Your Garden," I can give you his name. Carlotta King is from the stage; she is married to a poet, Sidney King Russell, and there are no children. She is still under contract to Metro-Goldwyn. I think, though they aren't using

her. John Boles is a big star now, because of his voice. His new film is "Captain of the Guard." He is married and has a three-year-old daughter, Jane Harriet.

TRIXIE.—With all those questions on your mind you've been carrying around a load. I'll be gallant and carry it for you. Richard Arlen—Richard Van Mattimore—was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899. He is five feet ten. "Wings" was his most important picture, in which Buddy Rogers and Clara Bow played the leads. I haven't space to list all his films. His next one is "Light of Western Stars," for poor Dick is now doomed to Westerns. Nancy Carroll—Ann Lahiff—was born on Tenth Avenue, New York, November 19, 1906. Whether interviewers do or don't like Alice White, she is of interest to the public, isn't she? Marie Prevost was born November 8th, Gertrude Astor on the 9th, Gwen Lee on the 12th. "What the Fans Think" publishes letters considered of most general interest to all the readers.

PEPPY PEGGY.—Answer questions? As if I had time for anything else! Josephine Dunn was once married to William P. Cameron, but it was annulled; she is not married nor engaged now. Buddy Rogers has lots of girls, so doesn't go about with Claire Windsor exclusively. Sue Carol is 21, Nick Stuart 24, Bebe Daniels 29. Jean Arthur was born on October 17th, but doesn't say which one.

L. A. HYDES.—This seems to be Richard Arlen month. See **TRIXIE**. Dick Arlen has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 160. He went to school in St. Paul, where he grew up, and attended St. Thomas College and the University of Pennsylvania. He joined the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and was a newspaper man before appearing on the screen. And my hat is off to him as one of the real regular guys of the movies.

TILLIE THE TOILER.—Who said toil, around here, with the stack of letters I have to answer! Norma Talmadge says she was born on May 26th—fill in the year yourself. The bachelor, Gilbert Roland, was born December 11, 1905. Maurice Chevalier is about 33, and is no relation to Albert Chevalier. Irene Bordoni's song, in "Show of Shows," was "Just An Hour of Love." I can't always

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seillaise" by *Rouget de Lisle*, who is represented as a young guardsman in the service of *Louis XVI*. He falls in love with an innkeeper's daughter, but before they can be married he is summoned to Paris to join his regiment at the instigation of a nobleman who is also in love with sprightly *Marie Marnay*. Her father murdered by henchmen of the king, mad-cap *Marie* becomes a vengeful leader of the revolutionists known by the incendiary nickname of "*The Torch*." *Rouget de Lisle* makes this discovery when he is sent to capture this enemy of the king, whose influence over the maddened peasants already is disturbing the royal family. When *The Torch* is imprisoned in the Bastille, *De Lisle* composes the march which later became the national anthem. The Bastille is stormed by singing republicans and the lovers are united, this amiable distortion of fact asking us to believe that *Laura La Plante*, who plays *Marie*, incited the revolution that *John Boles* might compose the "Marseillaise" and, for good measure, that the fall of the Bastille be brought about in the interests of love's young dream. This nonsense is not to be taken seriously. The pity of it is that even the French Revolution can be made silly in the wrong hands. However, it is conceded that the capture of the Bastille is effectively managed, but it takes rather

more than that to lift a childish operetta into adult entertainment.

Miss *La Plante* is, as you may guess, miscast as an inciter of mob violence. She is, as you certainly know, a sparkling comedienne when acting in her true milieu. Mr. *Boles*, a pleasing singer, is still an inadequate actor whom practice doesn't seem to cure of stiffness. His scene when in the throes of composition leads one to rise and ask, "Is there a doctor in the audience?"

Husband and Wife.

Any picture in which *Claudette Colbert* appears is interesting, because she is beautiful and capable. That is why "*Young Man of Manhattan*" assumes an importance it would not have if less-distinguished talent were present. Miss *Colbert's* own contribution to the picture is augmented by that of *Norman Foster*, her husband in reality as well as in the film, and *Charles Ruggles*. There is also *Ginger Rogers*, a debutante from musical comedy, who establishes herself as a skillful and engaging comedienne of the baby-talk school. They tell the story of a sports writer, his marriage to a movie critic, his flirtation with a lady of leisure and the part played by his bibulous, sympathetic pal in promoting harmony. It is an ordinary story devoid of high lights, but it becomes moving at times because of

the delicate, lifelike acting of the four principals. It is well worth seeing, if only to become acquainted with Miss *Colbert* who will play a large part in the movies for some years to come, because of her contract with *Paramount*.

Do You Like Musical Comedy?

"Hold Everything" is another musical comedy in Technicolor, with *Winnie Lightner*, *Joe E. Brown*, *Georges Carpentier*, *Sally O'Neil*, *Dorothy Revier*, and *Bert Roach*. It is conspicuous for vigor rather than charm, for obviousness more than subtlety, and for routine instead of originality, but it will please many.

A prize-fight story, it centers around a French champion, *Georges La Ferme*, and the efforts of his enemies to incapacitate him for the big bout. He has a sweetheart, of course, and her rival is a society girl. Secondary romance is found in the comic wrangling of *Gink*, the champion's sparring partner, and his girl. *Gink* is played by Mr. *Brown* and *Toots* by Miss *Lightner*, so you can guess their monopoly of the footage. Each is amusing at times, but they grow monotonous in their strained efforts to be funny, while the vocal efforts of Mr. *Carpentier* are such as to make the song hit, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," sound like nothing at all.

TO VICTOR McLAGLEN

| | |
|---|--|
| You make me think of a strong, clean wind that blows o'er the hills at the break o' day. | The sorriest heart that this world could hold, remembering your smile, would forget to sigh; |
| You make me think of a laughing god when the world was young, and the gods were gay. | The happiest heart remembering, too, would be the richer thereby! |
| I know you belong to another age—you with your laughter and soul of a knight; | The gift you give is rarer than gold, for it makes life seem worth while, |
| But I'm glad that you live to-day, and give us your smile for our hearts' delight! | And so I sing this little song to thank you for your smile! |

IRENE.

A CHALLENGE TO CHANEY

| | |
|---|---|
| Grotesque Chaney, the hunchback man, Nefarious Chaney, the shrewd unknown, Kind, old Chaney the thunderer: A grand, great trouper, standing alone. | Laughing, clowning circus man, Driftwood prince in Zanzibar, Legless freak in a factory town; A man with a face for every star. |
| Many a tear I've given to you, Though I am old and six feet tall; I cannot hold my grief in bound When all your dreams and hopings fall. | But, ah, clever Chaney, with all your art, There's one rôle I challenge you to seek, How could you ever hope to delineate A dashing, handsome college sheik? |

BRONSON FAIRWAY.

LESSONS IN LOVE

| | |
|--|---|
| I had a little boy friend And, gosh, but he was dumb! He didn't know one thing about This stuff called love—the bum! | He holds me in his arms and looks Into my eyes with passion, And whispers sweet things in my ear In proper movie fashion. |
| I took him out to movie shows To sorta wise him up; Since then he's soaked up Gilbert's stuff, Now he's nobody's pup! | That man was shy and awkward, And he wouldn't hold my hand, But since he goes to movie shows— Oh, girls, ain't nature grand? |

BARBARA.

Continued from page 19

Are they deserving? That is not the question. The glow of one or the other will some day probably make way for a newcomer.

Bessie has fought the most uphill battle through the years. She is the most deserving of earned rewards. Betty has always been shrewd and businesslike. This has been to her advantage, even in the days when she was doing big rôles in small pictures. She made them pay. Lila let home life supersede everything at one time. She lived on a ranch far from the colony. It was not an advantageous position; one can best jump aboard Hollywood's whirligig when one is right in Hollywood.

One reads that a star's contract has been allowed to lapse. "What does that mean?" the world asks. It may mean anything. Madge Bellamy,

Jetta Goudal, Eleanor Boardman, Raymond Griffith, Betty Bronson, and various others that might be named at random, know what it means. Whether it was their own wish or not that brought the cancellation about, it is a dreary thing to be cast into the uncertain world of the free lancers, particularly after you have been with a studio. Sometimes, though, it may work out to great advantage. A few have proved that it does, like Miss Lee, Miss Compson, and Edmund Lowe, who was away only a short time from Fox before he was signed again at a higher salary. And now Mary Astor, who was out eight months, but is busy again. But they are exceptions.

The most fortunate of free-lance stars generally get about six engagements a year. Perhaps the average

duration is a month, or six weeks. There is bound to be some idleness, with no returns.

The majority of players who are not under contract work on a different routine when they are lucky. I refer to character actors and the like.

They are hired for a picture, say at \$500 a week, and are retained only long enough to carry out the scenes in which they figure. Two weeks of work on each film is probably the average. Five or six pictures a year—\$5,000 annual income. Stretch that over fifty-two weeks and a hundred dollars a week is the average return. A pretty fair living, as the world goes.

That's really what keeps the movie mill milling in Hollywood—that and the witch light of the great stellar position that may come some day.

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I was also in a picture with Mae Marsh and Rod La Rocque. Miss Marsh played the part of a shopgirl, and I was a customer who walked up and asked her the price of a rolling pin, and then passed on. I was in one of Tom Moore's, and one with Madge Kennedy.

Louise Huff, Frank Mayo, June Elvidge, Johnny Hines, John Bowers, Madge Evans, Theda Bara, Ethel Clayton, Louise Glaum, George Walsh, and many others could be seen on the streets of Fort Lee any day. Johnny Hines drove a big, yellow roadster, and George Walsh used to lift newsboys on his shoulders.

The following year I worked in "The Beast of Berlin," directed by Bill Nigh; a picture with Marion Davies, "The Restless Sex," in which I was a female impersonator. I had a small bit to play, and my father and mother came from New Haven to see it at the Criterion Theater, but all they saw of their cherished son was one brief flash. It meant as much to me then as my name in lights at the same theater in "Beau Geste" years later.

It was about this time that I was called for a picture at the Pathé studio, called "The Great Romance," with Harold Lockwood and Rubye de Remer. I was a page at the top of a long flight of stairs and had to bow to Mr. Lockwood as he came by, and although by this time I had lost some of my awe for stars, he still was my hero. I summoned sufficient courage to ask him for a photograph, which he very kindly gave me, autographed, and it is one of my treasured possessions to-day. He was a charming fellow, very simple and

I Stop To Look Back

democratic and the handsomest man I ever laid eyes on. I spent quite a good deal of time in conversation with him during the three days I worked in the picture. It was shortly after this that I learned of his death while he was on a Liberty Loan campaign, and I was as genuinely grieved as if he had been a relative.

About this time I did a picture with Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, and it was my first experience in working continuously for more than a week, the reason being that I was right behind the principals and close to the camera at a garden party. The house was painted in black and white squares. After working for four days a terrific rain came up and washed all the black and white off, as they were only water colors. So I was carried on the pay roll, although not actually working, until the house was repainted, as I was necessary to this particular sequence.

A little before this I was called by the World studio to go to Rye Beach, where I was to don a bathing suit and sit on the sand. My companion on the sand was a little girl who, I thought at the time, was the most beautiful human being I had ever laid eyes on. And I felt, although she was only an extra, that of all who were trying to get a hold, surely she would be preëminent, as she had a perfect photographic face, lovely figure, and lovely manner. Her name was May McAvoy. About six months later she was signed for "Sentimental Tommy," and from that went steadily upward.

I was never able to crash the gate of the Famous Players on 57th Street. I was sent many times by

various agents for various bits, but always lacked the required experience. I could not even get extra work there, although I sat for hours at a time holding photographs of myself.

About this time I paid my first visit to the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, getting a tiny bit in a picture with Anita Stewart.

The casting office was presided over by a man named George Loomis, and I received more work and greater consideration from him than from any of the other studios, working in some of O. Henry's stories, with Agnes Ayres, Huntly Gordon, and Gladys Leslie. I was also in "The Lion and the Mouse," with Alice Joyce and Conrad Nagel, and some pictures with Harry Morey. I did several more with Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne, with Earl Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

About this time I wrote a letter to Lois Weber, sending my pictures to California, and received a courteous reply, stating that she had nothing for me, although she said she thought I was a good type, but had better stay in the East where there was as much work as in Hollywood.

About this time I met a young man who asked if I had ever done any posing. He gave me the address of Joseph Leyendecker, telling me to see him and use his name. I never dreamed artists painted from models. However, I went to see Mr. Leyendecker, and shortly after did a collar ad, followed by a *Saturday Evening Post* cover for the Thanksgiving number of 1918, of which to-day I am the proud possessor of the original.

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Random Notes On Billy

Continued from page 43

The three bedrooms with their four-poster beds, highboys, and Sheraton chairs. A couple of Bohemian glass perfume bottles and a huge decanter descended from his great-great-grandmother. Other pieces which he naïvely explained came from Virginia, but not with any thought of making me think they had also descended from his forbears.

"Sentimental?" I asked.

"No. I haven't a souvenir or a picture from any production I've ever played in—not even a set of stills. I've never asked a friend for a picture, and I don't believe I have one of myself in the house that I could give if I were asked for one. I live in the present—not the past." But still, those pieces from his home in Virginia. He could have bought similar pieces in California without having them shipped here.

The telephone interrupted. Polly Moran. And Bill's whole manner changed. "You've gotta come up for dinner to-night. You haven't been here in a coon's age. Roger'll be here and no one else. We'll have a swell time. See you later. 'By.'"

He turned back into the room. "Great girl, Polly. She and Marie Dressler worked in my last picture. I'm scared to death of the pair of them. Polly'll give a little, because we're friends, but with Marie acting is a business—friends or no friends—and she's out to make a hit. Let her. Nuts to these stars who are afraid to have another good actor in the cast for fear of having the picture stolen. If any one can steal my picture, more power to 'em. I still get credit for it as long as I'm starred. If Marie can make a hilariously funny scene in my picture and get herself some good notices—let her. People will still say 'Bill Haines' picture is a knock-out'—even though it is Marie who made it one."

Downstairs. Some gorgeous Venetian pieces in the drawing-room. Dining-room furniture that beggars description, and Bill blushing like a schoolboy as he showed me his silver dining service and proudly exhibited the scratches on the plates which came from usage, so I could see that they were not there just for show.

And then two more impressions of him. One at a party in some one else's home—boisterously gay, sometimes verging on the rowdy in his humor. Hollywood's best wise-cracker.

And, lastly, Bill Haines in his own home. The real Haines? Bill Haines, gentleman.



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Helen Wright

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The Ghost at the Banquet

Continued from page 49

ing the buck, and seeking to get his rivals thrown out, there is apt to come the dawn, when his boss, or fellow employees, detect his methods. Then it's "this way out" for him.

One studio politician lasted for years, only because his fellow workers were too absorbed in playing their own games to notice his. When discovered, he was, of course, blacklisted.

Until then, he reaped a harvest in connection with his job as scenario editor. He split commissions with agents who sold him stories. Really, this meant that he received bribes for getting his company to produce the stories he offered, rather than those offered them from sources which would not net him a handsome revenue.

An odd case of blacklisting was that accorded two Hollywood scenario writers. They took a trip to an out-of-the-way mountain resort, some hundred miles from the talkie town. There, in the privacy of a small hotel dining booth, they felt free, for the first time in months, to exchange all their stored-up grievances against their studio boss. When they reported back to work, he called them into his sanctum and fired them.

The boss' wife had been sitting in the booth next theirs at the inn, listening to their conversation.

One lovely leading lady was put on Hollywood's black list for falling in love with her leading man. As a rule, this is quite the thing to do, but in her case it wasn't. The magnate who was sponsoring her career was also her husband.

He gave her the choice of giving up her handsome lover, or getting out of pictures. She chose to exit.

Panning Hollywood and Hollywood people is getting to be commonplace. But time was when the town, and town luminaries, like the kings of old, could do no wrong. In those dark ages, a few local editors, crusaders in the free-speech campaign in Hollywood, were barred from every studio, because they razed pictures and picture people.

A fan writer who wrote satires on some leading stars was threatened with deportation to his native England.

Writer after writer was placed on the list of condemned, but when Hollywood discovered that shortly there would be none left to give it free publicity, it began erasing names, and adopted the slogan, "Publicity, may it always be favorable, but favorable or not, publicity."

Being the wrong type may be as good a reason as any for being blacklisted in Hollywood circles. Some casting directors deliberately play favorites. The players who don't fawn, or get along with them personally, receive little or no work.

Most casting directors, however, try to be as fair as possible. But, like the rest of humanity, even these have their likes and dislikes which cause them, sometimes quite unconsciously, to boycott certain actors and favor others. They can justify their turning down of almost any one, to themselves as well as to others, by saying, "He's not the right type."

This is Hollywood's pet phrase. And it's employed frequently by others than the casting director. There are famous directors who won't allow any one on their set who isn't the type they prefer. One director blacklisted an excellent violinist, because he had a Vandyke beard. It seemed that a despised teacher of his boyhood days had worn one.

Hollywood, far from being the town of the free, is a town of many taboos. No matter how carefully you step, you're apt to tread on some one's toes, and be entered on the unwritten scroll of the doomed.

This accounts for the air of fear and secrecy which seems to lurk in every alley.

Is there any way to avoid being blacklisted? The only method Hollywood knows is to yes everybody. Hence the town is overrun with yes men.

But believe it or not, even these diplomatic gentlemen, who make it their policy never to disagree with the producer or director who hands them their pay checks, have been known to get on the black list.

They were put there by those rare souls, directors who preferred truth for an occasional diet, rather than purchased blarney.

THOSE SCREEN TROUSERS

Old Mother Hubbards

Once adorned our aunts.

Now the name describes

Those Hollywood pants.

MARSH ALLEN.

I Stop To Look Back

Continued from page 104

Mr. Leyendecker suggested that I see Harrison Fisher, and in this way I built up a good deal of work for myself among the artists, and am very proud and happy of my associations, in some instances brief and in others of quite a long duration, with such artists as James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christy, Clarence Underwood, Jack Shelton, Arthur William Brown, Harry Morse Myers, Mr. and Mrs. James William Preston, Orson Lowell, Norman Rockwell, Coles Phillips, Charles Dana Gibson, Will Greife, and Irma Dermeaux.

Among the models who were considered the finest photographic subjects were May McAvoy, Billie Dove, Kathryn Carver, Kathryn McGuire, Mimi Palmieri, Edna Murphy, and Frances McCann.

The artists paid six dollars a day, while photographers paid anywhere from three dollars and a half to five dollars, but it was possible to work with two or three photographers in one day. My work with the artists, coupled with photographic posing, brought me a substantial income, and

I seemed to drift away from pictures for two years, until suddenly I discovered that I was devoting all my time to artists and photographers, a course that would lead me nowhere in my search for fame and glory.

Before leaving Fort Lee, the old lady with whom I first lived, moved away, which necessitated my finding another room. I did so with an Italian family, and things went from bad to worse. Sad to relate, one night I skipped with all my belongings, as I was six weeks in arrears in my rent. I decamped to New York with a pal, and the lady wrote to my father. He promptly arrived in town, took me by the hand over to Fort Lee, paid my debt, and made me apologize.

During these two years I paid visits to my father and mother about once a month, and always to their questions as to whether anything had turned up, I was able to invent fine stories of what So-and-so had said about me and what grand parts had been promised me.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 100

gets a thrill out of nothing less than a big business struggle may not understand the excitement of a father taking home a bunch of flowers to his little girl. The John Smith who is urged to take part in a crooked deal on the Stock Exchange will have no harder struggle to retain his honor than will John Smith, the grocer's clerk, who is tempted to tamper with the cash.

Behind human nature there is Man, the divine being who is learning to recognize himself by means of human life, and through which he must express himself. And behind this infinite being, Man, there is God.

Every time any human experience, good or bad, gives you a glimpse of that divine self, you have taken one more step toward that completeness that you know, in your heart, is yours. That is what human experience is for. Where you stand in regard to this realization of human life, of infinite life, of God, is written in your name, because there can be no vibration, even of the sound of the name that controls you, that is not a part of the infinite pattern of life.

S. R. M., July 24, 1894.—All through your life you have wondered, and always

will wonder, why you have such terrific obstacles to overcome. They are written three times in four totals of your name. No matter what you attempt, unexpected, unnecessary difficulties pile up before you, which nothing but hard work and ingenuity can overcome. One good thing is that you do not allow them to get on your nerves, because you have a naturally contented temperament that does not create any struggle on its own account. I am afraid, however, that this contentment will keep you from putting forward the necessary energy to accomplish what you must in order to achieve anything of real value in the face of all the difficulties. Make up your mind that you must put an extra punch behind everything you do. Up to the age of seven or eight you were a very good-looking, active, independent youngster. At about eleven you must have been in serious danger from water or fire. At seventeen you were wrapped up in such high ideals that your friends hardly knew you, and you suffered deeply from a very real, even if very young, love. Between twenty and twenty-seven your finances slid downhill terribly, and it is only at the present time that you seem to be getting on your feet again. During the past six years you have been worried, ill, and in great confusion as to love affairs. Until you are forty-four you will be extremely successful and will within five or six years come into an unexpectedly large income. Hold on to every cent of this, because after that you are going to need all the determination, activity, and money you can muster to keep yourself afloat. In the end you really will have more than

Continued on page 119

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Over The Teacups

Continued from page 33

to bed. She's such a brave, gallant soul that, instead of becoming a querulous invalid, she set out to write the novel she had had in mind for years. Sometimes she was so weak that she could dictate for only a few minutes a day, but Frances Marion kept urging her on and when the book was finally finished and published, it had tremendous success.

"In the book the main character is a young girl, but another character, a philosophical old outcast, is so gripping she haunts you. That's the rôle Miss Dressler will play.

"Now that they've got around to starring Marie Dressler, I wish something could be done about Zasu Pitts. Of course, if she was starred she wouldn't have a chance to make so many pictures, and many a commonplace film has been saved by having Zasu in it, even if her part was small. Maybe she would rather not be starred. She was once, and it brought her nothing but grief."

Fanny was invited a few days ago to speak at a girls' school on "Stars I Have Known." She wrote the chairman of the affair and asked her to have the girls specify which ones

they were most interested in. She was delighted to find that Joan Crawford was a big favorite, but she was so annoyed at their leaving Zasu off the list that she says she won't go. If they but knew it, no matter what she starts out to talk about, she will get in a glowing tribute to Zasu.

When the waiter brought our check, I took it without putting up any argument that it was really Fanny's turn. I wanted to ingratiate myself with her for a very special reason. I had read in the papers that Winnie Lightner was coming East for the opening of "Hold Everything."

"Will you take me to meet her?" I asked.

Fanny smiled noncommittally.

"Dear, dear, do you still believe what you read in the papers? I know they say she is coming here for the big opening, but as a matter of fact Miss Lightner wouldn't be caught dead at any opening. They make her nervous. And, anyway, she has just started a picture out West."

Oh, well, I hope Fanny is wrong. I'll keep working to ingratiate myself with her on the chance that she is.

The Stars Hit Back

Continued from page 67

"Another erroneous idea conveyed was that Mr. Willat came home expecting to spend Christmas with me, and that I walked out and left him to pass the holidays in lonely solitude. That is not true, either. He had been in the East directing a picture, and we had been separated for several months before his departure for New York, but had not told the public about it. When he finished his picture there, he signed to direct one in Europe. He had to come back to Hollywood for a few days to straighten out some of his affairs, and it just happened that the only time he could come was during the holidays. As I said, we had separated long before he left, and he came back without the slightest idea of seeing me."

When Billie looks at you out of those enormous hazel eyes, you know before she speaks that the answer is "yes," even if she asked you to make a stab at getting the moon for her, let alone gratifying such a simple request as, "Will you try to make people understand these things for me?"

Olive Borden, at the beginning of

her career, found herself the target for a clever interviewer's biting sarcasm. She had been in pictures only a year at the time, she states, and was in New York for the first time on the way to Florida for "The Joy Girl." The studio arranged the appointment and, through some fluke, made two engagements for the same time. The gentleman in question arrived a few minutes after the first interviewer had put in an appearance, and became quite indignant when he found he did not have the field to himself and that, in addition, Olive's mother was chaperoning the party.

Olive was clad in one of the flowing negligees she affected at that time, having expected only the woman at that hour and the man an hour later.

The negligee fell apart, revealing Olive's knees and legs and the scribe found little to comment on besides those and the chaperonage of her mother.

Charlie Morton has been misrepresented about as often as any one in pictures. Charlie is one of those trusting souls that is inclined to look upon every one as a friend, and on a couple of occasions, at least, his

misplaced confidence has plunged him into trouble.

"One time," says Charlie, "an interviewer came to see me and began asking about my likes and dislikes. I was half kidding, and said that one of my pet aversions was having some cutthroat agent hold up a check of mine. When the interview came out he had reported that I was glad to be away from the stage and the cutthroats connected with it. He made it sound as if I was talking about actors when, really, the only friends I have are actors.

"Not content with that, he said that I was always going out with a new girl, and when I got tired of them, or thought they were beginning to take me seriously, I cut 'em out and let them think what they pleased of me. Well, I'm not conceited enough to think I can get any girl I want. If I fall in love with a girl, and happen to be lucky enough to have her care for me, well, I'm going to go with her as long as I please, regardless of what the studio, or any one else, says.

"Another chap came to see me when I had a black eye from playing handball at the 'Y.' He wrote all sorts of things in the article, hinting that I had been in a scrap. I've been in plenty of scraps, but I didn't happen to get my black eye that way.

"Then he asked me to take him through the house, which I did. Jimmie Hall and a bunch of fellows had lived in the place before me, and there was one room rather dark and fixed up sort of Turkish. When we got to this room, the chap raised his eyebrows in a questioning way and I jokingly said, 'Oh, yes. Sure.' So he wrote in the story that I had called it my 'yes-room.'

"But what's the use of going on with all this? If people like you, they believe good things about you, and if they don't like you, they believe what they want to, anyhow."

This business of interviewing and being interviewed is peculiar at best. Many players have just complaints but, on the other hand, many of the things they have told you in this article are not true. I know that on occasion players have assumed an arrogant, high-handed attitude toward writers, and then become terrified when the interview appeared in print, and grabbed at any sort of straw in an endeavor to set themselves right with the public.

The case for the defense is closed, and you, as judge and jury, must decide for yourselves whether they are innocent or guilty of the things of which they have been accused.

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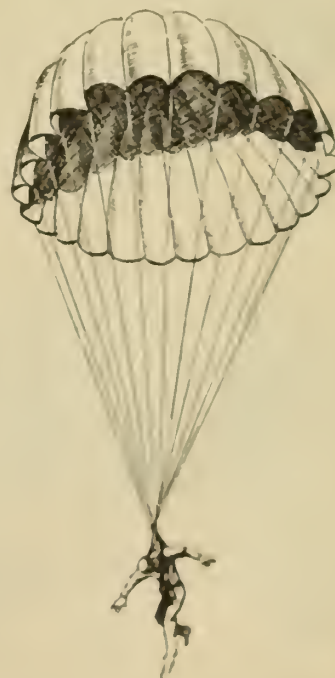
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The Delaware Delilah

Continued from page 34

Estelle Taylor was a memorable *Lucrezia Borgia*, in the Barrymore idea of "Don Juan." In "Where East Is East," she achieved a genuine characterization. In minor pictures she has always served to vitalize the action, to lend a glow to the drama. It is this quality that makes her a fascinating personality. She has drive and gusto and that esoteric essence that I choose to call wallop.

It has been a source of conjecture why she works so seldom, why she has encountered so few opportunities to act in good pictures. "There are two reasons," she advanced. "First, I must be cast in heavy, or unsympathetic rôles. I don't look innocent and girlish enough to be the heroine, thank God, so I am considered only for wanton women. Second, and more important, when I do get such a rôle I register too strongly, unbalancing the picture. So there you are. And here am I—bro-ken-hear-ted, practically.

"There aren't many stories written around the bad girls. After 'The Shanghai Gesture,' what would you mention? And Will Hays wouldn't care for that."

Moreover, one might add, stars do not like the heavy to walk away with the picture. This very fact made stars of Bancroft and Powell, two evil fellows who made wickedness so appealing.

"I tried virtue once," said Estelle, with a wry grimace. "When we played 'The Big Fight.' I was a good girl in that. And it was a very bad play. And may such a thing never, never happen again. Of course the idea was silly. Jack Dempsey is a personality and I am an actress. Putting us on the same stage was ridiculous. Some one had an idea it would be highly lucrative, and I think they went bankrupt trying to prove the theory."

Estelle is not an idealist, nor a

dreamer. She is a practical young woman with excellent sense. Her throaty voice lifts her utterances above the matter-of-fact, but sober reflection brings realization that they are matter-of-fact, after all. She is not witty in her conversation, but she is never dull. And her magnetism compares not unfavorably with that of Greta Garbo.

Second only to Garbo is Taylor as a screen siren. There is no one in Hollywood who ranks with this devastating duo. They are smoldering sisters in cinematic sin. The Scandinavian flame and the Delaware Delilah combine to make a bonfire of no mean proportions.

"You've met Lupe Velez, haven't you?" asked Estelle. "I can see by your expression that you didn't like her. Well, she's a definite creature, and you either think she's amazing, or else—in 'Where East Is East' we had fun. I played her stepmother, you know. A droll idea. She's irresponsible, irrepressible, but delightful when you know her."

Talking about Lupe led us to speak of publicity, good and bad. Estelle said that she thought it a distinctly overrated institution, which it undoubtedly is. "Do a couple of good pictures every year and you will be remembered," said Estelle sagely. "Going to premières, making radio speeches and indorsing hair oil won't help any career.

"Right now I'm eager to bid farewell to vaudeville and its continuous performances. I want to go back to Hollywood and do a talkie."

John Barrymore and others have said that Estelle Taylor is capable of doing important things on the screen. They are justified in making such a statement. The screen can boast of only a handful of colorful personalities, and the lovely Estelle is among them. Ask me and I will say that she is one of the three most colorful!

EDUCATIONAL

Pray take a tip from Gilda Grant
When high-toned speech you'd vaunt;
With her there's no such word as "can't,"
She always says, "I cawn't."

In boudoir scenes Alicia Bowers
Beside a chair will pause
And tell a maid, "Please place the flowers
Within that Grecian vawse."

Then there is stately Myrna Pratt,
Whose English is so pure;
She likes to say, "Now, fawncy that!"
And, "Oh, I'm chawmed, I'm sure."

L. B. BIRDSALL.

Pewter And Old Lace

Continued from page 56

came down to Bebe through her maternal grandmother, Eva De La Plaza Griffin. Less picturesque, but equally dangerous, is the sword of a Revolutionary War ancestor which Mason Hopper exhibits.

Naturally, one runs across many odd pieces of jewelry. Such adornments invariably are treasured, because of the sentiment attached to them as much as for their intrinsic value. Lilyan Tashman exercises the most taste and imagination in transforming these antiques into modern costume trinkets, without loss of their original charm. A pair of heavy gold earrings made into drops which almost touch her shoulders, and which bear a Russian coat of arms worked in colors, are four generations old. She wears a Chinese medallion on a turquoise necklace.

Most of Ivan Lebedeff's heirlooms were lost during the Russian revolutions. A pigeon-blood ruby of five carats, on the reverse side of which is a magnificently carved head of Alexander the Great, always arouses curiosity. The actor wears a school ring, and another made of steel and mounted in gold.

Hugh Trevor has a ring given to his grandfather by his English sovereign. A wide, gold bracelet and a locket and chain, which her great-great-grandmother wore, nestle in June Collyer's jewel case. Carmel Myers has an unusual brooch of amethysts in the shape of a clover leaf, once her great-grandmother's, while Sharon Lynn sometimes wears an emerald brooch that has adorned several generations of beauty. Helen Kaiser's garnet necklace is two hundred years old. Betty Compson treasures her grandmother's locket.

George Fawcett had his mother's jewelry, a diamond cluster ring and ear pendants, made over for his wife. Joel McCrea's gold ring with garnet setting has been handed down to the eldest son on his twenty-first birthday for four generations. Sally Blane's share of the family jewels consists of an amethyst ring and a diamond cluster.

Pretend that the magic carpet has wafted you to Hollywood. Wrap around you Marie Dressler's Paisley

shawl, which her great-grandmother wore to "socials," or the white-silk shawl which June Collyer's grandfather's mother brought from Ireland. Perhaps Dorothy Sebastian will let you dress up in the lace veil which every bride in her family has worn during the last one hundred and fifty years.

If you are very careful, Louise Fazenda will let you pirouette around the room with her Italian fan, hand-painted with scenes of Florence, with ivory handles. Its history is interesting. One of Louise's forefathers entertained Napoleon with a garden party in Venice—the house which he occupied is now an orphanage—and the fan was carried to this event by a princess. During the masquerade festivities, Louise's ancestor flirted with the lady and secured her fan, not until later in the evening discovering her identity.

Though not heirlooms, some other odd things are treasured because of sentimental associations. Joan Crawford, Jobyna Ralston, and Bebe Daniels keep the numerous silver trophy cups won in dancing contests. Phillips Holmes wouldn't part with the rapier which his father, Taylor Holmes, used in his first stage appearance, nor would Alexander Gray give up the sword that he carried in the stage presentation of "The Desert Song," which brought him singing success and a movie contract. Laura La Plante's helmet, presented by the ex-service men who worked in "Finders Keepers" with her, bears an inscription, "In token of appreciation of a true soldier," from Hollywood Post of the American Legion.

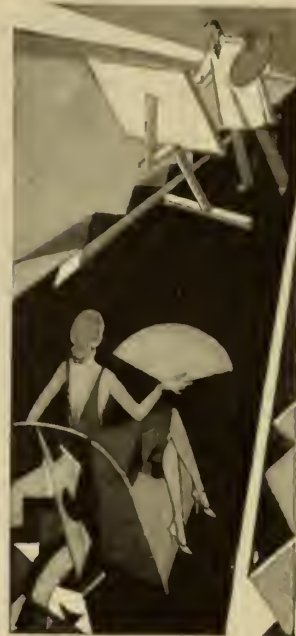
Articles of apparel sentimentally linked with the inauspicious start of careers now successful are lovingly retained; a pair of gunboat shoes, relics of Chaplin's early comedy days, the "wrapper" in which Wally Beery impersonated a Swedish housemaid for an Essanay comedy, Lupe Velez's first castanets, the scuffed shoes in which Mary Brian trod the sidewalks from one studio to another, looking for work, and the dress awarded Clara Bow for winning a beauty contest. In a plush-lined box lie the famous Pickford curls.

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MARY TITUS

853 Broadway, Dept. 717, New York, N. Y.

Janet—As She Is

Continued from page 74

was his contention that one person's life was too short to include all the sensations and experiences possible—the only way of finding out about all of them being in books.

In manner she is gentle. Her voice is never strident. She is easily moved to excitement and enthusiasm, but never noisily. Well-bred and well-mannered, she has innate dignity. She still has moments of diffidence, but can now hold her own in spite of this. She is delightfully eager, and talks as much with her hands as her voice—unstudied, spontaneous gestures without which she could not wholly express her meaning.

Incongruously, she adores jazz. The rhythm of syncopation, of Negro spirituals and even of Russian and Hawaiian music, arouse in her a necessity for activity. She has danced, wilfully nilly, all her life. Frequently she plays her favorite records—very blue ones—and goes crazy across the floor, a diminutive dervish of jazz. Yet to do this in the presence of any one but her husband or her mother renders her self-conscious.

She has a deep understanding of beauty, whether in color, line, or sound, and thinks there is too little emphasis on its importance in American life. Deploing the sophistication and hardness of modern children, she vows that, when she is a mother some day, her offspring will be reared in an atmosphere of beauty and of credence in the lovely mystery of Hans Christian Andersen, Grimm, et al.

One of her ambitions is to do "Alice in Wonderland" on the screen, along with Dan Totheroh's "Wild Birds," and "Prunella," done by Marguerite Clark years ago. She feels ill at ease in "straight" rôles, conscious that many do them far better, girls who can wear smart clothes smartly and who are prettier. In her own field she is confident of herself. She likes to experiment occasionally, as in "Sunny Side Up," but only at intervals.

Her speaking voice has occasioned much discussion. Untrained, it is, however, a logical continuance of the Gaynor illusion. Breathless, slightly uncertain of pitch, and eager, it

would be folly to "place" or otherwise alter it. Since she is naturally quick and adaptable, a brief training in the delivery of lines to their best advantage should be all that is necessary. She marvels at the skill of William Collier, Sr., in making a line poignant yet effortless.

Janet's husband, Lydell Peck, was formerly an attorney, the routine of which profession he disliked and has recently abandoned. Possessor of a facile mind, he is now in the editorial department at the Paramount studio, preparatory to deciding exactly what field of activity he is best fitted for.

The youthful Pecks live in a comfortable, unpretentious house in Beverly Hills. Janet is bored by display. Their life is full and amusing, but never ostentatious. The renowned Miss Gaynor wears sweaters and skirts, or very simple frocks. She looks at sleekly groomed women with æsthetic pleasure and secret despair. Her own red-brown hair is a mass of unruly curls, she has freckles and pink cheeks rather than a camellia pallor, and she never can remember to buy accessories to match each outfit. And on leaving the house she usually forgets her purse or gloves, or handkerchief.

She likes the verse of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Earl Burtnett's orchestra, South Sea Island costumes, sleeping until noon, impressionistic sets, books of legends with exotic illustrations, Helen Morgan's "Applause," particularly Joan Peers' performance, Paul Whiteman's phonograph records, and boats.

To strangers prepared for a Hollywood ingénue she comes as a shock. She is a grand person.

P. S. My dear Mr. Fox, has it ever occurred to you that in your organization is the perfect Juliet? And I'll have none of your tiresome objections to costume pictures. If you think the public wouldn't stam-pede to see Janet Gaynor as the first convincing Juliet on the screen, you're crazy. And I know you're not crazy, dear Mr. Fox. As a personal favor, I'm asking for an immediate production of "Romeo and Juliet," and I warn you I am unpleasant when crossed.

COMPETITION

The talkies haven't made a hit
With gabby Annie Stroud;
She likes the kind where she can sit
And read the words out loud.

L. B. BIRDSALL.

Such Men Get There

Continued from page 28

The fact that Bob was playing in "Possession" was due solely to his own sportsmanship. This same producer was putting on a play called "The Garden of Eden." He wanted a certain actor for the lead, who was in another play at the time and couldn't get away for two weeks.

The producer appealed to Bob. "Sure, I'll play it for you during the try-out," said Bob. And he learned the part and played those two nerve-racking weeks of breaking in.

When the two weeks were up the producer thanked him and said, "You've been mighty decent about this and you've given a darned good performance. I won't forget you." And he didn't.

Neither does Bob tell you that he is always ready to lend a helping hand to some one not quite so fortunate as himself. I know of two occasions when he has gone to the bat for a chap at the studio who befriended him when he first came out here, because he didn't feel that this other actor was getting the breaks he was entitled to. And on another occasion he phoned to ask me for the address of a former juvenile who has been unable to get started since the talkies came in, thinking that he—Bob—might be able to do something for the chap.

Nor does he tell you that he hasn't had such an easy time of it himself. His first ambition was to be a writer. He wrote and wrote and wrote, without selling anything. Deciding that his stories needed more color, he shipped on fruit liners and tramp steamers, which broadened his knowledge, but did not increase the demand for his writing.

Concluding that he had starved long enough for art's sweet sake, and that he would leave the field of letters to Shakespeare and Zane Grey, he turned to the world of grease paint and yes-men—the movies.

He tramped the Hollywood boulevards from Melrose to Calhoun Pass, and the only job he found was doubling for a feminine star in a dangerous stunt. But it paid him enough to enable him to get back to New York, and he found the theater kinder than editors had been.

It's little things like these that the world at large doesn't always hear about, but which writers are paid to dig up, that makes them say, when you find a group of them, "A great guy, Montgomery; he's there with the goods, and he deserves everything he gets. Let's give the boy a great big hand."

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Love Story Magazine

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Every Week

As They See Themselves

Continued from page 86

Russell Gleason considers flying the most fascinating thing he has learned from his labor. Natalie Moorhead selects discipline as her most beneficial acquisition. Seeing herself daily in this revealing mirror is a reminder to Alice White of her inclination to take on weight, a Nemesis goading her to diet and exercise. Acting has taught Billie Dove the value of beauty and its conservation, while the French studied for a talkie makes her feel that she has progressed another step.

Until she came to Hollywood, Lillian Roth was forced to take medicine to quiet her nerves. One month around the studio gave her extreme patience. You become either patient or crazy.

Betty Compson analyzed the subject a bit more deeply than these superficial benefits. "My screen characters have taught me truths which I have often applied to my own life. In studying a script, we must be im-

pressed by the characters' traits. They are real to us, whatever they may be to the audience! We are introduced to a variety of people, under many circumstances—oftentimes farcical and farfetched, but frequently in lifelike situations. Almost always, particularly since speech has brought to the screen less stereotyped characters, they are interesting.

"The main lesson I have learned from them has been that an acceptance of the conditions imposed by life and a spirit of coöperation in all dealings bring the greatest happiness. Most of the troubles that came to the screen Betty Compson resulted from apathy and stubborn pride; I began to see similar circumstances reflected in my own life. More than once, I have taken a tip from the shadow me, and have done what I had done previously in a picture."

This the players learn from their shadows: to be charming, graceful, and talented.

In The Springtime

Continued from page 53

handsome—handsomer than Valentino was on the screen. Finally he came over to our table and placed an envelope before me.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," he said, 'do not feel offended. I am leaving this envelope with you. Do not open it, until I am out of sight.'

"As soon as he was gone, I opened it and"—here Yola's eyes lighted up with fond recollection—"there was a sum of money equal to five hundred dollars! Also a note, which said, 'I know you and the company want to get back to Paris. Take this and may good fortune follow you always in your career.'"

Yola breathed deeply.

"That made me cry. It was such a wonderful thing for a complete stranger to do. He did not even leave his name."

A retrospective look spread over Yola's face as she said, "I should like that young man to see me on the screen in a big rôle and to know that I have always remembered his kind act."

If this young Portuguese knight is a fan, he may soon see Yola, for she is gradually coming to the fore.

She is keenly intelligent. She wants to write. In fact she does, for her own amusement. She loves Russian music and caviar, swimming, horseback riding and, of course, dancing.

There is something somber and profound in her which might explain her fondness for things Muscovite. She is, at present, even engaged to a young Russian actor, Gregory Gay, who plays in Gloria Swanson's new picture.

One moment she is deeply sophisticated; then she becomes naïve, like a child.

She roundly denounced me for reading a voluminous work by the great Eliphas Lévi, the French magician.

"The church forbids any dabbling in magic," Yola warned. "I'll come again and see you floating in the air, chairs and tables jumping about."

Even when I assured her that Lévi's work taught no such thing, she hardly believed me. All the same I promised to give up any study that would enable me to float with the furniture in the air.

Yet, after drinking her tea, Yola inverted the cup and asked me to tell her fortune.

Occult knowledge gleaned from Eliphas Lévi came to my aid. The tea leaves foretold splendid things.

My friend, Fifi Dorsay, is well termed an unfolded revelation. I do not exaggerate when I say that Yola d'Avril is an unfolding sensation.

Yola is likely to burst forth into bloom at any moment now, so keep a sharp lookout.

The Movie Racket

Continued from page 94

ing gown and ropes of pearls. "You're a perfect roughneck type, and I knock 'em for a row of contracts with the way I put over your scenes in your first picture, so they dress you up in la-de-da clothes and try to shove you into the hole Patricia Wayne will leave when she jumps to Superba. Well, when you come back to me you'll ride around on street cars for a few days and hang out at the penny dance halls, learning to remember how to talk natural."

It didn't seem to Monica that she was getting ahead at all. She wanted to work hard and fight to get ahead, but all she could do was to take orders and wait. Then her first picture was released, shoved out in a hurry to take the place of a more pretentious one of which much had been expected, but which had flopped miserably at previews. Crandall had done his work well, had even cut the picture himself—he had started as a cutter—and Monica easily outshone the star.

She couldn't understand it. She could not feel that it was she herself there on the screen. Her face, her voice, were those of an utter stranger.

Booth Carlisle was more devoted than ever. He was working in the same studio, and almost daily came to tell her of something nice some one had said, or to bring her a clipping which spoke of her as one of the most promising newcomers to the screen.

Monica didn't like him, but she had had no time to make friends, and it was nice to have him take her to dinner sometimes, when she wanted a change from eating at home with Bunny.

One night, when she was exhausted after a huge scene on a circus set, in which she had been working all day, along with some five hundred other people, he suggested that she dine with him at the Montmartre.

"I'd like to," she told him. "I'll be had company, though, I'm so tired. Did rain scenes all afternoon—I've been drenched for hours."

"You needn't say a word; just let me look at your lovely face," he told her, with his best smile.

She turned away, then turned back to glance searchingly about the set. She had that feeling that some one had been watching her, that comes to all of us at times. But there was no one about—only the herd of weary extras, straggling away to the dressing rooms. So she turned again, and dragged away to take a shower and change her clothes.

She had an odd feeling of depression that had come over her when she took that last look about the set, and refused to leave her. A sort of spooky feeling, as if bad news were hovering in the offing. Oh, well, she was always feeling unhappy, now that she never saw Danny and heard nothing from him. If only he'd come back, and they could talk things out!

She rejoined Carlisle, and he took her possessively by the arm as they left the studio.

"You're so sweet, dear, like a tired little girl," he told her, and then, impulsively, "Oh, Monica, give me the right to take care of you always!"

"Why—I—" Monica began, amazed, and then broke off. That tall man walking off toward where the extras' cars were parked—could it be—oh, it couldn't be Danny. But it was!

She snatched her arm from Carlisle's grasp, and began to run.

"Danny!" she shouted. "Danny!"

The man began to walk faster, then to run. He reached a car at the end of the line, jumped in and started the engine. But Monica scrambled in after him just as he jerked it into gear.

"Danny darling," she cried, clutching his arm in both her hands. "Oh, Danny, why didn't you write to me? I've been so wretched without you—I've wanted you so! Danny—quick—say that you still love me!"

But he merely sunk his chin deeper in his collar and stared straight at the street down which he was driving so recklessly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

S. O. S.

Greta Garbo, Clara Bow,

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Janet Gaynor, Alice White—

Won't some fan set me right?

LEE SMITH.

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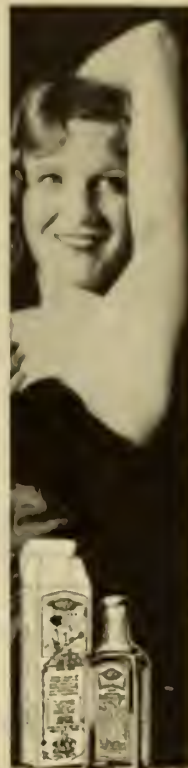
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The Stroller

Continued from page 51

homes." You get in one of these and the driver takes you through Beverly Hills, pointing out stars' homes with careless abandon. If you have a favorite star, and want to see his home, the driver is not one to disappoint you. He will show you one of the finest estates, usually the E. L. Doheny home.

This careless manner of his has resulted in several embarrassments. He pointed out John Gilbert's home and Jim Tully came out to get the morning paper.

No longer is there any rest for the weary.

We have had talking sign-boards that shouted and sang to the passers-by. The law sat on this, and the signs became silent again.

Radio shops blare programs to the passing mob, auto horns toot, newsboys yell, street cars roar, motion pictures talk—and now even the clouds have found a voice.

At first, airplanes with colored lights flew overhead at night, with sirens shrilling, advertising pictures. Now a blimp floats over with a tremendous loud-speaker that shatters the air. Lawrence Tibbett sings over it. The pilot shouts to his friends on the Boulevard. And the only cure is the installation of anti-aircraft guns on the tops of the tallest buildings. A collection is reputed to be under way.

With screen players becoming more cautious in talking about their contemporaries, magazine writers have taken to interviewing maids, valets, beauty-parlor specialists, and manicurists.

But even with the offer of gold the manicurists at the Hollywood Athletic Club have refused to open up. Apparently their tips are more than the offer.

One beauty culturist talked, and all her patrons left her. One writer interviewed a Pullman porter and got all the dope on stars, how much they drank, whether the gin was good, and what they tipped. A magazine bought it, but never printed it, figuring it was too hot.

An extra girl of foreign nationality was arrested recently for possessing a map of one of the fortresses near here. She was unable to explain the charge, due largely to her excitement, and was about to be deported.

She finally regained her composure enough to explain that the diagram was not a map of the fort at all, but was a chart sent her by a correspondence school of dancing, on which was marked the various foot movements of a hot number. She was freed, but the arresting officer kept the map, for he, too, had screen ambitions.

In the lobby of the Chinese Theater are squares of cement bearing the imprint of hands and feet of stars.

These are the real thing, for they are made right there before vast crowds amid great ceremony.

The tourists visit the theater for an eyeful, and to compare their shoe sizes to the stars.

One tourist was heard to inquire if these could be purchased. A hatless man came up and said he was the theater manager, and offered to sell them for \$25 each.

The deal was closed. Ten minutes later the fan returned with a hammer and chisel and started to loosen the stone. Whereupon the theater manager, the real one this time, rushed up and stopped it. He still doesn't believe the \$25 stall.

"The fans try to lift everything they can, around here," he said. "They'd take the whole theater home, if they could."

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 12

The Test of Loyalty.

Why can't some fans drop this grumbling and mud slinging? If they are not quarreling with some other fan over a star, they are grumbling because such and such a star failed to answer their letter and send a photo for their inclosed quarter.

Alice White, Gary Cooper, and numerous others have been on the receiving end of some nasty remarks. Doesn't the knocker realize that every one has his favorite, and to rail another's is not very honorable?

I think there is no one just like Richard Arlen. He is my ideal, and I don't care if any one likes him or not. They can say what they please about him, and he will still stand ace high with me. If I ever write to him and never get a letter or photo, do you suppose I would say mean things about him? Why, it is laughable to think I could injure his character, or his fan following! Any one who thinks he can do this is sadly mistaken.

CLIFFORD WESTERMEIER.

374 Cumberland Avenue,
Buffalo, New York.

The Kind of Girl for Ramon.

I must thank Norbert Lusk for his wonderful review of "Devil-May-Care" and, incidentally, take advantage of his suggestion to annihilate Ramon Novarro's detractors. Not that they are worth annihilating, but it is worse than deplorable when people fail to appreciate the chivalry, nobility, and cleanness of soul which are his.

Greatly as I admire his acting, his good looks, fine physique, and personal charm, to me his stainless soul transcends all other merits.

I cannot conceive how any one could see "Devil-May-Care" and still be blind to his attractions. He gains much by a colorful, charmingly accented, speaking voice and his glorious singing. I entirely agree with Mr. Lusk that Ramon's singing seems to be the natural expression of his thoughts. Its spontaneity, with the lovely clear tone which Ramon has, makes it wholly delightful; as he sings, his eyes, face, and whole body respond to what he is singing. His is a voice of which I could never tire.

Ramon's polished performance as *Armand de Tréville* is the essence of charm of the highest, cleanest order. His expressions as he sings the song about King Louis and the song to the butler must, I think, charm the most cynical.

Every time I saw this film people commented on his lovely voice.

I have admired Ramon, and Ramon only, for eight years. His influence on my life has been boundless, for, unconsciously almost, I strive to be the kind of girl Ramon would admire. R. G. W.

London, N. W. 10, England.

Let 'em Rave!

My indignation is aroused by some of the insulting letters the fans write. Many do give interesting views, it is true, but others, through jealousy and spite, knock the stars.

I would like to hand Gene Charteris a big brickbat. I have read quite a number of his letters criticizing different stars, mostly their personal appearance, and I have my opinion of him. His criticism of Ramon Novarro was totally untrue. Ramon is not in the least portly or self-sufficient. I thought "The Pagan" a beautiful picture, and Ramon did not look the least bit older than when he appeared in "Where the Pavement Ends." His acting is better than in his first pictures, though some of the stories have been terrible and quite unsuitable for him.

Also, there are some more brickbats for G. Walters and Joan Perula. They have come to the conclusion that everything written about Novarro is untrue, because he is so different from what a film

player is supposed to be. They don't know him intimately, and can't prove anything. It is all nonsense when they attribute his popularity to articles written about his goodness. People don't bother whether an actor is religious or not, so long as his acting on the screen pleases them. Anyway, they can do their worst. No true fan will be swayed by what they say. E. S. FORSYTH.

Palmerston, North,
New Zealand.

Only Flappers Have Fun?

Although I am longing to see "Anna Christie," and although I am confident that Greta will be magnificent, I cannot help regretting her incursion into sound. She is the last of the great, glamorous film queens, the sole remaining empress of make-believe, and somehow it suited her to be silent. The white magic of her unreal, exotic presence can never quite be the same again; that vivid shadow of hers may gain intimacy with sound, but it is bound to lose some of its enchantment.

Why do I like Greta? Because she is a subtle and intelligent actress, because in appearance she resembles that lovely, aristocratic type of Englishwoman only to be found in the few square miles that is Mayfair—in a word, she is well-bred, well groomed, and full of allure; because she is touched with glamour—oh, Greta, stay silent!

And now a complaint. Do you really believe in America that only flappers have fun? Why clutter up the screen with incompetent adolescents of both sexes, such as William Haines, Anita Page, Sue Carol, Rudy Vallée, and Joan Bennett? The poor creatures are utterly pathetic, and make me feel quite shy when they try to act.

I wish Lupe Velez luck. I never can make out whether she's an actress or not, but she's immense fun, and her pranks make highly amusing reading. Please don't tame her too much!

LEONORA DE FURNEAUX.

11A Berkeley Square,
London, England.

Bill's Big Chance.

Well, well, Bob Allen, bravo! I, and most people with a grain of common sense, agree with you that Bill Haines is getting to be a dreadful bore. He is good in his way, but he doesn't weigh enough. The last ten pictures I have seen him in were identical, except for the titles and the wisecracks. If some one doesn't give the poor boy a hand pretty soon, I think I shall begin writing scenarios for him! IOLA ROBERTSHAW.

Long Beach, California.

Beatrice Fairfax, Please Help!

Continued from page 89

friends who can help him, has been tendered flattery, importance, wealth. It has gone to his head, and he has thought of his girl friend, "Well, So-and-so is a good kid, but after all I must think of my career."

Even more girls than men have turned the cold shoulder on their sweethearts under such conditions. Alas for love for love's sake in uncertain Hollywood! It sometimes works out with a career, but not in-

requently the lover is forced to choose between romance and a film future.

The romance may run out like one of those desert rivers that start out so magnificently and soon lose themselves in the burning sands. Hollywood love affairs have a way of doing that. So have Hollywood careers. Then who's going to tell the filmland couple what to do?

SOOTHES EYES AFTER OUTDOOR SPORTS



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IMPULSIVE YOUTH

By Vivian Grey

She was rich. And he was poor. She gave him up because she didn't want to break his mother's heart, the heart of the woman who had saved and scrimped so that he might go to college and get away from the manual labor that seemed destined for him.

It was an impulsive act, the sort of thing she was always doing, for at the start she had acted on impulse when she left her luxurious home to cast in her lot with the humble folk on the other side of the creek. It was impulse that sent her out at midnight to make her own way in the world, alone, with no money in her purse. And when Phil Rhoades found her and would bring her back, she refused, for she was determined that she would not stand in the way of the career of the man she loved.

In a way, it is true that most of us act on impulse at one time or another, trusting somehow to the hidden voices within us that our actions may be for the best. The author of this absorbing story tells what may happen when we make impulse the guide to life. It is a story of youth in the grip of a great love that is here before us, a book that we do not lay aside until the last page is read, and one that we take up again, for it is well worth the rereading.

75c

75c



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Their Own Desire"—Metro-Goldwyn. Finely directed story of young modern played by Norma Shearer, with comedy and emotional moments equally skillful. Domestic troubles of parents background of plot. Robert Montgomery, Lewis Stone, Helene Millard, Belle Bennett.

"New York Nights"—United Artists. Moving portrayal by Norma Talmadge as shiftless song writer's wife whose patience is finally broken. Smothered with luxury by gangster czar, she is triumphantly virtuous and is suitably rewarded in the end. John Wray, Gilbert Roland.

"Dangerous Paradise"—Paramount. Conrad's "Victory," story of the tropics, with Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen. Nancy flees to Arlen's retreat for protection, and conflict encourages love against the man's wishes. Good direction and acting.

"Puttin' On the Ritz"—United Artists. Technicolor sequence. Story of vaudeville singer who makes good as night-club proprietor. Some clever staging, routine story of man who atones for sins by alcoholic blindness. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, James Gleason steal show from nominal star, Harry Richman.

"Son of the Gods"—First National. Well-directed story, with Richard Barthelmess as foster son of Chinaman, believed Chinese himself. Society woman—everybody meets the Four Hundred in films—horsewhips him and then loves him. Then he turns out to be white. Constance Bennett, Frank Albertson.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Wini-fred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all doing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

"Night Ride"—Universal. Dialogue. Stage newcomer, Edward G. Robinson, gives fine performance in contrast to overacting of Joseph Schildkraut, as reporter who takes gangster for a ride. Barbara Kent and the late Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"General Crack"—Warner. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. John Barrymore's talents and voice given to trivial story and dialogue, yet his first talkie proves he is most romantic figure on the screen. Reckless soldier leads Austrian army to victory, acquires fickle gypsy bride, Armida, and then the archduchess, Marian Nixon, whose hand is soldier's final reward.

"Sky Hawk, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Terrors of Zeppelin raid on London pictured in exciting episode showing how a soldier branded as yellow got the raider and saved his good name. The girl believed in him anyway. John Garrick, Helen Chandler, Gilbert Emery, Billy Bevan, Daphne Pollard, Joyce Compton.

"Vagabond Lover, The"—RKO. Singing, dialogue. Rudy Vallée disarms critics by not acting at all. Enchanting crooning for female ears. Absurd story strings his song together. Marie Dressler tries valiantly to save picture

with comedy. Sally Blane is the heroine.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Technicolor. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National. Corinne Griffith does a tap dance on a piano, and joins a rowdy show after a divorce on fraudulent grounds. Only tepidly interesting. John Loder, Ralph Forbes, Freeman Wood.

"Lord Byron of Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Technicolor sequences. Indifferent picture that may have had a good idea at the start. Philandering song writer played by Charles Kaley, a newcomer. Marion Shilling refreshing—in appearance. Ethelind Terry, Cliff Edwards, Benny Rubin, the latter funny at times.

"Cameo Kirby"—Fox. Steamboat-gambler picture that echoes "Show Boat." Trite story about a plantation lost at cards, the lovely daughter of the colonel, and gallant card sharp. Norma Terris, J. Harold Murray, Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Charles Morton, Robert Edeson.

"So Long Letty"—Warner. Warmed-over comedy of married couple who exchange partners to clear the air of bickerings. Charlotte Greenwood amusing with unique antics and wisecracks. Claude Gillingwater, Bert Roach, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers.

"No, No, Nanette"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. Mildly amusing old-fashioned farce that goes musical at the finish. Exposure of Bible publisher's innocuous love life. Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach.

"It's a Great Life"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. The Duncan Sisters do all their tricks in long film glorifying sister team. Lawrence Gray marries one of them, and there's no end of trouble. Finally peace and a success.

"This Thing Called Love"—Pathé. All dialogue. Much gabbling in so-called sophisticated vein, about nothing in particular. Man and girl marry without benefit of love, and there's endless complication. Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Taylor.

"Untamed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue. Jungle girl brought to what movies call civilization—life trimmed with wild parties, plenty of dancing daughters, fights between rivals in evening clothes, et cetera. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery.

"South Sea Rose"—Fox. All dialogue. The torrid Lenore Ulric more at home as hula dancer, yet flaws in acting, directing, and costuming make you gasp. South Sea girl in prim New England. Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna.

The Mystery Of Your Name

Continued from page 107

enough, and you will truly be able to say that you have earned it.

M. J. F., September 8, 1914.—You are a bright, quick, clever little girl, and you don't let the grass grow under your feet when you want something done. You run right out and do it yourself. But oh, how sensitive you are! You can turn on the tears at a moment's notice and you can float in the clouds two minutes later. You have had a lot of trouble so far, and the best way you know of escaping it is to dream dreams. What you must do, Mary Jane, is to get up and hustle, for you know you can do it better than anybody else, when you make up your mind to it. There was some cause for depression in your home, or something that held you down, when you were less than four years old, but you were a regular little tomboy at six and seven. Now in the past two or three years you have had a bad time, for some man closely related to you has died, and you have been very sick yourself. But cheer up, you are coming out of it at this very minute, with a big change before a year is over that will improve everything. From then until you are thirty you can get married very happily, and I certainly want you to do it, and not try to do any business with the numbers you have now, for you will struggle and never make enough to save a cent, or if you do earn money, something will come along and take it from you. Do the best you possibly can until you are twenty-four, and by that time you will find a happy marriage that will give you a chance to make good use of your cleverness and real ability.

A. P. L. J. C., July 2, 1904.—What a long name you have, and what a lot of love there is in it! As a little girl you were so lively they couldn't hold you, but since the age of fourteen you have been getting more and more romantic, and so far all it has done is to make you miserable. Your birth path shows that you have a fine, quick mentality, that you love to learn things, and that you are very just and very active. You want to run things yourself, because others are too slow for you. You will, with this name, be very well off from now on, although there will be one spot of financial depression in about twenty years, but it will not last long. Just the same, you will have to work hard for every cent of it. You are very kind and generous, too kind, really, and this causes a good deal of trouble, especially with men friends, because all of a sudden they get the idea that they can have anything they want, and you can't see it that way. You were very healthy as a child, and a lovely, well-formed girl by the time you were fifteen. But at eighteen or so you were ill, off and on, and worried a good deal about it. You are just beginning to feel well again since twenty-three, and I am glad to see that you have learned to stop worrying, for you are so very emotional, imaginative, sensitive, and easily controlled by others, in spite of all your good sense, that there is often a terrible struggle between these two sides of your personality. You will do very, very well in love from now on, in fact, can marry now if you want to. But wait until you are one or two years older and you will meet a tall, well-built man with reddish hair, blue or hazel eyes, and a medium complexion, a regular cave man, whom you will adore and marry right away.

E. E. H., January 10, 1906.—By birth you are of a very powerful, independent, active disposition, and this is going to be the cause of all your material success. When you get your mind made up, nothing can stop you. You will earn your own money and position, and enjoy them better that way than if you were married, for I do not find any really deep love affair in your life. Oh, of course, you like to dream of love, and you have liked boys now and then, but by this time you feel that neither boys nor most men are any satisfaction to you. In a way, you chase them off, too! You have a lively temper, and you don't mind telling them where they get off, especially when your very strong intuition tells you the reality behind their little pretensions and fibs. In the spirit you have so much of this hunch, this inner voice that guides you even when you cannot explain why, that your whole life will be guided by it, and all your serious interests will be of a spiritual nature. You will never be free from unusual difficulties to overcome, no matter what you do, but all the troubles that seem to cut off your success just as you are reaching your hand to grasp it will serve you as stepping-stones, so that you can reach still higher. Every time something is wrecked, you will build a finer thing out of the wreck. When you were five or six there was a lot of difficulty in your home surroundings, and until you were fifteen your life was shadowed by trouble, accident, and illness. At present you are stronger, more independent, and successful than ever before, and you will do very well, especially in business, for many years. But be careful of your health until you are twenty-eight. Between forty-five and fifty-five you will come into a great deal of money.

K. M. R. R., June 20, 1888.—You are very artistic and fond of music, and you have great charm. You will never grow unattractive, no matter how old you live to be. However, this did not do you much good at first, for your love affairs caused you more tears than happiness, always turning out wrong. I am sure you were not married until you were at least twenty-four, and since then you have had much more contentment in every way, for you have developed a great deal of intuition, or hunch, that tells you how to handle situations that would have worried you before. Be sure to use this intuition for the rest of your life, in everything you do, and do not allow any one to argue you out of what you know is the thing to do, even if you cannot explain why. Before you were four you were a delicate little girl, but after that you were strong and lively through your school days. You had a bad accident when you were about twenty-two, injuring your head, and between twenty-five and twenty-seven you must have been near death. With this marriage name of yours you will reach real financial comfort, with more than you can use, when you have passed fifty. You have also gained poise and a universal understanding of life. If you want independent activity, stick to some artistic pursuit, for you are born with the gift of appreciating beauty, and for any outside interest, if you are a housewife, turn to spiritual things in some church or elsewhere, as you will readily understand and love them.

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Continued from page 102

tell from the cast who sings what songs. Other song hits from that film were "Your Love Is All That I Crave," and "The Only Song I Know." Nick Lukas probably sang one of them. It was announced that Dorothy Dalton would return to the screen in "Bride 66"—so watch for it. Madge Kennedy is busy with the stage these days. Blanche Sweet recently appeared in "The Woman Racket," "Show Girl in Hollywood," and Christie two-reelers; Mildred Harris, in "No, No, Nanette" and "The Melody Man."

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.—Thanks for letting me know about your club.

MIMTA.—I'll tell you all I can about Barbara La Marr. Her name was Rheatha Watson and she was born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1895. I don't know the month. She died January 30, 1926. She had black hair and green eyes, was five feet three and weighed 123. I met her once and she had a low speaking voice, with no pronounced accent of any kind. I don't know the dates of all her marriages, as some of them predated her fame. Jack Lytell was her first husband; he died two months after the marriage. Lawrence Converse was her second; that marriage was annulled. She married Phil Ainsworth October 13, 1916—divorced the next year. She was Mrs. Bernard Deeley from September 12, 1918, to November, 1922. She married Jack Dougherty in May, 1923, and was divorced the year before she died. Marceline Day shares your birthday, April 24th.

D. M.—No apologies needed for asking questions. If no one asked them I'd get fired! Ralph Graves is a blue-eyed blond, six feet one in height. He was born June 6, 1900. He was married two years ago to Virginia Goodwin, and was once married to Marjorie Seamon, who died. Ralph is not cast for any film at this writing. Lila Lee is 27 and is Mrs. James Kirkwood—they are separated, however. Jack Holt is 42. He has brown hair and eyes and is six feet tall. He has been married for years and has three children, Imogene, Tim, and Betty.

A FAN, C. S.—When you get curious, you do it in a big way! I don't know of any other player who is the one-man orchestra Buddy Rogers is. Betty Compton plays the violin. As to who is the best athlete on the screen, it would need a contest to determine that. George O'Brien and Victor McLaglen would both be eligible. William Haines and Charles Rogers are both six feet tall, John Boles an inch taller. Charles King, Jack Oakie, and Ronald Colman are all five feet eleven, so they say. Clara Bow is five feet three and a half. Loretta Young is featured but not starred. Charles Rogers' next film is "Safety in Numbers," with three leading ladies, Katherine Crawford, Josephine Dunn, and Carol Lombard. Gary Cooper plays in "The Texan," Fay Wray opposite. Ian Keith will be seen opposite Gloria Swanson, in "What a Widow." The heroine in Ronald Colman's "Raffles" is Frances Dade, a new comer.

GREAT MOVIE FAN.—Of course I'd never make any bets on any of these Hollywood engagements. Heaven knows whether Lupe and Gary will ever marry, but she is always talking about how much they love each other. She wears a square-cut diamond ring and the telephone wires are kept busy across the continent when they are separated. One guess is as good as another. They once announced that they were engaged, at any rate. In "Rio Rita," Lovett was played by Robert Woolsey, and Chick Bean by Bert Wheeler, both well-

known stage comics. "Navy Blues" was released in New York last January. William Haines is not engaged. He was born in Stanton, Virginia, January 1, 1900. He has black hair and brown eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 165. He was educated at Stanton Military Academy, and began his screen career in 1922, when he and Eleanor Boardman won a "new-face" contest conducted by Samuel Goldwyn. Bill is the oldest of a large family—two brothers and two sisters. Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Joan Crawford were both born on May 23rd; Norma Talmadge, Gary Cooper, Richard Barthelmess, Valentino, Billie Dove were all born in May. And tell your skeptic friends I've got enough to do without making up the questions and answers for this column.

LONDONITE.—After such a charming letter, my head is bowed in sorrow that I don't know the name of Garbo's secretary. But any letter sent to Greta would be opened by a secretary, anyhow. Your "What the Fans Think" address is correct, but you'd best include the street address of PICTURE PLAY, 79 Seventh Avenue.

CYNTHIA S. MORRIS.—Sally Starr is 20; she has been in movies since last year, having previously been in several New York stage revues. Joyce Compton's screen career began about 1925, after she won a Hollywood beauty contest. She is mum about her age. Vera Reynolds, Julia Faye, and Elinor Fair were all born in Richmond, Virginia.

ELVIRA FROM JERSEY CITY.—For the honor of your home town, perhaps you had better become a star; I don't know of any from Jersey City. Janet Gaynor has auburn hair, rather wavy, but I don't know whether natural or permanent. What are you, an eye specialist? Joan Crawford and Edmund Lowe have blue eyes, James Murray green, and Ralph Graves brown. Ralph was born June 9, 1900; Jack Oakie, November 12, 1903, Greta Garbo in 1906, Sally O'Neil, October 23, 1908. Sally has black hair and dark-blue eyes. Molly O'Day and Sally appear together in "Sisters." All the players you ask about are Americans, except, of course, Garbo.

JEAN BROWN.—I don't know who's wrong about Barbara La Marr's birthplace; her official biography gives Richmond, Virginia, and so do my newspaper clippings at the time of her death.

LOVER OF MOVIES.—So you have to ask questions? Just like me—I have to answer them. Leroy Mason is married to Rita Carewe and why should you want them to get a divorce? He doesn't tell his age. Leroy has no studio contract and doesn't appear much on the screen.

A MOVIE FAN.—I'll tell you anything I know. Betty Bronson is playing in "The Medicine Man," with Johnny Hines and Jack Benny. Ruth Roland is trying a screen comeback in "Reno"; the rest of the cast has not been announced. Emil Jannings is 44; he is back home in Germany making pictures. George O'Hara supported John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, in "The Sea Beast." Ted McNainara is dead and Sammy Cohen appears on the screen now and then.

CHARMIAN DAVIS.—Do your questions sound amateurish! Indeed, when did asking questions become one of the professions? John Boles is six feet one. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are from Bayonne, New Jersey, and Betty Bronson from Trenton. Norma Talmadge did not make "Blossom Time" on the screen; think again what film you mean, and then write and tell me.

BARBARA TRAILL.—Enough ammunition to defend myself! You mean from questions? That wouldn't need ammunition—that would need money enough to retire on. Ruth Chatterton was born in New York City, and educated at Mrs. Hazen's school near by. When she was fourteen, accepting a dare, she got a job in a stock company in Washington, D. C., and over parental protest, remained on the stage. At eighteen she attained stardom. Her plays included "Daddy Long Legs," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "A Marriage of Convenience," "Mary Rose," "La Tendresse," "Changelings," "The Little Minister," and others. Emil Jannings saw her on the stage in Los Angeles, in "The Devil's Plum Tree," and requested her for his leading lady in "Sins of the Fathers." Thus her film career began. Miss Chatterton—Mrs. Ralph Forbes—is blond, five feet two and a half, and weighs 110. Yes, I have a record of your club in her honor. Charlie Chaplin was born April 16, 1889; Ronald Colman, February 9, 1891.

BETTY JO.—Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1909. She is five feet two, black-haired, and weighs 120. Until recently she made pictures in Germany. Dancing is her favorite sport; she was formerly a professional dancer. Jacqueline Logan specializes in music, and was once a reporter. She was born in Corsicana, Texas, November 30, 1902. She has auburn hair, gray eyes, and is five feet four. Both these girls use their real names.

A FAN.—And a fan who likes to make me work, digging up answers to odd questions, I can see that. "Hell's Angels," according to present announcements, will already have opened in New York by the time this is in print. I don't know what Bill Haines' very first film was: "Wine of Youth," made in 1924, was one of the first in which any one noticed him. Edward Ellis is not related to Robert. I hope it won't blight your life that no star was born on May 18th—your birthday, I suppose? Johnny Hines is now cast in "The Medicine Man," his first talkie. As to where old films are shown in New York the little arty theaters frequently show them—the Cameo, Fifty-fifth Street Cinema, and others. Watch your local newspapers.

JACK GILBERT.—You can't fool me; you're not the Jack Gilbert. What a hard time we have pleasing everybody! You want only girls' pictures on the cover, yet we're always getting complaints because we don't have more men. Garbo's picture appeared there last month. Charles Bickford, formerly of the stage, is the leading man in "Anna Christie." Greta's next film is "Romance." To join Elaine B. Stein's Navarro club, write her at 101 Richlawn Avenue, Buffalo.

BILL.—So you've read enough magazines to supply a paper mill? To think that all this work should come to such an ignoble end! "The Isle of Lost Ships" was not a special, so its filming required the usual four to six weeks. Harry Langdon is appearing regularly in Hal Roach two-reel comedies.

ETHEL SPINDLER.—So you think PICTURE PLAY has "It"? What is the world coming to, when even magazines have sex appeal? Claudette Colbert's family name is Chauchoin. She is Mrs. Norman Foster. Claudette plays at the Paramount studio, Astoria, Long Island. Your club paper is very interesting; I'll keep a record of your club. We had to discontinue announcements of new fan clubs, as they threatened to crowd out answers to questions.

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AUGUST
1930

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CAN ONE BREAK
INTO TALKIES?

NOT HEROES
TO THEIR
TAILOR



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

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Volume XXXII

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ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. ¶ Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* ¶ It's a GREATER

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BABES IN HOLLYWOOD



THAT'S the title of our big, new serial which begins in September PICTURE PLAY. Written by Inez Sabastian, author of "The Movie Racket," it is so wholly exceptional that we couldn't delay its publication. It is one of those things that's too good to keep to ourselves. Why are we so enthusiastic? Because "Babes in Hollywood" is unlike any story of the movies that has ever been written. It has a plot of striking originality, unlooked-for complications and strong emotional crises, yet it is true to life in the cinema capital. How a girl born in Nebraska becomes Carmen Valencia, the great Spanish star, is strictly within the range of probability, if you know your Hollywood as well as Inez Sabastian does, and in our opinion there is absolutely no one who knows it better than she. Taking her heroine to California, she seemingly runs away from the author and plunges into adventures of her own. They are extremely realistic, too, and every girl who reads about them will at once see herself as the heroine, for they are not only adventures in fame, but in love both real and counterfeit. Honestly, "Babes in Hollywood" is a tremendous story, and we won't be at all surprised if you overwhelm us with letters telling us so. We wish you would write us, anyway.

AND THIS IS NOT ALL

NOT by any means does PICTURE PLAY consider that it has finished its job of providing the best magazine of the screen in offering its readers a new serial next month. Far from it. Myrtle Gebhart has done her bit, and done it well, too. She contributes what Lon Chaney declares is his last interview. It is also among the very few he has ever given, and you will find it doubly interesting, as it comes on the eve of his long-delayed debut in the talkies. What Mr. Chaney says, he says plainly. You will admire him all the more for his frankness.

The secretaries of the stars have always interested you, haven't they? William H. McKegg gratifies your curiosity by telling you all about these little-known, but very important persons—who they are, what are their duties, problems, and joys in serving their celebrated employers. Haven't you been waiting for such an article? It isn't the only one of its kind in PICTURE PLAY for September. Just get the magazine and see for yourself!



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 "GOING TO THE MOVIES"**

A NEW movie season is almost here . . .
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 —if you act now!

here's how...



Tell your theatre Manager you want to see

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FIRST NATIONAL

and

ITAPHONE



RIGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists... Notice the wealth of famous stars... the brilliant stories by favorite authors... the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year... Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)

WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"

From the famous novel by Herman Melville.
With Joan Bennett.

JOHN BARRYMORE In a second spectacular production.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"

All In Technicolor
Their first original romance.
By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar
Hommerstein 2nd.

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"

From the long-run stage hit. With John
Holliday, Mary Brion and other stars.

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"

With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS in "OLD ENGLISH"

From the celebrated play by John
Galsworthy. With a star cast.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"

The greatest musical comedy in years in
New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

"THE OFFICE WIFE"

By Faith Baldwin.

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"

All In Technicolor

With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy
and others.

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"

All In Technicolor

A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in "BIG BOY"

All Laughs!

"SIT TIGHT"

With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown,
Irene Delroy.

"RED HOT SINNERS"

With Winnie Lightner.

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"

Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other
stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"

Magnificent romance by Oscar
Hommerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

AND MANY OTHERS

Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"

The finest of all "Short Subjects."



FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

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A vast production and a perfect
Barthelmess story.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "ADIOS"

The brilliant star in the kind of port that
made him famous.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

One of the greatest stage plays of all time,
to be filmed with Ann Harding, James
Rennie and 7 other stars.

OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"

With Loretta Young
One of the stage's greatest stars in his
most famous hit.

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"

All In Technicolor
From the glorious Victor Herbert hit,
"Mlle. Modiste," with a tremendous cast.

"MOTHER'S CRY"

From the famous best-selling novel

"TOP SPEED"

Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great
Broadway success.

"THE BAD MAN"

Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a
celebrated stage comedy.

MARILYN MILLER in "SUNNY"

By Otto Harbach and Oscar
Hommerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

"WOMAN HUNGRY"

All In Technicolor
With Lilo Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler
and 5 other stars.

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"

All In Technicolor
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8
more stars.

"RIGHT OF WAY"

From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert
Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young
and others.

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"

First original screen production by the
brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern
and Otto Harbach.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-
packed pages of Roafe Sabatini.

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"

With Walter Huston.

AND MANY OTHERS



STARS and PICTURES



for 1930-1931

Cast your



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for

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FIRST NATIONAL

and VITAPHONE

STARS and PICTURES

for

**1930
1931**



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Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

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To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.

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P. P.

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year. Please send me a photograph of

(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.)

(Signed)

(Address)

(City & State)

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A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

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By BEULAH POYNTER

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What The Fans Think



The Movies *Did* Get Them.

SIX years ago, PICTURE PLAY published an article entitled "The Movies Can't Get Them." It dealt with the difficulty of Hollywood producers to acquire the services of stage celebrities. It argued the question pro and con, arriving at no definite conclusion.

Now, after six years, the situation is remarkably changed. These haughty Broadway show girls and boys—where are they to-day? Some still where they started, to be sure, but a large number of them are in Hollywood. Six years ago they cried, "What? Never! Stage dignitaries gracing motion pictures? Well, it simply isn't being done!" They said no, but it didn't take them long to change their minds.

Of course, the talkies are responsible for it all, and in many cases what has been Broadway's loss has certainly been the gain of the fans. Taking into consideration actual statistics, we can name offhand dozens of foot-light personalities who have recently been lured to the gates of moviedom. And the funny part is that, where formerly they dismissed the question with an aloof negative, they now trip over themselves rushing to sign screen contracts. In fact, if one can believe all he reads, Hollywood is nothing less than a battlefield for the stage and screen players. It must be very disturbing to the producers and directors, but at least it will end favorably from one standpoint. It will unquestionably rid the screen of a lot of useless and, for the most part, unwanted hangers-on.

It looks as though talent, and not beauty, will predominate on the screen for the first time. This will naturally put out of business such impostors as Alice White, Olive Borden, Billie Dove, and William Boyd. Their beauty will be replaced by the melodious accents of Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald, and Alexander Gray. But don't think I am running down the movie stars as a whole in order to eulogize their competitors. There still isn't any one to replace such genuine actors as Ramon Novarro, Nancy Carroll, and our old favorite, Gloria.

Judging from what we hear, many of the stage folks arriving in Hollywood take the greatest delight in putting on the ritz. This is bad policy. Marilyn Miller may know that she's a good singer and a fair dancer, *but* she has by no means got the screen personality or camera technique of Joan Crawford. So it just about balances; what one has the other hasn't. However, the

battle of the stars affords many a ha-ha for the fans, because we remember when the movie players were *so* sure of their position and, on the other hand, the stage celebrities poked fun at the idea of playing in pictures. In those days the movies couldn't get them; at the present moment try and stop them!

GORDON W. LANE.

Montreal, Canada.

"Intoxicating Nonsense."

Here is some one else who likes to make up his own mind about the movies, and who did, in the case of "His Glorious Night." The whole thing is a satire, and the name of the author tells any well-read person so. It is not to be taken seriously any more than "The Love Parade."

I, for one, cannot forget that John Gilbert gave me a great deal of enjoyment, not as the screen's greatest lover, or anything of the sort. He gave artistic, well-balanced performances, many times at the expense of his own personality as the hero. Let the children adore Joan, Alice, Clara, and Buddy. Youth calls to youth, and the world would be dull if we all liked the same things. But I and other adults are to be excused from patronizing these babies.

Nothing would please me more than to see John Gilbert make the biggest comeback of them all, thereby adding one more individual whom intelligent and adult audiences approve. The screen already has accomplished artists in Ruth Chatterton, Ina Claire, George Arliss, and Maurice Chevalier—especially Maurice. Only I must not start raving about the Frenchman, or I'll never get finished.

That brings me to another of my enthusiasms—Jeanette MacDonald. Notwithstanding the fact that she receives little praise, I hope that she continues to delight our eyes and ears and imaginations. I've seen "The Love Parade" half a dozen times. I suppose that either takes me out of the infant class or puts me back into it. "The Love Parade" takes first prize for intoxicating nonsense, if for nothing else, and I'm all for this kind of picture.

I believe that the talkies, with their influx of trained and experienced stage folk, have raised our standards of entertainment. Once the initial hysteria is ended, the talkies will settle down and offer us reasonable entertainment. Here's hoping, too, that talkies will be

talkies and singies singies, and we will not be forced to listen to mediocre songsters every time we go to the movies. The second-rate vocalizer will last only until the trained singers have developed a microphone technique, and then they will be out of singing rôles, and why not?

DOUGLAS MACFARLANE.

215 Waukawa Avenue,
South Bend, Indiana.

A Mail Secretary Speaks.

I cannot agree with Samuel Richard Mook that it would be the same to write to the government for such and such as to write to the stars for their photos, nor can I blame Robert Greaves for his disgust at the way the fan mail was handled in the instances he related in April PICTURE PLAY.

But I, too, feel it a duty to write on the subject, as I feel I am in a position to see both sides.

First and foremost, I live in Hollywood. Secondly, I have access to the studios. Thirdly, I know many stars in person, and, fourthly, I am a fan-mail secretary. This, I believe, enables me to speak with authority.

I have known occasions where fan mail has been horribly neglected and baskets of it burned unopened. One studio has an efficient fan-mail department, and another has the utmost contempt for it. The stars of one studio are powerless to do much about it, unless they employ personal secretaries. Then, again, some stars hire fan-mail secretaries and they become careless, though the stars are not aware of this, and others are conscientious and take excellent care of mail.

I know one star who wants his fan mail taken care of, but his wife tells him he cannot afford it, so the letters are neglected. Another leaves it to the studio, and the studio fails to supply the head of the fan-mail department with enough help to take proper care of the mail, so this star's mail is neglected. Another star will not bother with fan letters, unless they contain money, while another will not accept money, but returns any sent.

All the stars I know appreciate their fan mail. To the picture actor it is the same as applause to the stage player—the only way they can determine whether their performances have pleased.

But the producers look only for box-office returns, judging the star by the returns his picture brings, and never seeming to realize that many of us may dislike the star, but will see the picture if it includes some actor we like.

It has been my opinion that stars appreciate their fans, while producers and studio officials look down upon the fans who write. They seem to forget they owe their own living to these fans, and without them there would be no box-office returns.

E. S. COTTINGHAM.

Hollywood, California.

About Asther's Eyes.

I have had the good fortune to see Nils Asther in person at the Chicago Theater, and he is every inch the person we see on the screen.

His hair is black and wavy, his skin very dark, and his eyes are very blue. This surprised me, for I have read so many times that his eyes are hazel. And, best of all, his voice is perfect. The pitch is low—very melodious—and certainly should register one hundred per cent. His accent is delightful; there is no reason why it should hinder his career. His pronunciation of the letter "g" is the most Swedish thing about him; "g" is

Continued on page 116



disfiguring hair growths permanently destroyed— (not merely removed)

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air, where they hold
a nation enthralled
each day, these
magic personalities,
mightiest stars of all
creation, are coming
to thrill the world
anew in a grand and
glorious picture.
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is on the way!

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Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. **Tell him you want to see these great RADIO PICTURES at his house.**

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Photo by E. A. Schoenbaum

If one page of PICTURE PLAY is more honorable than the others, then it is right that Nancy Carroll should occupy this one ahead of all the rest. For her performance in "The Devil's Holiday" entitles her to precedence by reason of her pronounced talent—a talent that fully justifies the stardom she enjoys, for she is alone in the ability to sing and dance in musical comedy and play a poignant dramatic rôle. A shower of gold stars for her!



A girl in a dance number like this has a better chance of being spotted by the director than if she were an extra.

TALKIES, a revolution themselves, have brought other revolutions in their wake. They have wrought chaos in all levels of picturedom. They have closed the oldest, the most familiar entrance into the movies, and opened new ones. And not the least astounding development they have been responsible for is that they have made New York City the best place for breaking into pictures once more, as it was fifteen years ago, but for an entirely different reason.

That is what I learned in a thorough investigation of activities in the East, which I made in preparing this article.

From studio officials of all sorts, from casting directors, directors, and producers—some of them in the East on a visit from Hollywood studios—from workers around movie lots, and even from some of the extras with whom I talked and worked.

Why? Certainly, I reasoned, there are more studios in Hollywood than in New York. There is more extra work there. And hasn't the best method of breaking into pictures always been to start as an extra?

"Not now!" was dinned into my ears wherever I went. "Talkies have changed that, among other things." I was to see for myself and hear.

I decided to start by putting myself in the position of a person trying to break into talkies. I wanted to learn firsthand whether the extra in talkies had a better or worse chance of getting on than the extra in silent pictures. So I went to Paramount's Long Island studio and applied for a job.

Production was booming there. They planned, I had read, to make eighteen or twenty features and from one to two hundred shorts during the year. That meant about one and a half features a month, and from two to four shorts a week. That meant plenty of work for extras. More than in the other Eastern studios.

I was given work almost at once in the masquerade sequence of "Dangerous Nan McGrew," starring Helen Kane. I knew some one in authority there. Otherwise, I might have waited weeks, even months, to get the job.

The following morning I went to work at eight o'clock.

Your Chance

Every one knows what the extra in silent pictures do not know to what extent conditions have wants to know what opportunities, if any, exist this article you will learn inside facts

By Mignon

Three girls were in my dressing room, one in *Juliet* costume, the others uncostumed. The first was an attractive blonde, obviously just out of school and working in the studios for the first time. The second was also a newcomer. Her brother worked as electrician on the lot. The third had played parts in Canadian pictures.

All had high hopes of being singled out of the mob, and said so quite frankly. This is important, because their attitude was so different from that of the more experienced extras outside.

The hallway was crowded with them. They preened themselves in the mirror and chatted with each other. Some of them had worked a number of times, both in Hollywood and New York.

"Costume pictures are more fun than others," one of the girls said; "you feel, at least, that you're playing a part, even if you know you won't get within range of the camera." There was a tone of futility in her voice. She, too, hoped, but knew from experience what to expect.

Still she smoothed her hair as carefully as though she were getting ready to have a close-up taken.

I was fitted into a long blue-velvet robe, with huge train, and an extravagant headgear of silver and blue was arranged on my head. Mary, the wardrobe mistress, was nice about fixing me up. She had to sew me into my dress, which was several sizes too large.

Back in the dressing room, a make-up boy came in to help us. Talkies have even influenced studio make-up. Since their arrival, a more sensitive film is used in most



The Paramount studio in Astoria beckons the aspirant, because it is the center of production in the East.

In Talkies—

had to contend with in breaking in. But outsiders changed with the new order of things. Everybody to-day. In the careful investigation reported in derived from actual experience.

Rittenhouse

studios, and a new make-up is employed. This consists of a dark-tan powder with a liquid base, applied with a damp sponge. It takes the place of the grease paint formerly used. Instead of taking a tedious half hour or more to apply, as grease paint did, it can be put on smoothly in a few minutes. Brown lipstick is now used instead of red.

While making up, we saw hundreds of men outside our window, milling about the side entrance. The make-up boy told me they were speculative extras—soda jerkers, white-collar men, laborers hit by the unemployment wave. Here and there among them he pointed out an old-time extra. All hoped for a lift out of their financial trouble, easy movie money, perhaps a contract.

Day after day they came to the studio, attracted by the news that Paramount was active. They hoped the casting director would poke his head out the window and call them. When he called for fifty men, as he did once in a great while, three hundred of them stampeded to get the jobs. Several times police had to be summoned to quell near riots.

The boy shook his head. "If they only knew—they don't stand a chance! But then," he shrugged, "neither do any of the untrained extras who work here."

"Why?" I asked.

Then he told me what I was to hear again and again from men in high positions, in the course of my investigation.

"They still have the old idea that once working inside the studio, they're in the movies and may get a chance

to stay," he said. "Oh, yes, they tell you they're just working for the money. Did you notice, though, how mad the girls were about getting unattractive costumes?"

"The directors put all the extras, except the actors whose work they've seen on the stage, and the dancing girls, into a pigeonhole. Even more than they used to. Extras didn't have much chance in the old days. In talkies, they haven't any. Doing extra work won't get them anywhere."

In the hall as we went down to the set, we passed a group of chorus girls in white fur-trimmed costumes. They had been brought from a dancing school for an ensemble number. They stood off by themselves, avoiding the extras.

Then the huge set. The kaleidoscopic costumes made a gorgeous effect. It seemed a pity that Technicolor wasn't to be used. Men and girls chatted gayly together. The orchestra tuned up. The director appeared. Things now seemed much the same as in the silent-picture days.

Suddenly through an amplifier from a sound booth off the set boomed the word, "Silence!" That loud impersonal voice was to be heard often.

Then I realized, and not till then, how completely gone was the informality of silent-film days. Talkies have certainly brought efficiency to the studio set. Everything must be done to bells and schedule. We seemed part of some gigantic machine.

Throughout the morning it was like that. We danced, we posed, we threw confetti, we talked. But not in the old haphazard way. The dancing girls did their number three times. Things went off like clockwork.

I had worked on sets in silent pictures, and knew that even in mob scenes as large as this, directors often called on extras for bits of business. Any one who looked the type might be chosen. Experience didn't matter. My first day on any set, several other newcomers and I were given small bits of action.

Here I noticed that none of the extras was called upon for anything in particular. None was given lines.

A girl told me that the day before one of the extras had been given something to do and say. But, I was



Helen Kane, with Roberta Robinson and Stuart Erwin, in a scene from "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

Frank Heath, casting director, says that the extra most in demand doesn't make \$100 a month.



informed, she was a show girl, and had spoken lines in a Broadway play. She was not an extra in the ordinary sense of the word.

Even this was unusual, I discovered later in talking with Frank Heath, the casting director. Directors had learned from experience not to trust even one line to untried people, no matter if they did look the type.

In the experimental days of talkies, directors handed out lines to promising-looking novices. Almost always the people had been attacked with microphone fright and muffed them. Sometimes five hundred feet of film had to be reshot. It was expensive. Directors weren't doing it any more; it was too risky.

Thanks to the god efficiency, we were through earlier than we would have been in the silent-picture régime. At two p. m. we were getting our cards O. K.'d by the assistant director. A few moments later we were removing make-up and putting on street clothes.

The girls dressing with me were awfully disappointed that their day's work had come to nothing. They hadn't been selected for bits, nor told to come back. They hadn't even had their names and addresses taken by the assistant director, and told they'd be kept in mind. One confessed it took her weeks to get the job. But on one score all of us were greatly pleased. We were given ten dollars for a short day's work.

Later I went to the casting director. I asked him, "Has the extra a chance of getting anywhere in talkies?"

"Untrained extras?" He shook his head, and gave me to understand that even the most promising novice ordinarily has about the same chance of attracting attention as he would have of climbing to Mars on a bean stalk.

"Working in talkies as extra, and getting *in* talkies," he declared, "are different things. Naturally the extra with stage training and the girls in the dance numbers are regarded as something else again. They stand considerable chance.

"I've a man working here for fifteen dollars a day now, an



actor who gets four hundred dollars a week when he's playing on Broadway. Hard times forced him to pick up any money he could get. He's in a class by himself. If the occasion arises, we'll be glad to give him lines.

"I don't like either to encourage or discourage, but I'll say this: that doing extra work in talkies usually means nothing, so far as a real career is concerned. It's a way of earning pin money—darn poor pin money. We've had a slump here and things are only beginning to pick up. But even the extra most in demand doesn't make a hundred dollars a month."

From Paramount I went to the studio in Brooklyn, where the Warners make their short pictures. There I interviewed Arthur Hurley, for twenty-five years a stage director, now directing talkies. His was a most discouraging story.

"We've more extras than we need, as usual," he told me. "But our extras are almost all actors picking up money between stage jobs."

"You may be sure I'm not handing out lines to inexperienced people. I'm an ex-stage director. Know better. The vocal cords are the first things affected by nervousness. I wouldn't intrust a line to an untried extra, no matter how promising he looked. You'd be surprised how sometimes even an actor accustomed to appearing before crowds nightly gets microphone fright."

I went away feeling that the extra's chances were ebbing pretty low. I thought I would investigate the Poverty Row of the East. When a player was hard pressed for work in Hollywood, he used to visit the studios where pictures were made on a shoe string. It was easier to get work there: easier to attract notice than in the big studios.

So I went over to Fort Lee, New Jersey, where independent companies are making talking quickies in the old studios. I hoped to hear a kindly word for the extra there, if only for old times' sake.

For it was at the Paragon, Ideal, Phoenix, Universal, and other old studios in this town, that early movie history was made more than fifteen years ago. Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, the Moore brothers, the late Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, and numerous other celebrities were familiar figures on the streets. Many an occupant of a Beverly Hills mansion started as extra in this sleepy town, which seems to live now mostly in memories.

I visited three studios. Wherever I went I heard the same old story, in even more emphatic terms than elsewhere.

"We bring our extras from New York," said a producer at the Paragon studio. "They're all good actors. We know, because we've seen them on the stage. When pictures are made as cheaply and quickly as we're obliged to make them in order to profit, we've got to have reliable people. We can't take a chance. On a few minutes' notice all our players, whether they're filling in as extras or not, have to learn lines and be able to speak them."

"Not recite them, or deliver them, you understand. *Live* them."

"Often our companies rehearse and

High hopes are rampant in the hearts of these extras waiting outside the Paramount studio.

Mignon Rittenhouse, the writer of this article, in "Dangerous Nan McGrew."



[Continued on page 104]

Their Only Rivals

These stars find their own reflections not at all bad as stimulus to optimistic trains of thought.

Alice White, right, pensively cases the sting of some fan criticisms by recalling that she rates high with the box-office keepers, and that it's the ticket buying that really counts.



Loretta Young, below, will never get heady as long as she can smile in such an amused manner at herself, even though she is the first choice of battalions of fans.



Corinne Griffith, above, completes the picture with flowers and the reflection she sees, although she modestly may refuse to say it aloud, is more than reassuring.

June Collyer, left, also deep in reflection, one might say, stands aside so you can better see the full effect of this out-of-the-ordinary pose.



Lawrence Tibbett.



Charles Bickford.



Walter Huston.

Are Handsome Heroes "Out"?

The rugged brotherhood is giving the Adonis profiles a battle for romantic supremacy, but are they the stuff that dream lovers are made of?

By Elsi Que

BLAME the roguish Lawrence Tibbett, girls, for the surprises that are in store for you in the way of screen heroes during the next year or two. You may not care for them—in fact, you probably will close your eyes and moan, "For Heaven's sake, sing!" during some of the close-ups. But try to get used to them, because you are in for a good, long siege of the rugged, virile he-man with a heart of gold, hair on his chest, and a face that only a mother could love.

It all started at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, when "The Rogue Song" was mobbed by the entire beskirted population of Los Angeles. Producers buzzing around that gaudy edifice during the Tibbett stampede took one look at the crowds, another at the screen, to make sure their eyes weren't deceiving them, and rushed frantically back to the home lots where they rounded up all the profiled Adonises on the pay roll and canned them, *en masse*, as overt acts of God.

This, dears, explains why you will look longingly, but in vain, for the handsome boys of yesteryear. In time, of course, your protests will register. When the returns from the hinterland come in, the producers will groggily come to, and realize that masculine beauty has got to be more than voice deep to interest the forty million women of the country who live elsewhere than in Hollywood. However, it will take at least two years for this painful truth to strike home and, in the meantime, we may as well accept the situation as gracefully as possible.

The "Rogue Song" phenomenon is the sort of thing that is always upsetting Hollywood's equilibrium. After all, it's just a village, and like villagers everywhere, the residents are more concerned with what happens on the local Main Street than with affairs in the outside world. However, our village is unique in that its influence, via the screen, is so tremendous and far-reaching. We have already seen how fashions in clothes are affected by the sartorial whims of certain stars; fashions in manners,

and even morals, are launched from the same source. It isn't surprising, then, that fashions in types and personalities should rise and fall according to what happens to be the success of the moment in Hollywood.

Lawrence Tibbett's first picture broke over the town at a moment when nearly everybody in it was gripped in the throes of voice culture. From the starriest star to the most insignificant extra, Hollywood was simply voice mad; and when Hollywood goes wild over something it naturally follows that Los Angeles and the other suburbs are likewise affected. Hence the Tibbett excitement; and hence the new style in leading men.

Far be it from me to deprecate the Tibbett talent, or that of any of the rest of the rugged brotherhood who threaten to supplant some of our more comely favorites. I enthusiastically admit their vocal and histrionic ability. George Bancroft, for instance, and Charles Bickford, and Walter Huston—fine actors, all. Cast as misunderstood gunmen, noble coal heavers, or heavies of almost any description, they win my hearty applause. But as romantic lovers—girls, I ask you! If you have an argument with the boy friend about it—and you will, because most men are in favor of the new style of lover for quite obvious reasons—ask him how he'd like to see Marie Dressler or Polly Moran playing opposite Ronald Colman or John Gilbert! Then maybe he'll understand why you can't develop a romantic thrill when Charles Bickford embraces the gorgeous Garbo, or George Bancroft makes ponderous love to some fragile, beautiful damsel half his age and a third of his poundage.

It's all in the point of view. From the woman's view, a romantic love scene must be pictorially pleasing to be entirely convincing. In real life, some of the most fascinating men and women are downright ugly, if you stop to analyze their features, which of course you don't, once you have fallen under the spell of their charm. But put

Continued on page 105



Photo by Hendrickson

Fulton T. Watson, right, gives his stamp of approval to Ivan Lebedeff's dress clothes, while Bud Watson, his son and partner, gives his final scrutiny.

GEE, you look swell to-night," I murmured to the lady who goes to the theater with me. "New?"

"Oh, no. Last year's. I just had another tier of net put on the skirt so it reaches to the floor."

"Must be fun buying clothes for girls. You can buy anything from black to purple, with ruffles and doodads, and look entirely different every time you put on a different dress. Men's clothes are all alike."

She gave me a pitying look—or maybe it was a withering look. I don't know. I'm funny that way.

"Is that so?" said she. "Well, let any leading man wear a suit in more than two pictures and listen to the howl that goes up!"

"Well, they all look alike to me," I argued. "What's different about them?"

"Find out where they get their clothes and go find out for yourself," she answered. "Let's talk about me some more." So I did.

On the second floor of the Bank of America Building in Hollywood is a firm of tailors known as Watson & Son. In the course of a week you'll meet your favorite and most of the other leading lights of the cinema there, all trying to get something different in the way of masculine attire.

I ran into Buddy Rogers trying, between phone calls from admirers who had tracked him down, to select his wardrobe for "Follow Thru." First, he got a red-brown tweed suit with a pair of knickers. "I think," said Buddy, "I'll have this a single-breasted sack with patch pockets. I haven't had a brown suit with patch pockets lately. And, oh, yes. See that the plaits in the front of the trousers are good and full."

Quick, Watson,

This is the hurry call most often heard whose shop come all the heroes of the idiosyncrasies, extravagances and econ that you never

By Samuel

He thumbed through bolt after bolt of material. "Here's a hot number," indicating a light-buff flannel. "Make this up in a four-piece golf suit. The coat can be a Norfolk jacket with plaits at the side. Better 'stay' the back so the plaits don't pull out."

A light green was next selected and for some inexplicable reason the cut of this suit was left to the judgment of the Watsons.

Then a black-and-white very closely checked serge was chosen. Buddy was wildly enthusiastic about this pattern and the choice of the style was accompanied by frequent exclamations of "Gee!" and "Ooh!" It is being made single-breasted,

with a low, flat collar; very broad, square shoulders; small, sharp-peaked lapels; extreme cut-in waist; slash pockets; double-breasted, high-waisted vest and very high-waisted trousers with welted, hand-stitched seams down the sides and very small—eighteen-inch—bottoms. Hot diggity dog!

"Buddy's clothes are quite a problem," said Mr. Watson. "He plays more or less college-boy parts and has to wear tricky clothes. That's right up his street, because he likes his suits fancy. When he first came to Hollywood, everything had to be very conservative, but now he's branching out. He likes patterns that



Robert Montgomery fidgets and squirms while being fitted.

The Needle!

by Hollywood's leading tailor into movies, there to reveal vanities and omies. This affords a glimpse of them have had before.

Richard Mook

are distinctive and that he is unlikely to see any one else wearing. On the screen he wears clothes in keeping with the character he is playing, but off the screen—well, to put it mildly, his clothes would certainly make the Prince of Wales turn around for a second look!"

Neil Hamilton dropped in for a blue flannel. "Single breasted, patch pockets," said Neil.

"And make it out of unshrunk material," I suggested. "Then the first time it gets wet I can buy it cheap."

"Neil wears nice clothes," Mr. Watson informed me when he had left. "Tweeds and dark patterns, always very plain and inconspicuous such as the average business man wears. William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Raymond Hackett, James Hall, Robert Montgomery, and Grant Withers all wear about the same sort of suits, too.

"Jimmy Hall," he went on, "is the easiest person in the world to sell clothes to in one way, but in another he's the hardest. He'll come in, select about ten patterns and tell us to go ahead and make them up. In about three days he calls up and wants to know where his clothes are. We suggest that he come in for a fitting. He'll come in, stay long enough to let us fit maybe two suits, and off he goes. We finish the two suits and send them out. A month later he'll call up and want to know where the rest of them are and when we tell him he's never had them fitted, he'll say 'Oh, just go ahead and make them up the same as the others.'

"Bob Montgomery is another one we have our troubles with. Bob stays as long as we need him, but we almost have to stand on our heads to fit him. He fidgets and squirms and if we leave him for a second, when we come back we'll probably find him on the floor playing with his dog, and the pins we spent hours sticking into his suits will be scattered all over.

Basil Rathbone is held responsible for billowy trousers, high-waisted and with plaits galore.



Buddy Rogers likes his suits fancy, and the fitters see to it that pockets are tricky and trousers are intricate.

"He isn't the only one like that, either. Arthur Lake is another. If you turn your back on Arthur for a second, down he goes on the floor to read the comic strips in the paper. Once he was lying in the corner by the door and a man came in and stepped on him. We've been trying ever since to figure which let out the loudest yelp, the stranger or Arthur.

"Arthur wears very collegiate clothes—a sort of modification of his *Harold Teen* stuff. The sort of things high-school boys go in for. Pretty loose fitting."

It wasn't hard to conjure up a vision of Arthur sprawled on the floor, and now I know where he gets those secondhand wisecracks.

Ivan Lebedeff, who is noted for his clothes, as well as his hand-kissing, goes in for the military type of garment. Very tight and smooth fitting.

Owen Moore, on the other hand, wears typically English clothes—very loose fitting, extremely plain and conservative in cut, and, as a result, is known as one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood. Many of the prominent men of the screen, when asked how they want their clothes made, ask "What is Owen Moore wearing?"

The fact that Owen has an athletic physique and wears clothes well doesn't enter their calculations. Bert Roach is one of these. Bert is the rather fleshy

Quick, Watson, The Needle!



Frank Albertson's dinner clothes were ordered Saturday for delivery Monday—and they were.

gentleman built much along the same lines as Fatty Arbuckle and Walter Hiers. The fact that, in appearance, he is the direct antithesis of Owen doesn't faze Bert. What Owen wears is what Bert intends to wear, and no amount of argument or reasoning will change him. "If I don't look well in them," Bert insists, "it's just too bad for me. At least I know they were copied from a very good model."

And George O'Brien is another who favors the English mode, as loose-fitting garments become him very well because of his splendid figure.

Conrad Nagel, who dresses in very good taste in pictures, likes to relax when not on the set and slouches around in very loose and sloppy-looking togs. Occasionally he yields to his natural inclination and works a loose-fitting garment into a picture. The day I saw him he was

getting a camel's hair overcoat, belted, and with no particular fit—just comfortable looking—for use in "The Divorcée."

Rod La Rocque has one of the largest wardrobes in Hollywood and dresses in the best possible taste. He orders suits by the dozen. He goes in for extreme English styles—large lapels and other details in keeping. He has one idea as regards his clothes that sets him apart from other men. He never has them pressed! Every time he takes off a suit, his valet brushes it down with a wet wiskbroom and hangs it up. Rod contends that the suit then falls back into proper shape. It must be so, for his clothes always look well cared for—unless his valet sneaks them out and presses them when Rod isn't looking. I wonder!

Sam Hardy is noted throughout Hollywood for the glory of his sartorial adornment. The more extreme the cut and the flashier the material the better. Recently, not finding anything in stock sufficiently striking to suit

his mood, Sam invaded a line of women's materials and triumphantly selected cloth for a couple of suits for himself. "And let this be a warning to you," he admonished the astounded Mr. Watson. "When you go abroad this summer, see that you bring back a dozen or so Scotch plaid blankets for suits for me."

"Do you really go abroad for your materials?" I asked.

"Yes. Either my son or myself goes every year. Not only for the materials, but we like to see what's new in the way of cut, and also pick up any novelties we can."

Richard Arlen, Charles Farrell, Chester Morris, Johnny Walker, Cliff Edwards, Jack Mulhall, Ricardo Cortez, Gary Cooper, Hallam Cooley, Alan Hale, Eddie Nugent, Edmund Lowe, Ford Sterling, Hugh Trevor, Nick Stuart, Glenn Tryon, George Lewis, Walter Pidgeon, Barry Norton, Jean Hersholt, Larry Kent, David Manners, Harry Langdon, Matty Kemp, William Austin, Robert Agnew, Don Alvarado, Johnny Arthur, Walter Byron, Francis X. Bushman—father and son—Lane Chandler, Charlie Chase, Conway Tearle, Prince Yucca Troubetskoy, and Bryant Washburn are some of the others whom you may see in this little establishment almost any time they are between pictures.

Occasionally a woman will wander in and order a sports suit. Betty Compson has the distinction of being the first woman to order a pair of trousers. She wanted something to loaf around the house in and chose lightweight gray-flannel slacks. She wears them, too, and how!

Now it's become quite a common thing and there is quite a vogue for trousers for beach and yachting wear.

Basil Rathbone, who is known on the screen for his suave, sophisticated performances, goes in for English



Arthur Lake drives the fitters distracted when he sprawls on the floor to read the comic strips.

Venus Vanishes

At the height of her beauty and fame Vilma Banky chooses to retire from the screen, thus adding courage to the qualities that have endeared her to us all.

I can write no stately proem
As a prelude to my lay.
From a poet to a poem
I would dare to say.

And if, of the falling petals,
One to you seem fair,
Love will wait it till it settles
In your hair.

And when wind and winter
Harden all the loveless land,
It will whisper of the garden:
You will understand.
—OSCAR WILDE.



YOUNG, lovely, successful, Vilma Banky has decided to abandon her career on the screen and find contentment in private life. She doesn't say that she prefers to be "just a wife," because to her the change entails no comedown, no sacrifice. She believes it is her highest destiny, because she loves her husband, Rod La Rocque, and with the expiration of her contract she is free to do with her life as she wills. That she prefers the home to the screen is proof that excitement and adulation mean nothing to her and lasting realities everything.

Far from being forgotten in the parade of newcomers, Vilma Banky will be remembered not only for what she gave the screen, but for her ideals and her gentle loyalty to them.



Photo by English

"Let 'em know you're around." That's Jack Oakie's motto. So he manages to be all over the studio and never silent.

WHEN 'Hit the Deck' was released—I played *Bilge* in that—a friend said to me, 'Oh, look, Jack, there's your name on all the "bilgeboards"!'" said Jack Oakie.

Bilge or otherwise, Jack's name is spelled in big letters on billboards all over the country. Now he is being starred in "The Social Lion." Jack is an overnight success, what Broadway calls "a natural."

After his first big hit in "Sweetie," the critics dusted off all their best adjectives—"Hilarious," "Sensational." "Jack Oakie is an artist."

An artist! Jack, reading the notices at home in Hollywood, was delighted but puzzled. An artist? Well, for gosh sake! He hadn't done a darn thing before the

His Name on the

Jack Oakie will have his wisecrack, even at the thought of being considered

By Alma

camera but be himself—and they called him an artist. "Well, Mrs. Offield," he told his mother, who lives with him, "your little boy Lewis is an artist. Can you tie that?" Or words to that effect.

You've all been to parties where some one constantly clowned and wisecracked. "Isn't Bill a riot? The life of the party!" Well, that's Jack. A natural clown.

When he opened the door of his hotel suite in New York, Jack dangled his watch chain with the key on the end. "I always knew I'd find a use for that some day."

We sat down. Jack is rather shy. And he was obviously not at his best—too much Broadway night life.

"If I look as bad as I feel," said Jack, "they won't let me play *Skippy* after all. And I'll never be the darling of the debs. But Buddy Rogers beat me to that, I guess." Buddy, it seems, was acutely distressed when he saw himself billed "The Darling of the Debs."

The phone rang.

"There it goes again," said Jack. "Every minute, all day long. 'I don't know you, but how'd you like to come over for a swell home-cooked dinner?' 'Won't you come to our dance next Friday night?'"

"Yeah! And if I go what happens? Some one announces in a loud voice, 'Jack Oakie is going to sing for us.' They don't ask me beforehand do I want to sing. They just trap me so I can't refuse. But I've learned a dandy answer to that one! They say, 'Will you sing?' And I say, '*Vier gevelt?*' I'm told that's Yiddish for 'Where's the money?'"

I'm not up on my Yiddish, so any error is mine, not Jack's.

The phone rang again. The Eastern office of Jack's manager calling.

"My local flesh peddler," Jack explained.

He's still a little astonished at all the attention he is getting, the stir he has caused. He has that pinch-me-I'm-dreaming air. You never hear him talk about his art. He's just a natural cut-up, and all that stuff about his being an artist is more a surprise to him than any one.

The night before he attended the theater. He went back-stage to see his old friend, Harry Richman, who was in the show.

"Three of us piled into Harry's foreign car," said Jack. "I said, 'Hey, Harry, go slow, so people can get a load of this.' We poked along. I was all set with my bow, in case some one recognized me. We spent fifteen minutes getting out of the car when we arrived at the, er—restaurant. But it was just my luck—there wasn't a soul in the street. I might as well have driven up in a Ford."

This is the Jack Oakie—dressed in a brown suit, black patent-leather shoes, and white socks—who returned to the New York he had left as a chorus boy.

"Bilgeboards"

his own expense, and though he is a star, an artist "panics" him.

Talley

It was only a few years ago that Jack was a telephone juggler, as he put it, in Wall Street. He hadn't a thought of the stage. But his friend, May Leslie, let him play in a few amateur shows which she produced. And he was a hit.

"Why don't you go on the stage?" she said. "You're good. And you love it."

"All right," said Jack, who, as he says himself, follows the line of least resistance.

He got a job, without trouble, in the chorus of a Shubert revue, "Artists and Models."

Then followed more chorus work and a vaudeville tour in Lulu McConnell's act. Lulu is a kind of feminine Jack Oakie.

The next season she got Jack a job in the chorus of "Peggy Ann," in which she was featured.

"As a chorus man," said Jack, "my gosh! I was terrible. In one number, 'Where's That Rainbow?' we danced off the stage, each man pretending to kick the girl in front of him. Only I really did kick her. And I got kicked—out. Lulu said, 'Never mind, lots of good people couldn't get chorus jobs—they'd never hire me!'"

"So then what?"

"Then I decided to take a little vacation, and see Hollywood. Out there I met Wesley Ruggles at a party. He was telling me about some gags he was going to use in 'Finders Keepers.' 'Swell,' I said, 'now all you need is a smart guy like me to put 'em over.'"

"Wesley thought this over for a minute and then said, 'Sold. Come around to the studio to-morrow morning.' I did. And P. S.—I got the job."

Thus began Jack's movie career. Carelessly, you might say. Stage career—film fame—they just fell into his lap. Jack goes right on following that line of least resistance.

He played with Dorothy Mackaill, in "Hard To Get." In one sequence she had to push him.

"I pushed her right back," said Jack. "The director yelled, 'Hey, there, what's the idea? She's the star of this picture. You can't push her out of camera range like that.'"

"She pushed me first, didn't she?" I said.

Several times Jack has stolen a film from the star through just such antics.

"It's the only way I'd ever get noticed," he said. "Why, if I'd kept step with the others in the chorus, I'd still be a chorus man. Let 'em know you're around."



Photo by Ritchie

When Jack Oakie kisses the heroine, they squash a tomato off-stage, he says.



Jack is starred in "The Sap from Syracuse."

"For instance, when a lot of extras are on the set, which are the ones who stand out? Those that sit around quietly like ladies and gentlemen? I should say not! It's the ones who start things, so the director sees them.

"That girl over there," the director will say, 'the one turning handsprings—let's give her a screen test.' Only the tough break for the girl is that, in the test, they make her act like everybody else. They say, 'Walk into the room.' 'Answer the telephone.' 'Read these lines.' And before it's over she's just like any one else—no individuality at all. They ought to let her cut up.

"Oh, well," said Jack, "I'm just a roughneck, I suppose. My first interview was with a writer on one of the Los Angeles newspapers. We were having lunch, and I saw some pals at the next table. I went over to speak to them, and I guess I stayed away too long. Anyway, the lady

was pretty miffed when I got back. And did she burn me up in her story? Whew! She ended her interview like this: 'Jack Oakie's mother was the head of a train-

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What A

Our own Miss Swanson recognizes no limit does she score heavily in the dramatics of her brilliant ability as a comé



Miss Swanson wears, outer left, a gown of black velvet, with crystal and seed-pearl embroidery on the bolero, this costume being typical of the wide variety of clothes provided for the comedy.



She displays, left, a hand-painted gown of yellow crape, the flowers in contrasting colors being outlined in embroidery. Incidentally, Miss Swanson sings three songs written expressly for her by Vincent Youmans.



Gloria Swanson, left, contributes a moment of broad farce when she chooses to disguise herself for the purpose of eluding four determined swains.

She is seen, right, in a beige suit of French Leda, trimmed with leopard, with a touch of the same fur on her felt hat, this being but one of the ultrasmart costumes she wears in the picture.



Gloria!

to the range of her versatility, for no sooner "The Trespasser," than she reminds us of dienne with "What a Widow!"



Much of the action in "What a Widow!" takes place on shipboard, hence we find Miss Swanson attired, above, in a sports suit of blue Floccallic trimmed with harmonizing suede and wearing a beret of blue suede.

For the street she wears, left, an ensemble of black flat crape, with a gray skirt, the waist further demonstrating another variation of the popular bolero.



Miss Swanson, above, as *Tamarind Brooks*, the gay widow, dances with Owen Moore, as *Jerry*, the suitor who finally wins her.

She is seen, right, in a moment of mock-intensity in considering the proposal of a man she wants to lead on. He is Lew Cody, who is associated with Margaret Livingston, Gregory Gay, Arthur Hoyt, and Herbert Braggioti in Miss Swanson's support.





Photo by Hurrell

Catherine Dale Owen gave a party and no one wanted to leave.

FOR weeks Fanny the Fan was not to be found in any of her customary haunts, and even though I telephoned her at all sorts of odd hours, she was never in. Finally, I fell back on that time-worn expedient of bombarding her with telegrams saying, "Come at once—I need you," and "Meet me at the Ritz at four thirty to-morrow, and you will learn something to your advantage." That last one got her. She insists that it was because I signed it "A friend," and she was anxious to discover if she really had a friend left in the world, and why.

"If you read my mail, you wouldn't think I had any friends," she wailed. "Ever since I said something to the effect that Janet Gaynor should be strangled for the cloyingly cute mannerisms she has adopted in singing, I've been

Over the

By The Bystander

attacked by telegram, letter, and telephone. Evidently Janet inspires a passionate loyalty in her admirers. They think strangling is too good for me; they're in favor of torture and slow poison.

"Nevertheless, I say Janet was once a sensitive, poignant artist and now she is a second-rate singer with a lot of obvious tricks." Fanny was most emphatic about it.

Fanny can yell "sacrilege" all she wants to. The public likes Janet with all her mouthings and baby stares. She has just won two big popularity contests conducted by newspapers.

"You haven't gone into retirement, have you," I asked, "just because Janet's sharpshooting admirers are out to slay you? And if not, where have you been?"

"Oh, just around." Fanny beamed with a complacent smile.

"This is once when I am not homesick for Hollywood," she went on, "because about half of Hollywood is here, or has been within the last few weeks. Marie Dressler was here on her way to Europe. So was Pauline Starke. Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe are here, and so are Margaret Livingston and Catherine Dale Owen. Marjorie White and Helen Twelvetrees have been here. Mitzi Green played a week of personal appearances in Brooklyn, and Nancy Carroll and Lillian Roth are both here to make pictures in Paramount's Eastern studio."

Fanny sighed contentedly. All was right with her world for the moment.

"Broadway has broken out in a perfect rash of parties lately," she announced with enthusiasm. "You know, every time Fox signs up a celebrity they give a big tea to announce the fact. Joseph Urban was the excuse for one big party; another was supposed to be given in honor of

Betty Starbuck is the young enchantress of Paramount's Eastern studio.

George Gershwin. but it turned out to be a testimonial meeting in favor of his chef's famous apple strudel.

"The Publix officials gave a party for Helen Kane the night she made her first appearance at the Paramount since she went into movies. The party was held at the Park Central Hotel about midnight, and guests were warned that they were expected to dive into the swimming pool during the course of the evening. But I can't tell you who did and who didn't, because I went home before the party had finally arrived at that stage of hilarity.



Photo by De Barron

Teacups

Fanny the Fan reports on the swarms of Hollywoodites that have been visiting New York.

"Helen looked much thinner and prettier, but I confess I was more interested in Ginger Rogers than I was in the guest of honor."

As I wasn't much impressed by Ginger Rogers, in "Young Man of Manhattan," I tried to lead the conversation gently back to Marie Dressler. I might as well have tried to drown out Lawrence Tibbett in the midst of an aria.

"She didn't have half a chance in that picture," Fanny insisted. "She's really a darling. Just nineteen, and the youngest nineteen you ever saw. I had a long talk with her mother while Ginger was dancing with Jack Oakie, and I am sure that even if Ginger didn't have good sense—which she has—her mother would keep her level-headed."

"Her mother was dramatic critic on a newspaper down in Texas, so Ginger grew up with the stage on her mind, so to speak. She didn't really get started on her career until she had reached the ripe old age of ten. She had worked up from school entertainments to dancing contests, from picture-house prologues to musical comedy, when Paramount scouts found her. Mr. Lasky says she is great in 'Queen High,' and he ought to know. They tell me he has seen quite a few pictures."

"Any girl working in Paramount's Eastern studio has plenty of competition. You have never seen so many pretty girls as there are over there, and most of them are so young they make any one over twenty look like a doddering old hag. Betty Starbuck is the young enchantress of the studio, but she causes a sensation wherever she goes. When she opened in her first musical comedy in New York, staid reviewers wailed, 'Mamma, I want that dolly!'"

"Since Claudette Colbert left the studio, all the men have taken to following Betty Starbuck around, hoping that she will want a chair, or a glass of water or something, so they can get it for her."

She doesn't even seem to notice it. Oh, well, they tell me she has been the belle of so many college proms that a hundred or more new admirers doesn't mean a thing in her life.

"Some of the prettiest girls I have ever seen worked as extras in 'Dangerous Nan McGrew.'" Fanny babbled on, ignoring all efforts to stop her. "They were not the usual type of extras at all. They looked more like a lot of debutantes who had come for a lark to see how pictures were made. I found out that many of them were chorus girls from 'Heads Up.' Haven't seen the picture, so I don't know

Marjorie White made a great hit in her home town.

Photo by Autrey



Photo by Duncan

Pauline Starke is playing around Europe with her producer-husband.

how they photographed, but if they registered as they looked in real life they ought to be given contracts."

"But it takes more than a contract to make an actress in pictures," I observed. "Look at Carlotta King. She signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn right after she made 'The Desert Song' for Warners, and they've never used her."

"Yes, and look at Mary Lewis," Fanny chimed in. "She took off a lot of weight and was all set to make pictures for Pathé, and then she collapsed when she was singing over the radio. She up and left for Europe immediately. Pathé insists she will make a picture later, but I, for one, don't care how much later it is."



Photo by Tzamouzaki

Lena Malena is the latest nominee for Lily Damita's rôle in "Sons o' Guns."

She really ought to tell the public what her reducing diet was, so that other singers can avoid it. Her voice sounds terrible now."

"I could do with fewer singers in pictures," I observed, "and more people I like to look at. I am so tired of people recruited from the stage or night clubs. They may sing well enough, but their faces are a dead loss as far as I'm concerned."

"Yes," Fanny granted. "I'm fussy that way, too. I'd much rather look at Norma Talmadge than Sophie Tucker, and I could listen to Bernice Claire with much greater pleasure, if she only looked like Myrna Loy. Just wait until you see Myrna, in 'Bride of the Regiment.' She looks so exquisite in a white wig, she all but takes your breath away. I'd trade in a job lot of Dennis Kings and Harry Richmans for Ronald Colman, and throw in John Boles for good measure, even if Ronnie doesn't sing."

"What about his disappearance?" I asked.

"Wasn't that just like Ronnie?" Fanny beamed with as much pride as she might have, had he been her own invention.

"He simply won't give in to the notion that an actor belongs to the public and Sam Goldwyn's press agent. When he finished 'Raffles,' he announced that he was going to Honolulu. Reporters met all the boats, and when he didn't show up, the press department got a hunch that he was really in New York. They searched everywhere for him, and finally a newspaper columnist ran a kidding story saying that he was lost, and would the finder kindly return him to Sam Goldwyn's office?

"Promptly, a taxi driver appeared on the scene, and told that he had driven Ronnie to a certain very quiet hotel the night before. By the time the Goldwyn press agent got there, Ronald was leaving for a European steamer. And when he arrived on the other side, he stayed in his state-room until the docks were cleared.

"Ramon Novarro has always gone in for seclusion, too, but when he was here recently he went about freely, and no one bothered him. He even sang over the radio, and of course there were hundreds of requests for permission to visit the studio that night. No outsiders could get in, because the wives of the studio officials had grabbed every available inch of room.

"The visitor to New York who made a hit with me was Mitzi Green," Fanny announced.

"Probably because she was all that kept you awake through 'Paramount on Parade,' I suggested."

"Not quite all," Fanny corrected me. "I enjoyed Chevalier immensely, too. But wasn't the rest dull? There was only one precious moment when Edmund Goulding, the director, spoke. Let's go right out and send a telegram to Mr. Lasky—'Please make Eddie Goulding act in a picture right away. I know he is about the most valuable writer and director you have, but he has the most beautiful speaking voice I ever heard.'"

"First I want to be sure," I said emphatically, "that he had nothing to do with that old chromo, 'Let's Drink to the Girls We Love.' Maybe the dramatic club of the East Ipswich High School

could have put on a number with as little pace, but I doubt it."

"Oh, well, if you're going to start asking questions about that revue," Fanny questioned, "why not ask why the Technicolor photography made the actors look as if they didn't have any faces? The color photography in 'King of Jazz' was much better, but to no avail, because they didn't have any players whose faces I wanted to see.

"But I must tell you about Mitzi Green," Fanny insisted. "Over at the Brooklyn Paramount they wanted her to include an imitation of Rudy Vallée in her act, because he is such a local favorite.

And Mitzi turned them down quite solemnly, declaring that she couldn't imitate him, because he didn't do anything!

"She is the most unspoiled youngster. She had to cut her tour short and go West to work in a picture with Clara Bow, and if she gets through that one without being spoiled, she's a wonder. Clara Bow is so crazy about youngsters, she'll probably spend half her time trying to amuse Mitzi."



Photo by Ball

Margaret Livingston would like to adopt New York, and it is mutual.

"That reminds me," I began, but Fanny interrupted.

"I bet I know what you're reminded of—a best-selling novel of last year that would make a perfect vehicle for Mitzi. The idea wasn't original with you, because everybody has been talking about it ever since Mitzi made her first hit. The book is 'Angel Child,' by Grace Perkins. Am I right?"

Much as I hated to, I had to admit she was right. It is a perfect vehicle for Mitzi, and a grand book to read, too.

At last Fanny stopped talking long enough for me to demand news of Marie Dressler.

"Well, what would you expect?" Fanny looked at me in cool disdain. "You know perfectly well that Marie has about nine million devoted friends, including all the chorus girls and most of the society leaders of New York and Europe. For the last three seasons friends have bombarded her with cablegrams telling her to come to the Riviera, or the season wouldn't be a success. From the moment she got off the train in New York, she was surrounded. Of course, it is simply marvelous that she is to become a star at sixty. And I'll bet that when she is ninety she will be the leading television star.

"Margaret Livingston didn't have so many friends when she came to New York, but if she stays here a week longer she will have the city at her feet. Whenever any one speaks of seeing a perfectly gorgeous-looking girl at the theater, choruses cry out that it must have been Margaret. She loves New York and would like to stay here. Every one I've met wishes she would.

"She and Catherine Dale Owen became great friends in California, and they came East at the same time. Just before leaving for the Kentucky Derby, Catherine and her mother gave a tea for Margaret, and every one had such a good time they didn't want to go home. Maybe some of them are there yet. I don't know. I was invited to drop in at five o'clock for a few minutes, and at seven thirty I tore myself away. I seemed to be the first to go, at that. If you think Catherine Dale Owen is beautiful, and if you don't you're crazy, you ought to see her mother. She looks exactly like Catherine, only she has heaps of lovely white hair. She reminds one of Southern gardens and real pearls.

"Several theatrical managers have tried to lure both Catherine and Margaret into stage engagements, but they are both under contract and have to go West when summoned. Studios are always ruining trips to New York.

"Helen Twelvetrees came East hoping to stay for several weeks, but she had no more than got her trunks unpacked when Pathé sent for



Photos by Bull

Marie Dressler has the rare distinction of becoming a star at sixty.

Helen Twelvetrees barely reached Manhattan when she was recalled to Culver City.

Photo by Thomas



her to come back and start work on 'Her Man.' That's the story based on the 'Frankie and Johnny' ballad. If present plans work out, you will see a newcomer playing opposite her, and he is well worth looking at."

"Why?" I inquired idly. Fanny does pick up such odd enthusiasms.

"Well, just because he is. He's a cutter at the Pathé studio named Claude Berkeley, and for years producers have been trying to get him to act in pictures. He is tall and good looking and has the most utterly charming manner. He has always flatly refused to act, saying he had a good, steady job that he liked. I saw him at the studio once and immediately inquired who he was, which is more of a rise than any actor out there ever got from me."

I am afraid Fanny's memory is very short. Does she expect me to believe that she

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The Look of the Month

Lily Damita registers as strongly in person as she does on the screen, which is saying a great deal, but that's the verdict of a seasoned interviewer whose judgment could not possibly be influenced by a blonde in golden mules.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

LILY DAMITA is good for the blood pressure. Given a cozy nook, a book, and Lil, and one could have a delightful literary time. Even without the book.

An eyeful of Damita turns the coldest morning into a tropical interlude. She is the look of the month.

Eleven thirty is too early in the day to be at one's best, but it didn't affect the blond Parisienne. True, when she let me into her bijou quarters high in one of the ultra-smart apartments on Park Avenue, she was still in fatigue uniform, which is to say that she wore a nebulous negligee and pattered about in golden mules that accentuated her slim bare legs.

Lily lives with a maid, a secretary, and a phone that tinkles incessantly. "*Cette diable dial*," Lily called it. But the phone didn't seem to mind. Lil could call you almost anything with impunity. The girl has a way with her.

"No, you do not awaken me," Lil assured me. "I am always up and busy. Busy baby! I learn to tap—so"—and she did a step. "I learn to sing." She trilled. "Something doing all the time."

She is one flickering star who is perfectly safe in making personal appearances. Lily has all that it takes.

Damita has appeared in only a few pictures, but she has left a definite impression; you will see more of her.

In "The Rescue," with the suave Colman, Lily was miscast, but in "The Cock-eyed World," that Rabalaisian slice of slapstick, she was eloquent. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," shelved because of box-office anemia, also gave Lily a chance to put her best foot forward.

"I do not want to keep on making 'Cock-eyed Worlds,'" Lil told me, pouting prettily. "All I do in that is shake these heeps." She squirmed gracefully on the chaise longue by way of illustration. The girl is a born pantomimist.

"The Bridge" was Lil's idea of a real part in a fine picture. She was sorry to hear that it hadn't paid its way in the countingroom. "*C'est dommage*," she exclaimed.

There are myths and fables about Damita. There would be. How the King of Spain declared a national fiesta when she danced at the Teatro Nacional, if there is such a place. How Prince George of England risked court-martial by leaving his battleship near Los Angeles to run over to Hollywood for tea with Lily. Or perhaps it was luncheon. History is so vague on these fine points. Then there was a fair-haired German count who incurred a heavy expense account by following Lily to America, only to be shunted to South America, where he is now ignobly slaving for Henry Ford.

Looking at Lil, you can figure some of these myths as being more than mere figments of some press agent's imagination. Lil is the type that would set a king's throne over one ear and unbalance the regal scepter a trifle. Lil is a Gallic edition of Clara Bow, with improvements.

"It is not true, the stories," she told me, with a smile that belied her words. "I would like to see a man with platonic ideas. But they are all the same."

"A man who was platonic with you would probably be subnormal," I assured Lil. She laughed.

I told her how I liked Chevalier, whom I had met the day before.

"He is charming," she agreed. "We are old friends.

He is a great artist. And he speaks the English so well. How do you think I speak?"

"Excellent. With just enough dash of accent."

"I can make it thicker if I like," said Lily calmly. "When people think I should be Frenchier, I say zis and zat for dem. Anything you like—O. K."

She is a gay, saucy child. Despite the fact that she is twenty-four, she seems no more than eighteen or nineteen, save in her sophistication. Lily has been places and

seen things; she distinctly knows her way around.

Her real name is Lillian Carré. A great man, whom she coyly refused to name, called her Damita by way of a nickname; hence she became Lily Damita. And sagely enough, Sam Goldwyn signed her to a five-year contract.

Fox would like her to do a series of pictures with McLaglen, but if Lily has anything to say about it, there will be no more hip-shaking in the manner of "The Cock-eyed World."

Blondes have been enjoying an open season on the screen. Jeanette MacDonald calmly appropriated "The Vagabond King" heroine, immediately after playing opposite Chevalier in one of the outstanding hits of the year. Mary Nolan and Jeanette Loff are two more fair-haired beauties who have been attracting attention.

The mystery is Catherine Dale Owen, who has supported Tibbett, Gilbert, and Baxter, despite a total lack of animation, ability, or anything else that would save her from being a dull actress. Then we have Damita, registering as vividly on the screen as in real life.

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Miss Damita has appeared in but few pictures, but she has made a definite impression.





Photo by Hal Phytho

DESCRIBING Lily Damita as a gay, saucy child who wants to play *Camille*, Malcolm H. Oettinger finds in the blond Parisienne inspiration for one of his most penetrating, and at the same time amusing, interviews on the opposite page.



Photo by Don English

OVERPUBLICIZED as a society girl looking for a new thrill in the movies, June Collyer has managed to live that down by her growing importance as an actress. Not by looking like one, either, but by being one!



Photo by Don English

HERE she is—here's Mitzi Green, whom you all know well by now. Daughter of vaudeville parents, she learned early how to entertain on the stage, and now she takes home the bacon to the weight of \$750 a week.



Photo by Fred R. Archer

YES, Claudia Dell is a "Follies" girl, but Hollywood doesn't say of her, "Just another 'Follies' girl." Heaven forbid! For she was brought there to sing the title rôle in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," coveted by every beauty on Broadway.



Photo by William A. Fraker

DOROTHY REVIER used to be called "The Caviar of Poverty Row" when she appeared in pictures made on a shoestring. And now that she is sought by leading producers to grace their films, she still gives them that expensive flavor.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON is so good an actor that critics call him grand. He plays character rôles, as you who saw "Night Ride" and "A Lady to Love," know. And with what a difference—as you also know! His next, "Little Cæsar."



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

MARLENE DIETRICH, the new German actress about whom you have been reading plenty, paused in New York before going to Hollywood to play opposite Gary Cooper, in "Morocco." The reason? Why, to greet the fans with this photograph.



Photo by Hurrell

TO admire is one thing, to idolize is another, and to emulate a star is the greatest tribute of all. And, according to Madeline Glass in the article opposite, Ramon Novarro is the only one who inspires this supreme manifestation.

What Is His Mystic Power?

Little-known facts about Ramon Novarro are brought to light in a brilliantly informative discussion of his influence over fans.

By Madeline Glass

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to know who is the most popular actor on the screen at the present time, I venture to say that Ramon Novarro has the most consistently loyal following that ever stood by a star through good pictures and bad. His admirers are not only legion, but the intensity of their devotion is quite unlike that accorded any other star.

This does not mean that the Gilberts, the Rogerses, and the Coopers, do not have countless admirers, but I am convinced that none of these men inspires the reverential adulation that is lavished upon Novarro. To those who qualify as his fans, Ramon is the quintessence of all that is good and great. And the influence he exerts over their lives and characters is truly amazing.

Within my own circle of acquaintances, I have known girls to accept the Catholic faith, because their Ramon is a Catholic. I have seen them study the Spanish language, because that is Ramon's native tongue. And there have been many instances where devotion to this gifted young Mexican has caused his fans to study music and the other arts, hoping to come into closer contact with, and appreciation of, their idol. It is doubtful if any other actor ever exerted such a moral and mental sway over his admirers.

What set me to thinking about Ramon and his curiously devoted followers was an incident that came to my attention recently. A bright unsophisticated girl came to California from the East about two years ago. Her prime interest in life being Ramon, she went to the Metro-Goldwyn studio and applied for a position. Eventually she was given one, and as time went on, she found herself working among the stars. To her the star of stars was, of course, the black-haired lad with the captivating accent. Occasionally he stopped to say a few friendly words to her. These encounters were to the girl moments of mingled bliss and agony, for although Ramon was ever so casual and impersonal, she invariably was thrown into such a nervous state by his presence that it is a wonder he did not notice her discomfiture.

"How can you be so charming, while breaking my heart in two!"

Then one day came news which the girl had once thought would bring her the height of joy. She was given work where she would come in direct and continual contact with Ramon. Upon hearing this, she resigned her position and left the studio.

"I knew I would fall madly in love with him," she explained

resignedly, "and it wouldn't have been fair to him—or to me."

The incident was an unusual tragi-comedy, yet it can be topped by an even more amazing one. For the charm of Novarro not only leads his fans to master his language and be converted to his religion, but it inspires them to all sorts of sacrifices.

Another girl also came from the East for the purpose of seeing Ramon. She was very poor, and being young and inexperienced, could scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. She is to-day getting along nicely, and she has such an unusually good mind that a fine future undoubtedly is in store for her. Although she had no money, she had a consuming desire to see Mr. Novarro. So she set out to walk the many miles to the studio. The gentleman in the front office whose duty it is to question callers and summon the bouncer if necessary, indicated that she stood about as much chance of seeing Ramon as she did of seeing the president.

So the girl started to trudge back home, carrying the additional weight of a heart suddenly turned to lead. By the time she reached Los Angeles, her feet were so tired and swollen that she took off her shoes and limped slowly across the cool lawn that surrounded an unpretentious residence. As she neared the front of the house, who should walk out but Ramon—in person, not a motion picture! She watched, radiant with delight, her poor, abused feet forgotten, while he stepped into his car and rode away.

What does this man possess that inspires such idolatrous devotion? A good press representative? Ridiculous! Beauty? There are other handsome men on the screen. Talent? There are other talented actors. A good reputation? There are other good reputations among the screen folk. No, it is no one of these things. It is a combination of beauty, talent, and character, plus a personality in which is blended gaiety, spirituality, and a flavor of medieval romance.

While other men usually look out of place in fancy costumes, Ramon looks a bit strange in modern dress. His is a personality that fittingly harmonizes with the splendors, adventures, and tragedies known in centuries past and gone. A theosophist would say that he has lived many previous lives. Probably he has. Be that as it may, he is to each of his girl fans the dream prince of all time, a god with a sense of humor.

Ramon Novarro is a product of no great stock. His
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Grandma Baker came from Oak Hill, Illinois, to meet Ramon Novarro for the first time and was a guest at his home.

The Stroller

The galloping pencil of our staff cynic sketches the high spots of cinema life.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



IN strolling about Hollywood one cannot but notice the only thing new in the way of visual delight which the studios have to offer.

It's not girls and it's not pictures, and surely it isn't men. Since you couldn't possibly guess what form of rivalry is now of more importance to the studios than the making of pictures, I'll tell you.

Water towers! Yes, sir. The sky line of Hollywood, compared to that of New York, reminds one that New York does all its drinking in speakeasies and gives Hollywood the aroma of the farm.

Universal had a wooden water tower—oh, years and years ago—plopped down over one of the office buildings. It's still there. Then First National put up a studio in Burbank and erected a water tower that would make Silas lavender with envy. To top it off they painted it a glossy black, and emblazoned the name of the studio upon it, so that all who beheld might know.

Then Paramount raised one of the things on their lot, as if to show that they were making as much money as First National. Their tower outdid the Burbank edifice in gallons, capacity, and height. And it brought to Hollywood its first flavor of the countryside.

But sturdy little RKO was not to be outdone. Nay, nay. They have the Radio millions behind them and so, spurred by the same ambition that makes a star buy an estate and have a footman, they got busy and only a block from the Paramount gusher put up a taller and fatter tower which completely obscures the real-estate sign on the distant hillside, and adds another visible farm to the Hollywood silhouette. Only this sign has "Radio Pictures" all over it in aluminum paint, and electric lights play on it by night. Thus does beauty come to Hollywood of its own volition.

Columbia studio is planning a counterattack by placing a drinking fountain at their entrance, and to have a relay of bathing girls turn the water on and off for the thirsty.

Fame has come to Jack Oakie.

He must be funny, be-

cause from now on he is in a class with Jiggs and Maggie, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Harold Teen.

Yes, indeed, Jack Oakie is the name of a new comic-strip character just out. An enterprising publisher sold Oakie the idea. Oakie gets a cut on the receipts from the strip and has the O. K. on the feature, probably to be sure that it is in keeping with his humor.

A prank is a prank in a comic strip, so I'm waiting to see what comes of this innovation. Perhaps they intend to have an artist follow Oakie around and chronicle his daily adventures for the edification of the excited world.

The Fairbankses supposedly had such success in bringing Shakespeare to the screen that another company has announced its intention of doing "The Merchant of Venice," with musical embellishments.

A sweet idea. Imagine, if you can, Shylock demanding his pound of flesh.

"I want my pound of flesh!" he cries. Then you hear strains of jazz, and feel something is about to happen.

Immediately thereafter a chorus of sixteen girls comes on from the wings doing the buffalo. They are scantily clad and start singing,

Here is your pound of flesh—tra-la—tra-la.
Sixteen little ounces are we—are we.

Finish the words yourself. Or get some song writer to bat out something appropriate.

A star's little party was broken up when he repeated his wife's words, "If there is a woman in this house, I hope she dies."



There are so many stage people in Hollywood at present that they are a menace to the success of the pictures in which they appear.

The poor things are absolutely unversed in the nuances and traditions of the city. Worst of all, they are slightly honest with interviewers, and are candid enough to tell what they think. Which, of course, as any one can see, is a grave error likely to bring on disastrous results.

Several studios have just opened training classes for all stage people, and none is signed to a contract until he has listened to the advice of the publicity director

and shown a proficiency in mastering the rudiments of being interviewed.

The main things discussed are something like this: never tell your right age; be enthusiastic about pictures; your current rôle is the greatest you ever had; flatter the interviewer and tell him you read everything he writes, and admire his style; tell how you rose from starvation to stardom through grit and grin; talk about your rich and aristocratic relatives; and, above all, don't tell them you lived in the slums, or bought your way into pictures by skullduggery.

With the summer tourist season going strong, the Hollywood shops are in despair.

Too many stars are shopping in Beverly Hills and way points. So naturally the tourist trade in the shops has fallen off, because every one wants to purchase a dress at the place that serves Greta Garbo, and Garbo and the others don't come in any more.

Special discounts to players have failed to bring them back. The shopkeepers can no longer whisper, "That was Clara Bow I was just waiting on." This is especially serious, since half the business of Hollywood comes from tourists.

A sure sign of this exodus is the advertising of the stores. "Eat with the stars," "The stars' beauty parlor," shout the signs. And a Turkish bath bellows, "Ten thousand pounds of star fat lost here in four years."

Will Hays, having edicted against talking pictures, with a gigantic blare calculated to appease the censorship advocates, has gone a step farther.

Of course, pictures will not be any simpler. Sophistication and even dirt will continue. But—still photographs have come under the ban.

Fan magazines, say Mr. Hays' spokesmen, have too much nude or seminude art. Theater lobbies are filled with misleading photographs of players.

In plain words, still pictures are too "hot"—and the move is under way to cool them off. Pictures of girls in scanty bathing suits, chorus costumes, undies, negligees, and whatnots are to be eliminated. Furthermore, the latest amendment further states that fully costumed girls often take the most suggestive pictures.

This is supposed to give Hollywood a greater black eye than screen fare, and still restraint is demanded. What will the result be? Why, I don't think there will be any change. Do you?

Here are a couple of little stories showing the astuteness of our producer friends—again on the pan, as we say.

A director had an idea for a picture which he wanted to direct. It had been months since he had worked, and he was feeling the pinch. His idea was broached to a studio and the producer, after due or undue contemplation, decided he didn't like the idea well enough. So the director attempted to sell it elsewhere, and took it to several of the leading studios, with absolutely no luck.

He was in despair, until he procured a blank

The equivalent of two guests was lost at a Turkish-bath party in Hollywood.



The Hays office says fan magazines and lobby stills are too "hot."



contract at one of the bigger studios. He filled in the contract and went to the first producer and said:

"I really like you best. I would rather work for you than any one. I'll give you a last chance. See? Here is a contract which I am going to accept if you don't want me."

The producer pondered and called a conference. At the conference he said, "Well, if it's good enough for Jesse Lasky, it's good enough for me, eh, what?" The chorus answered, "Yes," so the contract was given to the director.

And a few days later a scenario writer wanted a raise. He was turned down. So he promoted himself a job at another studio. His studio offered to meet the raise at last, but he knew what that meant. It meant they would keep him long enough to lose the other job, and then he would be fired. An old gag. He asked for a contract. It was refused. He signed with the other studio, and his former employer was burned to a crisp. He took it up with Hays, and called it unfair competition.

Which only proves, little ones, that if you make somebody believe some one else wants to hire you, you are a success, as Hollywood looks at it.

Swimming parties, beach parties, dinner parties, gin parties!

But now the Turkish-bath party has entered. Kathleen Clifford, once a vander-ville and screen player, who now runs flower shops and heads a cosmetic company, staged one at a Turkish bath for sixty of her most portly friends.

The party was a huge success. Three hundred pounds were sweated out, or the approximate equivalent of two guests was left in the steam room.

One of our worst directors just had his contract renewed, because the producer was afraid to let him go.

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Strong And Silent Men

Buster Keaton is the silent one and the others qualify as champion lifters.

Joe E. Brown, left, under the influence of his gay clothes, no doubt, will kid the girls, but that's oke with Nadine Hobart and Genevieve Roberts.

This picture, right, was labeled "The Understander," and appropriately so, if it didn't smack of a pun, for the big man is Edward Sedgwick, director of the successes of both William Haines and Buster Keaton, the two extremes in volubility.



Basket ball at the M.-G.-M. studio recruits Joel McCrea, center, as candidate for the strongman medal, and to support his claim, he does a juggling act with Leila Hyams and Dorothy Sebastian.



Victor McLaglen, left, lifts a good part of the cast of "Hot for Paris," and he doesn't look bent in the least. Here are Charles Jadel, Fifi Dorsey, and El Brendel.



Fred Kohler, right, disguised as a husky Westerner for "Under Western Skies," grabs an armload of girls and, looking them over, he finds that he holds, left to right, Kathryn McIntyre, Violet Cooper, and Jacqueline Lander.

Her Strange Handicap

Though Marilyn Miller is queen of musical comedy by virtue of being its highest-priced star, she can't read a note. This surprising story tells how she triumphs in spite of it.

By Romney Scott

SHE sings—but she can't read a note. She dances—but she has never taken a dancing lesson, except from her mother when she was a little girl.

These facts about Marilyn Miller came from her own lips as this Broadway favorite, who made her film debut in "Sally," talked about herself and Hollywood. She expressed pleasure over the fact that she was about to board the *Century* for a second trip to the film capital.

"I always loved to dance," Marilyn confided. "I began loving it almost as soon as I learned to walk. When I was five years old my mother made me a little ballet dress. I've been dancing ever since."

Then she told of her childhood days in Memphis, Tennessee, and of an old colored man who worked about the place. The old fellow's recreation was dancing a combination of the plantation shuffle and the tap dance of to-day. The little girl watched him and imitated his movements.

She learned to dance by dancing, just as she learned to sing by singing. Her parents were theatrical people, a fact which assured her an opportunity to put her best foot forward when the time came. They were father,

Miss Miller used to be billed as "Miss Sugarplum" when her parents were vaudevillians.



Marilyn Miller was recalled to Hollywood for a second picture.



mother, and three daughters, of whom Marilyn was the youngest. They were known on the stage as the "Five Columbians," and Marilyn was billed as "Miss Sugarplum."

Last summer they held a reunion in Hollywood, where Marilyn was filming "Sally." And a second reunion is taking place this summer. The elder Millers have lived for several years in Hollywood, and the two sisters, who have both married and retired from the stage, went to the Coast from Chicago in order that the "Five Columbians" could be together once more.

"Sally" was the first of the musical comedies in which Marilyn was starred when she was only nineteen years old. It went on playing for two years without a break. Then came a year and a half on the road, after which Marilyn played the title rôle in a revival of "Peter Pan." And then came "Sunny" for over a year, and "Rosalie" for another season.

"I was glad when they gave me 'Sally' to film," she said.

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A young man in love: Neil Hamilton unexpectedly meets Elsa Whitmer, and knows at once that she is the only girl for him.

PART III.

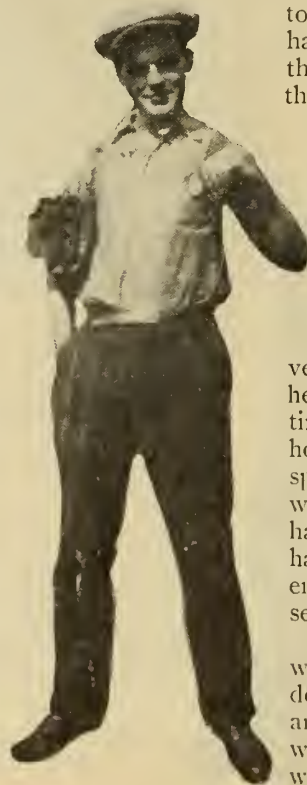
THE men who were kindest to me during my modeling period and gave me the most work were Joseph Leyendecker, Arthur William Brown, Clarence Underwood, and James Montgomery Flagg.

I remember going home one afternoon when I was rooming with Eddie Phillips, and the usual questions were exchanged as to whether either of us had succeeded in finding a job. He said he had not. I hadn't, either, but had heard that Mary Pickford was in town looking for Italian types to take back to California for a picture called "The Love Light."

My informant had suggested that, having dark eyes and hair, I should go over and see her. But as I didn't feel there was any possibility of my being accepted for the part, I didn't bother. Besides, I lacked the nerve to interview such a celebrity.

Next day I came home and found Eddie in a frenzy of packing. He had slipped his suit under the mattress so as to get it thoroughly wrinkled, shampooed his hair, bought dark powder which he had applied heavily in order to give him a Latin appearance, had bought an Italian newspaper, went to the Biltmore Hotel with it stuck under his arm, inquired for Miss Pickford, giving the name of

For eleven weeks Neil was a mechanic at the Ford plant.



I Stop To

This installment of a favorite leading man's to earn a living, until he is forced to abandon working in an

By Neil

Eduardo Filipo, spoke broken English, was signed on the spot at something like \$150 a week, and was leaving for California that afternoon!

I saw him about six months afterward, and he told me that he had been successful in keeping up his masquerade until he reached Chicago, and was there so overwhelmed at the boldness of his undertaking that he confessed he was not an Italian, and that his real name was Eddie Phillips. Apparently the powers that be were very lenient, for he was taken to the Coast where he got a job.

Shortly after this, my father came from New Haven to pay me a visit one Saturday afternoon. The young man I was rooming with at the time came home saying that he had heard of a job, but that after ten years of stage experience, he thought he ought to get more than fifty dollars a week, which was all the part paid. It was to go to Birmingham, Alabama, to join the road company of De Wolfe Hopper's "Better 'Ole."

I hurried down to see the agent about it, and after telling him all about myself and my past experience on the stage, which was nil, I talked him into giving me a contract which necessitated my leaving that night. I am sure that whatever chances I ever had of getting to heaven were completely thrown to the winds by the whoppers I told in order to convince him that I could fill the part.

I came back to the house about four o'clock to tell my dad that I was leaving for Birmingham. He could not quite grasp the fact that things were done in such a hurried way in the show business.

It was then my painful duty to go to James Montgomery Flagg, for whom I had been posing for the past six months. He was in the midst of illustrating a story, and naturally was upset at the necessity of finding another model who looked like me.

I left that night at six thirty with a dollar and a half in my pocket, feeling very much as Amundsen must have felt when he started for the North Pole. Up to this time I had never been so far away from home, and was thrilled silly with the idea of spending a night in a sleeping car. The train was eighteen hours late getting into Birmingham, and the result was that my dollar and a half soon vanished. By the time the journey ended I was ready to eat the plush off the seats.

I saw the performance that evening and was duly impressed by the job I was to undertake. I rehearsed for three or four days, and two days outside of New Orleans, where we were going for a week's engagement, I went on for the first time. My lucky star

Look Back

life story finds him the hero of many an attempt the make-believe of the theater for the reality of automobile factory.

Hamilton

continued to shine, and contrary to my expectations, I suffered no pangs of stage fright.

After the performance, when we were all sitting in a restaurant, Mr. Hopper asked what stage experience I had had. I realized that if I continued lying I would surely be found out, so I told him that this was my first appearance before an audience. I expected him to reach into his pocket and give me my car fare back to New York. Instead, he was much amused and kind and sympathetic, and promised to show me how my performance could be improved. He would sit in the audience and criticize my enunciation.

A week later we opened in New Orleans, and it was then apparent that my lucky star was beginning to wane. We had a rehearsal at nine o'clock, and the fellow I was palling with, Jack Parry, and I both overslept. Instead of arriving at the theater at nine o'clock, we did not get there until ten. Never shall I forget walking into the Tulane Theater and there was not a soul to be seen. We peered into the corners and finally walked out on the stage, mustering sufficient courage to get in the middle of the stage. The curtain was up, so we could look out into the big, dark, silent, mysterious auditorium.

I turned to Jack and acting as if we were playing to an audience, I announced in a loud voice that the old walrus had called off the performance. Jack made some answer equally flippant. We started a mock speech apologizing to the audience. It went along about five minutes, when suddenly from the darkness of the auditorium boomed Mr. Hopper, announcing in a tone that would have struck fear in the heart of a brass horse, that if he had a gun he would kill us both. He came on the stage and proceeded to put the fear of God and himself in our hearts.

The dressing rooms were back of the stage in tiers, and one by one the doors began to open. Much like bees coming out of their hives, the rest of the company came down to rehearse. I did everything wrong, which seemed only to increase the old man's anger, and after three hours the rehearsal was called off, and we went back to the hotel to wait for the evening performance in disgrace.

Then began a series of



Neil Hamilton cast aside his work as an artist's model to join a road company on a few hours' notice.

Neil failed to impress as a bond salesman.



one nighters—thirty of them. On our way to Huntington, West Virginia, we stopped over at a mineral spring. We had a four-hour lay-over, and during this time Jack must have drunk at least ten ladles of undiluted water from the springs. Suffice it to say that I have never seen so sick a man in all my life.

We got to Huntington about two in the afternoon, and we decided that we would take a little walk to stretch our legs. This we did until five o'clock, and being completely all in, we left a call for seven thirty. We went to bed for a short nap. I awakened, and not having a watch, I raised the window shade and it was pitch dark. Having a sinking feeling that seven thirty had gone by, I reached for the phone and asked the clerk what time it was. "Ten fifteen," he replied. We were supposed to have been at the theater at eight!

I Stop To Look Back

I got Jack up and raised hell with the manager of the hotel. I came back in a few minutes to find Jack sitting on the edge of the bed hammering his wrists with a hairbrush. I thought he had gone mad. He said not to worry, as he had thought out a plan.

His scheme was to call in a doctor and persuade him to go to the theater and say that Jack had slipped on the icy pavement and had painfully sprained his wrist. A long cock-and-bull story would thus pacify Mr. Hopper and the company manager.

By this time Jack's wrists were twice their normal size. To our consternation, we found no doctor's office open and no drug stores. In my mind I saw myself packing and heading for New York. We were walking along wondering what to do, when we passed a young man and a lady. Jack stopped me, saying, "Wait a second." He hurried back to the stranger. After a few words they shook hands. Of course, I couldn't make anything out of the proceedings, but Jack told me later that he had talked him into going to the theater with us and impersonating a doctor. The young man diplomatically excused himself from his escort—where she went I don't know—and went back to the theater to carry out this absurd masquerade.

In the meantime, the snow had begun to fall heavily, but not quite heavily enough to stop our manager from standing outside waiting for us to show up. He had my make-up box, and as soon as I came in hailing distance he threw it at me. Realizing that war had been declared, I beat a hasty retreat.

It so happened that Jack was very necessary to the show, as he spoke French. It was then about ten thirty. He had barely time to rush in, throw on his red wig and make-up, and stalk on to play the French porter with Mr. Hopper.

I do not know what I did, but I remember walking for hours, finally getting to the hotel about two in the morning. As I came into the room, my eyes met a sight that I shall never forget. There was Jack sitting on the bed, still in his red wig, his funny costume and wooden shoes. He hadn't bothered to remove them or his make-up, but sat with his hands in his lap, the personification of despair.

They were not going to pay me at all, but they finally did give me my salary, taking out for the previous night when I hadn't worked, but refusing to pay my fare back to New York. The salary that I drew wasn't enough to get me back; so I had to borrow from some of the more affluent members of the company. I arrived in New York once more, broke, to continue the search for work.

My next engagement was with Grace George, in "The Ruined Lady." The interim had been filled in with posing and with six weeks as office boy for Chamberlain Brown, the agent, after which I went to Baltimore in a fashion show, making one hundred dollars for the

ten days, and among the members of the troupe there was a young man named Reed Howes. We struck up a friendship, and when we got back to New York decided to see if we could get a place to live that would accommodate both of us, always with an eye on the expense account.

My first stock experience was in "The Tailor-made Man" in Toledo, Ohio. After a try-out of two weeks, the manager told me that he would keep me on as a permanent member, but he could not offer to pay the salary we had originally agreed upon—fifty dollars—due to poor business, but could afford to pay only twenty-five dollars.

I wanted the experience, and felt that I could live on twenty-five, though I was bitterly disappointed. However, it did not take me long to find out that twenty-five dollars a week was a very small salary when one is expected to supply a change of costume every week. I remember I had two suits which, with clever manipulation, such as wearing the trousers of one suit with the coat of the other, created, I hoped, the impression of an extensive wardrobe.

Elise Bartlett, who later became Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut, was leading woman. The engagement lasted sixteen weeks, and during it an incident occurred that served to change my whole existence. There was a young man in the company, Wellington Parks, who was the nephew of some furniture people in town. He had a great desire to go on the stage, and was a second-assistant stage manager with no salary, but was allowed to play small parts. In return his folks lent the company furniture which, of course, was soft for the manager.

Parks was young and I was, too, and he thought it was exciting that I had been on the road, had been an extra in pictures, and knew so many artists. The result was that we became good friends. He was always telling me about Elsa Whitmer, a girl he wanted me to meet. He was always saying, "I know you will like her." Curiously enough, I found out later that he told her the same about me. She was the treasurer of another theater which played all the road shows.

One Saturday morning, just after we had finished our rehearsal, and had gone out for a bite to eat before the matinee, he said to me, "Here comes the girl I have been wanting you to meet." As there was no getting out of it, we stopped and introductions were duly acknowledged. We chatted a few moments and then said good-bye. When I reached the theater and was in my dressing room, I realized that here was the girl. By that I meant the girl; that if there was to be a future Mrs. Hamilton, I had at last discovered her.

All my evenings were occupied at the theater, as were hers also, and not only were my evenings occupied, but the greater part of the nights when I got home, trying to

Continued on page 96



Mr. Hamilton begins to realize that life is a serious proposition after all.

Goodness Gracious—What Next?

Players have dallied with turtle racing, lion taming, and stilt racing, and now we present a class of promising beginners in the manly art of tumbling.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, below, take their daily exercise in this rash fashion and, as usual, Hardy is having all the fun and Stan all the misery.



Fred Kohler, below, must not be half as tough as he looks, or a nize li'l chorus girl like Bess Collins would not trust life, limb and the pursuit of fame on such wabby props as those half-bent legs of his.



When diets fail try this as a weight regulator, for of all gymnastic lifting and twirling, you have never seen such unstrained, pleased expressions as those on the faces of Ann Christy and Kay McCoy, below. Horizontal, Miss Christy, fifty-fifty, Miss McCoy.



Mitzi Green, left, forgets that she makes \$750 a week and plays steam shovel with William Austin.





Reginald Denny is fascinated by Kay Johnson, as *Madame Satan*.

When DeMille

A modernistic Zeppelin is the scene of cream-puff of enjoying if we should suddenly come into a "Satan" will have a dash of melodrama for

By Myrtle

Come, if you would know
How to put sin in syncope!
Come, don't be so slow!
Satan will show you
A brand-new sensation!
Rich man! Poor man!
Come, ladies, grab your man!
Follow me, we'll see,
Who's really low-down!

SOCIETY syncopates! Blue bloods go haywire! In the bizarre, metallic setting of a blimp, their fancy is caught by the novelty of becoming the machinery which smooths their button-pressing, speed-mad existence. Electricity emblazons its force through battalions of feminine watts. Vamps of the voltage surcharge the pulses of gay worldlings. Globes of girl appeal string an ampere enticement, through which glides the sinuous glow of *Madame Satan*, mazda of the latest, maddest movie. Fascinating she is, in her black gown slashed with red and gold, her eyes sparkling through the slits in her mask.

Helmeted and goggled girls pilot little silver racers among the merrymakers, their fleet of cars bearing all the appurtenances of a gas service station for the guests' refreshment—gilded oil cans for cocktail shakers, cylinder goblets. Human batteries, recharged, plunge into the breathless marathon around the dance floor.

Having staged parties in golden halls of modern splendor, in ancient palaces of a crumbling grandeur, in sunken baths and at smart seaside resorts, satirizing the foibles of the wealthy, there was only one locale left for the impresario of movie magnificence—the air.



Katherine Irving attends the ball as the *Spider*.



The glamorous ball aboard the Zeppelin is said to exceed all Mr. De Mille's past splurges.

Takes To Air

deviltry of the sort that we are supposed to dream million dollars, and for good measure "Madame those who like it with their social epics.

Gebhart

The "Zeppelin Ball" of "Madame Satan" promises to be a worthy successor to the "Cinderella Ball" of "Forbidden Fruit," the "Candy Ball" of "The Golden Bed," and his other glittering interpolations. So far, however, spectacle was often irrelevant. At last its existence is justified in that it is essential and expresses the story's keynote.

The "Ballet Mecanique" is designed as the spirit of our mechanical age. From a torpedo shoot the dancers; feminine wheels roll down, flashing beams of light, arms weaving gyrations; everything is awry, in a scraping, grating, screaming bedlam of noise. The machinery, if you get the point, instead of a headache, is disjointed.

Suddenly, there spurts out a bolt of electricity, in the person of Theodore Kosloff, who often has staged spectacular dances, but now appears himself for the first time in ten years. Electricity swings things into uniform motion, and the party—pardon, the pandemonium—is on.

Just as restlessness is being felt along the movie sector, and the novelty of tapping ensembles and jazz glitter begins to pall, DeMille steps up to place the final touch to the series of glamorous productions. His second talking film, and his first musical one, promises to outtap all the revues. With the peppiest chorus, its orchestration is raised to symphonic proportions.

Beginning on a note of light farce, society is engaged in bright verbal fencing, such as characterized the introductory scenes of "Dynamite," a nimble, sophisticated humor, flavored with irony. Satiric chatter with mocking laughter ushers one into the Brooks home. There things happen. Flirtations skim their dangerous

The *Pheasant*,
Madame's rival,
is Lillian Roth.





Roland Young helps Lillian Roth to a fire escape in one of the land sequences.

ways, with girls perched on fire escapes, mysterious women concealed under coverlets, masked wives, and the array of society's unrealities that always entice the cotton-and-cabbage classes.

Yes, there is a bathtub, a glass bath, shining and opaque. It is, however, in the Brooks home, not on the Zeppelin. I am very much disappointed. I was anxious to see how ablutions might be contrived up in the air.

A coldly efficient wife, who supervises a clock-work home, and her restless husband are about to separate. Her penchant is to improve things. While she teaches a Sunday-school class such as one sees only in a musical show, he is amused by a vaudeville vamp. His pal throws a party on dad's Zeppelin, anchored in the air for an oil company's advertisement purposes. There a Ziegfeldian beauty show is staged, set in symbols of our ultra-modern trap drums.

Guests enter through the mooring mast and down the catwalk to the ballroom of the Zep. Along the catwalk a pony chorus performs the "Cat Ballet." Little black kittens pur:

Meow! Paw me—mustn't claw me
Or ever start to spat!
Can't be that kind of a cat!
Let me hold your mitten,
Cuddle up like a kitten!

While they sip from the cup that cheers and befuddles, a glorified circus entertains them. The *Spider Woman* spins her opalescent web. *Triplets* dances, with two dummies of herself alongside. *Confusion*, into whose silk-net costume went two hundred balls of yarn, though it doesn't conceal very much, illustrates her name. The *Sir-armed Woman* does her semaphoric act. No wonder the eyes of gentle *Alice in Wonderland* grow rounder and rounder!

A girl auction determines the most beautiful woman, who will lead the grand march. Charners exhibit their qualifications, each singing her specifications.

I'm the *Spirit of Innocent Pride*!
Proud of the fact that I've nothing to hide!

The *Golden Pheasant*, really Trixie, the vest-pocket vaudevillian, dressed up in a few bunches of feathers, sings her own ad:

Ever see such a chassis?
No one never did!
Expensive but classy—
What am I bid?

With a shrill call, *Madame Satan* sweeps in, suggesting in her song that they meet *Madame*.

I must admit I claim
A mighty reputation.
Not unknown to fame,
To-day, they say
Satan is not Meestaire,
But *Madame*!

The *Golden Pheasant*, challenging *Madame* to dance, struts the electric measures. *Madame* is subtly provocative in her slow waltz. The bidding turns from the *Golden Pheasant*, and *Bob* wins the satanic *Madame*.

Billows of tulle, balls of fluff, tossed on the spray of laughter. Animal-head muffs, furry feet. Denizens of the forest in a jungle carnival, a zoo gone jazz. *Water*, in a cascade of crystals, trailing a liquid voice. The *Call of the Wild*, whose elfin whistle grows into a

Elsa Peterson, as *Martha*, urges the wife to fight for her husband's love.



As the *Call of the Wild*, Vera Marsh strikes a dizzy note.



primitive seductiveness. *A Fisherman's Girl*—her big striped hat never could get in a boat, so she goes for a ride in a Zep!

As time and the drama progress, the whole ensemble speeds into the Low-down, a jeweled *danse moderne*. Rajahs and princes and shahs rub elbows with peasants. The *Bulls of Wall Street* roar. Jockeys dart among pompous Roman senators and sinewy gladiators. Demure *Juliet* is wooed by a bold and bibulous *Romco*. Generals and *poilus*, potentates and paupers, step with the show girls of the beauty brigade. *Señorita Madrid* gracefully flirts with a ragged *Villon*. *Little Red Riding-hood* carries pearls in her basket, instead of groceries. The *Emerald* gleams myriad green lights—go signals through the fog of cigarette smoke!—while the *Spirit of Innocent Pride* wonders what makes everybody so gay.

Light italicizes these aerial antics. Gleaming shafts lay a silvery brilliance over the throng, picking out jeweled slippers tapping a staccato restlessness, slim beauty radiating prisms from its sequins, petals unfurled and tossed about in mad animation. Headlong the plunge into a gaudy hurrah! Enjoyment is tuned to an intense pitch. Dynamic emotions parry, strike flint, burst into flame against wealth's backdrop. Avid gayety spews its velvet-sheathed commonness. Through the *mêlée* glides the faintly amused *Madame*, her eyes



The prim wife and the restless husband are Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny.

inscrutable, her lips curved to a taunt, witchery in her intimations.

Low-down, low-down!
Let's make it a show-down!
You're claiming that you're flaming,
But you'll soon tire out,
And put the fire out!
You think you're hot,
I know you're not!

Stamping slippers accelerate into high gear. The swell and dip and quiver of it carries you along with its rhythmic beating. Fingers of light glance from metal cloth to shining brocade; impulses flame into imperious demands; the melodramatic display of a *de luxe* revel beats its boom-boom tempo.

Ting-a-ling! A distant tinkle! Dulcet chimes! Resonant gongs! A "Clock Ballet" announces the hour of unmasking, swift *Minutes* tapping little silver bells on their hats.

Dashing *Robin Hood*—*Bob*—follows *Madame Satan* into the chart room, intrigued by her siren song.

"Just one little word, like a sweet refrain," he begs, in tuneful wooing. She gives him a Mona Lisa smile.

A storm blows up. The Zeppelin breaks loose from its mast, and tosses in the wind. The guests

Betty Francisco's *Little Red Riding-hood* carries pearls in her basket.



Alice in Wonderland, played by Mary Carlyle, sees plenty.

grab parachutes and jump in frenzied panic. There is a shortage of parachutes. *Madame Satan*, who really isn't wicked, after all—but maybe you have suspected that!—gives hers to her cowardly rival, the *Golden Pheasant*. Landing in a lion farm, in a Turkish bath, and in other such places where it is against etiquette rules for parachutes to land, the bedraggled social steppers make their way to their various homes, while *Bob* and *Madame* are left in the airship.

A great gust of wind snaps the blimp, lightning rips it into halves just as *Madame* unmasks. *Bob* discovers that the mysterious *Madame* is his wife! He is borne away in one part of the ship, she in the other. Both land in the same ocean, however, so there is a wet and salty kiss for the fade-out.

[Continued on page 108]



Old maid and lemonade provide high-voltage excitement for Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian, John Darrow, and Sylvia Picker

Open House For Pep

First organized by certain young players who couldn't afford expensive clubs, the Thaliens now boast a membership that includes all the high spirits and youthful good looks in Hollywood. This article takes you into the inner circle of their joyous week-ends.

By Samuel Richard Mook

THREE years ago when the economy wave hit the producers and they tried, without success, to cut the salaries of your tried and true favorites, they got together to discuss ways and means. Production costs had to be reduced.

Of course, they could have eliminated supervisors, but these worthy gentlemen are usually some executives' thirty-fifth cousins and must be kept on the pay roll, even though their presence means running the cost of the picture into the million-dollar super-super-special class. The cameramen, the prop boys, the director, the scenario writer were all necessary evils. The only place left to cut was the bit players and young featured players. Consequently their salaries started dropping like the Stock Exchange in a bear market.

These kids suddenly found themselves unable to attend premières at five dollars a throw. The Montmartre, the Brown Derby, the Coconut Grove, and the Blossom Room at the Roosevelt became treats, instead of a habit. And yet youth must be served. They had to have their fun. So they got together and organized the Thalian Club, which serves two purposes: it enables new players of promise to keep in touch with each other and, at the same time, their bimonthly meetings provide them with a great deal of pleasure at a small expenditure of cash.

Last summer many of them, unable to join the expensive beach clubs, got together and decided to establish a beach house of their own. Many meetings were held, many the wisecracks hurled at the long-suffering ways-and-means committee. Eventually, each member was taxed the modest sum of five dollars and the committee was told to get a beach house, or to be prepared to face a firing squad.

Finally, down on the Palisades del Rey, they found their house. Two old maid sisters, not on speaking terms with each other, had built it. It is divided through the center, each half being a complete unit—kitchen, sitting room, bedrooms, and bath. Not wishing to

change the spirit with which the sisters two had imbued the place, the Thaliens have kept it that way and the boys have one side and the girls the other. The only difference now is that the inhabitants of the two sides speak to each other. Oh, yes! They speak—and how!

The club has its own restaurant, where the best food in and about Hollywood is served at the most reasonable prices. This is presided over by Bill Dillon, an erstwhile member of the defunct Paramount school, who is club father, mother, big brother, and guardian, all rolled into one. It was Bill who was largely responsible for the beach club, and it will be Bill who operates the town club when the weather is too chilly for beaches, and it will be Bill who will operate the club at Arrowhead Lake later on for three weeks of winter sports.

When they were ready to open the dining room, it was discovered that no silver went with the house. Then it was that the Thaliens proved they were connoisseurs of flat silver, for they collected a complete service from all the best hotels, night clubs, cabarets, dives, and what-nots in and around Hollywood. (Hotel Managers Association please note: if any of your hostelries are not represented, kindly notify the club secretary and the oversight will be remedied immediately.)

The table artillery attended to, the house committee next turned its attention to the matter of furnishings for the club. The house, as rented, showed what could be done with period furniture when one period only is used. This club is probably the finest exhibit extant of the miscellaneous period, which dates from the discovery of America to the present time. The chairs look like colonial pieces and none of the bottoms have been renewed, because none of the cane workers of that day are available and a 1930 bottom would be incongruous.

The bed springs were manufactured during the Civil War, and all saw active service with one army or the other. They have not been restored on account of sentiment. The cushions on the morris chairs are repre-

sentative of the time when California grew only short cotton, and every lump in them is dear to a Californian's heart, because it makes one realize how the State has progressed.

The carpets were rescued in the nick of time from a junk dealer who was fattening his goats. The bridge tables and lamps were donated by various public-spirited Thalias. Each member was supposed to contribute a piece of furniture. If they did, it was something they had been keeping as a reminder of their "I knew him when" days. The house does not look like a DeMille drawing-room, but they have a swell time in it.

What the club lacked in tone as to furnishings was more than made up in the splendor of the members' swimming suits and beach costumes. The parade staged the day the house was opened would have put to shame any Atlantic City bathing-beauty contests. That night the Thalian finery hung on the clothesline in the back yard to dry. Next morning the line was still there, but the swimming suits were gone forever. Miscreants! Now anything goes. In fact, far from appreciating the display of masculine pulchritude afforded by a sight of Davie Rollins, Johnny Darrow, Billy Bakewell, Matty Kemp, and others hopping around with the tops of their suits rolled down in the interests of sun tan, some old maids in the vicinity have complained to the cops so often that the latter have threatened to pinch the place.

Sunday is the big day there. Mary Brian occasionally drops in, looking like—like—words fail and no flowers are handy to say it with, but whatever it is she looks like, it's enough to make my heart start doing gymnastics. Frank Albertson is a frequent visitor, and so is Holly Hall, who sang the Varsity Drag number in "Good News," in New York. Mrs. Lake, Arthur's mother, is usually to be found at the bridge table. He frequently gets into violent arguments with Matty Kemp as to which is entitled to the use of the surf board.

Volley ball is the chief sport, next to swimming, and you usually find Rex Bell, Warren Burke, Tommy Carr, Mary's son, Harold Goodwin, George Lewis, David Rollins, Billy Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Sammy Cohen, Reginald Denny, and Buddy Wattles batting wisecracks back and forth over the net, along with the ball.

Once the game was threatened with extinction. The



Photo by Fryer

Claude Gillingwater, Jr., and Buddy Wattles don't seem to find James Hall's music as pleasing as Merna Kennedy does.

court is on a sand lot next to the club. All at once, the person who owns the vacant lot, name furnished on request, and who had not been seen for months, bore down on the game like a battleship under full steam, jabbed her pink parasol, which harmonizes beautifully with her red hair, viciously into the sand and declared that she

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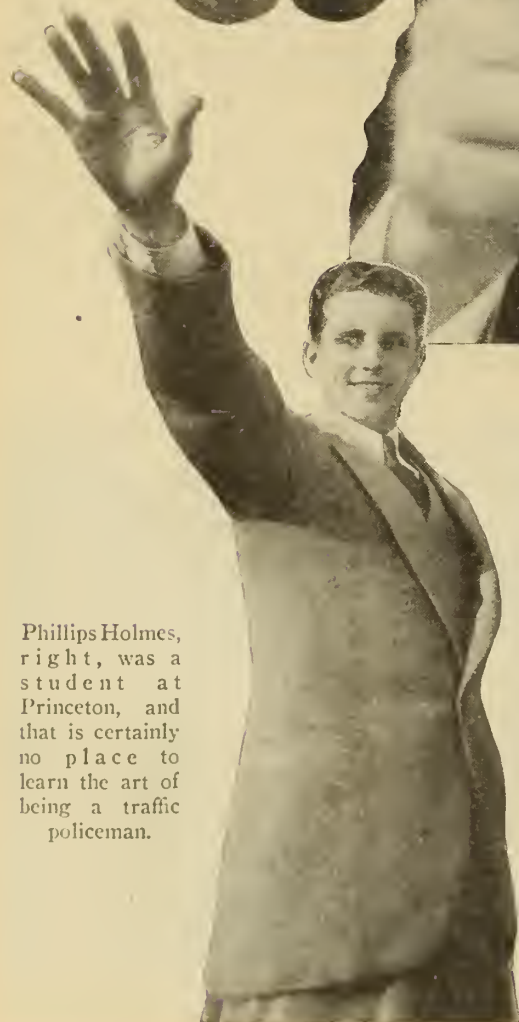
Though you are sure to find your favorite in this group, we'll tell you that in the first row, seated, are Polly Ann and Loretta Young, Mary Brian, Merna Kennedy, Claire Windsor, Violet La Plante, Edna Murphy, Ann Christy, and Jane Laurel.



Betrayed

The camera, usually oh, so kind to the stars, festations of

When Harry Green, left, was in vaudeville, he didn't depend on exaggerated feet for his comedy, but the camera decides to show them up.



Phillips Holmes, right, was a student at Princeton, and that is certainly no place to learn the art of being a traffic policeman.

When William Austin, above, tells a joke, this is what the camera thinks of his efforts to put it over.

On his right is a Paramount chorine all ready to toss her balloon in the air, but the camera insists that she is too top-heavy to follow.

Richard Gallagher, right, has long legs naturally, so what does the camera do but exaggerate them.



By a Friend

suddenly goes on a rampage with these startling man-temperament.



"Hands off my private life!" Gary Cooper often thinks, so the camera backs him up by giving him hands that strike fear in our heart.

Zelma O'Neal, below, most amiable of girls, suddenly branches out with the tentacles of an octopus, the better to hold onto her fame as the originator of the Varsity Drag.

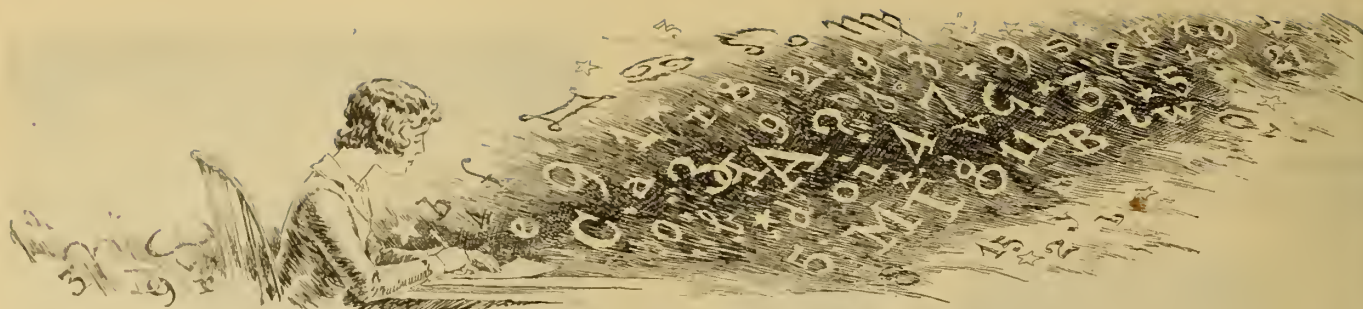


Regis Toomey, above, looks down on no one in real life, yet here he smiles indulgently on the world toiling and moiling below his skyscraper height.

And just look at the camera's spite vented on Lillian Roth, left.

How can Maurice Chevalier, below, be as nimble as he is with feet like these? Yet the camera's prank makes us wonder how he ever places one foot before the other.





IF you are a girl, and have two or three names until you marry, and then you have one more. This added name changes the whole combination, giving you different readings before marriage and after. You may change from sickness to health, from poverty to riches; from idealism to material ambitions, from lack of interest to activity, from selfish imagination to generosity, and, my dear, just as much the other way around. I admit that it must seem odd that the characteristics of the bride should change, while those of the bridegroom do not, but think a moment about race consciousness and about life itself, if you want to understand.

No modern civilization that I know of, except the Spanish, considers any married woman's maiden name of importance to either herself or her family, although there are sections of the world where a man takes on part of the woman's name. Some romantic lovers even offer to do the same thing in our own day and country, and actually put it into practice. They are, however, such a great exception that they have no effect on that universal consciousness of how a married woman is to be labeled and identified. We react from birth, in spite of our logic, our independence, our ambition, to what our world has accepted, and there is no married woman who will not, if all other means of identification fail, describe herself as the wife of a certain man. We take it for granted that a man has only one wife, and even if he is a bigamist, there is no chance in the world that both his wives have identical names.

"But," you may say, "how can I, who am one person, alter my nature by carrying another's name, even if that name does serve as a convenient label?"

You are indeed one person, dear Mary, yourself alone, the Mary who was born twenty-two years ago and who will die at eighty-nine. No human being knows what has gone on within that shell of yours but yourself. And you, dear Charles, are another person, no matter how much you love Mary, seek to understand her, live with her as her devoted husband for the rest of her life, and know a thousand little secrets of her thoughts and moods that she can hardly guess.

But human beings are more than personality. They are able, in the spirit, to transcend it. Your real self is divine, unborn, undying, and yet individual. The rate of vibration that fuses each individual into the infinite is love. Love is life, and life is one, and this principle of life, manifest in all creation, is separated into two parts

The Mystery

In this fascinating new department will be found examples of its influence on the lives of

By Monica

that everlastingly attract each other, because each one is aware of its own incompleteness. So the earth is masculine to the sun that draws it, and feminine to the revolving moon that cannot escape its hold. Nor do men and women escape this divine pattern. They are the willful, conscious incarnation of it. While their minds, their habits, their desires, their bodies belong to the limitation of personality, the infinite, individual spark of life in that body expresses according to the form that it inhabits, according to the principle of creation that is dual—Two that are nothing except as they are One.

Again you ask, "What has this principle of creation to do with marriage, and with my name from then on?"

Have you never noticed, dear Mary, that ever since you have loved Charles and are married to him, you are not only one in activity and aspirations and habits with him, but you are personally more completely whole and yourself than you ever were before? Love is the perfect self-expression. There is nothing more pitiful than lovers seeking to escape each other that they may, as they

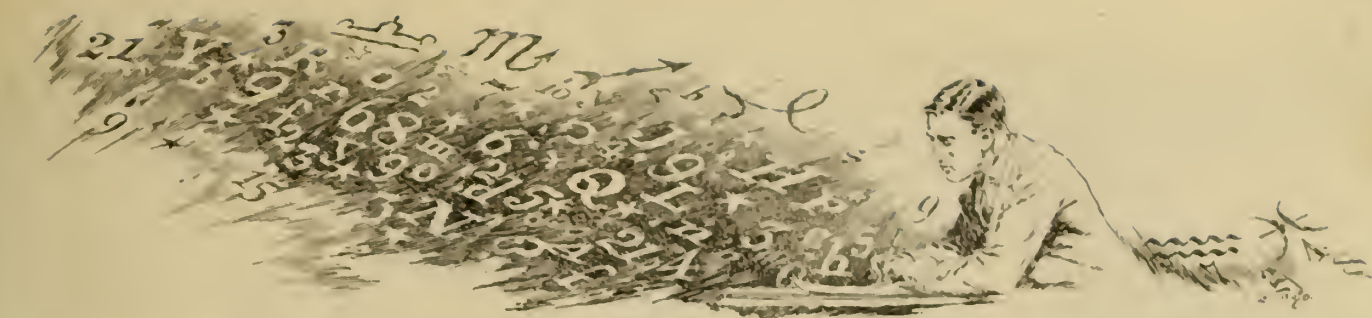
put it in their ignorance, more fully express themselves. Either their love is mere gratification, or they have no realization of the true nature of love, in spite of living in it, since they would otherwise seek and find in this infinite channel all the possibilities of expressing themselves as persons, more than they had ever dreamed could exist.

But why should a woman change her nature more than a man? Partly because of her femininity, partly because of the conditions of our civilization. Besides, she doesn't, always. Now and then a man is known as the husband of Mrs. Harris, and everybody seems to forget that he made her Mrs. Harris, in the first place.

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Please Be Patient!

The response of **PICTURE PLAY** readers to Miss Shenston's offer to solve the mystery of their name by the science of numbers, has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. It has demonstrated the complete success of this service to our readers. But their enthusiasm has all but overwhelmed us. They can be assured, however, that Miss Shenston's own enthusiasm for her tremendous task is unflagging, and that she is giving to each of the hundreds of thousands of coupons her personal attention. Therefore, all our readers who have followed the simple rules in filling out the coupon and inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope will receive either a reply by mail, or see a reading of their name in this department.



Of Your Name

an explanation of the science of numbers. Besides stars, the names of readers are also analyzed.

Andrea Slenston

What Richard Barthelmess' Name Tells

YOU have one distinction and also one burden, dear Richard Barthelmess, that of being an old soul, with all your accumulation of universal, spiritual understanding within, and outside the inability to make yourself understood. You are a soul that insisted, because of previous experience and wisdom, that you were fit to cope with the world at present, so that you came into this body some fifty years ahead of your time. Thus you are really far in advance of your surroundings, spiritually speaking, and find this a handicap in the battle for existence now.

All this is indicated in the Number One of your birth path, and it is also the extremely strong vibration that has held you, in love, in emotion, in ambition, in every non-material aspect of life, since you were twenty-one. It is the highest vibration of all, intensely spiritual, and by its very nature indifferent to the material world. This has its defects as well as its compensations, for it stands to reason that the man who lives by preference above sordid material facts will not have great success among them, no matter how seriously he applies himself. The real spiritual interest and punch will be lacking. But at the same time, there is in every one of this nature a deep, underlying contentment that has nothing to do with any outward satisfaction or trouble, the ability to see one's self as part of universal life, and therefore to take one's worst troubles lightly. You have all this to an unusual degree, and you know only too well how it infuriates friends who wish to help, but do not understand.

The total digit that you bear for birth and name to-

gether, Number Two, made of Eleven, shows that you are very, very imaginative, sensitive, and easily influenced, not because of any lack of judgment, since you have a wonderful mentality, but simply through your emotions, which rise and fall with the reception you receive. Since your birth path does indicate that you are so often met with a lack of comprehension, you are bound to live in depression a good deal of the time, to soar in spirits during the intervals when your imagination takes on its positive aspect of creation and lifts you to the certainty of coming accomplishment, or the thrill of work well done.

You have in divinity, your spiritual and emotional side, Number Five, the sign of a fine natural executive ability, with real intellectual power, and intense sense of justice, and a wonderful gift for expressing yourself. This expression is, however, of the written, not the spoken, word, and least of all is it meant to take on dramatic form. You are a poet, not an actor. I mean it seriously. You must have composed a great deal of imaginative, poetic writing in your time, whether technically poetry or not, and I am sure that you have also destroyed most of it, in fits of disgust with yourself for not fighting as hard as you thought you should in the field you had actually chosen. This is a great pity, for yours is very delicate, skillful, imaginative writing, appealing to the spirit of man, not to the cruder emotions, and there is always a place in the hearts of readers for such work. You could even, strange to say in this age, earn an excellent living by it, and that is no mean distinction, I am sure.

There is indeed real, material, financial success in your name, for in the material you have Number Five, which in-

dicates great activity and great accomplishment. You will not be able to enter into it, just the same, until you step into the path of life that is natural to you. I am positive that it was your vision of the artistic, imaginative possibilities of motion pictures that drew you into them, together, of course, with the financial success that they promised. But you have since discovered, through difficult experience, that these possibilities, enormous as they are in theory, do not work out well enough to satisfy an artist and dreamer in practice, and you have

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You have great possibilities, Richard Barthelmess, if you will only admit them and not be afraid of the changes they are bound to bring.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Reviewing the parade of events and listening to the whispered gossip of the film colony.

SHARPEN the guillotine; prepare for another execution! That's a fitting description of what is going on in Hollywood nowadays. "Off with their heads!" seems to be a favorite slogan of the producer. And who shall say whether they are right or wrong when stars wax temperamental, or appear to lose interest in the talkies?

There has been no end of breaks in contract relations. One of the biggest causes seems to be the large salaries that some players have been receiving. Undoubtedly this was responsible for the departure of Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith from First National. It seems a reason, too, why George Bancroft and Paramount are having trouble over money matters.

Norma Shearer, Vilma Banky, Dolores Costello have quit pictures for one reason or another, though not money. Evelyn Brent and Laura La Plante are free-lancing. We hear that Janet Gaynor may break with Fox next fall. Neil Hamilton is leaving Paramount.

Nobody feels very steady or secure, and one of the big reasons is the constant influx of stage talent. These players are willing to work for less than their screen rivals, in many cases, and are not averse to cutting their salaries, if they think they have to in order to obtain a good rôle in a picture.

Vilma Craves Domesticity.

Vilma Banky announces her retirement from pictures. She says she is to be a homebody. She also says that she and Rod La Rocque are very much in love, and it is ridiculous to think that they are having marital difficulties.

Vilma is unquestionably still one of the beauties of the screen but the little matter of accent has impeded her career in vocal pictures. She fought hard to overcome her accent, but was only partially successful.

Fortunately, she didn't suffer any particular financial loss because of her inactivity during the past year. Vilma was under contract to Samuel Goldwyn from the time she starred in "This Is Heaven," until just recently. She was paid \$4,000 weekly, we hear, for fourteen months. During that time her only film was "A Lady To Love," done in English and German. It is said Goldwyn received \$100,000 for her services in this picture. At this rate, he was out more than \$100,000 on the Banky contract.



Photo by Fryer

Question: What relation is Jack Whiting to Joan Crawford, if he's the stepfather of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.? You'll see him in "Top Speed."

The Eye-filling Claudette.

The lovely Claudette Colbert aboard a freighter! And not for a picture—but for her own pleasure!

Miss Colbert craves adventure, and so, on leaving Hollywood, she set sail for the South Seas with her husband and a party of friends. She is, as you perhaps know, married to Norman Foster, who played opposite her in "Young Man of Manhattan."

Claudette came West to do "Manslaughter," and professed the day we met her to be very much depressed by the prison scenes in the picture. It was the first time

that we had ever seen her in gingham—the garb she wore as a penitentiary inmate. All her other rôles have been dress-up ones, even to a fair part of "Young Man of Manhattan."

This star is very accomplished and lovely, and her conversation reflects a spontaneous brightness. Everybody at the studio was captivated by her but, strangely enough, they raved even more about the charm and beauty of her mother, whom it was not our pleasure to meet.

Miss Colbert will be away four months on her trip, but one or two of her pictures will be released during her absence.

Marlene Is Fêted.

The arrival of Marlene Dietrich, new German discovery, was signalized with the usual pomp, and also a mild disturbance evoked by Director Josef von Sternberg, her discoverer.

Von Sternberg, at a luncheon given largely for women newspaper and magazine writers, remarked in a speech

that Miss Dietrich had a quality rare in feminine kind, namely, brains. The statement caused a number of glaring looks to be flashed, besides a few audible comments. Nevertheless, Miss Dietrich was successfully introduced, after the manner followed since the days of Pola Negri for arriving foreign celebrities. She appeared overwhelmed by all the fuss and attention, but looked blondly and statuesquely attractive, as she underwent the inspection of those who were to tell the world about her.

Guggenheim Revelings.

Guggenheim, the intellectual game of the movie world, brings out some strange misconceptions of the English language. While playing it one is required to list words

under certain headings, like "books," "rivers," "cities," "famous painters," et cetera.

Diseases were up for a listing at one time, and all those enumerated under the heading were supposed to begin with the letter o.

"All right," said a producer who was playing, "the first disease that I have listed is auto-intoxication."

"What!" exclaimed his belligerent group of adversaries. "Auto-intoxication with an o?"

"Yes," replied the producer. "Auto-intoxication, spelled o-t-t-o-intoxication."

Whereupon all dived into the swimming pool in a wild effort to smother their laughter.

Time Out for Play.

And now filmdom is taking up the old pastime of anagrams. We found a game going with gusto on the set of Harold Lloyd's "Feet First." It is played with cards on each of which is some letter of the alphabet. Out of these the player forms words, or steals the words belonging to his opponents if he can make a new word out of those his opponents have already put together.

Harold himself is particularly fond of this game. He asserts that it keeps the minds of his gag men stimulated. So there's always a certain method in the madness of indulging in a test of wits between scenes.

Billie's New Romance.

Billie Dove is acting hostess for Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," which means that we may as well announce their engagement. We learned of this when Billie invited us to a party given for the premiere of the air feature that was so long in production. When Billie's divorce from Irvin Willat becomes final, she probably will marry Hughes. We know that she has a very high admiration for him. It is very apparent.

The story of Hughes' exploits in the films, and especially of his adventures with "Hell's Angels," could never be told in this column, because it is a long one. The picture has cost approximately \$3,500,000, according to the producer, which surpasses in cost anything made before, including "Ben-Hur." As is known, Hughes has wealth aside from the movies. His big financial power is derived from an oil well supply business in Texas. Movies are his main interest now.

It is understood that he may star Billie Dove later on.

Colleen Assumes Palette.

While you may not see Colleen Moore on the screen, she isn't idle by any means. The divorce from John Mc-

How'd you like this for a mantel ornament? It's the gold statuette bestowed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.



Photo by Hurrell

Here's Barbara Leonard, the linguistic marvel of Hollywood. She speaks French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English, and doesn't show the strain.

Cornick is a very trying event in her life, of course, but she is finding many ways to keep herself busy, while not working in the studios.

For one thing, she is going to an art class three times a week. She has long done clay modeling, but drawing is something new for her. She wants to perfect herself in it so that she may do her modeling more effectively.

Colleen told us that she had a funny experience when she went to the school. She expected naturally that there would be some craning of necks when she arrived in the classroom, but to her surprise nobody paid the least attention to her. "Literally they gave me the air," she told us. "I learned afterward, though, that the teacher had lectured the students severely before my arrival, and instructed them that just because I was a movie star I wasn't to be embarrassed with their attention, and treated as a curiosity—that I was coming there to study, et cetera.

"I did think, though, that they laid it on a bit thick the first day or two. I thought there was something the matter with me."

Cooper in "The Spoilers."

Gary Cooper will do the big fight in "The Spoilers." He takes the place of George Bancroft, who was originally to do this picture. The cast now includes Cooper, William Boyd, from the stage, Betty Compson as *Cherry Malotte*, and Kay Johnson as the heroine.

Remember the old cast, William Farnum, Tom Santschi, Kathlyn Williams, and Bessie Eyton?

Bancroft has been off salary for a time at Paramount. He was ill, and then followed a period of rest. It came so soon after his European vacation, it is said, that some clause in the contract was

exercised, which would prevent his receiving pay during his absence.

Also during this period Cooper was assigned to "The Spoilers." And there may be more trouble than actually appears on the surface.

Sweet Rôles Cloy.

Janet Gaynor is weary of sweet rôles. She wants to do something dramatic for a change. What she really had hoped to play was the lead in "Common Clay," but as the woman in that picture becomes a mother without a marriage ceremony, it wasn't considered an advisable undertaking for pretty little Janet.

The facts are that this star, who achieved such brilliant success in "Seventh Heaven," is having no easy time discovering just what she can do best in talking pictures. And maybe—who knows?—it has made her a bit temperamental. She has been in one of the hits of the year, though, in "Sunny Side Up."

Ex-husband Restaurateur.

Well—how the ex-husbands of stars manage to bob up prominently!

Herbert Somborn, to whom Gloria Swanson was married at one time, now operates one of the spiffiest restaurants on Wilshire Boulevard. And to prove that it is really spiffy it has the name "High Hat."

Eddie May Be Doctor.

If you don't happen to know it, Eddie Lowe is really well educated. He received a master of arts degree from a Western college, and now he has the opportunity to become a doctor of philosophy.

Those high-stepping Sisters G deny that their name is *gefüelterfisch*. It's Gutohrlein. Is nothing private any more?

Photo by Archer



Eddie says that he has to write a treatise on something or other to acquire the honor, and that it can't be acting. He hinted that it might be "Roman Law," and we determined to return home and swallow the first ten volumes of our encyclopedia. Hollywood is getting just too erudite to be lived with now, and we might as well choke on the encyclopedia as anything.

This Colorful Tendency.

The following remark was heard on the Boulevard from one Eddie Buzzell, who occasionally appears in pictures:

"Yes, I made a film in Technicolor; we started in black and white, and ended in red."

An Insulter's Perils.

Life for an "insulter" is full of perils these days. The mere matter of arranging to have people called down for their table manners by an obnoxious waiter, the professional "insulter," of course, doesn't satisfy the wags of moviedom any more. They must have something nearer a gladiatorial combat resulting from the insult.

So not long ago they sicked the insulter on a six-foot, two-hundred-pound he-man star, known for his temper and the strength of his fists. They hired the professional offense giver to call this man "a sissy," and it is on record that it took five people to restrain the star from beating up the "big bohunk who made the nasty remark" about him.

A Snappy Rechristening.

The funny ways in which film companies evade the ban on certain books and plays is illustrated in the purchase by Universal of "The Command To Love," which has been retitled "The Boudoir Diplomat."

Under the rules of the Hays office, no reference is to be made to the original in an instance where the title of a story or play is changed on moral grounds. It is only permitted, therefore, to mention "The Command To Love" as "The Boudoir Diplomat" in any studio publicity that goes out.

We noted in some press copy broadcast on this picture that it was stated that Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone appeared in the stage version of "The Boudoir Diplomat." Yet in the annals of the footlights you would never find a play of that name mentioned.

And we ask you, too, which is the more spicy title, "The Command To Love," or "The Boudoir Diplomat"?

Schildkrauts Separated.

No, they won't be reconciled this time. Joseph Schildkraut and his wife are at the parting of the ways. They were there once before, about five years ago, but the troubles were patched up.

But this time Mrs. Schildkraut, known on the stage as Elise Bartlett, has filed suit for divorce. She declared that among other things he had called her a "frivolous little fool," a "rotten actress," and an "ignoramus." Too much for any lady to bear, surely, especially the reflection on her art.

Miss Bartlett lately has concentrated her talents in the Civic Repertory Theater, and only occasionally makes an appearance in the films. The split-up occurred after she became interested in theatrical work, and it must be said in Schildkraut's favor that she did give a pretty bad performance in "A Bill of Divorcement." Maybe this was what started it all.

We noted, though, on another evening after the production above mentioned, and after the marital troubles had been rumored, that Schildkraut congratulated his wife on a play she had produced, and kissed her finger tips.

The Classical Yearning.

John Barrymore again has the yen to do "Hamlet." It comes over him periodically—more often, perhaps, since there are talking pictures.

And we hear from a reliable source that this time Warner Brothers have just about consented. They may yet star Barrymore as the Melancholy Dane. There is a strong possibility, too, that Dolores Costello may return to the screen in the rôle of *Ophelia*.

We hope "Hamlet" proves more Shakespearean than "The Taming of the Shrew."

Choosing a Violinist.

High-brow inclinations are displayed elsewhere. We learn, for example, that "Humoresque" is being seriously considered as a subject for synchronization, with Yehudi Menuhin or Jascha Heifetz. Why they are mentioned in the same breath is rather a mystery, if one considers the discrepancy in their ages. But then, Heifetz does manage to remain the eternal juvenile. And, too, a violinist is, after all, only a violinist—in the movies.

More Money for Lois.

Lois Moran is an heiress. She is \$68,005 richer than she was a few months ago. Rather nice when she is receiving a good salary in the movies, too.

The inheritance came to Lois from her aunt who died in 1919. The fund was held in trust until she was twenty-one years of age. She celebrated her birthday a few weeks ago.

A Doggy Afternoon.

Even dogs must have their parties in Hollywood. The stars of the barkies played host recently at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. And the affair was more than *recherché*.

The dogs performed tricks, yowled and yipped for the entertainment of everybody, and otherwise displayed their best social manners. A number of visiting dogs were guests, as well as the people who chaperoned them, and not even a suggestion of a fight occurred during the reception in their honor.

After seeing their highly socialized demeanor at this party, we are convinced that dogs can become as cultivated and as diplomatic as can any other stars.

Cosmopolitan Invaders.

A curious world is being created in Hollywood because of the foreign pictures. There are many people now coming from Europe to appear in the German, French, and Spanish versions. Most of them will never be seen on the American screen. They may be famous in their own lands, because of the pictures that they star in at the studios on the Coast, and yet they will probably remain unknown in the colony.

We have noticed that there are an increasing number of groups of talented foreigners. We were at a Spanish evening recently given in an old rehearsal room in one of the half-forgotten theaters of Los Angeles. A remarkable guitar player performed, and produced variety of tones comparable to those of a violin or cello. Another remarkable quintet from Yucatan, Mexico, presented a program. A noted Mexican actress, Maria Conesa, was present.

The brightest personality that we noted, or at least the most beautiful, was Renée Torres, the sister of Raquel.

Pauline's Bridegroom.

Pauline Frederick's new husband is very distinguished looking. Pauline has been married only a short time, and is honeymooning in California. Her new mate is wealthy. He owns some hotels, and a news company.



Harry Earles, who was a big hit in the silent "Unholy Three," plays his old rôle in Lon Chaney's talkie version.

We had a fairly close view of them at the opening of "The Criminal Code" on the stage. They were attentive onlookers at this remarkable prison drama by Martin Flavin.

Pauline was attired in black. She nearly always is, and the color seems to blend ideally with her personality. Mr. Leighton and she seemed to find much to discuss between the acts, and attracted the gaze of everybody in their immediate vicinity.

The marriage is Pauline's fourth. She was divorced from her prior husband, Doctor Charles A. Rutherford, in Paris, in 1928. She was previously married to Frank Andrews, architect, and Willard Mack, playwright.

As to her career—it seems to center in the theater. She is looking for a new play to star in on the Coast, where her stage appearances always draw large audiences.

The talkies may claim her from time to time, but she is not under any regular contract. She hasn't seemed at her best in the voice films.

Bert and Bride.

Bert Lytell is another stage devotee. And that's not surprising, since he has been doing one play quite successfully for two seasons, and has won a bride besides.

Bert brought his play and his wife, Grace Menken, to Hollywood, and received the compliments of his friends for his good judgment in both selections.

"Brothers" isn't the most remarkable piece of stage writing in the world, but it gives Bert a chance to do clever things in playing a double rôle. He changes costume and character in lightning fashion, disappearing from the stage in one rôle, and reappearing a few seconds later in the other.

Miss Menken delighted Bert's friends with her intelligence. She is rated clever and versatile, and gifted with business discretion and resourcefulness. When

Continued on page 100

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

MONICA MAYO, a contest winner, goes to Hollywood, hoping to break into movies, and is snubbed by Joy Laurel, a school acquaintance. She makes all the blunders of a newcomer, but falls in with Bunny and Danny, and she gets a hold in pictures. A break gives her a featured part. In love with Danny, her rising career comes between them, and with a near heart-break, her work, and the demands of the publicity bureau, Monica finds success more bitter than sweet. Danny, jealous of her leading man and her success, is running away, when she drops Booth Carlisle and leaps into Danny's car to explain matters. He only stares ahead at the road.

PART VI.

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN HOLLYWOOD.

IT takes two to make a quarrel, and Monica was determined not to be one of them in this case. Danny was back! Even though he was furious at her, he was beside her again. But they were halfway to Hollywood before she finally won him over. She explained, tearfully, just how it happened that she hadn't been able to keep her engagement with him, before he went away, and he admitted that when he reported for work that morning and found that he was to play extra in her picture, it was too much for him.

"Oh, Danny, surely my getting ahead isn't going to come between us, is it?" she cried. "Why, I'm just an accident—like a lot of the stars, apparently! I thought I'd have to act, but I don't—at least it doesn't seem like acting. Success has just happened to me, and it will happen to you, too—see if it doesn't!"

His jaw set stubbornly.

"I'll never marry you until it does," he exclaimed.

"Well, I'll just have to wait, then," she answered, and then, eager to change this rather dangerous subject, she snuggled up beside him and laid her head on his shoulder.

"We might have something to eat," she suggested. "I'm famished. Let's stop at that chicken place just ahead—they have a good dinner for a dollar and a half."

"Sorry, but I haven't money enough to pay for it," he answered. "That check I got for to-day's work went to a fellow I borrowed from before I went on location."

For an instant Monica was on the verge of offering to pay for the meal. She stopped just in time.

"Well, we can get sandwiches at that barbecue place—they're marvelous," she added hurriedly. "I don't care what I eat, so long as I am with you."

She discovered during the next few days that similar difficulties were going to arise constantly. Danny was painfully sensitive on the subject of money. He wouldn't even come to dinner at the hotel suite into which the studio had insisted on her moving. She longed for the good old days when she and Bunny had lived in the ramshackle house in Laurel Canyon, and Danny brought half the provisions when he came to meals.

Every day it became increasingly difficult even to see him. She was the victim of her own success. Exhibitors throughout the country had liked her work in her first picture, and the New York reviewers had picked her out for special notice. The company recognized that she was a find, and it was decided that she was to be groomed for stardom, since the stellar material on hand was in anything but promising condition.

One star who had achieved world-wide fame in silent pictures was a dud, so far as talkies were concerned; another had married and insisted on retiring from the screen. A third had jumped to another company when her contract expired. One young leading woman was so temperamental that electricians threatened to drop a light on her, and another had become so involved in a scandal

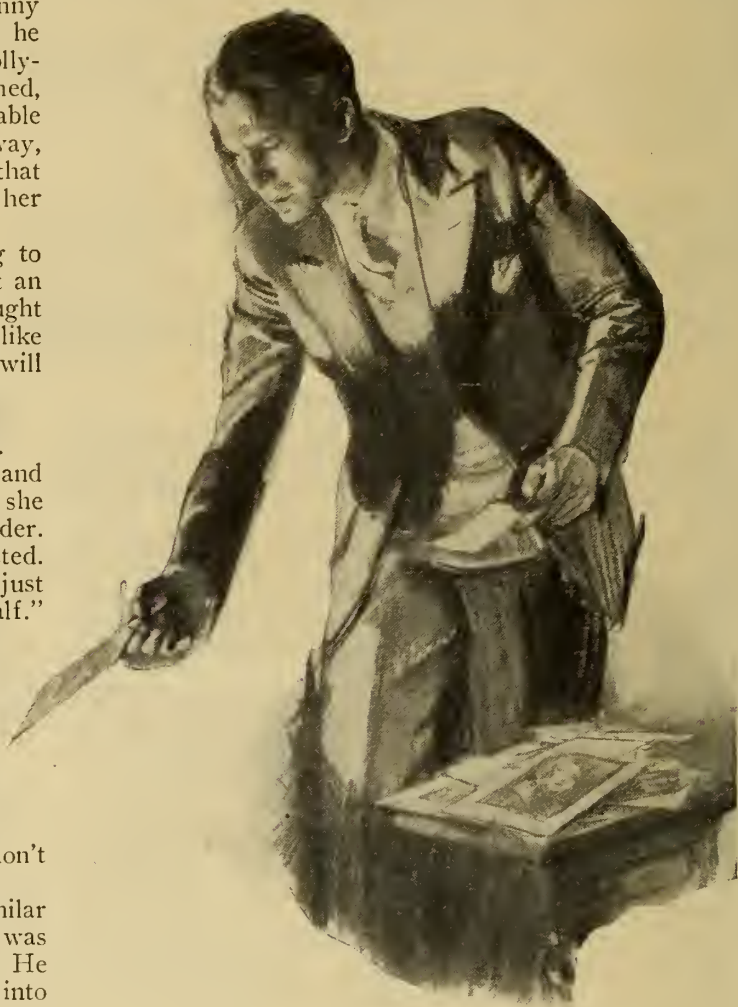
The Movie

Things happen swiftly in the conclusion of our hopelessly

By Inez

that the Hays office frowned upon her. Everything was set for Monica, and she could not escape the steam roller that was bearing down upon her.

She was sent to San Francisco to open a theater where her second picture was to be shown. She went reluc-



tantly, because Danny was considered for a better part than any he had had before, and she did not like to be away when his tests were made. If only he got that rôle, perhaps he would change his mind about not marrying her until his salary equaled hers.

But she went, of course, accompanied by Bunny, a maid, and a trunk full of new clothes. She telegraphed Danny three times on the way, but when she arrived she could not help feeling that thousands of miles separated them. The fact that Booth Carlisle met her in San Francisco made matters no easier.

She had not realized that she really was a personage. When the crowds in front of the theater hailed her by name as she arrived, she was genuinely astonished. She found that she was to share the honors of the occasion with the chief of police, a famous actor who was master of ceremonies, and the newsboys' band. Also, she was to talk over the radio.

Racket

serial, as things will when career and love are mixed.

Sebastian

Illustrated by Modest Stein



In the fireplace smoldered a heap of photographs of her. "Oh, Danny, darling, why didn't you wait?" exclaimed Monica.

She had heard famous stars on the air, and had criticized them unmercifully for speaking when, obviously, they had nothing to say. Now she found herself in front of the microphone with four closely typewritten pages that the theater press agent had thrust into her hand. Panic-stricken, she glanced at them.

She found that she was supposed to confide to the radio audience that Mr. Gallipolis, the owner of the theater, whom she had never laid eyes on until ten minutes before, was one of her closest friends; that she had always looked upon him as the little Napoleon of the theater business, the Belasco and Morris Gest of the movies, a real leader of men, combining the best features of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

She tore up the speech and turned from the microphone.

"Go on—everybody's waiting," urged a dapper young man who had taken her in charge. Then, in suave tones, he went on, addressing the microphone, "Folks, Monica's just scared to death. Come on, dear, speak up."

Monica glared at him. What if Danny were listening in? And all the people she knew in Hollywood? And the ones back home—they might pick it up, too! Well, she'd have to say something, and get this over with.

She clutched the huge bouquet that had been given her, cleared her throat, and began to talk, hardly knowing what she was saying.

"Good evening, everybody." Her voice sounded too saccharine for words. "I'm so happy to have this chance to speak to you. I only wish I could talk with each of you personally. Everything is so beautiful in this gorgeous new theater—and—"

She could just see people the country over leaping to their radios to turn her off. Well, they couldn't feel any worse than she did about this speech!

"And I just want to say that—that—I'm happy to be here, and that's—all!"

She collapsed into the nearest chair, thoroughly disgusted. She would never do this again, if she had to leave pictures to get out of it!

The owner of the theater came up, beaming, with a crowd of people at his heels. Monica turned on him furiously.

"What's the idea of springing this on me without letting me know about it beforehand, so that I could prepare something to say?" she demanded.

"Why—why—" he stammered. Some one behind him laughed. Monica heard a voice saying, "Temperamental, isn't she? Just let these dumb-bells make one success and they all get the swell head."

She could have wept with rage. Just then an usher edged his way toward her, and presented a note. Monica read it in one swift glance.

"Do you remember your little friend Angie Bush, from 'way back home in the Fourth Street school? Even though you're rich and famous, do squeeze out a minute for your old chum."

Monica couldn't remember any Angie Bush. She didn't want to, even if she could. Her head was splitting, her slippers were too tight, she wanted only to get back to the hotel and try to get Danny on the long-distance phone. But she made herself smile, when Angie was towed through the mob, and submit to being kissed.

"And how do you happen to be 'way out here?" she asked cordially.

"Oh, I'm married!" announced Angie, with a superior air. "I'm on my honeymoon! Tom and I drove all the way! Didn't have a bit of trouble, except once we got a puncture in Albuquerque—no, it wasn't at Albuquerque, it was just outside Las Vegas. And we haven't quarreled once. Tom says a marriage isn't really legal until you've had one good scrap, but I guess he's only joking. I don't intend to fight with him ever. Anyway, we had a wonderful trip. And I have the grandest husband—you must meet him. Can't you come with us after the show, and we'll have some ice cream or something. There's a lovely place just down the street; we saw it when we were coming here."

Monica wanted to shriek "No!" People were clutching at her arm and trying to talk to her; Mr. Gallipolis was making frantic signals from the background. Somehow she managed to control herself, and retain the smile that felt as if it had frozen on her lips.

"I'm afraid I can't. I have an engagement I can't break," she told the bride. To herself she was saying, "And they say actors talk about themselves all the time."

"But I wanted to have a good visit with you," protested the girl from back home.

"Oh, I want to, too. If you come to Los Angeles, you must be sure to look me up," Monica exclaimed, and then paused, suddenly wondering why the remark sounded familiar. Oh, of course! Gay Laurel had said exactly that to her, and she, poor idiot, had taken it seriously.

"Telegram for you, Miss Mayo," called an usher. Monica clutched it—Danny must have climbed down off

Continued on page 92

The Up And Down

It's most effectively given through glasses.



The little girl who reads a great deal wears goggles like Lillian Roth's, above, and you don't often see them in Hollywood—well?



Helen Kane, below, has the granddaddy of all lorgnettes through which her baby stare is magnified.



The very last word in glassware for the eye is the monocle, with which Jean Arthur, above, dallies but discards, because she has seen a struggling model in Greenwich Village affect one.



Ladies of fashion, at least those who strutted in the ornate mansions of the old screen, used to be so very kittenish when they wore glasses like those held by Fay Wray, above.

Joan Peers, right, discovers grandma's steel-rimmed specs and finds that she can't see through them. Didn't grandma wear them on the end of her nose for the same reason?





A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Paramount on Parade"—Paramount. Technicolor sequence. Best of revues, with intimate entertainment before spectacle, although latter is not neglected. Genial, glittering show includes many stars, with Maurice Chevalier, Evelyn Brent, Harry Green, Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane probably heading list.

"Honey"—Paramount. Diverting musical piece, with agreeable plot, but no danger of brain fog. Southern family rents house to Northern woman, and there follows romantic tangles. Nancy Carroll, Richard Gallagher, Jobyna Howland, Mitzi Green.

"Benson Murder Case, The"—Paramount. Best of the *Philo Vance* cinemas, absorbing, thrilling, with all intelligence detective stories will bear. William Powell at his best, excellently supported by Natalie Moorhead, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette, E. H. Calvert, Richard Tucker.

"Free and Easy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Low comedy at its best, with Buster Keaton escorting a beauty-contest winner, Anita Page, to Hollywood. Old idea with new treatment, with glimpses of many screen notables at the studios.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garriek, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Sarah and Son"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton at her best as poor German girl who rises to the top as prima donna, in touching mother-love story. Difficult characterization perfectly done. Philippe de Lacy, Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Kenneth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Green Goddess, The"—Warner. George Arliss as suave, merciless rajah into whose kingdom a group of English land by plane. Plans for execution of visitors for revenge thwarted in thrilling manner. H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Sheffield, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI

—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast.

"Anna Christie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Devil-May-Care"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue and song. Dashing, tuneful Napoleonic comedy, with Ramon Novarro at his best, and again singing with charming skill, as if the songs belong in the story. Bonapartist falls in love with royalist girl, and what they do about it. Dorothy Jordan, Marion Harris, John Miljan.

"Hit the Deck"—RKO. Dialogue and song. Technicolor sequence. Rousing entertainment with songs and Jack Oakie, who walks away with the picture. Good for tired musical-comedy fans. A sailor named Smith stops at a port, captivates a girl, and then is found again among all the Smiths. Polly Walker, Ethel Clayton, Wallace MacDonald, June Clyde, Marguerite Padula.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. All dialogue. Three bad men take charge of baby of a dying woman on the desert and undertake to carry it out of the wilderness. Utmost realism portrayed by Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton, Fred Kohler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. Harold runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naively charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Man from Blankley's, The"—Warner. John Barrymore in broad farce, as nobleman taken for a hired "guest" to fill in, because he becomes drunk and gets into wrong house. Emily Fitzroy, Loretta Young, the latter turning out to be the visitor's old sweetheart.

"High Society Blues"—Fox. Two screen darlings in picture that cannot be taken seriously—nor their singing. Unreal, infantile effort, with none of the old Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Hedda Hopper, William Collier, Sr., Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda.

"Hell Harbor"—United Artists. Lavish display of movie making, but lacking in real interest, making it routine. Moviesque "child of nature." Lupe Velez, about to be bartered bride of reprobate, saved by handsome American, John Holland. Realistic acting by Jean Hersholt, Gibson Gowland.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Young Man of Manhattan"—Paramount. Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Charles Ruggles, Ginger Rogers in story of newspaper folk, made important chiefly by talent in cast. Moving at times, lifelike acting. Miss Colbert a rising film player.

"Hold Everything"—Warner. Another musical comedy in Technicolor, with Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Georges Carpentier, Sally O'Neil. A prize-fight story, with intrigue around the big fight, and a society woman trying to win the fighter from his sweetie.

"Mammy"—Warner. Technicolor sequences. Al Jolson as a tramping minstrel has his troubles and runs away to his mammy in the West. He returns to face a murder charge, but learns there is none. You won't cry so much this time. Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman, Louise Dresser, Tully Marshall.

"Montana Moon"—Metro-Goldwyn. Horse opera with cowboy chorus, jazz parties, modernistic settings. High-minded plainsman marries a dancing daughter, and their compromises. Cheap play for crowd approval. Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Cliff Edwards, Dorothy Sebastian, Ricardo Cortez, Benny Rubin.

"Girl Said No, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Bill Haines in better film than some of his past ones, with comic episode with Marie Dressler. The girl Haines takes by storm pleasantly played by Leila Hyams. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Polly Moran. You will be in suspense over Haines' antics.

"Be Yourself"—A night-club entertainer's boy friend makes good in box-

(Continued on page 118)



Beryl Mercer and Lewis Ayres are mother and son in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

2950011.2 (later replaced by Beryl Mercer)

THERE are fans who will hesitate to see "All Quiet on the Western Front." "They will put in a silly love story and spoil it," a girl writes from a small city. Those who learned long ago that the best of books often turn out to be just another movie scenario may quiet their misgivings in regard to this war picture, and see it with the assurance that it is courageously bitter from the first disillusionment of the boy soldiers to the killing of the last of them in the trenches.

Written by a German soldier, it rises above nationalism, and becomes a great preachment against organized slaughter. And the film interprets the novel faithfully on the whole, falling short now and then, rising above it at times, in the swift, moving, starkly real portrait of youth in the battle lines. You see war as a horrible entanglement of barbed wire and corpses, machine guns, and filthy ditches, in which men wallow and die along with the rats from blasted dugouts. There is no flag-raising glorification of war, none of the glamour that crept into other war pictures from "The Big Parade" on. The novel was written in order, it is said, to get the horror of it out of mind. This explains the lack of those theatrics that make you think war is a great old game after all, full of good-by kisses and rowdy antics behind the lines.

The film has a few welcome touches of low comedy, with Louis Wolheim and "Slim" Summerville great on ear appeal, but comically short as feasts for the eye. The group of young players, however, offers good ballast. Headed by Lewis Ayres, Russell Gleason, and William Bakewell, the boys give even, restrained performances, under the direction of Lewis Milestone, and John Wray is impressive. There is one bit of near romance when three soldiers swim a canal to inspect closer the charms of three sirens, including Yola d'Avril, who were unsceningly fresh and well-fed looking for a war-ridden countryside. But I would not have Yola's face marred by grease-paint worry lines.

Mr. Milestone has done a magnificent job, having recaptured the movement of the old screen in a large measure. It is a realistic picture of the caliber that foreign studios would like to make, but never achieve, because the theme gets mired in propaganda, or in that vague sort of high-browism that pallid, long-haired souls call art.

Screen By The Norbert Lusk

The fans who liked Remarque's novel may go, taking an extra handkerchief. And those who swear by Buddy Rogers' eyebrows can buy a couple of extra strawberry sundaes this month with their movie money.

A Genial King.

Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz" is the best entertainment of its kind the screen has so far given us. I say "of its kind," because "Paramount on Parade," indorsed with much gusto last month, is a revue of an entirely different sort. It aims for intimacy, with the spectacular properly in the background, while the new revue is a spectacle first of all. And it is eye-filling, to say the least. Not only by reason of the magnitude of some of its scenes, but the delicacy of taste behind them. It is a visual rhapsody, introducing to the screen the staging of John Murray Anderson, which is quite unlike the arrangements of other musical-comedy directors. Entirely in Technicolor, fresh nuances have been achieved by the process, and in some of the scenes we see tints as evanescent as the changing sky and as indescribably beautiful.

Of plot there is none, of course. But there is liveliness, novelty, comedy, with beauty scored above everything, and there is music such as only Paul Whiteman and his orchestra can contribute. It is superbly recorded, and the "Rhapsody in Blue" is not only played magnificently, but is dramatized with striking originality.

Paul Whiteman, the star, wins commendation for not insisting on stellar prominence in the proceedings, or choosing to play any rôle except that of a musician and, briefly, a comedian. His modesty throws into high relief his geniality and his friendly voice. Instead of a surfeit, one is left at the end of the revue with a wish to see more of Mr. Whiteman, to know him better on the screen.

As for the players one sees fleetingly, all are excellent and most of them are old friends. John Boles sings even better than usual, and as he is required to act not at all, he is the perfect revue artist. Jeanette Loff has more to do than any one else and does it prettily. Laura La Plante and Glenn Tryon are seen in skits, and Merna Kennedy, Stanley Smith, and Kathryn Crawford are discernible somewhere. William Kent, the stage comedian, is genuinely comic in a sketch, and Jacques Cartier, the dancer, contributes his familiar, though always impressive, tom-tom gyrations. There are various groups of dancers and singers such as the Brox Sisters, the Russell Markert precision girls, and the Sisters G, a patent-leathered hair duo that wave feather fans and do back bends—with less than thrilling results, however.

The Primrose Path.

Many will consider "The Divorcée" Norma Shearer's best picture. Certainly she is finely capable, and the picture is entertaining, yet one has only to give it a second glance to realize that it comes under the heading of the superficial. This, however, is skillfully disguised by clever direction, exceptional acting on the part of every one, and Miss Shearer's own brilliance. In case

inReview

War is given its most merciless portrayal on the screen and color takes on new values in the course of the month.

you care, it is based on the novel "Ex-wife," which, though popular trash, assumed an honesty that the film does not. Here we have a picture that skirts the risqué, that equivocates and dallies with the sex impulse, but which remains suitable for children. That is, if children nowadays don't see below the surface of glossy subterfuge and know as much as their elders. In short, it is a hypocritical version of the novel which attempts to provide entertainment that reformers would approve while getting a private thrill.

This is no fault of the director and the star, but is rather the result of movie censorship, which approves the implication and frowns upon the deed. Because of this we see *Jerry*, the heroine, marrying *Ted* and after three years of wedded bliss acting the shocked wife when she discovers his "past." Promptly she becomes prim and pensive and dons a sable robe symbolic of trust betrayed. Now, heroines used to carry on exactly like this in the '90s when I first began to go to the theater. Only they wore corsets and the black gown had a longer train. What I can't understand in these so-called exposés of life, is the throw-back of the heroine to the old-time wronged lady. They exult in being loose, but they don't mean it.

Be that as it may, *Jerry* decides upon the single standard and confesses her own indiscretion. There! I'm Victorian in calling it an indiscretion. At any rate, they divorce and *Jerry* decides to become a lady of the evening. The phrase is mine. All she does is to accept jewelry from assorted gentlemen who admire her hands. About to wed an old flame, she is conscience-stricken by a visit from his wife. So she renounces him with all the self-immolation of the stage heroine of an antique day, and—luck is always with these girls—finds her ex-husband in Paris and decides that true love is with her former mate. For all I know, they may have taken up farming to prove it.

Yet, as I said, all this is entertainingly set forth. Miss Shearer makes *Jerry* real. Chester Morris does likewise with *Ted*. Robert Montgomery is superlative as a wise-cracking millionaire. Florence Eldridge is fluently cynical as *Jerry's* friend, an experienced ex-wife. And so it goes with Helene Millard, Conrad Nagel, Helen Johnson, and Mary Doran—the latter, by the way, coming through cleverly in her first important rôle. But when all the benefits of the doubt have been dutifully bestowed, it's just trash of a peculiarly hypocritical sort.

The Life of a Manicurist.

One of the important pictures of the month is "The Devil's Holiday." If you like a real story humanly acted and shorn of wise cracks and musical comedy, I'm sure you will respond warmly—and even tearfully—to this. And if you admire Nancy Carroll as I do—and I have many companions in enthusiasm—you will applaud her even more than before on the strength of a realistic, beautifully modulated portrayal. Miss Carroll is every inch a star, not only in billing but in performance.

Her rôle is that of *Hallie*, a manicurist in a Western



Paul Whiteman, most modest of stars, has every reason to boast of "The King of Jazz," though the Sisters G have little to do.

hotel, with a lucrative side line. In collusion with salesmen of farm machinery, she makes it interesting for their prospects from the rural districts—for a commission. And *Hallie* bargains for her commission with the insistence of one who knows her value. Comes *David Stone*, a youth from the wheat country, son of the richest man there, and *Hallie* practices her wiles on the boy with more success than she bargained for. He falls honestly in love with her. When the possibilities of his proposal of marriage are pointed out to her, she accepts and goes to his home to be received coldly by a suspicious father and elder brother. She allows his father to buy her off with the understanding that she will never see her husband again, and she leaves him injured by a blow from his irate brother. There's not much more to relate, except that *Hallie* comes back because she loves her husband, and her return restores his mind and body.

This, too, scarcely bears analysis. At bottom it is hokum. But it is more honest and penetrating than "The Divorcée" and also is more touching. It is hardly as well acted on the whole, however, though Miss Carroll leaves nothing to be desired, nor does Phillips Holmes, as *David*. His first important rôle, he plays it naturally, sincerely, sympathetically. He makes masculine innocence not laughable but tenderly moving and credible. This is quite a feat among Hollywood fledglings. Ned Sparks also is conspicuously successful as *Hallie's* confederate. Hobart Bosworth and James Kirkwood as *David's* father and brother, respectively, are expert, of course, though not entirely convincing. Mr. Bosworth revels in the elocutionary juiciness of his rôle, so that he is always an actor having a grand time sobbing "Da-vid, my boy"; while Mr. Kirkwood is too meticulous in his speech to suggest the stalwart brother of the wheat fields. This, however, is only an opinion.



"Double Cross Roads."



"Redemption."



"The Light of Western Stars."



"The Divorcée."

Flame Without Fire.

It all depends on what you expect of screen operettas. Shall they be beautiful, tuneful, and utterly incredible? Or must they be convincingly acted and deal with adult emotions? This brings us to "Song of the Flame," which some of you will consider extraordinary while some will yawn at its dullness. It is, in fact, a feast for the eye and a famine for the intelligence. But, strangely enough, one accepts it amiably. At least I harbored no homicidal thoughts as I watched a succession of magnificent scenes in triumphant Technicolor, and admired costumes that surpass any I have ever seen in the Russian mood. Settings are rich, bizarre, and artistic and the mob chorals and dances are glitteringly executed. All this is dazzling, spirited, but you mustn't look for acting and singing in keeping with the talent lavished in production. It just isn't there.

For one thing, Bernice Claire is not equal to the demands of the prima donna rôle. A pretty singer, she scarcely suggests the compelling vocalist who incites revolutionists with her song. This she does, however, not wisely but too well. For while *Aniuta* chants of theoretical freedom and justice, the mob translates it to mean pillage and plunder. Heartbroken because her song has overshot its mark, *Aniuta* returns to the farm to repent her "past." The local prince falls in love with her at a festival of the yeomanry, but the appearance of *Constantin*, the revolutionary leader, strikes terror in *Aniuta's* heart. She begs him not to tell *Prince Volodya* that she is "The Flame," though this would indeed be stretching the truth! But no matter. She is betrayed into leading the Reds to the castle of the prince, who is taken prisoner by *Constantin*. In spite of this, everything ends happily in a bower of rural beauty.

Alexander Gray, as the prince, sings well. His baritone is sympathetic and he has gained in ease since he appeared in "Sally." Noah Beery is *Constantin*, whose bass voice rumbles in song as well as speech, and Alice Gentle is his singing aid in crime. You will see briefly Inez Courtney, a stage soubrette, whose name you should file for future reference. You will like her when you know her better.

Mother Doesn't Know Best.

Pleasant enough and fairly exciting, "The Texan" is one of Gary Cooper's middle-class pictures. Not because he gives short measure of his talent, but because the story is not charged with the compelling emotions of "Seven Days' Leave" or "The Virginian."

He is "The Llano Kid," a bad man from Texas, who listens to the prompting of a villain to masquerade as the long-lost son of a rich South American widow. The plan succeeds and *The Kid* is received with open arms by *Señora Ibarra* and her niece. In cases of this kind mothers take a great deal for granted. Still, Mr. Cooper is Mr. Cooper and his ease in being drawn to the heart of a dowager who hasn't seen her son in fifteen years is probably what would happen in real life. The bad man is touched by the señora's trustful affection, so he refuses to go through with the plot to rob her. The sheriff who follows him from Texas is also touched by the tableau, and when *The Kid* frustrates the villain's attempted robbery of the hacienda we have the logical end of the piece, with the addition of a love scene between *The Kid* and the señora's niece.

Fay Wray does well in this minor rôle, but I thought Emma Dunn too drawing-roomy for the señora. How much more touching had she been faded and worn by waiting for the son she never really found.

Incense and Embroidery.

"The New Adventures of Doctor Fu Manchu" is for those who like that sort of thing. This statement is not as patronizing as you might think. The picture is quite good, really, but it isn't every one that can scare up a convulsion over Oriental villainy. Therefore *Doctor Fu* is for a special audience. Here he is seen coming to life after his supposed death in the earlier picture, resuming his efforts to put *Doctor Jack Petrie* out of the way, coming to grips again with *Nayland Smith*, of Scotland Yard, only to be given the quietus by that resourceful detective. But one feels that the Chinaman will be resuscitated for a continuation of his implacable hatred.

Aside from the suspense and thrills, all cleverly sustained, and the admirable acting that pervades the entire cast, one is impressed by the elaborate strangeness of the Chinese funeral in honor of *Doctor Fu*, and the interrupted wedding of Neil Hamilton and Jean Arthur in an English abbey. These two sequences are managed with thoroughness and authority.

Warner Oland's *Doctor Fu* is a masterpiece of melodramatic finesse, and of course O. P. Heggie is smoothly expert as his enemy. Mr. Hamilton and Miss Arthur make interesting and vital a hero and a heroine who would be nobodies in less practiced hands.

Scotch, Rye, and Bourbon.

Maurice Chevalier's popularity is given added volume in "The Big Pond," a light comedy minus music except for two songs sung by the star. It is an amusing story that the picture tells, with satiric touches that illuminate big business as it is carried on in this country. Mr. Chevalier is *Pierre*, an impoverished Frenchman, who is acting as courier for an American millionaire and his daughter *Barbara* in Venice. *Pierre* and *Barbara* fall in love, much to the dismay of the young go-getter who is the father's choice for a son-in-law. The two scheme to cure *Barbara* of her infatuation by bringing *Pierre* to this country and showing her how illy he fits in. To make doubly sure of this, *Pierre* is given a job in the father's chewing-gum factory, where his work is of the hardest. By accident, he discovers a way to improve the gum and is accepted joyfully by the father who barely tolerated him before. But in qualifying as a hundred per center, *Pierre* loses the very qualities that appealed to *Barbara*—his romance, his beautiful love-making. Of course he proves to her that he can still do the latter.

The picture is brightly entertaining for so slight a yarn and has many laughable moments. Claudette Colbert is *Barbara*, a subordinate heroine, and a child actress named Elaine Kitch is most appealing as a little maid-of-all-work.

A Kidnap for Love.

The title of George Bancroft's picture tells us that "Ladies Love Brutes," but the lady in question doesn't love the brute at all. That's just the point. Because she, a well-bred woman, will not respond to the love of the roughneck millionaire with an underworld background, he orders her child kidnaped in the hope of winning her by earning her gratitude. The plan miscarries and his own child is endangered. When the heroine's boy is returned she promises tearfully to gratify the roughneck's yearnings, but he becomes noble and renunciatory.

You see it doesn't ring true. More's the pity, because Mr. Bancroft is forceful and sympathetic as the frustrated millionaire, Mary Astor is typically "society" as the heroine, and Fredric March, as her estranged husband, is quietly distinguished. David Durand, who did so well in "Innocents of Paris," is Mr. Bancroft's son with equal pathos and naturalness.

The West Revived.

Zane Grey's stories take a new lease on life by reason of the audible screen, and "The Light of Western Stars," the forerunner of a series, is excellently done. While it departs little from other stories of the West, it has a pleasant, forthright quality and is acted with conviction by Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Fred Kohler, and Regis Toomey, with comedy by Harry Green who is, to say the least, a surprise in a picture of this kind. He plays "Pie-pan" Pultz, a peddler, whose antics and wise cracks lighten the proceedings a great deal.

In case you don't remember the plot when it served its time as a silent picture, your memory may be refreshed without undue strain in recalling that the heroine from the East goes to live on the ranch left by her murdered brother, and finds herself the object of the villain's plotting and the efforts of the hero to unmask the latter as the murderer. He succeeds, of course, but only after considerable suspense, much gun play, and delineation of rugged character. The whole thing is worth seeing, particularly by those who are weary of song-and-dance leg shows.

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"Show Girl in Hollywood."



"Song of the Flame."



"The New Adventures of Doctor Fu Manchu."



"The Devil's Holiday."

Joan—As She Is

Admirers, new and old, of Miss Crawford will welcome this sympathetic, accurate study of her character and her inner life.

By Margaret Reid

THERE are two separate and distinct Joans to write about. We are, though, concerned chiefly with the present Crawford. She is not so vivid, so iridescent as the Joan of night-club fervor. That Joan shimmered in a blazing spotlight cast on a dark dance floor, her slim, insinuating body following the uneven beat of a blues, bobbed hair swinging across flushed cheeks as she Charlestoned, Charlestoned. That Joan was intense, brittle, feverish.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is quiet, self-contained, gentle. And happy. But this transition, this astonishingly definite change which took place almost overnight, has already been told many times. Since it was less a change than a discarding of the only defense Joan could erect against unhappiness and bewilderment, our interest is in the actual Joan as she now stands revealed.

In her face are the only indications that she was not always at peace. She is less pretty than when Hollywood first greeted her. She was deliciously pretty then. In observing her prettiness, one did not notice the fine, strong modeling which stands out in relief to-day. There are so many beauties in Hollywood. Joan was one of the loveliest. Yet she is lovelier now. The crystallizing of her character is, in some mysterious fashion, reflected in the very contour of her face. The planes of cheek and brow and chin are strong, vital. The eyes that have looked through misery into delight are steady and candid and without bitterness.

Emotionally, there are, in the present Joan, no apparent remnants of the reckless, too-bright eyed, partying Lucile le Sueur who struck Hollywood with the incandescent flash of a comet. Young Doug's wife glows as steadily as if the night-club Joan had never glittered so dizzily. Her head may be in the clouds, because she is so happy, but her feet are planted firmly on solid earth. She is not afraid to face actuality. She builds no false barriers between herself and the world.

An unhappy childhood and turbulent adolescence behind her, she absorbs her present tranquillity with a deep, passionate zest. The days are never long enough for the tremendous amount of living she has to do. Her marriage has given her the element needed to balance her career and its attendant confusions. Her life is not lived spuriously in the studio. Unlike most actresses so young, she maintains a life wholly independent of her work, and which she recognizes as her real existence.

Her sense of values preventing any mingling of the two, she sees no feat accomplished in the combination of marriage and a career.

And Joan's idea of marriage is as serious as her attitude toward her career. Both are important, but the first is more personal and is, therefore, the paramount consideration. She did not marry hastily, and there is no flighty lark about her wifehood. Her home and her husband's comfort are deep issues. She manages both with ability.

There is no housekeeper in charge of the junior Fairbankses' abode. Joan herself holds the household reins, and the routine of her home runs on the proverbial oiled wheels. She plans all the menus and supervises everything. There is never a trace of dust to be found on her floors, and never a last-minute panic on the arrival of unexpected guests. No household emergency can disconcert Joan, or prove too much for her resourcefulness.

Her profusely gardenized Spanish house in Brentwood, between Beverly Hills and the sea, is gradually becoming Anglicized as to interior. She and Douglas plan to build an English house for their permanent home, so Joan is already collecting Georgian highboys, Chippendale dining sets and chintzes across which red-coated hunters ride. She has an instinct for color and line, with the result that the huge, sunny rooms are exquisitely furnished and decorated, and correct in detail. A devotee of period furniture, she has educated herself up to a state of erudition on Duncan Phyfe, Louis Quatorz, and contemporaries.

Practical through past necessity, Joan manages finances for herself and Douglas, too, ever since he begged her to help him save five or ten dollars of his salary for his old age. He is devoid of money consciousness, so Joan sees that three quarters of both their incomes is banked each week. They live luxuriously, but not lavishly. Douglas drives a large green car, but Joan scorns both this and the chauffeured car for her almost daily shopping expeditions. She can be seen darting through town in the yellow Ford which was her husband's Christmas gift to her.

She loves to sew, and her idea of a fair day's work is to make over a dress and to hem and initial several handkerchiefs. The very good-looking hooked rugs to be found here and there about the house are Joan's handiwork. Having exhausted suit-

Continued on page 106

Sensitive to criticism, Joan Crawford is hurt by jeers at the publicity given her marriage.





Photo by Hurrell

The new depth and seriousness in Joan Crawford's character are beautifully reflected in this photograph, and you will find additional confirmation of the great change in Joan when you read Margaret Reid's brilliant appreciation on the opposite page.



Tangled Threads

Again the strangeness of fate is proven with the revival of "Manslaughter," one of the most popular pictures of the silent days, with Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy in the leading rôles.

For the new version in dialogue an entirely different cast has been assembled, Fredric March and Claudette Colbert being the principals. They will bring eloquent reality to the story of the thoughtless, spoiled society girl convicted of manslaughter by the district attorney who loves her.



The Birth of a Nation

Again D. W. Griffith turns back the pages of history to the chapter he glorified in the greatest of all films, and in "Abraham Lincoln," his new one, he will tell us the intimate story of the Great Emancipator.

Walter Huston plays *Lincoln* and is seen, at the top of the page, in the box at Ford's Theater, where he met his death by assassination. Kay Hammond is *Mrs. Lincoln* and Ian Keith is *John Wilkes Booth*. Mr. Huston is seen, left and right, in two periods of the hero's life.





Youth And

That engaging musical show, "Follow
addition of favorite stars and



Claude King, at top of page, praises daughter Nancy Carroll's drive, while Don Tomkins and Margaret Lee look on.

Eugene Pallette, above, as *Effingham*, and Zelma O'Neal, as *Angie Howard*, enter into a friendly plot to bring about a love match.

The fancy-dress ball, right, finds Buddy Rogers in costume for the first time, with Margaret Lee on his arm. If it's too exciting, stop!





Music

"Thru," comes to the screen with the a wealth of outdoor atmosphere.



A scene rich in low comedy occurs, at top of page, when Jack Haley and Eugene Pallette, disguised as plumbers, invade the ladies' locker room at the golf club.

Thelma Todd, above, as the beautiful menace to the understanding of Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, attempts to separate them with a meow.

A close-up of the costume ball finds Jack Haley, left, being kidded by Zelma O'Neal on account of his double exposure.



In A Whirl

Alice White, in "My Sugar," manages to keep every one excited over her love life, while seeing to it that the other characters are not exactly devoid of amorous uncertainties.

Alice White, as *Kay Elliott*, at top of page, enters Myrna Loy's room, to find Paul Page in what is still incongruously called a compromising situation, while Douglas Gilmore, as Miss Loy's brother, assumes the attitude of trust betrayed. Some one returns some one else's engagement ring in the heartbreak that follows, but the ring finds its way back to a virginal finger, as usual.

Paul Page and Miss White, left, realize love's young dream and he is forgiven for calling her man-crazy.

Daughter of the Redwoods

Better known by her more famous name, "Girl of the Golden West," she reappears on the screen vitalized and made eloquent by Ann Harding's unusual beauty and voice.

Miss Harding, right, as *Minnie*, who keeps a saloon and gambling house, is confronted by Harry Bannister, as *Jack Rance*, the sheriff, with a question. It concerns the whereabouts of *Dick Johnson*, a bandit, with whom *Minnie* has fallen in love, and for whom she lies to save from capture.

In the lower picture *Minnie* proposes marriage to James Rennie, as *Dick Johnson*, who gently refuses because he loves her too much to forget his unworthiness.





Photo by Hurrell

A Canoe For Two

Dorothy Jordan is saying no such thing, of course, for that would be too utterly bold for an old-fashioned girl. But look at the vacant space in the boat. Look, too, at her smile. It's open-minded, to say the least. What's more, she needs some one to paddle her home. But why go on with this sales talk? Be yourself!

Beauty Goes To War

By
Willard
Chamberlin

A lone man looks at the battle for supremacy among the beauties of Hollywood and tells what he thinks of their individual charms.

BEAUTY! A subject truly fascinating to discuss, but one which so often fails to be conclusive.

"Which is the most beautiful star in Hollywood?" the magazines ask. A committee chooses its favorites, and the most popular are listed as the "Ten Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood." Usually there are several who represent an accepted form of flower-petal beauty, and who lose their own charm when placed among the others. A few more who, when seen beside women like Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove—two who are invariably chosen—suffer by comparison.

In addition to Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove, Vilma Banky, Esther Ralston, and Norma Talmadge are frequently among those honored. Many others are generally accepted as beautiful, and receive adjectives such as "charming" and "bewitching," sometimes sadly mischosen, before their names. Among these are Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Irene Rich, Alice Joyce, and Norma Shearer.

Then there are the countless pretty girls, who have a young freshness and

Constance Bennett has truly sophisticated beauty.



Corinne Griffith is always chosen in any nomination for the beauty prize.



Dorothy Revier is like crystal ice, devoid of warmth.

a bright, sparkling vivacity that is often misnamed beauty. Mary Brian, Janet Gaynor, Laura La Plante, Betty Bronson, Anita Page, Jeanette Loff, Joan Bennett, Sue Carol, Loretta Young, Marian Nixon, Nancy Carroll, and Mary Astor are pretty in a girlish way, and their sweet—sometimes too sweet—faces are labeled beautiful.

There is no single standard of beauty. It is as varied, as multitudinous as all the beautiful things on earth. As an orchid, a pond lily, and a spray of cherry blossoms are beautiful yet different, so, too, may be the beauty of three women. A pine tree—beautiful in its somber stateliness. A seashell—beautiful in its delicate, roseate setting. So, too, the women of the screen. And when we consider them in such a light, many to whom we had accredited no degree of beauty seem to possess it in countless strange ways.

First of all, we find beauty symbolic. Strange mysteries, lovely colors, the lure of jewels, flowers, perfumes; such vagrant charms as these lurk in a woman's face. And in the galaxy of stars we find them all. Inscrutable things, whimsicalities, desires, eccentricities are found in eyes, in lips, in the arch of eyebrows.

Hollywood is a city of beauty. It trades in the markets of charm. Everywhere one sees it. Whether it be natural or artificial, real or unreal, Hollywood finds a place for it within its magic walls. And here among the pink icicles and cobwebs, lighted by firefly glow, the stars walk, tinsel creatures, manikins and French dolls, or what have you?

They tried to change it. The realism fiends dragged at the fragile, wispy webs, shattered some of the rainbow-





Greta Garbo's beauty is that of a lonely pine.

tinted mirrors. They tried to tear the masks of loveliness from the faces of the film ladies, tried so hard to convert them into human beings. Their beauty irked the realists. Perhaps we loved our tinsel beauty not wisely, but too well. And so they went about, sticking pins into iridescent bubbles, hurling mud at the jades, and calling the dolls of the screen little more than sweet nothings. They almost succeeded in dragging the stars from the pedestals the fans had built for them.

We find countless stars, each with her own individuality, appealing to some distinct conception of beauty, as different as the moods of the seasons, a different setting for each lovely lady. Where Estelle Taylor would be plain in a setting designed for the girlish Mary Brian, she was beautiful in the Oriental atmosphere of "Where East Is East."

Myrna Loy is ever the exotic. She cannot escape her aura of seduction. Her beauty is the lure of strange, far-off places, the languor of tropical isles, the spell of desert nights. She belongs in the Far East, tending, with her tapering, jeweled hands, the incense burners of a temple; her feet gliding to the beating of drums and gongs. Her beauty is vivid, sensuous. The eyes of an enchantress, Loy is the reincarnation of Circe, made only to lure men through subtle wiles. Yet she is saved from being the temptress by the addition of a delightful piquancy, a naïve spiciness which mingles with the heavier exoticism which is her own potent gift.

Then there is the flashing, crimson beauty which belongs to Spain. Two actresses possess the lovely, glowing beauty of this land of proverbial sunshine, Dolores del Rio and Alma Rubens. Del Rio is so gorgeously typical of old Spain. She is the fair one who is serenaded on a high, starlit balcony, the one in whirling skirts who weaves to the click of castanets and the fiery dash of the tango. She is the high lady who wears mantillas of finest lace, whose smile is flashing and brilliant. She sits in orange courtyards or walks in the steep, narrow streets of Madrid. Such is the make-up of Del Rio's beauty.

Alma Rubens' is the quiet beauty of old Spanish- America, of the California of rambling haciendas and crumbling missions. The dark loveliness of a señorita of days gone by is in the brooding depth of Miss Rubens' eyes; an old cloister filled with yucca blossoms; a secluded shrine; the sonorous chime of bells at sunset—such is the lovely, glowing beauty of Alma Rubens, who so gorgeously personifies "The Girl of the Golden West."

How beautiful can a wicked woman be? Just as beautiful as Dorothy Revier, who typifies the blond siren, or Mary Duncan, who is her brunet sister in sin. Miss Revier has crafty, fascinating eyes, complemented with jewels and daringly cut gowns. She is like crystal ice, brilliantly beautiful, devoid of warmth or sympathy. Equally devastating is the witchery of Mary Duncan. Heavily shaded eyes, enchanting perfume, the gliding movements of a panther make up the seductive lure of the Duncan. Women of the type played by these are usually "too beautiful to live," and in their film lives their intrigue is their eventual undoing.



Olive Borden has the tempting beauty of sun-ripe fruit.



Myrna Loy is ever the exotic.



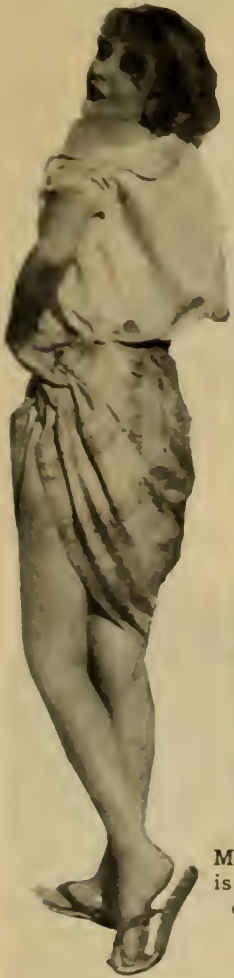
Vilma Banky's beauty is unchallenged.

Dolores Costello's is the beauty of an age just past, that indefinite period called yesteryear. The lovely, fragile Dolores, as a gentlewoman of the old South, is in her correct setting. Her beauty belongs in an old plantation house of Virginia. Oak trees, misty moonlight, and Dolores in the costumes of a half century ago. Can you imagine a more delightful picture?

Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan's is the artificial beauty that goes with lovely jewels and stunning gowns. A beauty frankly of the coiffeur, the masseuse, and the manicurist. A polished, suave beauty especially concocted to complement lovely things. A beauty which is only at its best when added to.

Olive Borden. The tempting beauty of some luscious, sun-ripe fruit. That is Olive. Her beauty is striking, gorgeous, extravagant.

Then there is the beauty of intelligence, and we turn to Constance Bennett. She typifies the cosmopolite, the woman of the world, delightfully at ease in the life of capitals. Traveled, cultured, she has a beauty which, though not striking, is marked by its quiet distinction, its ex-



Mary Nolan's is the beauty of vanity.

Betty Compson, below, has the beauty of wistfulness.



Refinement best describes Norma Shearer's beauty.



Marian Nixon is among the prettiest girls.

clusiveness. It stamps her as one of the élite. So many try desperately to be sophisticated, through almost ridiculous coarseness, aided and abetted by too much lipstick and eyeshade, too many cigarettes, and a flagrant disregard of conventions—a silly pretense at worldliness.

A direct contrast to this brash type is Constance Bennett's true sophistication, a composite of assured polish and intelligence which has gone through a thorough modernization without losing any of its quality. False sophistication can ruin beauty; Constance Bennett's brand adds to hers. Hers, too, is the delightful gift of social poise, the rather cold, indifferent beauty of those who live in a world of races, teas, and musicales; chic, impeccably groomed.

Evelyn Brent's is the beauty of a cat. A purring cat, with half-shut eyes before a fire. She is drowsy, smoldering, sullen, and she works a spell over the watcher. Like the moon with a cloud across it, she keeps her beauty hidden away beneath a veil of enchanting secrecy. Perhaps it is the fascination of those caressing eyelashes. You cannot grasp her beauty in one glance; it must be studied and pondered upon. Her face is the face of the mystery woman in the story, who peers out from dark corners and entrances you with her face alone. Her eyes are the dark, shadowy pools one reads about in poetry. Such a person as Evelyn would of necessity be beautiful; her beauty is taken for granted.

Greta Garbo. The strong, wild beauty of the Northland. A daughter of the vikings is Greta, primitive, careless, and untamed. Her blond hair blowing free, her determined mouth, they are the beauty of a woman who has known life alone. A restless beauty, like



Dorothy Sebastian is the typical Southern beauty.

that of the tall pines, the pounding sea, and the strange, irresistible beauty of Northern lights. Greta is the *erotique*, a woman of moods, turbulent emotions hidden under a cold mask. She is like a fresh wind blown out of the North.

Thelma Todd's beauty is of the Grecian goddess type. Blond and statuesque, Miss Todd is the Diana, the Aphrodite, the Terpsichore of the Grecian myths. She might be the princess in a mythical kingdom, or the lady-in-waiting to the queen, a little lovelier than the queen herself. Pearls and ermine add to her blond charm.

The piquant, illusive Jetta Goudal is a breath of old Versailles. Subtle as incense, or a whiff of lavender, delightful as a Watteau painting, she brings back the minuet to our modern jazz-jaded life. She brings to mind laced-edged bouquets of moss roses, silhouettes in miniature, mellow tapestries, brocades, and powdered wigs. She is a pink lady, framed against the *trianons* and lagoons of an empire that lived for loveliness. She should be a Madame Pompadour, with the grace of the century she represents.

Renée Adorée—the gamin, child of the cabarets. A bewildering little apache girl of violent loves and stormy tempers. Tousled hair, silken legs. A type distinctly Parisian—beautiful in an amusing, impudent way.



Jacqueline Logan is an evening girl.

Gloria Swanson—a beauty purely theatrical; the jeweled, gilded beauty of an actress. A lady of moods and whims.

Aileen Pringle—the beauty of smart worldliness. A refined beauty capped with effervescent wit.

Carmel Myers—the alluring beauty of exotic flowers and perfumes. The spell of the siren. Desire for things luxurious.

Joan Crawford—the beauty of madcap youth; gay, carefree, alive. The beauty of things modernistic.

Betty Compson—the beauty of wistfulness—a little of sadness mingled with smiles.

Leatrice Joy—the beauty of happiness and one that goes with pretty things and feminine luxuries.

Dorothy Sebastian—the typical Southern beauty. The warmth and dark color of old New Orleans women.

Patsy Ruth Miller—the party girl, the débutante. Sparkling, winning, the hostess at teas and buffet suppers. Fresh, captivating, popular.

Dorothy Mackaill—the old-fashioned charm of quaint New England. A plain beauty that goes with grandfather clocks, patchwork quilts, and four posters. The beauty of larkspur in a brick-walled garden.

Jacqueline Logan—the evening girl. Best in the smart supper clubs. Chic but never extreme. A beauty that is best defined as costly.

Mae Murray—the beauty that goes with things bizarre and strikingly novel. Exaggerated beauty; the enchantress in a fairy tale, a lovely, unreal creature in a dream.

Lupe Velez—a beauty that is like a skyrocket, dashing color through space. The beauty of brilliant butterflies, red shawls, birds of paradise. A beauty essentially of rich coloring.

[Continued on page 115]

The beauty of radiant happiness is reflected by Leatrice Joy.



High And Handsome

Several screen teams do some lively capering at the beach and pool.



Mary Doran, above, perches comfortably on the shoulder of Joel McCrea, a college athlete new in pictures with strength to spare in his arms.



Teammates on the screen, teammates at play, as we have always said, and here you have Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray, above, getting balanced for one of those wild leaps without which a swimming party is really no swimming party at all.

The human watch-tower of Malibu, Neil and Elsa Hamilton, right, are looking out over the water for a friendly sail, or canoe, or maybe they are just looking. Who knows?



Mae Clarke and Robert Ames, above, simply would not be outdone, so, opportunity and the camera showing up at the same moment, Robert swept Mae off her feet to his brawny shoulder in one graceful swoop.

Haven't they got fun, Laura La Plante and William Seiter, her husband, left, when they romp on the beach? But look how carefully Bill places his feet into the sand — none of that foot-slant stuff for him.



Photo by Thomas

Robert Armstrong and his wife are enthusiastic followers of the new pastime.

REEL as you ramble" must be Hollywood's new slogan. Though many players complain wearily that they long to get away from pictures, the fascination of movie making has cast a spell upon them. Their work seems only to whet their interest in photography, and many leisure hours are spent in taking pictures. They get much pleasure from being behind the camera and directing the scene.

A small movie camera is indispensable to the majority on vacation. When wanderlust grips them later, and production schedules tie them to the treadmill, they become armchair travelers, living over again the thrills and fun of their journeys as flashed back from their living-room screens.

Through the swift action of a stirring polo game is caught a familiar face, a Jack Holt adding both handsome profile and skillful horsemanship to the excitement of a hard-fought chukker. A Will Rogers tumble is an unrehearsed thrill. Babies open wide, toothless mouths. Filmdom frolics at gay garden and swimming parties.

The varied material of these home shows reflects the nimble brains and the many personal interests of the cinemese. Though some feature themselves in mountain climbing or other sport, most often there are stretches of scenic beauty which had caught their eyes. When there is a cast, it usually is made up of friends at play, in which case the picture is taken frequently without the knowledge of the actors, making it all the more delightful entertainment.

There is even some talk of exchanging reels as Christmas and birthday gifts. Stepping snapshots have been sent to absent relatives, in place of less colorful letters. The late Mabel Normand was the first wife to send to her husband a film record of her occupations during his absence several years ago.

Practically all parents proudly display animated albums of their children. Instead of turning pages to show their darling's growth, reels depict her development, the first tooth being allotted a close-up. Eventually, miniature mikes will catch the first "da"!

May McAvoy, Ruth Roland, Reginald Denny, Mary Eaton, and others have had their marriages "movied." Harry Langdon's was to be "sounded," but his

They Reel

The new pastime in Hollywood is making when on a holiday from the studio, as boats when on shore leave, so

By Myrtle

voice blew out the fuse and plunged Beverly Hills into darkness. These, however, belong in the class of stellar events filmed by regular camera men.

The outdoors world interests the players, though sport scenes of themselves are prominent among their releases when friends are entertained with home projection.

What variety the stellar news reels contain, and how welcome to rasped ears is their quiet! The mighty Mississippi is caught in Ken May-

nard's pictorial diary of a lazy trip down that broad waterway. Vilma Banky filmed her trip to New York for her husband, Rod La Rocque, so that she could show him every place she went. Her long shots of the harbor and the Statue of Liberty have artistic merit. Small crowds collected around her as she filmed street scenes.

One of the first to take up the fad, Colleen Moore has graduated from a prep school of the hand camera. She photographs now in Technicolor. Sports, house guests, and the antics of her dogs are favorite subjects.

Carol Lombard has her camera trained on all comers.



Conrad Nagel is a willing subject for Lila Lee, for he gives much of his leisure time to amateur photography.



Their Own

amateur movies, and the stars take to it, keenly as sailors take to amusement park strong is the spell of celluloid.

Gebhart

Bebe Daniels' productions are unique, recording her building operations. The erection of a house is caught in a few feet of film at each stage, these being spliced together so that her houses appear to shoot up by magic.

Jean Hersholt's library may or may not prove an advantageous training ground for his son, depending on whether or not the boy becomes an actor. Certainly, if he follows the profession, he will have available for study a fine screen. Every one of Mr. Hersholt's pictures, from "Greed" on, is represented, and the art of make-up is revealed.

Lupino Lane records his tumbling and contortionist feats and, by close observation of his stunts, he can the more easily keep fit and correct errors.

The Fred Niblos are champion amateurs in

Sally Blane enjoys filming things as she rambles.

Jeanette Loff enjoys operating a movie camera.



Photo by English

Neil Hamilton, who made a movie record of his trip to Europe last fall, snaps his secretary, Donald McKay.



photography. For years they have considered a camera essential to every auto tour. Last summer, driving through the Middle West and Canada, they shot fifteen thousand feet of film, for their own amusement, and as a scenic reference for future locations. Mr. Niblo says that other tourists they met on the road were picturing their own travels.

With his small movie camera, Neil Hamilton photographed his European trip, his wife and secretary, Donald McKay, posing against the scenery. His most interesting shots were taken at Spreewald, a little town near Berlin where, several years ago, he worked with D. W. Griffith filming parts of "Isn't Life Wonderful?" He had taken snapshots of townspeople and was interested in making a film comparison. The place showed few changes, not one new house.

Prior to his trip abroad, Hamilton had climbed the mountains, his camera being unstrapped occasionally and focused to catch some lovely vista or snow-clad peak. Once he neglected art for tomfoolery. However, the scene with himself as Hamlet and William Powell as camera man and director is so funny that his lapse was forgiven.

Bill Seiter and Laura La Plante recorded ship life and entertainment en route to Honolulu, and the Jack Mulhall reels contain glimpses of tropic life, comedy relief being provided by Jack's plunge into the sea from a surf board.

Besides plane take-offs, Wallace Beery's collection is replete with fishing and camping trips and voyages at sea. His reels of sea gulls, their wings spread against the sky, are gorgeous photographic effects. His feature is a pictorial record of a flight over Mount Whitney.

A camera goes "down to the sea in ships" with George Bancroft. An ocean storm has been caught washing the decks of fishing smacks.

Equally thrilling are the rare invitations to see Lon Chaney's shots of wild animal and bird life off the beaten tracks even of hunters and Isaak Waltons. He is a rabid fan and gets material from scenes not visited by the casual explorer. His reels of wild ducks in action make up the most complete record of its kind in the amateur field. For hours, crouched in marshy spots, he waits for the ducks to appear in sufficient numbers. On hunting trips he shoots more deer with camera than with gun. Sometimes a script makes heroes of fish and birds, with other creatures of the wilds as character comedian.

Chaney's favorite pastime is also indulged during his screen work. Celebrated visitors to the studio are caught, some quite unaware. The Crown Prince of Sweden, General Butler, and many others smile from his screen.

[Continued on page 114]



Unlucky Breaks

Some of the players need a gold-mounted rabbit's foot.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, tries to save Sidney Blackmer from his reckless foolishness.

Jack Mulhall, right, is a cautious chap.

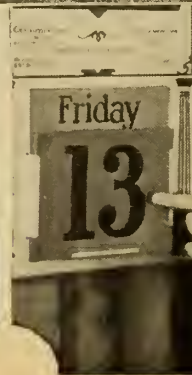
Grant Withers, below, halts before a superstition that can be no older than cigarettes.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, is hoodooed now for seven long years.



Friday the thirteenth makes Lois Wilson, below, gasp at the idea of working.





A Love That Could Not Be Forgotten

She ran away to the man of her heart, but in his home she found a care-worn mother who had ambitious plans for him. She was a mother who had scraped and saved for years to send her boy through college, and when she found that a seemingly frivolous girl from a wealthy home had come between her and her ambition for her boy there was darkness in her soul.

But there was real stuff in the girl after all. She made her great sacrifice and went away to forget.

Acting always on impulse, Geraldine Loring found at length that one never does forget true love. This is but an outline of the unusual theme of

Impulsive Youth

By VIVIAN GREY

Young and old alike will recognize the characters in this novel as they are tenderly and delicately drawn by the author as very real persons indeed. "IMPULSIVE YOUTH" is a CHELSEA HOUSE book. And that means that it is a popular copyright which has never before appeared between book covers. One of a series of famous love stories issued by

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PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1 9 3 0 — 1 9 3 1

FEATURED PLAYERS

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Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottie Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Maylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Tarrance
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lianet
Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Canway
Cecil B. DeMille

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"

(Directed by
Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"

(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of
Time"

(With 'more stars than
there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"

with

Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marletta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"

What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

SONG WRITERS

Martin Broanes
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Black

Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker
Branden

Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Calton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymen
Marian Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Willard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Nibla, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Dan Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuckack
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wadehouse
Miguel de Zarraba

Norma
Shearer

Marion
Davies

Ramon
Novarro

Lawrence
Tibbett

William
Haines

Jack
Buchanan

Duncan
Sisters

WYN-M A

"There are in Heaven"



The Movie Racket

his high horse and sent it to her! She tore it open, only to find that it was a dunno telegram, saying, "Please break away at once. You have to take your place as the show is going to start immediately," and signed Gallipolis.

Somehow she got away; somehow she sat through the picture, remembering how she had worked, hearing the director's voice so plainly that she wondered why the film didn't stop after each scene for his comments. Her big scene went rather flat, but there was a lot of applause for a bit that had barely escaped being cut out, because nobody in the studio liked it.

It was over at last. Tactfully refusing Mr. Gallipolis' invitation to supper, she hurried away. She wanted nothing but to go to her room at the hotel, tie a towel around her head, and smear cold cream on her face. It ached from smiling all evening.

"If I have to do this often, I'll die," she told Bunny, as the door of the suite slammed behind them. "Be a darling and telephone downstairs for some food while I undress, will you? Tell 'em if they put whipped cream on anything, I'll shoot the waiter. After that dinner to-night, I want ham and eggs and tea."

But the telephone jangled just as she was slipping into a bathrobe. Some reporters were on their way up to see Miss Mayo. Did she wish to order supper for them, too?

"Let them starve," urged Bunny. "If you feed 'em, you'll have to pay the bill. I'm going to get into bed with a sandwich and it will take dynamite to get me out again."

"You'll stay right here and play up to them with me," Monica told her determinedly. "I want some one to throttle me if I begin to jabber."

Three young men of the press appeared presently, and with them a slim, clever-looking girl, who scrutinized Monica skeptically. Bunny took one look at them, and brought out a bottle that the publicity department had sent over for just such an emergency when Monica left Hollywood. Monica sat back wearily waiting for them to ask her questions.

"Miss Mayo's delighted to see you," Bunny announced, cheerfully, "but she's awfully tired. All that excitement at the theater, you know how—"

"How does it feel to have the public at your feet?" the alert-looking girl wanted to know.

"They aren't at my feet," Monica replied bluntly. "I don't count for a thing. It's just the glamour that hangs over all picture people that interests them."

Bunny was making frantic signals at her from a corner, but she paid no attention.

"I'm not Buddy Rogers, or Clara Bow, or any of the big ones; but because I'm in the movies I'm a curiosity, like a two-headed calf, or a set of Siamese twins."

"Gee, you're refreshing!" ejaculated one of the men, looking up from his glass. "What's your great ambition? To play *Juliet* or *Monna Vanna*?"

"To have time for a shampoo whenever I want one, and to run my life to suit myself," Monica retorted. "The studio dictates to me about everything. I just go there and do what I'm told as well as I can. Right now, I'd like to go to bed and sleep twelve hours, but I've got to fly back to Hollywood shortly after sunrise and report for work as soon as I get there."

"The publicity department will go crazy and chew the woodwork when they read what you've said," Bunny told her despairingly, when at last the newspaper people had departed. "What on earth was the matter with you?"

Monica burst into tears of rage.

"If you begin finding fault with me, I'll give up and go home," she stormed. "Those people would have kidded me, no matter what I said. They don't care anything about me, and neither does any one else but Danny, and sometimes I think he doesn't."

But she got a break in the San Francisco newspapers, as she had with every one else these last few months. They hailed her as an actress who wasn't trying to fool people, and her mail from that city was doubled as a result.

Back in Hollywood, she found that Booth Carlisle was to play opposite her in her next picture, which was based on a smart, sophisticated story in which she played everything from a girl brought up on an island in the South Seas to a Parisian night-club hostess. She had to learn to dance for it, which meant taking a lesson every day and practicing every spare moment in between. She also had to sing, and accompany herself on the piano. She was thankful for the music lessons against which she had rebelled so vehemently as a child. But when it came to singing, she broke down and wept.

"I can't sing!" she cried. "My voice is terrible."

"It isn't bad at all. When you know how to use it, you'll be all right," the director assured her. "And we don't dare use a double for you. You can sort of talk your songs, you know."

Two days later the publicity department was sending out stories declaring that Monica Mayo had astonished her friends by developing a beautiful singing voice, and Monica was wretchedly practicing vocal exercises whenever she wasn't practicing dancing.

The one bright spot in her life was Danny. Things were going well with him. He'd been given a rôle in which he played the young brother of a friend of the male star, and as the director liked his work, he was hoping that it would develop into something fairly big.

Somehow she struggled through her next picture. Life was complicated by the fact that she had made such an instantaneous success. She was interviewed on the set, at luncheon, at dinner. She said the same things over and over, until they popped into her head the first thing in the morning.

"Yes, I love my work in pictures. It's so inspiring to work in this studio; we're like one big family." "I'm so grateful to the people everywhere who have helped me by writing letters filled with helpful criticism as well as encouragement; that's the real reason I've got ahead so fast." To herself she ejaculated, "Bunk!" at this point. She knew only too well that she had broken into pictures by accident, and had succeeded because she had had a series of lucky breaks. There were so many other girls in Hollywood who were as pretty as she and quite as talented. Whenever she passed a group of extras she wondered how it happened that she wasn't one of them.

She saw very little of Danny. She was always trying to make time to see him, when he was free. Not infrequently she stayed at home expecting him, only to have him phone that he couldn't get away. One day when an important movie editor from one of the big Eastern newspapers was to see her, she broke the date, without explanation, because Danny had suddenly appeared just as she was leaving the hotel. She never again got a favorable review in that paper, and was always mentioned as "The very temperamental Miss Mayo." But she didn't care. Nothing mattered now but Danny. He was the one real person in her life, except Bunny, and Bunny was so interested in Monica's career at the expense of everything else that she was no real comfort at all.

Monica had hardly grown used to the gilt and upholstered splendor of the hotel, when the studio urged her to move. It would be more dignified, they maintained, if she had a

Continued on page 94

Can This Be Love?

Whether Richard Arlen and Jean Arthur believe it or not, they oblige with examples of various moods in which it occurs on the screen.



Mr. Arlen and Miss Arthur, above, lend themselves to the pose that typifies virile, all-consuming passion in the movies, though it requires considerable maneuvering for a lady to lie gracefully in a gentleman's arms. That is, unless she calculates her every movement.



The scene, above, is what directors delight in terming sophisticated love. That is to say, the gentleman kisses the lady's knuckles and immediately becomes continental. It follows as a matter of course that any European who isn't a peasant must be sophisticated.



The spirit of comedy is supposed to flutter over Miss Arthur and Mr. Arlen, above, in their merry love-making, though if you ask us we think the gentleman's interest lies elsewhere.



Ukulele love is illustrated, left, and it's a sad commentary on the success of the instrument to promote a clinch, when the couple seem satisfied with making faces at each other, don't you think?

The Movie Racket

house of her own. Reluctantly she installed herself and Bunny in one of a little group of houses facing a garden. It wasn't the home she wanted, but no house would be, until she and Danny had one of their own.

Late one night he telephoned her.

"I've got great news for you," he announced. "No, I can't tell you now. I want to do it myself, in person, not a telephone call. When can I see you?"

"Oh—just a second. Bunny, what am I doing to-morrow?" Monica demanded.

"Shampoo and wave at nine—music lesson at ten—dancing lesson at eleven—"

"Darling, make it twelve o'clock," Monica told him hesitantly, "unless you can come at eight for breakfast. Is that too early for you?"

"I'll be there at eight sharp!" he assured her. "Get ready now to celebrate."

Monica could hardly sleep, tired as she was. Surely he was going to say that things were going right, and that they could be married immediately. She began to plan out where they could go for two or three days. Surely the studio would give her that much time for a honeymoon!

The telephone rang at seven thirty the next morning.

"Miss Mayo? This is the studio." Monica made a face at the telephone. "We want you to come down to the aviation field at once. There's a big Italian tenor arriving to make a picture for us, and we want you to be photographed with him."

"I won't do it!" Monica cried, furiously. "I've an engagement—an important one—"

"We'll expect you; a man's on the way to drive you down," said the voice at the other end, unimpressed by her rebellion. A sharp click told her that the conversation was at an end.

Bunny insisted that she would have to go.

"You're not so important that you can afford to refuse," she declared, as she sauntered out the door. "Sorry I can't stay to welcome Danny, but you can leave a note on the door for him. Leave the door unlatched. He can wait and you can rush back and see him before your music lesson."

Ruefully Monica dressed and scribbled a note to Danny.

"Had to rush away for a publicity stunt—will be right back. Go in and wait, please," she wrote, as the man who had come for her urged her to greater haste. She pinned the note on the door, and stumbled through the courtyard, wishing she had taken time for a cup of coffee before she left.

The tenor, who was in a vile temper because he had been kept waiting, glanced disparagingly at her and remarked, in a loud aside, that no woman could be considered beautiful unless she had some meat on her bones. Monica, not to be outdone, informed the world in general that she never had fancied men who used perfume. They glared malevolently at each other, until they took their places before the camera and the microphone.

Then the tenor exclaimed, beaming down at her, that she had been his favorite cinema star for years. Considering that she had been in pictures less than twelve months, Monica felt that that was hardly a well-chosen remark. So she retaliated by announcing that ever since she was a wee kiddie she had enjoyed his phonograph records above all the other music. As he had recently lopped twenty years off his age, and had his face lifted, he was hardly pleased.

But she did not care. She leaped for the car the instant the camera stopped clicking, and urged the driver to hurry.

Danny was not in the bungalow. Instead she found Booth Carlisle strolling about the living room.

"What on earth are you doing here at this house?" she demanded. "And where's Danny?"

"Danny?" he repeated whimsically, surprised. "Danny who?"

"You know perfectly well who I mean. I left a note for him, telling him to wait here for me. Where is he?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," he replied suavely. "I just came over to suggest that we go over that big scene of ours. I thought—"

What he thought she did not wait to hear. She rushed out of the door again, and drove straight to Danny's house. All the way she prayed that she would find him in. If he wasn't there, if he'd gone off in a rage, she might never be able to make him understand what had happened. What had Carlisle said to him? Oh, why had she let Bunny persuade her not to stay at home and wait for him?

He was at home, pacing the floor. In the fireplace smoldered a heap of photographs of her.

"Oh, Danny darling," she exclaimed, "why didn't you wait for me, as I asked you to in my note?"

"Note? I didn't get any note. I was under the impression that I was invited to breakfast at your house early this morning. And when I got there, you were gone. At least Booth Carlisle said you were gone. He was there—and he seemed very much at home."

Danny snapped the words at her

in a cold fury. Giving her no chance to explain, he went on.

"He didn't seem to think that his presence there needed any explaining. Said he supposed that I was an old friend and that you wanted to tell me about your plans—your plans and his—before giving an announcement to the papers."

So many words leaped to Monica's lips that she could not utter any of them. She stared at him for a moment, and then crumpled up at his feet in a dead faint.

When she came to, she was in Danny's arms. She made no effort to move, but closed her eyes again and snuggled closer.

"You didn't really believe what Booth said, did you, dear?" she asked weakly. "Don't you know that there has never been any one but you?"

"I guess I went crazy for a while when I saw him there," he answered. "Everything seems all right now. I wanted to tell you that I've got a fairly good break at last. They're letting me have a big part in the next Billie Dove picture, and if I'm all right in that they'll draw up a contract. I—I thought that with those prospects we might get married."

"Danny! To-day?"

"If you will. We could fly to Nevada and have it done right away. No sense in getting a license and having to wait three days. No telling what the studio would think up to keep you from meeting me at the altar."

It wasn't the sort of wedding Monica had expected to have. She was slightly plane-sick, and her knees trembled as she took her stand with Danny before a justice of the peace and promised to love, honor, and obey.

But they were getting married. She would have gone through far more discomfort for that. When he kissed her, as the ceremony ended, she hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. No matter what happened now, she was his wife. Nothing could separate them now!

But as they were having luncheon afterward she began to wonder what was going to happen next. The studio probably wouldn't be enthusiastic over her marriage. When her contract expired, perhaps the option on her services wouldn't be taken up. After all, she hadn't been in pictures long. Some one else could soon be developed into as much of a draw at the box office as she was.

She said nothing to Danny of her doubts. If she was through in pictures, all right. She would settle down as Danny's wife, as Jobyna Ralston had settled down to be a wife

Slap on a Cap

That's what these girls do when they feel the ragamuffin urge too strong to resist.

Mary Brian, left, never loses her sweet girlishness, cap or no cap, and could sell yesterday's newspaper to us any day.



Lillian Roth, above, looks over her shoulder to see if the gang's all there.



June Clyde, above, jams a camera-man's cap on her blond hair and defies him to do his worst. Here you see his dire failure.

Colleen Moore, left, chooses to impersonate a wharf rat while gazing into space as she counts the volumes in her library of bank books.



Alice White, right, would have you believe that she's the liveliest cricket around the oil station, but just ask her to do any work!



I Stop To Look Back

forget the previous week's play, keep the present one in mind, and learn the succeeding one. I don't think any one outside the theater, particularly those who have not had experience in stock, can know or understand what hard work it is. I complained to the manager that I was being underpaid for my sterling services; so he generously raised my salary to thirty dollars a week.

The season ended and, as usual, found me penniless. This I did not mind much, because if I had had money I would not have known what to do with it. But I had fallen desperately in love, so that I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. I did not have enough money to get married on, and at the same time I did not have enough money to get back to New York. So in order to be close to Elsa, I went to work on a newspaper selling advertising. It was a Jewish newspaper, the *Toledo Israelite*. Although it was published only twice a week, I turned out to be a star salesman, due to the fact that everybody knew me on account of my connection with the theater and I was admitted wherever I called.

After three weeks the manager decided that as I was so good I ought to go to Detroit, where there was a much larger Jewish population, and a much bigger paper. So I went to Detroit, expecting to knock them dead. I was there three weeks and did not sell an inch.

I came back very disconsolate, and got a job selling stocks and bonds in Lima, Ohio. The company which sent me down first put me through a school in the office, trying to teach me the difference between a stock and a bond—I must confess I never learned—and sent me to Lima.

I was there three weeks. The manager of the office drank heavily, and the people whom he represented felt that they could not afford to have a man who was intoxicated most of the time, as he could not thus obtain people's confidence. He was fired and I was made manager, my salary being raised from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week. I had my own office and my own stenographer. This went on for about a month. Lima is quite an oil town, and a great many of its citizens were wealthy and mostly Irish. Being Scotch-Irish, I had a grand time. I knew every one in town, and it was indeed an enjoyable experience, but I couldn't sell a bond.

I made the acquaintance of Ralph Porter Mackenzie, son of one of the most influential men in town, who has since become the president of the Ohio Bar Association.

Another month went by and the

people operating the office in Toledo notified me that, although they thought me a delightful young man, they did not think I had the necessary qualifications to become a successful bond salesman. They told me to close the office, crate the furniture, and come home. Again I returned to Toledo, with just enough money to last a week.

While in the Secor Hotel, the proprietor informed me that if I went to Detroit I could at least get a job at five dollars a day in the Ford plant. I applied to the same man who had brought me back to Toledo, a man who knew Edsel Ford. He had said that if I couldn't get anything to do in Toledo, and did not want to go back to New York, he would give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Ford, so that I could save enough money to get on my feet again.

I obtained this letter and away I started. Of course, each one of these excursions was undertaken in high hopes that eventually I would save enough money to marry on. I clung to the notion that my wife should never work and certainly not work to support me.

I arrived in Detroit with ninety cents. The place I thought it best to go to was the Statler Hotel, and all know how much use ninety cents would be there. I knew another one, but I had been politely asked for payment in advance.

So I went to the nearest Catholic church, inquired for the priest, and told him my story, seeking thereby to raise ten dollars. I do not think that at any time I ever felt so—not embarrassed, but futile. Here I was seeking assistance—young, able-bodied, hearty—asking for a loan to tide me over. At any rate the priest was kind and generous, and also knew a family near the factory who, if I guaranteed to pay them, would carry me until I was paid, which was every two weeks. I never promised anything more faithfully in my life.

My letter did not, as I secretly wished it would, obtain for me the vice presidency of the Ford Company, but it did enable me to gain admittance to the employment manager ahead of some two thousand men who were waiting in line. After undergoing a physical and a mental test which was quite severe, I was informed that position 76 in the generator department was vacant, and that I could have it. Whereupon another uniformed man took me through the factory and up the stairs—employees are not allowed to use the elevators—to a room which resembled what the Western Front must have sounded like during the war.

The next morning at eight I showed up for work. My job was to go round and pick up from some ten or fifteen milling machines the generator heads, and bring them to the driller who drilled three holes. Then I had to take them to another man, who countersunk the holes so that the heads of the screws fitted flush with the generator heads, which weighed about a pound apiece. They arrived in our department from the foundry, and were milled and ground down to the proper thickness.

The house I lived in in Highland Park was always a source of amusement to me. As soon as work was over I would hurry home, a fifteen-minute walk, and without washing face or hands, or for that matter, bothering to remove my hat, would sit at the table, grab and defend the food that was placed before me. If one didn't do this it was literally taken from one's place by the twelve other gorillas. After dinner, and only then, one cleaned up.

By some slip of the tongue, it leaked out after a couple of weeks that I was an actor. You can't imagine the astonishment registered by the various members of the household.

The noise in the factory was terrific, and I found that it was injuring my ears. After about a month or six weeks I was unable to hear a thing, until three hours after the completion of a day's work. In addition the constant soaking in strong soda water had so swollen and reddened my hands that they were a sight. I stood it as long as I could, which was eleven weeks, and then gave in my notice. I found, however, that it is as hard to get out of Ford's as it is to get in, because of the number of explanations one has to offer. They offered to raise my pay and to give me my boss' job. But I had to give up, for not only were my ears affected but my spirits were crushed. So I collected my last sixty dollars and went back to Toledo.

Another thing about Detroit which I shall never forget is Miss Jessie Bonstelle. After working about three weeks at the factory I went to see Miss Bonstelle at her theater, where she was a preëminent success as a stock director and star. As I had worked under her direction in "The Ruined Lady," I thought possibly she might have an opening for me. So one afternoon without bothering to eat, I hurried down to the theater to catch her after the matinee. She was very gracious and received me in her dressing room. She asked if I had had dinner to which I answered no. "Well, possibly, you

Two of a Kind

Although quite different in many respects, Anita Page and Gwen Lee are one as to blondness and a day's play.



The day begins with a spin in a snappy little roadster, and we are told quite seriously that the bright blue of the car is matched by the girls' clothes, but who would notice the auto that carries these two?



Capping what society reporters used to call the dizzy round of pleasure, our girls traipse off to a dance at the Embassy. Miss Lee accentuates her blondness by wearing apricot chiffon, and Miss Page wears a black net frock.

What would a day's photographing be without a couple of blondes in shorts for tennis? Here they are, folks, shaking hands before the big battle, which we bet will never take place.

The day is never too busy for a swim at a beach club and a sun bath afterward, and for the occasion Gwen and Anita, below, wear the smartest in swimming suits.



Gwen and Anita dress for golf as above, and shall we go on and say something about their being a nifty twosome?



The Screen In Review

A Lovable Bandit.

"The Arizona Kid" succeeds as a conscientious stencil of "In Old Arizona." No one should be blamed, because all labor to recapture the success of the earlier picture which made us enthusiastic over Warner Baxter and won for him the golden award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. So we have in the new film a harmless imitation of the old. True, we might have been trusted to remember the former just as fondly, if a little more originality had been permitted to creep into the latter. But some one thought we wouldn't remember.

Be that as it may, "The Arizona Kid" is all right, but it can't stir me to rhapsody because I've seen it before, or at least its component parts. The likable bandit, his faithful sweetheart, the villain and his beautiful blond decoy who, for the sake of censorship, is called his wife, though we know she isn't made for a wedding ring. The bandit is accused of murder in a gold mine. And—though I couldn't believe my eyes and ears—he discovers the villain's cuff button at the scene of the murder.

Please, summer is coming on, so you must excuse me from detailing the scenario of this kindergarten lesson in story telling. Enough to say that it is tolerably exciting, due to skill in making it seem so, and it is admirably acted. Mr. Baxter, all curls and flashing teeth, is *The Cisco Kid* all over again, and that's saying lots. Mona Maris is capable as his sweetheart, and Theodor von Eltz and Carol Lombard are the deep-dyed deceivers. The picture has much atmosphere, considerable movement and it takes place entirely in the open.

All at Sea.

"The Ship From Shanghai" carries a supercargo of ranting by a cast that probably rebelled inwardly while it took orders. Life is like that for actors. But they are judged by results, not by what might have been. So it is that Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, and Carmel Myers—all nice people, you know—are quite dreadful on shipboard. Or on this ship, at least, where all the action takes place. One finds them, a group of wealthy idlers in China, where Holmes Herbert charts a yacht for the voyage home. The steward is a socialist, or is otherwise at odds with his job, and finally takes command of the ship, reducing his superiors to starving, thirsty, frightened prisoners. His eye is, of course, on the leading lady, Miss Johnson, and it is wholly unnecessary to say that his aspirations center on her person. To

spare Mr. Nagel the steward's threatened punishment, Miss Johnson falters to his cabin with the step of Joan of Arc approaching the stake. Supper is laid for two and the steward is even then opening a tin of pressed ham. Why food is always provided as prelude to a fate worse than death I cannot say. At any rate, just when the steward is about to gain his ends, Miss Johnson shrieks, "Why, you're mad! mad! mad!" This so demoralizes the villain that he breaks down, smashes a mirror, and leaps overboard into the embrace of a shark!

Mr. Wolheim is the mutinous steward and you can't tell me he didn't welcome the end of the picture.

Unredeemed.

The reappearance of John Gilbert on the talking screen is sure to revive comment occasioned by his début in "His Glorious Night." It is unfortunate that "Redemption" should just now be released, for it was filmed before its inglorious successor. And however the quality of mercy be strained, the picture cannot redound to Mr. Gilbert's credit. It is dull, old-fashioned, superficial. The philosophy and analysis of character found in Tolstoi's "Living Corpse," on which the picture is based, are as completely missing as if the original were nonexistent. The skeleton that remains is stripped of what justified the choice of this subject as a picture for Mr. Gilbert. Judged by silent standards, his performance is not among his good ones. The character is hardly comprehensible to any one who has not read the novel, and it is entirely without sympathy. There is nothing to endear *Fedya* to those who meet him for the first time. He falls in love with the fiancée of his friend, marries her and continues his life of wealthy vagabondage. Tortured by conscience and his failure to realize his better nature, he feigns suicide so that his wife can marry his friend. His deceit eventually discovered, *Fedya* is arrested.

Quite enough has been said of Mr. Gilbert's speech to make further mention superfluous. Eleanor Boardman's voice, heard for the first time, is smoothly expressive, and Renée Adorée likewise reveals no loss of power and charm through audibility.

Love Among Crooks.

An excellent crook picture is "Double Cross Roads," finely acted by Lila Lee, Robert Ames, Montagu Love, Ned Sparks, and Edythe Chapman. It comes rather late in the procession of similar films, however, missing, for this reason, the appeal it would otherwise have. But it is

possible that you have not seen as many romances among criminals as your reviewer has. Even so, he is conscious that here is a carefully composed film, gripping, sympathetic, with suspense nicely sustained. It begins with a young convict finishing his sentence and being directed to a quiet place in the country, where he will be kindly received by an old woman and no questions asked. It is only natural that he should fall in love with her granddaughter, who is charmingly portrayed by Lila Lee. But the ex-convict, more than ever determined to reform, is traced by Montagu Love, as a master crook, who insists that he lend his skill to the usual "last job." Then comes the astonishing revelation that the women are decoys "planted" by Mr. Love. It isn't fair to tell what ensues, because a genuinely exciting climax is evolved from this conflict. Carefully produced and intelligent throughout, many a picture with greater pretensions has fallen short of providing the entertainment that this one does. I enjoyed seeing Charlotte Walker again, as a bona fide society woman, and hearing her speak, too.

Dixie Dugan Again.

Come, give the little girl a hand! Alice White makes good in "Show Girl in Hollywood," giving a performance that is not only pert and attractive, but reveals depth as well. It is easily the best thing she has done, and there is every reason to give her credit for her artistic step forward.

Miss White is aided by a very good picture even as the greatest, most serious star is. Purporting to be a sequel to "Show Girl," it takes *Dixie Dugan* to the movie capital on the promise of a director to give her the lead in his picture. But alas, even the shrewd, wise-cracking *Dixie* can be misled like the veriest ingénue. In her extremity she wires *Jimmy Doyle*, her favorite reporter who has written a play, and he comes to Hollywood to save her from the clutches of the director, a rôle splendidly played by John Miljan.

There's much more to *Dixie's* adventures than this, and far greater seriousness than is usually found in Miss White's stories. For one thing, *Dixie* goes haywire, there is an attempted suicide by a *passé* star in her frustrated comeback, and just lots else.

The picture is genuinely diverting, not the least coming from the sequences which show studio activity. Jack Mulhall is a capable *Jimmy* and Blanche Sweet is fine as the ex-star with a broken heart.

Celestial Strains

They come from lovely hands as they wander over strings
as responsive as the hearts of fans.



Corinne Griffith, above, may almost be said to have the exclusive right to the harp, since she made such gracious and appealing use of it in "The Divine Lady," her most memorable film.



Ann Harding, below, grasps a lyre with the poetic ease of a Sappho about to broadcast immortal stanzas.



Dorothy Jordan, left, whose reposeful beauty lends itself to the most dignified of all musical instruments, obliges with a chord or two in "In Gay Madrid."



Alice White, right, not to be outdone by the flowing skirts of the gifted sisterhood on this page, shows how to inject pep into a pastime that is entirely too formal for her.



father was a dentist, and his mother is a good and patient woman whose chief interests in life are her children and her church. Yet Ramon radiates an aura that would grace a descendant of the Titans. Although he has lived most of his life in intimate family domesticity, one never thinks of him as being domestic. He is thought of as a product of some ancient, highly civilized race quite unlike the present generation.

The worst thing he could do to his fans would be to marry. Ramon is a symbol of gay young romance, and would seem strangely out of place as a husband, still more so as a father. Yet how stupid it is for us to deny him the rights of a normal man! Shall we, in the words of Wilde, "Kill the thing we love"?

For all his bachelorhood, Ramon has been the sole support of his family for years. Three generations of relatives live in his home. Many a time he must have picked up his small brothers and sisters and played with them; many a time he must have become involved in fiery family disputes. Not domestic? No, not *very*!

And because he is only human, not all the loyalty of his fans can protect him from the jagged prongs of anguish that rend all mortals. Pov-

What Is His Mystic Power?

erty, disappointment, heartbreak—he has known them all. His aging father never sees his famous son, either on the screen or in person, for he is blind. Three of his sisters are lost to him, for they are nuns. About a year ago a brother, Ramon's particular chum, a strikingly handsome lad, died, leaving the family desolate. Tragedies great and small have fallen to his lot, while mental and physical toil are his daily companions. These trials are what have helped to develop a naturally fine character and create a man whom thousands attempt to emulate.

In spite of all his responsibilities and his many dependents, we have never read a sob story about him—unless this turns out to be one! He shoulders his burdens like a true soldier of life and asks no quarter of any one.

There comes to mind the case of a really brilliant actor whose career has been seriously impaired by trashy publicity and "true confessions." His divorces, marriages, love affairs, financial difficulties, and what not, are forever before the public. One gets the impression that he is looking for sympathy, though why that should be expected is not clear. Certainly he has had a far easier life than Novarro, who came to this country with-

out even knowing English. Needless to say, this actor has never inspired any one to learn a language, or cultivate the arts. Not, of course, that he is expected to, but I am merely pointing out the difference in men.

Novarro holds a tremendous public trust. It is not fair to proclaim mere mortal a god and expect him to live up to such an exalted state, yet that is what the fans have done. This responsibility was laid upon him without his knowledge or consent. Groping humanity forever seeks an ideal and, by the mutual acclaim of a multitude of fans, this youth of a turbulent, picturesque country was chosen. Superficial barriers, such as race and religion, have been swept aside, and the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon, or the searching agnostic, sees in Ramon fully as much to admire as does the ardent Catholic or fellow Latin.

And because he has been intrusted with the love and respect of millions, it is his ineluctable duty never to betray their faith. Not that he will, to be sure, but to do so would be an act of colossal dishonor.

If this seems unfair and unreasonable, I can only answer with Novarro's own pet expression of implacable fate, "kismet."

Hollywood High Lights

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things were dull for her on the stage in New York, for example, she sold automobiles. She is the sister of Helen Menken, whose footlight career has been brilliant, and she plans to have Helen visit her this summer.

Bert is to play in "Brothers" for the screen. A welcome-home party for Bert and his bride was given by Edwin Carewe, the director, and his beautiful wife Mary Akin.

Bebe Chooses June.

Just about the time that people were beginning to think that possibly Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were never to get married, they set the date. Their wedding was scheduled for June 14th, to be preceded by a series of parties and showers for Bebe.

Two hundred guests were invited to the ceremony, and to the reception for the bride and groom.

The bridesmaids included Marion Davies, Lila Lee, Betty Compson, Constance Talmadge, Marie Mosquini, Adela Rogers Hyland, Diana Fitzmaurice, and Mae Sunday. Ben's best man was Hal Howe, and the ushers were Henry Hobart, George Fitzmaurice, Sam Hardy, Richard

Gallagher, and others. Ben's two sisters were present.

We can't give all the personal glimpses of the wedding we would like to at this writing, but will remember to do so next month.

The June and near June marital epidemic was of slimmer proportions this year. We noted Kenneth Harlan and Dories Hilda Booth, and Dorothy Dwan and P. N. Boggs, on the schedule, while Natalie Moorhead plans to marry Alan Crosland, the director, in July. Maybe some unexpected elopements will help out the total before the bridal season is over.

A Dual Transformation.

Here's another "what's in a name" incident—Blanche Mehaffey has changed the color of her hair from red to blond, and by personal choice has become Jean Alden.

She's one of the few girls to achieve both hair and moniker transitions simultaneously.

Short and Long of It.

"Bh" has signed with Paramount. "Bh" is Buddy Rogers' brother, and we are happy to announce the company is going to change his name. It

was just a "temporary title," so his parents said, and they therefore don't mind the rechristening.

We find many new names perplexing. For example, a lyric writer at one of the studios is called Bruno Granichstaechen. Need anything further be said?

Our Foreign Friends.

"What good is it to learn English?" wails Lena Malena. And with reason. What girl wouldn't who came from abroad, and spent months studying the language of America, and then didn't have any better fortune than to be cast in a German rôle. It is a good rôle, anyway, in "Monsieur le Fox," filmed in five languages.

Antonio Moreno, long a reigning silent favorite, is another case in point. He is being shunted off into Spanish versions. Olga Baclanova is back in the running, doing an accented part in "Are You There?" starring Beatrice Lillie.

Polly's Days Off.

"Just a little interlude in my busy life as a comédienne—that's what my

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not the combined power of self-assertion and physical magnetism required to make the artistic success a powerful personal one, apart from every other consideration.

Women have meant a great deal to you, and you to them, because you understand them as few men do. You look at them from two angles, one of universal insight and one of imagination. Between these two, they feel happy and comforted in your presence. You do not demand, you give. Your happiest period, as far as love was concerned, was between twenty-one and twenty-five, and your worst one was between twenty-eight and thirty-one.

Even as a little boy not three years old, you were somewhat delicate, confiding, gentle. You were not the kind of baby who kicks and screams for the satisfaction of annoying his mother! When you were four or five you suffered from an illness of the chest, but by the time you were seven, you were an independent, active boy, warm-hearted, generous, full of fire and activity. Your surroundings were better off, financially, when you were ten than they had been before, but this did not last long, since at about fourteen you had a great deal of depression and difficulty and a very bad time with another illness. Of what you endured from fifteen to twenty-one, the less said the better, so far as happiness and success were concerned, for the bottom dropped out, in health, wealth, and love, and your ardent, imaginative, intuitive nature suffered tortures, largely because the deceit that you had to deal with sickened a boy with your intense feeling for truth.

Now you were grown up, spiritually as well as physically. You had learned to understand life as a source of valuable experience, no matter

what you might have to endure in the gaining of it. You were at this time, at about twenty-two, precipitated into art and love, and you ached to express what you felt was in you. You put your whole heart into everything you did, with real creative power behind it, and continued, with more success than you have had since, until you were twenty-eight or twenty-nine. That power of creation is still yours, but for the past eight years the determination, the happy expression, the result are not, and between twenty-eight and thirty-one you were as low, or lower even than at twenty.

Right now, dear Richard, you are in a period of transition from which you must draw one of two things—either the willingness to let things slide, which will pull you a little lower each year, or the fierce determination to express that spiritual power, that real mastership that you possess in the spirit and that you can, by serious application and the true evaluation of your powers, apply to material things. Both paths, as I have told you, are to be found in Number One, for refusing to worry can be very good or very bad, and the closer you approach to forty, the more clear-cut the issue will be.

In two years you will leave the period of great mental activity in which you are now, and return to the active, positive, exuberant imagination that seems to have deserted you for many years. Your intuition will be very strong indeed, and there is great success and spiritual satisfaction for you, if you follow the dictates of that inner voice closely, no matter what that analytical, logical, intellectual mind of yours may say. From then on you have before you, if you choose to make them so, the twenty most successful years of your life. You will be independent, crea-

tive, satisfied. I do not say happy. Not because you will not have reason for happiness, but because your own heart will never cease struggling between doubt and certainty. Between fifty-three and fifty-six you will come into a good deal of money quite unexpectedly. I admit that soon after that you will have to put it in a good, solid bank, if you hope to keep it, but it is just as well to know that beforehand, isn't it?

Be yourself, no matter what happens. Yours is a dual nature, aching for expression, and yet full of restraint. You are not meant to reach out into an audience and project your personality over a great field, but to draw one single appreciative reader at a time quietly to you, so that he can enjoy what you are, what your artistic, imaginative, half-unwilling eagerness has to offer, and be one, for a time, with a greater spiritual realization than his own.

Do not, with this restraint of yours, be frightened at your own coming expressiveness within certain lines. That part of your name that you are coming into now will give you greater force and determination than you have ever known, and you will surprise yourself more than once. You have great possibilities, if you will only admit them and not be afraid of the changes they are bound to bring. No man with your wonderful realization of life, your sensibility, your fine expressiveness, has any right to bind himself within the narrow limits of one line of work when he finds that it does not offer him a full outlet for his powers. Place the real light within you where others can see it. You will be helping to light the world. You have tried over and over again to be bold, and have been a bit stubborn. Now you can be bold, if you will be free.

The Mystery Of Your Name

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I have also noticed, over and over again, that the full name after marriage may hardly differ in its total vibrations from the one that was borne before, for the emphasis of one characteristic has merely been shifted from the spiritual to the material side, or the total for the whole name has become the same as the former total at birth. Once in perhaps five thousand, ten thousand, times a miracle occurs, and names are so combined that the bride and the groom have identical totals both before and after. They were indeed made for each other from the beginning of the world.

Love affairs show in a name even

as mere attractions, periods during which boys and girls are attracted to each other with no sense of permanent or really personal attachment. Boy friends and girl friends come and go without making any serious impression, but their presence is revealed in the name. Real love always shows, whether it is simply human or more spiritual and divine. The man or the woman may refuse, but the attraction and the opportunity for marriage was there. The reading has to be formulated accordingly, and understood in the same way. Love may be there very clearly, too, when circumstances make marriage impossible. This love, whether it leads to

marriage or not, is revealed in many forms. It may be truly of the spirit, or mere physical infatuation. It may be for money, for a home, for companionship. Or it may be the ordinary, pleasant, more or less dependable brand of everyday, and yet a bit romantic, affection.

Thus what could be more natural, inevitable in fact, than that both man and woman change their vibrations in marriage, the woman most of all, since her circumstances are so greatly changed, and that one name should be the mark and the symbol of the new unit that has been formed?

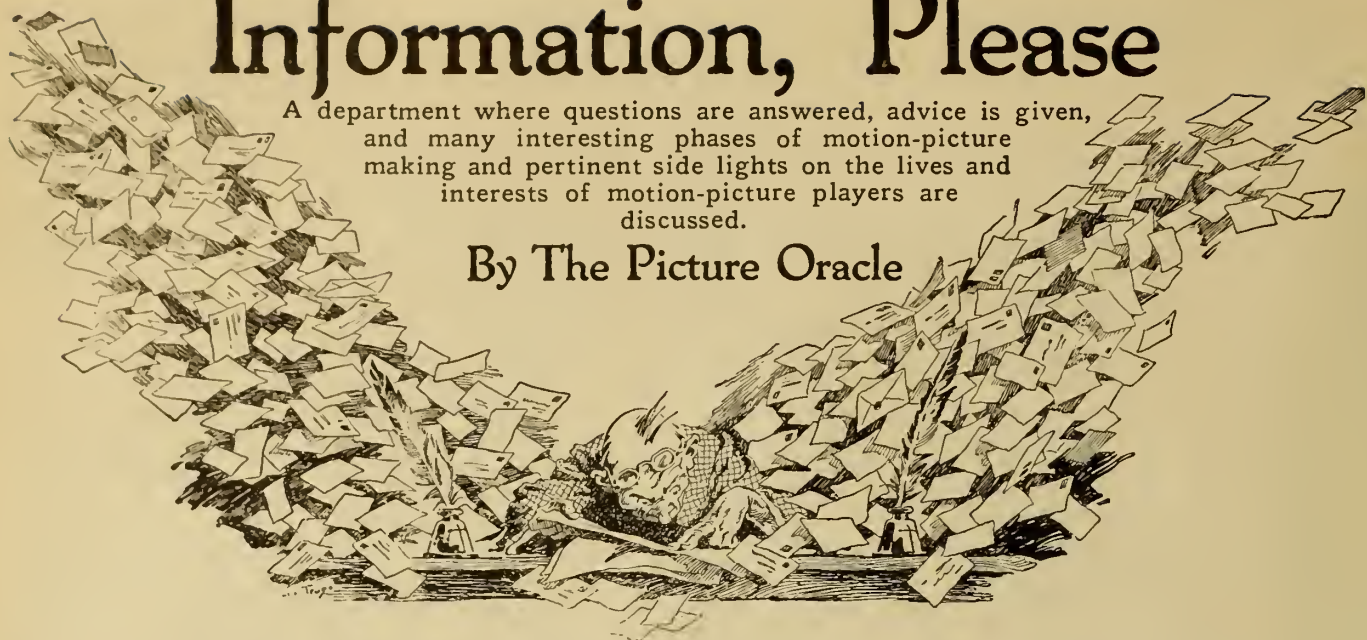
How many girls do you know who

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Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



LILACS.—Charles Bickford seems to have gone over big with you. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 1st—but he doesn't say which New Year's he helped to usher in. He has red hair and is six feet one; weight, 185. "Dynamite" was his first film; "Anna Christie" is his only picture you didn't mention. Yes, he is from the stage. He is married, but I don't know his wife's name.

THANK YOU.—"Hoping you won't find me boring," you say—and that's just what the auger said to the piece of wood. Robert Armstrong was born in Saginaw, Michigan, November 20, 1896. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 165, and is a brunet. He was married about four years ago to Jeanne Kent. His first film was "The Main Event"; he recently played in "Be Yourself" and "Dumb Belles in Ermine," and is working on "The Railroad Man."

GRATEFUL.—And I'm grateful, too, for any information any one writes me. Edmund Lowe was born in San Jose, California, about 1894. He is six feet tall, weighs 170, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He married Lilyan Tashman, September 2, 1925. Lilyan was born in New York, October 23rd—your guess is as good as mine which October 23rd. She is five feet five, weighs 112, and is very blond, with blue eyes.

GAY PARÉE.—So you didn't intend to fool me? About what? Anyhow, you didn't fool me! As to whether Maurice Chevalier is Jewish, I wouldn't know about that. Mitzi Green is twelve years old.

LA PAPILLON D'OR.—And what would you do if one of those butterfly chasers should get after you? Joan Bennett was sixteen when she married John Martin Fox in 1927. She had a daughter, Adrienne, the next year. I don't know what Mr. Fox's profession is. As to Dorothy Mackaill's matrimonial affairs, we don't need to use the plural. Her only husband was Lothar Meudez, whom she married in 1926 and divorced two years later. I haven't space for complete casts here, but Gilda Gray's supporting cast in "Devil Dancer" included Clive Brook, Anna May Wong, Michael Vavitch, and Serge Temof. In "The Bishop Murder Case" were Basil Rathbone, Lila Hyams, Roland Young, and Alec B. Francis. In "One Hysterical Night," Nora Lane

played opposite Denny; E. J. Ratcliffe and Henry Otto were also in it. Evelyn Brent was the heroine in "Blind Alleys." Natalie Kingston has been making a few serials—"Tarzan, the Tiger," was one. Kathleen Key made a talkie comedy, "The Family Picnic," and then went abroad for a year. Since she left the movies, Blanche Le Claire played in the musical comedy "Great Day." It's a little easier to sort mail in the PICTURE PLAY office if you indicate in the corner of the envelope what department your letter is intended for.

BOB ANDAINE.—In "The Hottentot," Alec was played by Stanley Taylor. Malcolm MacGregor hasn't made a film in six months, but he's rich, so I don't suppose it matters. Don Terry will soon be seen in "Down by the Rio Grande" and "Holiday." See **THANK YOU.** My synopsis of "The Racketeer" says that Keane was killed by police bullets. Paul Hurst played the patrolman—is that the right answer?

PEGGY.—That Stanley Smith! What a boy among the ladies! He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, January 6, 1907. He is five feet eleven and a half, weighs 160, and is a blue-eyed blond. He was a boy soprano in his home town, and then his family moved to Hollywood—luckily for Stanley. Singing in the Hollywood High School's operetta, he was discovered by Lenore Ulric, who got him a job on the stage in "Kiki." He will soon be seen in "Good News." Nancy Carroll is five feet three and has blue eyes and auburn hair.

JEANETTE GIBBONS, 564 North Gower Street, Los Angeles, would like to correspond with any fan between fifteen and eighteen. As to whether I'm flattered, Jeanette, at getting so many letters—do you think fans write me because of my winsome charm? It's because I answer questions. None of the stars under contract gives a home address. Yes, Joan Crawford is four years older than Doug, Jr.—but what does age matter in love? Joan's first film was "I'll Tell the World." Nancy Carroll's first was "Abie's Irish Rose." Loretta Young is seventeen, and Sally Blane is twenty. Sally Starr is also about that. Yes, Arthur Lake has a fan club; Sally Blane, of the players you ask about, is the only one who has none. So you want me to turn myself

into a big dictionary? What fun does a dictionary get out of life?

SUE KENNEDY.—Yes, I agree with you; Dorothy Mackaill is a swell gal! She was born on March 4, 1904; she is five feet four and a half inches tall. Shirley Mason is twenty-nine and Viola Dana is thirty-two. Anna Q. Nilsson shares your birthday, March 30th. Dorothy Mackaill's picture has not been on the cover recently.

MRS. M. STEWART.—Anything I can say about submitting theme songs is discouraging. Like scenario writing, the theme-song business is a closed book to outsiders. Song writers for talkies are engaged after they have established a reputation, almost never before. I can only suggest that you have your songs copyrighted and submit them to any of the big publishing firms whose addresses you can find on sheet music. Inclose postage for return, of course.

QUESTIONER.—So your head is full of silly questions? Mine is just as full of silly answers. Buddy Rogers was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 175, and has black hair and brown eyes. His next picture is "Safety in Numbers." Nancy Carroll was born in New York City, November 19, 1906, and christened Ann LaHiff. See **PEGGY.** Nancy is Mrs. Jack Kirkland, and she has a child. Her new film is "Devil's Holiday." The first Mrs. Fairbanks—Doug, Jr.'s mother—was Beth Sully. She recently married Jack Whiting, a young juvenile just making his screen debut after considerable stage success. Nick Lucas is with Warner Brothers.

BETTY JO.—One of your favorites has not even left the screen! Louise Brooks has been making films in Germany. She was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1909; she is five feet two and weighs 120. She has black hair and snappy brown eyes. That's her real name. Her hobby is dancing. Jacqueline Logan was born in Corsicana, Texas, November 30, 1902. She is five feet four, weighs 115, and has auburn hair and gray eyes. Music is her avocation. I'm afraid the movies have talked her out of work.

LEONE STONE.—Whatever you call me, it's all right with me, only please let's not get rough! Virginia Bruce is still under contract to Paramount. Lily Damita was

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Three Faces Back

Gwen Lee dusted off the family album and look what she found.



Gwen's second stage, above, 'pig-tailed schoolgirl' beamingly proud of her puppy.

And in the center, toothless, but certainly not mewling, little Gwen proves that even then she was different.



The calm assurance that all's well with Gwen is felt in her photo, left, in contrast with the appealing skepticism with which the little lady on the right braved the camera and phony snow-storm.



Gwen's smile is still the hearty one of Baby Lee, with benefit of make-up.



clothes of a very extreme cut—quite in keeping with his rôle.

"Mr. Rathbone," Mr. Watson informed me, "is really responsible for the present style in trousers—high waists and peg legs, large and full at the hips and tapering to a narrow bottom."

"Aha!" I cried, "now it comes out. You never see them in the East. They would set the wearer apart on Park Avenue. What's the idea?"

"Why, a high-waisted trouser gives the impression of long legs and an illusion of height. The plaits are inclined to make the wearer look thinner about the waist. There are tricks in all trades," he added.

"Yes," I added dryly, "I've found that out," thinking of some of the players whom I had seen come in and whose trouser seams had to be sewed a certain way to hide their bow legs, of others whose shoulders were carefully padded to build them up, of others whose vests were padded to conceal flat chests, and still others whose trousers were reinforced with strong bands to hold in rebellious stomachs.

Don't think women are the only ones who are particular about the fit of clothes, either. I have seen one celebrity come in there and spend one hour but *days* having a single garment fitted. It is not at all uncommon for one suit to take two or three hours of fitting.

Occasionally a studio arranges a fitting on the set for a player who is too busy to come to town to have it

Quick, Watson, The Needle!

done. And sometimes when they can't get away during the day, the fitting is taken care of at night, or on Sunday. Nor is it a rare occurrence to have a player come in and say that he has to have a complete wardrobe in two days.

Frank Albertson dashed in one Saturday morning while I was there and had to have a Tuxedo to wear Monday in "So This Is London."

"Frank's clothes are a problem, too," Mr. Watson said when he had gone. "In the first place, he doesn't care anything about clothes. He likes to roam around in slacks and a sweat-shirt. All he wants is to have you throw something on him—it's up to us to see that they fit and that he looks his best. We haven't put any padding in his shoulders, because he has very broad shoulders naturally, and a short neck. If we padded his shoulders it would make him look like a kewpie."

"Why do so many movie men wear these highly padded shoulders?" I asked. "You don't see men wearing suits like that off the screen."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Watson. "Maybe not quite so pronounced, but most men have *some* padding in their coats. Not every one is blessed with naturally broad shoulders," he added, "and we have to build them up. But most of the good dressers are not wearing them as thickly padded as heretofore."

"The latest thing," he continued, "is a very full sleeve tapering down to a narrow cuff." Visions of the

leg-o'-mutton sleeves mother used to wear when I was a child floated before my eyes, but it seems men are not going to such extremes. A very full sleeve means perhaps an inch larger at the top than formerly—and without the puffs.

"Double-breasted suits are more popular now than ever before and soft materials are coming back with a vengeance. On double-breasted suits the lapels are usually cut very broad and on single-breasted ones the notched lapels are much smarter than the peaked. The lapels are all made with a very soft roll in preference to the sharply creased kind."

"The double-breasted waistcoats—vests in the vernacular—are also very popular in Hollywood as they give a broad-chested, high-waisted effect that helps to carry out the appearance of height achieved by the trousers."

Honestly, girls, since I found out how much there is about men's clothes and what smart effects can be obtained simply by blousing the sleeves a little here and tapering the trousers a little there, I can hardly wait for my next check to come because, after all—I mean, why shouldn't a fellow have a suit with patch pockets and inverted plaits and a double-breasted waistcoat. Because—I mean, if I went down the street dressed like that maybe somebody would mistake me for Buddy Rogers or Basil Rathbone and become interested before the mistake was discovered and—and—I mean, they actually *might*.

Your Chance In Talkies

Continued from page 19

shoot on the same day. There are no retakes of fumbled scenes here. They have to be right the first time."

Then he summed up what all the rest had told me. What I, too, had about concluded, after long probing into the extra situation in the East.

"The talkies," he declared, "have sounded the death knell of the untrained extra's hopes."

Returning to New York I began to wonder, "How in the world *does* one break into pictures now? Would one go to Hollywood or New York? How *would* one begin?"

I went back to Frank Heath of Paramount and asked him. I asked Stuart Stewart, casting director at Warners. I asked I. I. Altman, assistant to the vice president in charge of Eastern M.-G.-M. production.

They all told me the same thing. "The best way to break into talkies," they stated emphatically, "is to get stage experience of some sort. Stock, vaudeville, concert, tent reper-

tory work—anything connected with the stage. Keep an eye open for a Broadway engagement. The closer to Broadway one can get, the better his chance of being discovered and signed for talkies. All studios have scouts out looking for promising material, especially in the theaters in and around New York."

New York books you, they said, and sends you to Hollywood.

Thus New York is a better place to break into pictures now than Hollywood. Not because there are more studios in the East, but because the stage center is here.

Talkies, they pointed out, are only a post-graduate proposition for the successful actor, rather than a happy hunting-ground for the good-looking but inexperienced personality.

"Though handsome people are and always will be at a premium in the studios," said Frank Heath, "the talkie player must have a voice as well. Don't think, however, we're

flooded with beautiful girls and fine-looking men. Right now there's a dearth of good-looking leading men and women in talkies.

"We're trying to train such people through our own Publix Theaters," he said. "Publix is now booking dancing girls and acts all over the country, bringing them to New York with a view to training them for work in our studio. Not as extras, but in special numbers."

"Ginger Rogers and Helen Kane came to talkies by way of the Publix route. A number of stars of the future will undoubtedly come from that source."

"But how would a beginner go about getting booked by Publix, if he could sing, dance, or do a specialty?"

"Publix doesn't book novices," he stated. "He'd have to get experience first."

"How?" I inquired.

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Are Handsome Heroes "Out"?

Continued from page 21

these same people on the screen, and dat ol' devil camera simply plays hob with the impalpable something called charm. The poor human husk, but faintly illumined by the inner fire, looms up with all its imperfections glaringly magnified. Even the most dulcet, golden voice can't offset a badly assembled physiognomy in a screen lover of either sex.

Which is perhaps why I could do very well with a great deal less of the cloying love business. And if, in future, our Romeos are to look like reformed pugilists, then, in Heaven's name, let's do away with the clinches altogether. In all screen history only a few pairs of lovers have met the exacting requirements of this delicate and precarious phase of emotion. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien were such a pair. They perfectly balanced each other; you could look at them right up to the final fade-out, without wishing that somebody would pull down the blind. Gilbert and Garbo were quite satisfactory—if you care for that sort of thing—and Colman and Banky were rare and delightful. Valentino and the slim Alice Terry, of "Four Horsemen" days, were appealing and convincing.

Who have we in these garrulous times to take the place of our silent Paolos and Francescas? Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook make a nice team, but they belong to the admirably mannered school of which some one has said, "They don't act—they behave." As for Garbo and Bickford, in "Anna Christie," I didn't bother about them at all: Marie Dressler was the whole show in that picture, with George Marion running her a close second. I remember that there was a lot of fog, made more realistic by Greta's foghorn voice, and I worked up quite an unlawful thirst in some of the barroom scenes. But when Marie wasn't present, the picture was just a damp blob of gloom. The peculiar essence of Eugene O'Neill's plays simply can't be translated into screen terms.

Perhaps mine is a voice crying alone in the wilderness; perhaps the day of the handsome hero is definitely over. But if so, I maintain that the day of the romantic love story is also over—and some hundreds of thousands of women are certain to bewail its passing. To them the idyllic love film was an escape from unsatisfactory realities into a land of dreams. And who ever heard of a dream lover with a pug nose?

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Joan—As She Is

able spots for them in her own home, she is now supplying delighted friends with her current efforts. Almost any leisure afternoon will find her plying hook and wool, in company with Kay Hammond, a sister addict, the absorbed silence broken only by an argument as to patterns, and pauses for coffee.

Because she has numerous freckles, she considers her complexion hopeless beyond improvement, and a despairing dab of powder in the morning is seldom replenished during the day. Her huge gray eyes are thickly decorated with black lashes, but her eyebrows are comparatively light, giving an Aubrey Beardsley effect accentuated by bright lipstick, white teeth and the unpowdered tan of her skin. During the summer her tan deepens to a rich copper.

Her figure is one of Hollywood's best—and that sans diet, massage, or brassières. Her shoulders, which are broad and square, give her a proud, graceful carriage. Periodically she decides she is overweight, and is prevented from reducing only by Doug's outraged protests.

Generally quiet of voice and demeanor, she nevertheless has occasional outbursts of Irish temper. These are over in a moment and she never sulks. Rarely moody, when a low ebb does descend upon her, she goes to her own room and gets over it alone. Of very definite opinions and standards, once her mind is made up a native stubbornness protects her decision from any argument. Open and warmly friendly as a child, she loves to be liked. Correspondingly sensitive, she is paralyzed by a deliberate injury and can never forgive it.

And a favor done her is always acknowledged and never forgotten.

She is terrified when singing for the microphone and breaks into a cold sweat before the song is finished. Speaking lines, however, gives her no trouble. An advantage over many of her confrères is in her speaking voice, which is naturally full and smooth, giving her a start on the talkies.

She makes no secret of her educational shortcomings, and frankly goes about remedying them herself. Impatient of surface knowledge, she is an indefatigable student of the things she wants to understand. She is studying French, Spanish, and German, and reads every biography she can find, because there are so many interesting people in the world about whom she knows nothing.

Sensitive to fan criticism, she is hurt by the public's jeers at the sentimental publicity given her romance with Douglas. The publicity, as a matter of fact, was without her sanction. But two young people deeply in love, and also in the limelight, are red meat to sob-sisters hungry for a "hot" story. The type of article their marriage occasioned has caused Douglas and Joan embarrassment, yet they are powerless to check the flow of saccharine misquotations, their only resource being to cease reading fan magazines. This has also checked her eloquence on the subject of Doug's acting, drawing, and writing, except when she is sure she is among friends who will not make sport of her extravagant pride. Her pride is not so extravagant when one sees his sketches and verse.

Fully aware of the responsibility of stardom, Joan prays for good stories.

She begins each picture with enthusiasm, but when she sees it previewed, is convinced it will be her last, so bad does it look to her, and she weeps on Douglas' shoulder all the way home. Joan is fed up on hoydens and débutantes, and wants fervently to do definite characterizations. She has a tremendous capacity for work, and during a picture is at continual high tension, never letting down until the last retake is over, and she then collapses into a temporary version of a wet dishcloth.

She loathes large gatherings of women, and avoids all females who coo, "What an *adorable* dress—where did you *get* it?—you look *too* sweet!" She likes sincerity, courage, and kindness above all other qualities. She would like to take gas every time she has a tooth filled, and invents elaborate excuses for herself to break dentist appointments. Ann Harding is her idea of the perfect woman, and her favorite actresses are Miss Harding, Gloria Swanson, Pauline Frederick, and Greta Garbo.

She toes in when she walks, and sits with one foot on top of the other. No matter how tired she is at night, she hangs her clothes tidily in the closet. She loves dogs and babies, and both instinctively return her affection. She plays a ruthless game of Russian Bank and double solitaire, chronic vices of both Joan and Douglas, and, when they have guests, always hopes that "coffeepot" will be suggested. She likes to have her arms and back gently tickled, likes orchid corsages, Laurel and Hardy comedies, races on the beach, tennis, and historical novels. And to be introduced as Mrs. Fairbanks.

The Stroller

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It seems that he directed a big epic which was very bad, but which cost a lot of money. The producer was anxious to get his money back and advertised the film as spectacular.

Just about the time it was released, the director's contract came up for renewal. The producer was afraid to let him go, for fear the exhibitors of the country would smell the mouse, and know there was something wrong. So the director got a renewal at a higher salary, and he will have six months of idleness with the biggest salary he ever got, for the simple reason that the producer is unwilling to intrust another film to him—even a two-reeler to keep him busy.

The wife of one of our stars went to New York, and pronto hubby started stepping out.

Becoming suspicious, the wife telephoned him one night.

"Got any girls there?" she asked. "Why, no, dear. Of course not," the star replied.

"Then you won't mind repeating this after me, 'If there's a woman in this house, I hope she dies before leaving it.'"

The star repeated it—but the next day he was around asking his friends for some new telephone numbers.

So many players are out of work that the old gag of being between pictures doesn't work any more.

Unemployment is so common now that they say quizzically, "No, I'm not working just now. I'm between screen tests."

Writing for the screen has been put on a quantity basis at one studio.

Believing that they were not getting enough work out of the writers, the management ordered all the scribes to be on the lot at eight a. m. The writers objected that they were not the type for this, and asked if they were to forget all ideas that came to them outside of business hours.

The first result was that the writers took to breakfasting at the restaurant on the lot, and could be found there idling over ham an' as late as ten o'clock. The boss took cognizance of this and ordered the restaurant to refuse to serve breakfast to writers after nine. The situation is now deadlocked at this stage. But even nine is early for most writers. On many lots they report some time around eleven, and the studios are thankful if they get out in time for lunch.

Your Chance In Talkies

Continued from page 104

"No two people get their stage training in the same way," he declared.

Stuart Stewart was much more explicit.

"He'd go the rounds of theatrical offices instead of studios," he said. "If he were lucky, he might get a part in stock or vaudeville sooner or later. People have even been known to get bits on Broadway without previous experience. He'd get as close to Broadway as possible, anyhow. We're always looking for talent there.

"I go to every play that opens here. Sometimes I go to an out-of-town show, if it sounds interesting. I'm constantly scouting for promising types."

I. I. Altman, who arranges screen tests for M.-G.-M., and was responsible for sending to the Coast such players as Grace Moore, Kay Johnson, Charles Bickford, Catherine Dale Owen, and others, told me, "We don't give talkie tests to beginners, regardless of how promising the applicant. The only people who come to my office are well-known stage players whom the Coast recommends for tests. If they look like good types, I arrange auditions over the radio for them. If they still seem good, I give them tests—sometimes two or three. Then I either send them to Hollywood or don't, according to results. About one out of fifty passes muster. One out of three hundred is very good.

"I advise any one who wants to break into talkies, 'Don't, please don't try! But if you must, go about it intelligently. And don't be afraid to quit if you find you're not getting anywhere.'"

"How would you go about breaking in?" I asked him.

"First, I'd go the rounds of theatrical producers and casting directors. I'd stay as far away from the studios as possible. I'd make as many contacts with as many important stage people as I could. Contacts mean a lot in this business.

"If I had an exceptional voice, or could do a specialty number of any sort exceedingly well, I'd try to get a *reliable* agent interested in me. He could arrange a screen test when I couldn't.

"Or if I thought I had possibilities as an actor, I'd try to get into the Theater Guild school, the Civic Repertory school, or the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"Remember the Theater Guild school of four or five years ago?" he

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When DeMille Takes To Air

Continued from page 55

This "comedy with music," as it is described, is lighter than DeMille's usual endeavors, though the ending supplies a smash-bang melodrama.

The home settings are palatial, but on the Zeppelin, its sides being glassed, there are no lavish backgrounds; novelty is achieved in the costuming. The film has no color sequences.

Comedy, in pungent repartee, peppers scenes in which *Martha*, the philosophical maid, spurs prim *Angela* to fight for her husband with "the other woman's" weapons. It's the familiar, hardy plot embellished with the fanciest wardrobe and the jazziest tunes in all its movie history.

Daily overhead cost is twenty-five thousand dollars! The Zeppelin, on rockers, fills one M.-G.-M. stage.

Though the cast is small, a number of names appear in the spectacular and dramatic climaxes aboard the Zeppelin. No doubles are used in the parachute leaping, but they haven't far to drop. They jump from a set representing the Zeppelin deck, and telescopic cameras pick up their expressions as they step off and speed, whirling and swaying, to the stage floor. Wallace MacDonald, Wilfred Lucas, Ella Hall, blond heroine of yore, Mary McAllister, Betty Francisco, Vera Marsh, Ilka Chase, Katherine DeMille, Edwards Davis, Tyler Brooke, Boyd Irwin, Albert Conti, Julianne Johnston, Martha Sleeper, Countess Rina de Liguoro, Italian star, Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy, June Nash, Kenneth Gibson, and Louis Natheaux play these important bits.

Kay Johnson, with her light, silvery charm, must maintain credibility in the transition from housewife to the alluring *Madame Satan*; its skillful negotiation demands a talent of adroit nuance. Her singing must define her dual personality, and in one number be sprinkled with a French accent.

There is something of the thoroughbred about Miss Johnson. A flexible manner, a buoyant naturalness which is poised, without being posed; a high-strung tautness, rippling humor; the candid expression of convictions; audacity in mocking the petty rules of Hollywood's social structure, a gay banter beneath which flows a serious ambition and application.

Her voice is light, yet very assured.

"No, I've never harbored vocal yearnings," she related. "A friend took me to an audition for a Broad-

way rôle in which it was necessary to sing. The piano was on a platform at the end of the longest room I ever had seen—I hadn't been on a DeMille set then. It seemed miles long. The eyes of the producer and his associates were focused on me. I reached the platform and sang—horribly. Confused, I stopped, on the verge of tears. 'Go ahead,' my friend called encouragingly. 'They don't want some one who sings well, anyhow.' I got the part."

Miss Johnson and John Cromwell, her husband, shocked Hollywood by going to their first première in a taxi. They hadn't an automobile then. In such cases one rents a limousine, the *hoi polloi* thinking it one's own, unless they chance to note the letters on the license plates.

"We won't rent a front," Miss Johnson maintained. "We would feel so silly."

Comments have proclaimed a war between stage spotlights and movie incandescents. New arrivals are accredited with bad manners, local inhabitants with a discourteous ostracism. Though she felt that she was surveyed, Miss Johnson encountered no hostility.

"Perhaps I do not yet understand the little innuendoes, but I found only an air that said, 'They brought her out from New York—she'd better be good!' but not a manner definitely unkind."

Miss Johnson went happily about her many interests, seemingly unaware of causing a stir, and in time disarmed suspicion. Without swerving from her own delightful way, she has been accepted; she is liked.

A tall, slim blonde, her hair a very light brown, not the prevalent pale yellow of white-henna bleaches, she is lovely without particular beauty, striking but never conspicuous. For the first time a DeMille heroine wears her elaborate costumes unobtrusively. It takes a personality not to be dwarfed by his sumptuous ensembles.

Reginald Denny, who plays *Bob*, sang in English musical comedy, before he came into pictures. The tempestuous Lillian Roth, of such warm, vital color, has stamped her personality upon several films. Roland Young is known to screen audiences. Elsa Peterson of the "Follies," and featured singer of "Rain or Shine" and "Sunny," obtained her early training as understudy at the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. Having appeared with Denny, in "The Leather Pushers" series, she is acquainted with camera technique.

His Name on the "Bilgeboards"

Continued from page 27

ing school for girls. It does seem too bad the school didn't include boys!"

Jack sighed. "I suppose I should go out and take lessons in helping a lady on with her coat, and tricks like that."

When Paramount was casting "The Man I Love," Jack Oakie was mentioned for the leading rôle.

"What!" the director said, "let that clown make love to Mary Brian?" They gave the rôle to Dick Arlen.

"But I've got the laugh on that director now," said Jack. "In my new picture, 'The Social Lion,' who do you suppose I make love to? Mary Brian!"

"You know love scenes are a problem in talking pictures. All those hectic moments that used to be so thrilling in the silent films are just a great big laugh when you put words to 'em. Now we make love in little parables. 'There was a little he-bird who loved a little she-bird, only he was too shy to ask her to marry him.' All that's in the dialogue, and you get three guesses who the two birds are.

"At first they said mix on the kissing at the end of the picture. But now it's all set, and I give Mary a little peck, and they squash a tomato or something off-stage to make it sound realistic."

"And are you pleased at playing the hero instead of the comic?" I asked.

"Me? What's the diff? I do anything they tell me—it's paying me good money, ain't it? Anyhow, you can't tell ahead of time whether a picture or a part will be good or not."

"Look at 'Sweetie.' In previews every one said it was terrible. And it's cleaning up. Every one—including me—said I was terrible. And then what? It turns out that I'm an artist. Huh!"

Jack shrugged his amazement. An artist! All he does is clown, because clowning is natural to him.

An artist? If so, then it's quite accidental.

Jack's next film is "The Sap from Syracuse," in which he plays the title rôle. But Jack was born in Sedalia, Missouri.

Over The Teacups

Continued from page 33

didn't haunt the studio where Russell and Jimmy Gleason were working? I didn't remind her of it, though. She is touchy about those things.

"A lot of players have dashed East under the impression that they would see 'The Green Pastures' and Lillian Gish's play the first two nights they were in New York. And even though they rage and storm and offer speculators fabulous sums, the best they can do is get tickets for six months from now. A lot of the dramatic critics had a patronizing manner toward Lillian until her play opened. But by the end of the first act they were so maudlin they were trying to decide whether she was as great as Duse or better."

Theatrical managers are all looking toward Hollywood for talent now. Al Woods would like to get Mary Pickford for a play; Belasco wants Jeanette MacDonald; Earl Carroll wants Alice White for a revue, and Ziegfeld is simply determined to capture a Hollywood star for his next "Follies."

"We'll have to be saying good-by to Lily Damita soon," Fanny reminded me. "She really is going to leave the cast of 'Sons o' Guns.' She

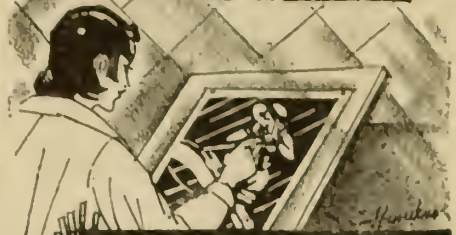
has been all set to go back to pictures two or three times, but the show was a big hit, and they simply couldn't find any one to fill her part. Armida wanted too much money, and Pauline Garon wasn't really strong enough to stand all that dancing. Lena Malena is the latest nominee for the part. She's good looking enough and has a nice voice, but unless her dancing has improved to a marked degree, she will never be able to hit the pace Damita has.

"I promised to find out if Marjorie White was in town, and if she was, to deliver her dead or alive to a mothers' club in the Bronx," she told me breathlessly. "They've all heard about how she came back to visit her home town—Toronto—a while ago. It was one of those Home-town-girl-makes-good celebrations. She bought her mother a car, staying over a few days to teach her to drive it, joined everything but the fire brigade, and made the hit of her life."

"But what has that to do with a mothers' club?" I wailed.

Fanny brushed my query aside as of no importance. "I've figured it out, though. The mothers wanted her to give them driving lessons.

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The Movie Racket

Continued from page 94

to Dick Arlen. If Danny succeeded, that would be enough for her!

Back in Hollywood next day, she went straight to the studio offices. She might as well have things out with the heads of the studio at once. Danny had to work, so she went alone, feeling decidedly scared at one moment, and ecstatic the next, because he and she were really married.

"We've had everybody out looking for you!" the studio manager told her gruffly, as she walked into his office. "Where have you been?"

"I've been getting married," she announced. His breath left him as if some one had hit him in the stomach.

"Married! Whew—"

"Yes, I have. And I suppose now you'll all be through with me here, but I can't help that." She hoped that he did not see how frightened she was.

"Well, come along to the chief's office and tell him. And I hope for your sake that nothing else has gone wrong this morning." He took her arm and hurried her down the corridor, muttering, "This is a sweet mess."

Monica told herself she didn't care; that she'd be glad to be through with pictures forever. But she knew that it would be heartbreaking to leave the studio, knowing that she would never feel at home there again; that her career as an actress was over. It was doubtful that any other company would take her if she was let out here, for after all, what had she to offer in competition with the musical-comedy players who were coming out in droves from New York? This studio was home now, and she didn't want to leave it. She could see why stars who retired always seemed so pathetically glad to visit the scenes of their triumphs, so reluctant to leave.

She told the news again, to the

head of the company, and waited limply for his ultimatum.

"Married!" he repeated. "Who's the man? Danny who?"

"Danny Jordan," said Monica proudly. "He's in pictures."

She wanted to go on and tell how awfully attractive Danny was and how good he would be in pictures if he only had a chance, but the chief turned to the telephone and called the casting office.

"Send over some photographs of Danny Jordan," he ordered.

He said nothing to Monica in the next few moments. He seemed engrossed in the papers on his desk. When the photographs came he studied them intently.

"What's he done?"

Monica breathlessly gave the details of Danny's career.

"Well, I guess he'll do. Now I'm not saying I approve of your rushing off and marrying this way, and of picking some one who is practically unknown. But it's romantic, and nowadays it's fashionable for young folks to get married. Joan Crawford and young Fairbanks—Sue Carol and Nick Stuart—not a bad idea, after all. You look pretty tired. You and he had better go off to Honolulu for a honeymoon. That's your present from the studio. And when you come back, we'll have you do some pictures together. How's that?"

Monica was speechless. Automatically she shook hands with him, and stumbled out of the office.

In the corridor she bumped into some one, without even seeing who it was. And Joy Laurel, on her way to try to talk herself into a job, stared after her furiously.

"Getting so high-hat she doesn't even know her old friends," she exclaimed bitterly, "and after all I did for her, too!"

THE END.

Your Chance In Talkies

Continued from page 107

asked. "A sort of junior branch of the Guild. In this school Helen Chandler, Marguerite Churchill, Sylvia Sidney, and others making good, got their start.

"I'd try to remember, though, that no matter how good I was, or how good others thought me—my chances would still remain only one in about two hundred and fifty of being noticed and given a break in talkies.

"And before I started to leave my

little gray home in the West, or down South for the cruel city—and you'd be surprised just how cruel it can seem to a starving would-be actor—I'd make sure that I had a kind-hearted father and mother back home who'd believe all the hard luck stories I'd write in the course of getting my footing in show business, and would send me enough money to tide me over."

The Mystery Of Your Name

Continued from page 101

have changed so much since marriage that their friends hardly know them? "You can tell he is married," is also a common phrase, with a far deeper significance than little habits of putting just two lumps of sugar in any lady's coffee, and of always leaving rubbers outside the kitchen door.

Two people who love each other and live with each other grow alike, not from imitation, but because they both express the same thing in the same surroundings, in the same way, and most of all, because each expresses himself through the other. Is that pitiful? Not if you know what love is!

S. V., February 21, 1910.—You are born under number Seven, which means that you have with you throughout your life an inner voice that seems to direct you over and over again, telling you which way to turn even when you can see no good reason for doing so. Follow this voice, as it is the strongest power that you have. It is one of the elements in the general satisfaction that you will get out of living. You have a universal outlook that removes you from petty struggles, although it makes it hard for others to understand you. You are also very impulsive, frank and active, and have fine gifts for any teaching or public speaking. You will always have to work very hard for any material returns, but your creative ability makes it possible for you to get what you really make up your mind to go after. As a little boy of three or four your charm made you the pride of your parents' heart, and up to ten years old you seemed to be made of quicksilver. When past fifteen you became more subdued. You had some head trouble, and some one close to you died. At about fifteen and after you were more positive and independent than ever before, and also, although this seems a contradiction, very romantic. This made you a great attraction to the girls, for you deliberately paid no attention to them, and they flocked around you. Very soon, however, you will really fall in love, and for the next ten years that will make you a little less assured, but very charming and pleasant to live with. You do not in any way belong to the ordinary business world, but you must find some place that will give you the opportunity to use your creative and artistic impulses and your imagination. There is no really serious illness indicated for you, and the financial depression that will occur about forty-two will only serve as a bridge into some change in your general outlook on life that will improve it. You have a beautiful name that is worth living up to, and I am sure that you will do it.

D. H. C., October 16, 1905.—You have marvelous power, although you do not realize it yourself, because you had a good deal of difficulty up to the age of at least twenty. But during the past four or five years you have come into a good deal more money than before, by earning or inheriting it. You are very fiery, independent, active, intelligent. You want to run everything yourself, and there is a good reason. You know how. It makes

you wild to have to take orders. As soon as you can, jump right out into anything that will put you at the head of an enterprise, even if it is only a peanut stand! You won't stay long at such a low level if you are free to rise, and the freedom is what you need most. You are a born leader, orator, the advocate of some cause, and would make a marvelously successful lawyer, for you would bowl any jury right over with your quickness and your eloquence. You love any intellectual pursuit and would work your finger to the bone for education. It will repay you in the end. You will have all the action you are looking for, and it will bring you money, leadership, power. I admit that you will have to put in twenty more years of very hard work, with a good many disappointments, before you reach the top, but that won't discourage as fiery, courageous, and stubborn a young man as you. As a child you were very delicate. You were also ill a good deal between twelve and sixteen, and from sixteen to twenty you had a hard time financially, but at present you are beginning to surprise your family with your determination and activity. You will often be tempted to marry, especially between thirty and thirty-six, but you will be doing yourself a great favor if you wait until you are forty-one or forty-two. Then you will find real love that will satisfy you.

M. M. N., May 19, 1911.—You have an amazing name, for every one of the four large digits of your name are number Nine, the number of power, fire, will, leadership, activity, and independence. Your only danger with these numbers is that your nature may run away with itself, but you are saved from this by having several negative numbers during middle age that will calm you down a bit, so that trouble will temper your natural impulsiveness and excitability, and make you really get more satisfaction out of life than you otherwise would. In any case, nothing can stop you, no matter what happens. You hate any kind of subordination, and you have such a hot temper that when you get angry it often makes you ill. You will be a leader, even if you do not seek to be, and you are a wonderful speaker. In ten years you are sure to be very successful, and you will certainly make all the money you will ever need. Your extreme self-assertion and independence makes it hard for you to hold any young man, for while you despise a yes-man, that is what you really need. I do not believe that you will be able to get along with any man in peace until you are at least thirty-five. By that time you will begin to develop intuition and spiritual love, through trouble, and by the time you are forty you will meet a real, profound spiritual love. This man will be worth having waited for, as he will love you as you love him, and will know how to handle you. By marrying him you will also skip a letter of great financial difficulty. You were ill a good deal when you were three or four and suffered from the throat at the age of ten. At about fourteen or fifteen you made a great change somehow, either in having your whole family move about, or by being sent away to school. At present you are beginning to think about life with a capital L, and you have the ability to think correctly. Use this ability, to make good use of your great personal power.

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Open House For Pep

Continued from page 57

could not sun herself anywhere else on the beach but there, and threw herself down on the court. Things looked black for her, until Arthur Lake pointed out that another murderer would do the movie industry no good. So they decided to let her live, and moved the court closer to the club.

Matty Kemp prefers swimming and he and Grant Withers and Jimmy Hall are usually to be found on a surf board, far out beyond the buoys.

For some reason, the girls do not care a lot about swimming, and spend most of their time just lolling on the beach.

I, too, find lolling pleasanter than either volley ball or swimming, because I can do the last two any time, but it's not every day a guy has a chance to loll with Mary Brian, Sue Carol, Loretta Young, Merna Kennedy, Barbara Kent, Josephine Dunn, Florence Lake, Dixie Lee, Nancy Dover, Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, Sally Phipps, Duane Thompson, Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, and Claire Windsor. With such a display in front of the Thalian Club, is it any wonder that Santa Monica beach is destitute of life guards? These gents seem to think the hundred-foot frontage of the Thalian Club is the only place on the beach where people are apt to drown, and they never leave that dangerous spot.

The sunsets there are the most beautiful imaginable. In such a setting it is no wonder that people get "that way" about each other. Those who fall under the spell of the moonlight usually stay "that way." To date eleven couples, both parties members of the club, have stepped off the deep end of matrimony, among them Grant Withers and Loretta Young; Nick Stuart and Sue Carol; Mervyn LeRoy and Edna Murphy; George Lewis and Mary Lou Lohmann; Buddy Wattles and Duane Thompson; Reginald Denny and Bubbles Steifel; Bill Seiter and Laura La Plante, and others not so well known.

At present, the following couples are under the menace of the California moon and show signs of early capitulation: Jimmy Hall and Merna Kennedy; Sammy Cohen and Carol Wines; Diane Ellis and Harry Crocker; Victor Lewis, George's brother, and Violet La Plante, Laura's sister; Buddy Rogers and June Collyer. Nancy Dover, who is irresistible in the moonlight, is engaged to practically all the rest of the male membership of the club.

The club meetings are eagerly attended and usually provide at least a modicum of fun. The night I attended, Alberta Vaughn was being initiated. Blindfolded, she sat on a chair and was plied with questions, being rewarded for correct answers and penalized for incorrect ones. The object was to confuse her so she would give incorrect answers. Barbara Kent headed the opposition ticket and reminded me of nothing quite so much as Julia Faye leading a mob in "The Volga Boatman," as her hair streamed around her face and her frenzied yells of "She doesn't know!" smote the skies and made the night hideous—hideous for Alberta, anyhow.

The initiation over, everybody had a swim in the Moorish swimming pool at Jack McDermott's house. His place is known as "The House that Jack Built" and it sprawls all over a mountainside. You jump down a well in the patio and come out in the living room. You open a door out of the dining room, wander through a dark tunnel and come out in the garden, halfway down the side of the mountain.

Tennis occasionally occupies a little time. Bill Dillon holds the championship singles among the men and Barbara Kent among the girls.

During the winter, the boys have a basket-ball team. Last year it comprised George O'Brien, Rex Bell, Tommy Carr, Buddy Wattles, Harold Goodwin, Warren Burke, Buddy Rogers, Charlie Bohny, Billie Dove's brother, Billy Dillon, Jack Stone, Victor and George Lewis. They won the Hollywood Commercial League championship, and a bronze trophy is proudly displayed on the mantel of the fireless fireplace.

From the ranks of the Thalias will come many of the stars and directors of to-morrow. Many of them have already "arrived." There is no class distinction here. The stars and featured players are on a par with the humblest extra or assistant camera man. Any attempt at ritziness is met with such hurrahs and cat-calls and reminders that "You're not at the studio now—quit acting," that the offending member is glad to slink into a corner.

The main qualification for membership is to be "regular," since the club was formed for the enjoyment of good clean fun at small cost, without the disadvantage of being stared at like freaks in a museum. Selah!

The Look of the Month

Continued from page 34

When "Sons o' Guns" was being shaped, rumors floated in from Cleveland that Damita was not up to expectations. But by the time the try-out tour was at an end, the French soubrette had found herself; the New York premiere was a triumph for her and Jack Donahue.

She wants to play *Camille*. That is always an idea.

Stage-door swains amuse her. Recently she sent word to an insistent, unknown admirer that he might call at her dressing room, between the acts. Then she dressed her maid in her own stage costume, put a blond wig on her, and giggled behind a curtain while the young man blushed his admiration at the pseudo Damita.

As the noonday sun filtered warmly through the curtains, Lily grew expansive. "You do not ask silly questions, so I will tell you some things," she said. "I like to rouge my toes, sleep in pajamas, ride on roller-coasters, and dance to Negro music. I love roosters and dolls. They fascinate me. Oh, yes, I must tell you—I change my perfume every day.

"What else shall I tell you? Shall I say that Al Jolson wants me to play in 'Sons o' Guns' with him when he makes it into a talkie? And that I do not care to? Shall I say that I like New York better than Hollywood, but Paris best of all the world? Shall I tell you what I like to drink? Milk and honey!

"Would you like a leetle drink? Good! Marie, rye, White Rocks, ice, *s'il vous plait!*"

She explained that she did not smoke or drink, in fairness to her voice and figure. As a matter of fact she is playing in "Sons o' Guns" solely to develop her voice for the screen. Singing and dancing lessons are part of her daily routine.

She is anxious to see "The Green Pastures," one of the finest plays of the season, but her stage duties interfere. So she wants to have a special matinee arranged. And it will be arranged, no doubt.

Damita succeeds in being what Velez attempts to be—one of those madcap minxes. There is danger in playing the irrepressible volcano of sex, but Damita carries it off successfully, simply by not overdoing it.

"I have such nice friends in New York," says Lily. "After the show at night we have leetle suppers. It is gay. But I will not work too hard. They want that I do pectures in daytime, show at night. I say no! I am no damn mule."

And Lily is perfectly right. She is a smart girl.

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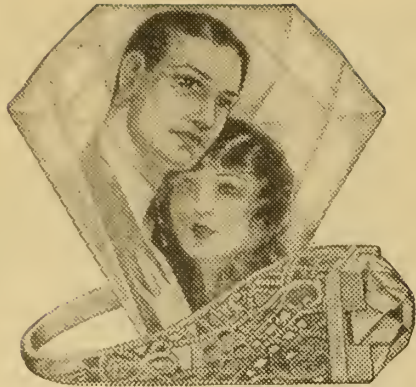
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No more sagging, flabby breasts. My home treatment will quickly give you a full firm bust. I have helped thousands of flat chested girls and women develop a beautiful feminine form. Ugly, sagging lines disappear just by the simple application of my rich, luscious **PRESCRIPTION CREAM** and easy exercises. The results are truly magical.

FREE Confidential instructions how to mould your breasts to full, rounded, shapely proportions—Included with my jar of Prescription Cream. **SAVE \$1.00**—Send only \$1.00 for large jar. (Regular \$2.00. Size) mailed postpaid in plain wrapper. Limited time offer.

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"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. Be cheerful and confident of your future! Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Send 25c for this amazing book.

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DR. JOSEPHS, Inc.
Dept. H-17, Irvington, N. J.

They Reel Their Own

Continued from page 89

A nest full of birdlings intrigues Alec B. Francis, or a cat and dog eating from the same plate, or kiddies tea-partying on a lawn in grown-up fashion. Hiding behind the shrubbery, he is so base as to record their actions. Hobart Bosworth canters by on his white Arabian, and Mr. Francis films him. On rainy days, neighborhood children gather in his living room. He tacks a sheet on the wall and amuses them with a very personal and special movie show.

That hill billy, Reginald Denny, has an animated atlas of the San Bernardino mountain range. Odd angles, from auto, horse, and plane, add novelty to its geographic value.

Kay Johnson prefers snapping people. On a trip to Agua Caliente, she spent her daylight hours with her camera outside the hotel and the casino. Personages and unknowns unconsciously acted for her. Oh, very unintentionally! When friends were invited to see her shots later, shrieks rent the air as stars recognized themselves. One woman was seen emerging from the casino, gestures and rueful countenance telling the tale of gaming losses.

The James Gleasons favor the various sport arenas as locations. John Mack Brown keeps a record of football games. Once John forgot his job as camera man. At a game this winter when a University of California boy made an eighty-five-yard run for a touchdown, John became so excited that he dropped his camera, broke the lens, and missed recording one of the most spectacular plays of football history in the West. Irene Rich, Ben Turpin, Raymond Griffith, Erich von Stroheim, and Bobby Vernon also do sport pictures.

Ronald Colman's extensive reel library features strength and speed. Notable works of nature and of man are stellar spots—mountains, storms at sea, and four hundred feet picturing the St. Francis Dam. Richard Barthelmess and William Powell are caught in beach scenes. Despite really creditable shots, Colman remains unsatisfied with the tennis tournaments he has caught, and is constantly urging his friends to display more action.

That air-minded lad, James Hall, is pardonably proud of his shot of Colonel Lindbergh's take-off from a Los Angeles field. Harold Lloyd has a fondness for golf films.

While in the West filming "The Vagabond Lover," Rudy Vallée didn't spend all his spare time crooning melodies, giving interviews or squiring Mary Brian. Many hours were enlivened by capturing a silver memory of Hollywood life. A camera accompanied his rambles about the studios, and scenes from productions were caught in the making.

Strolling around the Paramount studio one day with his jitney camera, he asked Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers to pose. Quite a little drama—or could it have been a comedy?—was quickly thought up. Another fellow was called to take the scenes out on the lawn, that Rudy might participate. The fade-in showed Buddy leaning against a cannon; a "truck shot" led to Rudy, nonchalantly preparing to fire it. Mary happened along. Next, she was pictured between the two boys, each of whom was slipping a ring on her finger as she said to both, "I do!" while the Reverend Neal Dodd, who happened to be passing and was conscripted, stood behind them. Perturbed as to which was the groom, the fade-out depicted the minister walking away with Mary on his arm, and Rudy and Buddy left sharing their chagrin.

Conrad Nagel devotes his Sunday afternoons and leisure days to photographing his family at home, at the beach, wherever recreation leads them. The babyhood of little Ruth is an open screen, as it were. On one occasion, her fourth birthday party, the children became so excited with the camera maneuvers that they fell backward into the swimming pool. By now, however, Ruth has outgrown her shyness. Mary Hay Barthelmess, too, has become blasé about it. Gloria Lloyd really is a superspecial classic, though only a two-by-two bit of pink-and-gold charm.

Thus far, the amateur screen is silent, but no doubt Hollywood soon will be making cinema noise for its personal entertainment, as well as for the world.

JOLSON'S LAMENT

(Apologies to Burns)

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to a-troupin' go;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To take me from my mammy-o.

I'm my mammy's little Al;
I'm sick of warblin' hammies-o.
Save us from the troupin' game
An' take us to our mammies-o.
LEE SMITH.

Beauty Goes To War

Continued from page 80

Eleanor Boardman—the old-fashioned girl. The plain, untouched beauty of wax flowers. Appropriately charming in *passé* creations; reminiscent of Godey prints and valentines.

Claire Windsor—the lovely blonde who wears filmy chiffons and ruffled things—the airy, graceful beauty. Delightful in a garden setting, with bright flowers, blue pools, and tall, clipped hedges.

Eve Southern—the *spirituelle* type. The beauty of images, of tall, lighted tapers. A mystery strangely compelling. Sinuous movements and haunting eyes. A composite of a nun and a mystic.

Estelle Taylor—the beauty of the Borgias. The brocaded richness of medieval Italy. Like sparkling wine and red satin. The beauty that presides over sumptuous feasts.

Mary Nolan—the beauty of vanity. Mirrors, powder puffs, bottles of ex-

quisite perfume. Scented baths, trailing negligées. Beauty that satisfies itself with more.

So we find that this symbolic conception of beauty can be applied to nearly every actress. Nearly all possess something that is reminiscent of some phase of loveliness, of something in the realm of beauty.

Ask ordinary theatergoers if Marguerite Churchill, Betty Compson, or Joan Crawford is beautiful, and they will reply in a decided negative. But let them search the players' faces for the answer, and they will find something which must certainly be called beautiful.

And we find also that no two stars can measure up to the same standard of beauty. Each one is beautiful in her own individual way, and each exerts her personal charm over her watchers. And it is our pleasure to discover what that hidden charm is.

I Stop To Look Back

Continued from page 96

would like one of these sandwiches and a glass of beer." To which I replied, "I would be very glad to."

I had never tasted beer and the sandwiches she offered were equally distasteful, as they were limburger ones. However, determined to make a favorable impression regardless, I drank the beer and forced the sandwiches down my throat. I can taste them to this day. However, she had no opening for me.

It was here that I received at Miss

Bonstelle's stock company one of the three greatest thrills I have had in the American theater. The first being her performance in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The second was Ben-Ami, in "Samson and Delilah," and the third John Barrymore, in "Hamlet."

So finally taking my sixty dollars I started for Toledo, back to my sweetheart whom I hadn't seen since the Fourth of July.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 100

illness was," Polly Moran told us when we met her at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. "They can't keep a girl like me away from the studio very long; they have to have a few laughs now and then."

Polly was very sick when she had her nervous breakdown, but asserts that she can go on for a long while now, before her pep will desert her again. Polly is one of the most industrious entertainers in the studios. Besides playing any old part that happens along in pictures, she is expected to spin off clever talk on every occasion, and it is rare, indeed, that she falls short of the anticipations of her coworkers and friends, either on the set, or as the life of the party.

The Great Western Epic!

"The Covered Wagon" of the talkies! This is the way they are now exclaiming around the Fox studio about "The Big Trail," and in view of all the tra-la-ling it seems timely to recite the particulars.

We learn that some 20,000 people are being used in the bigger scenes, that the picture will be filmed on Grandeur, and that the company will be away on location, mostly in Wyoming, for several months. Three hundred Indians are on the atmosphere list. Two hundred covered wagons are promised, 500 horses, oxen and mules, and 15,000 head of cattle. The rest of the statistics we'll spare you.



No One Talks About It

Note: I have purposely omitted the illustration of a beautiful girl atop this advertisement. My message is of too serious import to justify a conspicuous illustration—a setting which might detract from the preciousness of this sincere advice.

DURING THE past decade we have acquired the habit of using deodorants as part of our routine toilette. It is the one item to which we have given too little consideration—often with serious consequence. Those who have had difficulties, realize the need for a preparation which overcomes, yet which must be non-staining and most of all non-irritating and absolutely harmless.

This matter of perspiration and the deodorant we use—is not just an ordinary cosmetic problem. A few years ago I made lengthy research and finally evolved AB-SCENT—a harmless, liquid deodorant—containing no staining artificial coloring and devoid of any irritating effects. I have been using it ever since. Thousands of other women have also. I have purposely made the price (50c) very low because I realize how much need there is for the universal use of a safe deodorant.

If you cannot get it at your drug store, department store or beauty shop, I shall be pleased to mail it to you.

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562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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A NEW Skin—clear, youthful, radiant, lies just beneath the surface of your old Outer skin. Remove your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—slightly, safely, quickly—with an amazing NEW liquid. No bother—no fuss. Presto—off comes your old faded, worn out, blemished, useless outer skin. Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

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BOOK**

"The Modern Way to NEW Skin" tells all about this new method. Everything simply explained. Send for your copy TODAY. No cost—no obligation. Mailed in plain envelope. Just send name and address TODAY. Colee, Dept. T-08, 80 East 11th St., New York, N. Y.

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This New Easy Way

You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valencia, Canter, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Trot, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost \$20 if taken privately.



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Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—323 pages, 49 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only \$1.98, plus delivery charges, and this wonderful course is yours. Try for 5 days. Money back if not delighted. Send your name NOW.
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Make Shapely Limbs—Defy Detection.
RUBBER BUSTS (for breast amputations and undeveloped breasts)
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SHERMAN A. CAMP
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Make His Heart Leap

with the alluring, intoxicating scent of Mystic Lure. A few drops make you irresistible, casting a magnetic spell over men, kindling the fires of love. This thrilling Oriental fragrance fairly radiates "I Love You".



MYSTIC LURE

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TODAY

Try this potent love charm. Send only 50¢ for generous vial of Mystic Lure, or \$1. for large size (extra strength). FREE booklet "Love's Secrets" by Dr. J. E. R's. Address
ALVERE COMPANY, Dept. T-8, 799 Broadway, New York City

Be The Man Behind The Camera

**Earn \$60 to
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Prepare NOW for a well-paid position as

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Big pay, fascinating work. FREE Book tells how we quickly train you at home or in our studios. Send for it NOW!

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. P-1115, 10 West 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

Her Strange Handicap

Continued from page 47

"It was like old times to go over the script again and sing the half-forgotten songs.

"But my second picture, 'Sweethearts,'" she said smilingly, "looks as though my rôle will be something really dramatic. It's a dual rôle, my first on the stage or screen, and I'm—well, I'm intrigued with the idea! It's going to be an original screen play."

"How do you like Hollywood?" the interviewer asked.

Miss Miller laughed. "I love it. I'm not a stranger there at all. I was married there, you know."

Then the interviewer recalled that once upon a time, sure enough, Marilyn Miller did marry Jack Pickford in Hollywood, and that most of her wedded life was spent there. But she never would make a picture for the silent screen.

"I felt that it wasn't my line," she explained. "Now, of course, with sound it's different. Technicolor makes a big difference, too.

"I was nervous—terribly nervous sometimes—even though I enjoyed it all. I missed the audience, and at first I had an awfully hard time keeping within camera range while I was dancing. You see, I never dance twice the same on the stage; I introduce little variations as the mood strikes me. That's part of the fun of being on the stage. But making the picture was fun, too, and I'm looking forward to my second one."

Knowing both Hollywood and Broadway as she does, Marilyn found herself in a group of friends when the cast of "Sally" was assembled. Alexander Gray, Joe E. Brown, Pert Kelton, T. Roy Barnes, Ford Sterling—she knew them all, and more besides. "Alec" Gray was her leading man in the original

"Sally" on the road, and Miss Kelton was with her in "Sunny."

Although she was born in Evansville, Indiana, Miss Miller's people are Southerners, and she spent most of her childhood in Memphis. There isn't much Southern accent left in her speech now, but it still lingers.

"I had to say, 'Yes, sir,' when I was acting as a waitress in the restaurant scene, and I said 'Yes, suh.' Mr. Dillon, the director, made me do it over three times, before I stopped saying it like a Tennessean. He nearly had hysterics over that 'suh.'"

When Marilyn Miller is learning a song she has it played over and over to her, until she has memorized the tune, because notes and scales mean absolutely nothing to her. It's all a matter of sound.

And so, strangely enough, is her dancing. In "Rosalie," when she and Jack Donahue did an elaborate tap dance together, she learned the steps by shutting her eyes and listening to Mr. Donahue as he danced them. And in "Rosalie" she learned in two days to beat a snare drum—just by listening to two expert drummers with whom she appeared in the West Point scene. The scene was added to the show at the last moment before the première in New York. She simply had to become a drummer in short order—and she did!

She declined to express a preference between stage and screen, but admitted that she was looking forward to her second engagement in Hollywood.

"You must have a great time out there," said the interviewer, preparing to depart.

"Yes, suh!"

And the laughter of Sally followed the departing interviewer down the hallway.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 13

turned to "y" somehow. Therefore his pronunciation of "gentleman" is close to "yentleman," and yet he makes our language fascinating and beautiful.

His sense of comedy and scintillating humor is quite apparent. His charming personality captivates his audience. Altogether, his personal appearance was a complete success, and he is bound to do something interesting in the talkies. I suggest that M.-G.-M. wake up and realize that the public wants Nils Asther.

JANE LYONS.

1015 Greenleaf Avenue,
Wilmette, Illinois.

An International Crisis.

Heretofore, I have always read "What

the Fans Think" with a smile, and I believe in the right to have your own opinions, but the climax came when I read J. E. R's meaningless tirade.

I hope you are not still losing sleep over Gary and Lupe, my dear; I assure you that those two perfectly human young people can get along quite nicely without your help, and, personally, I give them a great big hand.

Also, poor dear, I know just how you feel about Alice White, Anita Page, and Lupe Velez appearing with a few veils on. You feel just like a miserable, unloved, disagreeable old lady, whose only diversion and delight is gossiping over her back fence to her friends, who are just like you—and may I add that, for

the sake of our admittedly more broad-minded generation, I hope you haven't many friends? Now, if we could only get together, J. E. R., I am sure we would get along great—oh, yeah!—but, believe me, Alice White, Anita Page, Lupe Vélez, and all the rest of your "aches and pains," would be championed by me, because I think they are O. K. I hope you will pardon me for saying that I don't think very much of you, on first acquaintance.

KATHRYN VAN NESS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Two Queens of Tragedy.

There are two actresses on the screen to-day who are almost equal in the race for the title "Queen of Tragedy." Both are finished stage players, but one has the advantage of youth, and the other more personality and ability. What an experiment it would be if the ten years' difference in age could be erased and a picture made with the two. What a picture! Is it hard to guess that I mean Pauline Frederick and Ruth Chatterton?

Ten years ago Pauline Frederick held the same position Ruth Chatterton holds to-day, but I think the former was a greater actress. But time doesn't stand still, and now Pauline Frederick, even with her power to portray tragedy still more developed, has to take a back seat and leave the throne to the younger actresses. What a pity!

There isn't another actress on the screen to-day who has the peculiar power of Pauline Frederick. She either draws or repels, but the magic spell she weaves holds one and makes it impossible to escape. I have been under her spell for eleven years, and shall never break away.

I do concede that Ruth Chatterton is taking her place on the screen, but only because of her youth. If only Pauline Frederick would remake "Madame X" as a talkie, I am sure it would eclipse even the memorable performance of Ruth Chatterton. No matter how weak a story may be, Pauline Frederick can lift it up and make something of it.

So hats off to an old-timer whose genius should never be lost to the screen—Pauline Frederick.

EMMA HARTCORN.

107-28 113th Street,
Richmond Hill, New York.

Picking on Billy.

One very amusing and childish letter which caught my eye in April PICTURE PLAY was written by a certain Billy Biddlingmeier. Undoubtedly this person receives little mail, as he requests the Alice White knockers to write to him. It seems rather silly, writing to a mere child, so I shall write my letter to our friend, "What the Fans Think."

Silly boy! Who can imagine comparing Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks with Alice White? No, Billy, these stars can't act; for the past ten or fifteen years the public has merely boosted them out of pity.

Yes, I can readily believe you have the only Alice White fan club. Doubtless you had a trying time getting members. One would think a person could judge a star's popularity by the number of fan clubs. Of course, though, I must remember that small boys are not expected to think things out; they just go ahead and spill a lot of silly chatter.

You also suggest we write to the directors and ask them why Miss White must play the same show-girl parts? Why, Billy, we don't have to write to any one to find the reason for that; little Alice couldn't possibly act any other part. Will you picture her in "The Trespasser," "Rio Rita," "Anna Christie"?

You see, my boy, an actress can play several parts, not one only. And, I might add, the show girl is usually the easiest portrayed.

I happened to see "Broadway Babies." It's quite evident you are the type who bursts forth with, "If you don't like her, why do you see her?" I saw "Broadway Babies" not to gloat over a frightful picture and worse acting, but to see an elaborate fashion show that was being staged that week. It was the second picture I had seen starring Alice White, and it proved almost a comedy. With that one expression and the huge eyes rolling this way and that, the audience was in a state of continual titters.

A mere suggestion, Billy, but why not pick out a nice large tub of cold water and duck your one-track head in it. Possibly you'd come out a sadder but wiser lad.

MARCIA ALLEN.

Vancouver, British Columbia.

That Terrible Mustache Habit.

I, also, wish to back Marion L. Hesse up in her campaign against decorating the best-looking men in filmdom with silly and utterly foolish mustaches. I adore John Boles, and it did not take "Rio Rita" to help me find this out. I remember him when Gloria Swanson first gave him a lead in "The Love of Sunya." I would certainly adore him even more if he did not have the little mustache. I cannot tolerate John Gilbert with one, and I simply cannot imagine good-looking Richard Arlen with one. He is too young and handsome to be made to wear one of those terrible things.

I would like to tell Bunty d'Alton that Neil Hamilton is one of the finest, cleanest-cut actors on the screen. His acting is mild, but very serious. He is the American type; he is good looking and can give very pleasing love interest to any picture. I am sorry that d'Alton has gotten the wrong impression of a fine-looking man who should some day be better known to Mr. and Mrs. Public. Neil reminds me a great deal of Lawrence Gray, who stole "Marianne." They both appeal to me, and I am betting on them.

A MOVIE FAN.

Dover, Delaware.

Our Bow!

It is easy for any fan to realize how the movies have grown within the last few years, but how many of us have noticed how well PICTURE PLAY has advanced also?

Naturally, I did not think this change was so great, until I compared an eleven-year-old issue with PICTURE PLAY of to-day. And what a surprise! Instead of the PICTURE PLAY we now know, we find a little, undersized, cheaply made publication greatly resembling one of our old paper-back novels.

On the contents page we don't see the name of a writer we know. After the single film advertisement, we notice there is no "What the Fans Think" at all. Our old favorites do not compare so well with those of to-day, as the latter have the rotogravure system while the stars of yesterday are in plain black and white.

We also find interviews with Mary Pickford, William Stovall, Pauline Frederick, Madlaine Traverse, Tom Moore, little Gloria Joy, and Fannie Ward. Pictures of the stars of that day are numerous, and how the styles have changed since 1919!

But, all in all, our PICTURE PLAY of long ago was the best magazine of the screen, the same as to-day.

VERNON R. FLEK

Box 43, Wharton, Ohio.

Freckles



or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use

Bleach Cream

you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only—Stillman's
50¢ Freckle Cream
for REMOVES FRECKLES WHITENS THE SKIN
FULL OZ. JAR

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.

52 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

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My method is the way to prevent hair from growing again. Use it privately, at home. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. D. J. Mahler, 98-A, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



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Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. 78,000 users. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

ANITA INSTITUTE, 890 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.



"Keeps Blonde Hair from darkening"

—says Jean Harlow

"WHEN people ask me how I keep my hair so bright and silky I tell them 'Blondex'," says Jean Harlow, lovely star of "Hell's Angels". "It not only prevents darkening, but brings back true golden color to faded light hair. You know what that means to a movie star—those Kleig lights just seem to burn out all the color."

Blondex leaves hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights. Over a million blondes have found it fine for scalp. Try Blondex today. At all leading drug and department stores.

Let Me Develop YOUR Form Like This



It is so easy to have the lovely, firm, bust that fashion demands. My wonderful new Miracle TREATMENT fills out the contours, and enlarges the size of the breasts.

Beautiful Breasts

BEFORE for YOU AFTER

Are you flat chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your feminine charm? Just a few minutes a day at home devoted to my easy, simple instructions, with the application of my dainty, luscious Nancy Lee Miracle Cream will work wonders!

FREE Complete private instructions for moulding the breasts to rounded, shapely proportions included with your jar of Nancy Lee Miracle Cream.

Special Offer Now! Send only \$1.00 for large jar of Instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write TODAY.

NANCY LEE, Dept. T-8, 853 Broadway, New York City.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM
A simple, safe, home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

W. M. DAVIS, M. D., 124-P Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Picture Play

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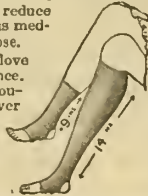
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Yegor!

Across the steppes there comes a voice,
A silver peal to make rejoice
The silence of the lonely trail,
To triumph o'er the wind's wild wail.

The forest's virgin strength he'll bring,
With joyous golden tones he'll sing
Of war and beauty, hate and love,
And gently of the stars above.

Primeval seas and mountains strong
Are lashed with passion in his song.
The storms, the sun, the furies' game,
Gleam in his eyes as blue as flame.

The ice and fire of conquering race
Glow in the rhythm of his grace;
In a tapestry no life can span
Lives Yegor, lover, rogue, and man!

ALICE MENAKER.

1270 Gerard Avenue,
New York City.

On Both Sides, Mary?

How any one with an ounce of brains can prefer the uneducated, brash morons of the late departed silent screen to the educated, self-controlled, English-speaking people of the stage is beyond me. The silent picture, however, did not die wholly on account of the talkies, but chiefly because the pictures were getting worse and worse and the acting more incompetent.

The players had gone as far as they could, and, lacking poise and culture, were unable to portray anything but common, often vulgar, episodes, showing that beauty without brains is a total loss when tested by time. The great American public, among them many conservative men and women of brains, considered it an insult to their intelligence to be shown such worthless pictures, and to have to witness the continuous murdering of the art of acting.

Thousands of people who had dropped pictures in disgust are now flocking, almost nightly, to the talking pictures with stage stars. They are not seeking the pretty face which, alas, they realize never reflected intelligence, but earnestly desire competent acting, which is a thing of beauty, when strengthened by an intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the rôle.

To my surprise, one of the leading stage stars was a great flop here in Boston. The people walked out in dozens from the first showing of "Sally." Marilyn Miller was a great disappointment. Many people thought she was pretty, but the keen eye of the camera showed her to be far from pretty, overweight, and no longer young.

MARY WELD.

19 Bay Street,
Roxbury, Massachusetts.

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 69

ing, and gives the gal the air—that's when Fannie Brice sings about her man in the old Brice manner. Robert Armstrong excellent as prize fighter. Gertrude Astor, Harry Green.

"Case of Sergeant Grisha, The"—RKO. A Russian peasant is ground beneath the German war machine. Earliest story made unconvincing by medley of accents, and Chester Morris too alert for doomed peasant. Betty Compson, Alec B. Francis, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Jean Hersholt.

"Slightly Scarlet"—Paramount. When two jewel thieves meet at a safe, what can you expect? Love, of course. Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, the thieves, with Eugene Pallette, Paul Lukas, Helen Ware, Henry Wadsworth, Virginia Bruce providing good acting that saves trite story.

"Road House Nights"—Paramount. Interesting story of bootlegging proprietor of road house, introducing Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, famous night-club entertainers. Charles Ruggles clever, and Helen Morgan her own unique self. Fred Kohler a striking villain.

"Such Men Are Dangerous"—Fox. Elinor Glyn's brain child filmed, showing effect of plastic surgery on a man's face, voice, and general appeal. Complicated supertriangle plot, with millions and spurned love. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen, Albert Conti, Hedda Hopper.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

"Only the Brave"—Paramount. Gary Cooper in rôle of spy who must be

caught, to mislead the Confederates, is pleasant and likable. Mary Brian and others struggle unsuccessfully with the Southern drawl. Philipps Holmes effective as jealous rival.

"Dangerous Paradise"—Paramount. Conrad's "Victory," story of the tropics, with Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen. Nancy flees to Arlen's retreat for protection, and conflict encourages love against the man's wishes. Good direction and acting.

"Puttin' On the Ritz"—United Artists. Technicolor sequence. Story of vaudeville singer who makes good as night-club proprietor. Some clever staging, routine story of man who atones for sins by alcoholic blindness. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, James Gleason steal show from nominal star, Harry Richman.

"Son of the Gods"—First National. Well-directed story, with Richard Barthelmess as foster son of Chinaman, believed Chinese himself. Society woman—everybody meets the Four Hundred in films—horsewhips him and then loves him. Then he turns out to be white. Constance Bennett, Frank Albertson.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Winifred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all doing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

"Night Ride"—Universal. Dialogue. Stage newcomer, Edward G. Robinson, gives fine performance in contrast to overacting of Joseph Schildkraut, as reporter who takes gangster for a ride. Barbara Kent and the late Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Technicolor. Mau-

rice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Captain of the Guard"—Universal. Bombastic and dull, yet pretentious story of French Revolution. Laura La Plante as leader of rebel group. John Boles pleasing singer but inadequate actor. One big scene not enough to lift childish operetta.

"Young Eagles"—Paramount. Two films show the horror of war the same month it is pictured as a pink-tea lark for young fledglings who play with airplanes and think up cute jokes. War as you like it. Buddy Rogers, Paul Lukas, Jean Arthur.

"Alias French Gertie"—RKO. Modest, dull crook melodrama in which Bebe Daniels is a safe robber posing as a maid. Ben Lyon makes up for performance in "Lummox." Creditable performance by Miss Daniels.

"Cock o' the Walk"—Sono-Art. Effort gone wrong, recalling foreign pictures of decade ago. Man lives on money wheedled from women. Overdone drama gives Joseph Schildkraut rare chance to display affectations. Myrna Loy appealing. Curious film.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National. Corinne Griffith does a tap dance on a piano, and joins a rowdy show after a divorce on fraudulent grounds. Only tepidly interesting. John Loder, Ralph Forbes, Freeman Wood.

"Lord Byron of Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Technicolor sequences. Indifferent picture that may have had a good idea at the start. Philandering song writer played by Charles Kaley, a newcomer. Marion Shilling refreshing—in appearance. Ethelind Terry, Cliff Edwards, Benny Rubin, the latter funny at times.

"Cameo Kirby"—Fox. Steamboat-gambler picture that echoes "Show Boat." Trite story about a plantation lost at cards, the lovely daughter of the colonel, and gallant card sharp. Norma Terris, J. Harold Murray, Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Charles Morton, Robert Edeson.

"No, No, Nanette"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. Mildly amusing old-fashioned farce that goes musical at the finish. Exposure of Bible publisher's innocuous love life. Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach.

"This Thing Called Love"—Pathé. All dialogue. Much gabbling in so-called sophisticated vein, about nothing in particular. Man and girl marry without benefit of love, and there's endless complication. Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Taylor.

"South Sea Rose"—Fox. All dialogue. The torrid Lenore Ulric more at home as hula dancer, yet flaws in acting, directing, and costuming make you gasp. South Sea girl in prim New England. Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna.

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featured on the New York stage last season in "Sons o' Guns," but she is still under contract to Samuel Goldwyn. Myrna Loy played the part of the native in "The Desert Song." Jobyna Ralston lives at Toluca Lake, California. Nina Quartaro plays in pictures only occasionally; her most recent film was "Monsieur le Fox," for Metro-Goldwyn. You might try her at that studio. Louise Fazenda's latest pictures are "High Society Blues," "Loose Ankles," "Wide Open," and "Rain or Shine."

ANOTHER FAN.—There you go, asking for answers in "the next issue," which is already on its way to news stands far from New York by the time you get this one. Johnny Hines' screen career was interrupted, but now he is to make "The Medicine Man." Charles Morton and Caryl Lincoln were the hero and heroine in "Wolf Fangs." What do you mean by the leads in "Varieties"? "Vitaphone Varieties" is the general name for all Warner Brothers' short subjects. Do you mean the film, "Variety," with Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti? "River of Romance" is the talkie version, and "The Fighting Coward" the silent one, of the stage play, "Magnolia." Cullen Landis and Mary Astor played in "The Fighting Coward."

TRANPEE.—I give up—what *did* you sign yourself? Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is six feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was a leading man on the New York stage when he was signed by Metro-Goldwyn.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—He can't last that long! Glad you enjoyed the story and picture of Bill. PICTURE PLAY would be glad to publish interesting anecdotes about him—or any one—every month, if there were enough interesting ones to publish.

JULIAN ARNOLD.—As you see, we have recorded George Duryea's address with the others. And thanks for your nice letter. I'd be delighted to become an honorary member of your George Duryea club—if I don't have to write any more letters!

A GEORGE O'BRIEN FAN.—What's become of all his fans? No one has asked

me about him lately, except you. George is 30 years old, five feet eleven, and weighs 176. George, and Lois Moran, and now Dorothy Mackaill, can be reached at Fox studio; Ronald Colman, in care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood; Dorothy Sebastian at Metro-Goldwyn. Baclanova is no longer in films, but is touring in vaudeville.

A REDHEAD.—Yes, I get tired answering questions, but think how much more tired I'd be digging ditches! Victor Varconi is in Berlin, but expects to return to America soon; he has no permanent address at present. Buddy Rogers says he is not engaged to any one. Yes, he is American, from Kansas, and Corinne Griffith is from Texas. Mary Pickford has not announced any intention of growing her curls again. Gloria Swanson has dark hair and gray eyes.

GAY.—That picture at the top of the page doesn't do me justice, if I do say so myself! Ted Lewis has dark hair and eyes, and came from Ohio, which makes him American. I don't know whether there's a little woman at home. Ruth Etting can be reached at the Ziegfeld Theater, West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City; Helen Morgan at the Paramount studio, Astoria, Long Island. Helen is about 29, Helen Kane in her early twenties. I doubt if Rudy Vallée was thinking of Mary Brian in his song, "M-A-R-Y, Mary." He was probably thinking of the thousands of Marys listening in, who could imagine the song addressed to them!

CHERRIE LOU.—Little Anita Louise Fremault can be reached at the Paramount Studio, Hollywood.

MARIE ZIEBARTH.—I hope the first time you've written me won't be the last! Letters are answered personally upon request, and it's a thoughtful idea to inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Nazimova has been appearing on the New York stage for the past two seasons. Harry Carey has been stalking wild animals or something in Africa for some time, playing in the film version of "Trader Horn." He's back in Hollywood now. Theda Bara retired from the screen when her style of siren went out of fashion; her attempted comeback was

a failure. J. Warren Kerrigan hasn't made any pictures in six years—and I understand he doesn't want to.

LUCILLE OF MILWAUKEE.—There's a contest in the offing, isn't there? This old nose knows! Wallace Beery's former teammate was Raymond Hatton. Glenn Tryon was the star of Universal's 1929 special, "Broadway." Joseph Schildkraut made his film debut in "Orphans of the Storm."

LUCILLE.—I'm glad I helped you out once before, because I'm not much good to you this time about David Newell. He's still New-ell to me—that is, I know of him, but not about him. The dirt about James Murray, as you put it, is that he "went Hollywood" for a while, but you can see him in "College Racketeer." Joel McCrea is eighteen years old and a former football player. His father was secretary of the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Co. Joel played a bit in a college picture, then a talking-picture test got him a contract with RKO. He is six feet two.

UP-TO-DATE VIKING GIRL.—And I can't give you any information that will make you any upper-to-date! Or should it be up-to-date? All I know about Harry Woods is that he is an obscure actor who plays in Westerns; "Silver Comes Through," "Red Riders of Canada," "Jesse James," and "The Sunset Legion" are some of his films.

PATTIE MIDDLEHURST.—Am I pleased because you like my page the best of all? Am I! That just makes it Christmas for me. And I'll be delighted to keep a record of your Barry Norton-Paul Page club. Paul was born in Birmingham, Alabama, May 13, 1903. He was married July 8, 1929, to Edith Allis.

HARUO INOHARA, 1515 Kihara Yama, Omori, Tokyo, Japan, would like to hear from other admirers of David Rollins, William Bakewell, and Greta Garbo.

CLARENCE MILLS.—To join the William Haines club, write to Miss Tillie Shirley Kabes, 829 Winnebago Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The Greta Garbo club nearest you has headquarters with Miss Elvora Rodenbaugh, Baird Avenue and Fourth Street, Barberton, Ohio.

Addresses Of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Olive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Joan Bennett, Dolores del Río, and Mona Rieo at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Allee White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Merna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schild-

kraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Pifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jonson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julaine Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Cresecent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

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"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play — but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all liked Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello, everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting. "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano? I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The

very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was good natured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, every one suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, any one could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners

couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately, brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked. "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it... except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

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Volume XXXIII

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FOX

What the Fans Think



Is Politeness Obsolete?

ONE reads continually in magazines that people cry for more intellectual pictures and that they're tired of revues. If you ask me, I don't think most movie audiences know what to do with a picture that requires thinking.

For example, take "Journey's End," which happens to be the last picture I saw at which the giggling brigade was heard in all its glory.

In the scene where *Hibbert* is to decide between desertion and death at the hands of *Captain Stanhope*, and finally choosing death, the audience giggled. An amazing number, too! Not laughing, but plain silly giggling. They giggled because *Hibbert* gasps. The only explanation I can give for their action is they couldn't picture the emotions *Hibbert* experienced all the weary months in the trenches, his continual fear, his cowardice, his final decision—things that would lead up to his emotional break. Did the gigglers expect him to look pretty and say sweetly, "Go ahead and shoot me"? All they could understand was just what they saw and heard, and to them it was funny. Just plain inanity, I say.

Captain Stanhope later says something that made me smile, for it seemed to solve my question as to just why they laughed. He speaks about what a pity it must be to be without imagination. He takes as an example the cook who he said would only see the stars when looking at the sky. So with the gigglers looking at a picture. They see only the surface and nothing that might be underneath.

That's just one picture. It happens during many others. Movie audiences in general are below par. They laugh when love scenes are shown. Laugh, laugh, laugh. Outside of a comedy or a joke, a theater is one place where the adage, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," doesn't hold true.

Then there's always the case where something off color is being shown. The men, quite often women, sneer to show that they were smart enough to get it. It doesn't help the situation any. A perfect example of this was "The River."

And, oh, how often one person leaves his seat and about twenty others do a marathon toward that one seat.

To say nothing of the continual talking, or explaining of the picture going on.

Politeness? Seems to me that word was popular years back, but is now becoming obsolete.

It is said people very seldom act their natural self. Just watch an audience and you'll get oodles of naturalness.

Be more considerate, please. And try, anyway, to act as if you knew what the picture was about, not only with respect to what is shown and heard, but also unseen facts that lead up to what is portrayed.

JEAN HAEHNGEN.

1206 Washington Street,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

"Conceit" Retitled.

Every one has had something to say about Barthelme's rudeness and conceit. Now let me tell of another. A player—I can't in fairness to the profession say artist—was in New York making a personal appearance. A friend of mine wrote this fellow a beautiful note telling him how very much she admired his work on the screen, and how pleased she was at seeing him in person. It wasn't a silly, gushing schoolgirl letter, but a lovely note of encouragement, with no mention of a photograph. My friend so admired this player, she painted a picture of him in oil, copying it from a magazine picture.

You may imagine her embarrassment to receive, after he returned to the Coast, a printed postal card informing her that she might have a photograph of him from ten cents to one dollar. My friend being out of the city, the card was left on a table in the hall for several days, where every one in the house could see it, and she was kidded plenty. Conceit, Rogers is thy name.

B. M. K.

Hotel Manger,
New York City, N. Y.

What Can She Do?

The letters slamming Alice White are amusing, so long as the fans are not too sarcastic, for adverse criticism is to be expected. Haven't virtually all the well-known players had their share of panning? At some time or other, somebody has found fault with them. Hasn't Gary Cooper been accused of being high hat and Lupe Velez too exuberant in public regarding her love affairs? If the girls don't appear scantily clad, aren't they called prudes, and if they do, immodest?

What really angered me, though, was M. D. Kashmer's letter about Alice White, saying that although people

Continued on page 10

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VITAPHONE VARIETIES

MINIATURE MASTERPIECES OF THE TALKING-SINGING SCREEN

Continued from page 8

had written letters "absolutely ripping her to pieces, she still marches on as conceited as ever." What does that fan want the poor girl to do? Go off in a corner and cry her eyes out, because a few people don't like her? Has M. D. never heard the fable of a man, who, in trying to please all, pleased none? Evidently Alice pleases *some*, for she's still on the screen. The more she ignores the unkind things said about her by fans who have nothing to do but criticize others, the more I admire her.

I suppose, naturally, she desires every one to like her, but since they don't, why let it spoil her life? It should be enough for her, if she knows she's doing her best. We are always ready to talk about those in the public eye, anyway, no matter whether they are kings, queens, presidents, movie stars, or what have you?

And if it isn't Alice White the fans are talking about, it is some one else. Several fan writers in *June PICTURE PLAY* said harsh things of Mary Brian. After all this time, why pick on her? I think there is less cause to criticize her than Alice White, but I suppose it's her turn to be "disciplined." The fans don't want to slight any one, do they? I only hope she pays no attention to the insults.

Victoria, Texas. ONITA HAAS.

Gilbert's Voice in Australia.

When will the detractors of John Gilbert cease attacking one of the screen's greatest actors? I have been a Gilbert fan for many years—ever since the days of "Shame" and "Monte Cristo," and I've seen Jack criticized again and again. His private life seems to hold a peculiar fascination for writers, who seek to cover their own inability to say anything worth while by slandering one who is more successful than they. I've heard Jack blamed for the Gilbert-Garbo films by people who did not realize that the box office rules the screen, and if the public wants trash the producers see that they get it. I've seen his fine pictures, "The Snob," "Man, Woman, and Sin," and "Four Walls," grudgingly praised by reviewers; but this last injustice—injustice both to Gilbert and to his loyal fans—is too much to be borne, so I'll explain it from the beginning.

I have attended the talkies three times a week from their introduction to the screen, so after reading the kind notices most of the stars received on their advent in the new field, and having my own opinion after hearing those voices, I felt pretty sure that even if Jack's first talkie wasn't a complete success, at least he would be given the consideration meted out to the other stars. I was mistaken. The reviews were not kind; they were not even just. They criticized Jack's voice unmercifully, and blamed him for faults in the picture which were the director's.

Then I went with misgivings to see and hear this much-derided film, because if all I read was true, then Jack was finished as a star. I needn't have worried, nor need Jack worry over his voice. It isn't perfect, but I've yet to hear a perfect voice from the screen. It has not the sepulchral tones of some, nor is it the booming "here-I-come" type, but it certainly suits Gilbert. It's just the voice I would have wished for him, and he makes a far better showing than some stars in their first audible films.

One thing in particular about "His Glorious Night" seemed to afford the reviewers an amount of jealous satisfaction, and that was that during the love scenes the audience tittered—for which they ungenerously blamed Gilbert's love-making.

Now, we are a long way from that American audience, and when "His Glorious Night" was shown before three thousand people at our theater, did they titter? Sure, they did! But, a fortnight before, at the same theater, the audience found much more to laugh at in Paul Muni's somber tragedy "The Valiant." So it seems that the manners of the audience, rather than the methods of the actor, are to blame.

But it must be remembered that very few people can watch and listen to emotion in silence. In the legitimate theater, tense scenes are usually accompanied by coughs, fidgetings, and so on, so it is hardly to be expected that a huge movie audience, made up of so many diverse elements, should be able to control their embarrassment at hearing words spoken that formerly were printed.

Surely this is a problem for the producers, and not a cudgel in the hands of writers to use for the purpose of striking at the well-deserved popularity of a great actor.

485 Vulture Street,
East Brisbane, Australia.

ONE GILBERTIAN.

Do They Need a Shave?

Since *PICTURE PLAY* printed so many letters defending Ramon Novarro in the May issue, it is strange that so few are published in defense of Lillian Gish.

I am always glad to see Ramon Novarro defended, but the lady who signs herself "One of His Fans," from England, does him an even greater service in demanding better stories for her favorite actor, and, in a friendly way, criticizing his occasional carelessness in make-up, though why any one should want a man with his hair sleeked down perpetually is beyond me. There are other actors, however, who share Novarro's occasional neglect in another matter. Ronald Colman looked only half shaved in bits of "Bulldog Drummond"; Barthelmess was terrible in "The Show of Shows"—carelessly shaved and looking like a tired business man. We can see badly shaved men any day in the week.

What I chiefly want to say is that I enjoyed Novarro's singing in "Devil-May-Care" very much. His voice has a very nice quality; and every one who has ever sung at all knows it is much harder to sing well softly than to pierce one's eardrums with a harsh sound.

S. CARROLL.

Box 4271, Germantown,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Be Merciful, Be Fair.

For months I have read sarcastic remarks about the stars. Really, each letter seems more foolish than the others. At last, however, among them all I have found an interesting, as well as sensible, letter written by Irene Sekely.

Yes, Irene, I agree with you. You are one who saw the same thing I did. Just one sarcastic remark after another. Why? Probably the fans themselves do not know.

Fans, how would any one of you like to be in the place of an actress just rising to fame? Just imagine yourself working, giving everything you have, to make your first film a success. Think of the work, the struggle, the endless anxiety and worry, wondering how the public will respond to your work. After the film is released you will pick up *PICTURE PLAY* and turn its pages eagerly to the place where fans are privileged to express their feelings.

You see a paragraph. Yes, it's about your work! How happy the expression on your face as you devour the contents of the letter. Then your happiness turns

to hurt, your eyes fill with tears of discouragement and anger as you read the cruel criticisms. Each word strikes worse than a blow of a hand. After all! the labor, is this the reward you were looking forward to? Your dreams, your hopes are shattered, your ambition gone, your happiness destroyed. Why? Because a heartless boy or girl was mean enough to write things to discourage you.

Is that fair? Of course, you can criticize. But in a way that can *help* the star, instead of discouraging him or her. Wouldn't it make you happier to know that your letter improved one's acting instead of marred it? Surely it would. Then why must all of you criticize, make remarks that have no sense at all? Remember, fans, the actors and actresses are human. You make some suffer as fully as you make others happy. If they get a chance, why not encourage them to keep on?

When one fan makes a remark about a certain star the whole crew starts knocking her, too. For example, take Alice White. Is it necessary to knock her the way you do? I admit she is a whoopee baby. However, she thought the public would like her that way. She made a mistake. We all do. She just got on to herself and, with the help of Sid Bartlett, she is trying to reform. I think he's a darned good man to stand by her in spite of all the remarks cast his way. That's right, Sid, show them what you can do to make a star happy! Alice gets along, but I'm sure she'd appreciate it more if the fans wrote kindly of her instead of knocking the way they do.

F. G.

Connecticut.

Wonder of Wonders!

My purpose is to make a complaint about a star whom many admire. I don't see why. She is neither beautiful nor talented, yet she seems very conceited. She is none other than Greta Garbo. Why is she in pictures? She does not bring beauty or talent to the screen. To compare her with Nancy Carroll or Anita Page would be foolish. They outclass her in every way. I think that Garbo is just a passing fancy.

Alice White is a favorite of mine. Why do so many fans slam her? She is cute and talented. That's more than you can say for Garbo, who isn't cute at all.

I also admire the acting of Lupe Velez, Clara Bow, Colleen Moore, Mary Brian, Raquel Torres, Sue Carol, Dorothy Jordan, and Sally Starr.

VIRGINIA BURNS.

614 Millman Street,
Peoria, Illinois.

Defending Jeanette MacDonald.

Why has *PICTURE PLAY* knocked Jeanette MacDonald in almost every issue? The fans don't care what editors, critics, and interviewers think about stars. If the fans like them they will keep on going to see them, regardless of what is written. And the fans certainly do like Jeanette MacDonald. She is the loveliest thing I ever saw, and she is a swell actress. Could any one else play opposite Maurice Chevalier and come off with first honors? Lots of people think she stole his picture. Besides being a looker and a good actress, she can sing, and, what's more, we know she is doing it herself. So you might as well give her a break instead of banding together to prophesy failure for her.

As for the review of "The Vagabond King," the writer ought to know, as the

Continued on page 12



A Love That Could Not Be Forgotten

She ran away to the man of her heart, but in his home she found a care-worn mother who had ambitious plans for him. She was a mother who had scraped and saved for years to send her boy through college, and when she found that a seemingly frivolous girl from a wealthy home had come between her and her ambition for her boy there was darkness in her soul.

But there was real stuff in the girl after all. She made her great sacrifice and went away to forget.

Acting always on impulse, Geraldine Loring found at length that one never does forget true love. This is but an outline of the unusual theme of

Impulsive Youth

By VIVIAN GREY

Young and old alike will recognize the characters in this novel as they are tenderly and delicately drawn by the author as very real persons indeed. "IMPULSIVE YOUTH" is a CHELSEA HOUSE book. And that means that it is a popular copyright which has never before appeared between book covers. One of a series of famous love stories issued by

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fans do, that Jeanette MacDonald did just what the director told her to do. Any one knows that she isn't dumb, and if the director wanted her to be dramatic she would have been. He probably wanted a sharp contrast between the two girls. So what I urge is fair play for our new favorites. I guess the producers think Jeanette is all right, for I read that she is to be in a new picture by Lubitsch, and Lubitsch doesn't make any serious mistakes. I've read *PICTURE PLAY* for a long time, but if you don't stop all these smart Alecks from knocking, I'll buy a magazine that gives a person credit for what she can do. MAE.

86 North Third Street,
Newark, New Jersey.

The Photo Question Reopened.

When Paramount and First National decided that it was a definite financial loss to continue providing photographs for the fans, the magazines were inundated with letters bitterly reproaching the stars for such a move.

Consider, fans—if you are capable of so sane an action—that if a firm as big and wealthy as Paramount finds it a loss to provide you with photographs of your favorites free, how can your favorites possibly afford to cope with your demands at their own expense? Not only do you expect the stars to provide you—perfect strangers—with free photographs, but you also expect them to give up their scant leisure hours to answering foolish, illegible notes full of inane flattery and bad grammar. You expect the stars, who don't know you from Adam, to provide you with a collection of photographs for your amusement, at their expense.

If you are interested in one particular star, and are his keen admirer, you should be more sincere than to balk at a quarter. If you think that a quarter is too much, then you are at liberty to keep it. The studio is not likely to try to prevent you from getting these photographs, because they are obviously in the interests of publicity. And I think it would do you good to realize that when a star sends you a photograph free and writes you a letter, it is a favor and not an obligation. THE FLY ON THE WALL.

Wellesley Street,
Auckland, New Zealand.

Inane, Insane, in Vain?

With a delightful disregard of proportion, and with a total lack of discernment, the fans continue to draw comparisons between Buddy Rogers and John Gilbert, between Clara Bow and Greta Garbo, and between Gary Cooper and Nils Asther. All these comparisons are not only odious, but also inane, insane, and—in vain!

Don't think that I am about to inaugurate a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Movie Stars, for I have no such intention.

There are many stars that I do not like. Some give me a pain in the neck, some a pain behind the eyes, or a pain in the ears; still, I tolerate them, not gladly, but in silence. They react upon my friends quite differently: so, not being the arbiter of all things cinematic, I prefer to keep my caustic criticisms to myself.

That the stars should be subjected to expert criticism is not only necessary, but just; otherwise, the celluloid sheiks and sweeties would split their hats. And I know that I am not sufficiently impartial to criticize expertly. Like all the fan fraternity, I am naturally biased. I am confident that my own particular favorites warrant my esteem and loyalty; but

What the Fans Think

I know that, in my eyes, other stars pale almost into insignificance beside these much-loved luminaries of mine.

I am very glad of Ramon Novarro's success in the talkies. My pleasure and pride in him is greater than ever, but I don't feel inclined to crow over John Gilbert's admirers because John has failed them. That Gilbert's voice is disappointing is not a gag; it is a ghastly tragedy for the man himself. It is his misfortune and not his fault.

If this defect can be remedied, I shall be very pleased. If not, there is no reason why this fine actor should go to the wall merely because of the studios' slavish obedience to that great pooh-bah, the microphone.

His work is not always good; but neither are his rôles. And Greta Garbo's rôles are not always worthy of her.

Louise Merrill, of Yorkshire, England, thought fit to praise William Boyd. Quite right; Bill is very nice, with his fine, large physique and his fine, large smile. Nevertheless, she could not boost her favorite without belittling other fans' favorites. Rather cheap—and very un-English.

First upon her list of "fancy boys," she placed Ramon Novarro. Now, I am prepared to admit that in, say, "The Yankee Clipper," Ramon would not have been a sensational success, nor can I see him playing the title rôle in "The Leatherneck."

Less still can I visualize the amiable Bill in "Ben-Hur," "Scaramouche," "The Student Prince," or as the gay and graceful young king in "Forbidden Hours." Whereas, in "The Flying Fleet," a film suited to Boyd's type, Ramon gave a flawless performance. I have noticed that Ramon can step out of character, but precious few of the film boys can step into Ramon's shoes without slipping!

The Boyd brotherhood can always be relied upon to give us realism. But for romance—give us Ramon! There is no dearth of drama, but there is a dearth of dreams.

MURIEL GRAHAM.

Ingleholm, North Berwick,
Scotland.

"The King of Hollywood."

The first letter in April *PICTURE PLAY* to arouse my wrath was Buntée d'Alton's, of Buenos Aires, Argentina, who called Neil Hamilton a "hick."

What's the idea, Buntée? What do you think of our Neil? Did you see "Beau Geste"? How did you feel when you beheld that scene when he was blowing the bugle over Ronald Colman's body? Didn't you cry? Did you see "Mother Machree"? Didn't you see Neil's fine acting in it? In every picture with Neil there's nobody in it but him. And, take it from me, if you haven't seen any Hamilton film, you have not seen anything yet, and I'll bet you are a century behind time.

The next letter was that of Ella Nikisher, who bade adios to John Gilbert. Such a bunk opinion I could not resist. What do you mean by saying that if Bull Montana was put in his place in "His Glorious Night" you might have enjoyed the picture? Now, Ella, only silly people would say that. You know what a great difference there is between Bull Montana and John Gilbert. If you have only voiced your opinion, just as Sam Epstein has done, I would not think of you as a person without sound judgment. I do agree with Sam's views of our John, and, for me, John Gilbert is the greatest screen lover, the ruling actor of the time, and King of Hollywood. Silent or talkie! You are another one who is a century behind time, Ella.

Let me tell you from experience why every real fan can't stop collecting photos. Everybody, perhaps, has seen "The Patent Leather Kid." Dick Barthelmess showed that he was a real actor, and it aroused in me a deep sentiment, so that I "pondered over it, gleaning all that was in it, instead of just seeing its passing beauty." My eyes were filled with tears. It inspired me and opened my eyes to duty. Really, that picture I can never forget, and immediately after arriving home I wrote to Dick Barthelmess of what I felt, and in return he sent me a nice photo of himself.

That's what I earned for my true admiration. So you see why this hobby ought not to be stopped. The life of being a fan won't be worth a cent without it. Really, I can't see any reason why this thing should be discontinued.

LUCAS ARCIAGA.

987 Int. 9 Singalong,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

Garbo's Way.

Why in the world doesn't some one end the Novarro discussion? In the last *PICTURE PLAY* every other letter was for or against Novarro. If you must pick on somebody, pick on some one who stands out above the ordinary actors, such as Colman, Novarro, Brooks, or Chevalier.

Why not take the greatest actress in Hollywood or anywhere else, for that matter, Greta Garbo? She can act! With her rise she takes her leading men. She raised Gilbert to the pinnacle, but he met Ina Claire and forgot his voice. She raised Nils Asther to a point where he was becoming the chief flapper crush, but along came the talkies and out went the boy friend engrossed in Vivian. Ho, hum! Poor Greta! She must be bored.

If the producers want to bring John Gilbert back, they might ask Greta to have him in one of her pictures when he has his voice trained.

I have seen every picture Greta Garbo has made in America, and in any one of those her acting was better than any other actress I have ever seen, including Mary Brian, Winnie Lightner, Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, and Jeanette MacDonald.

MARIE IRVING.

44 Fuller Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario.

Anything But Indifference.

With so many of the fans picking the stars apart to see what makes them go, and then criticizing them so, I really thought I couldn't compete. I almost said I was sorry for Alice White, and that certainly would have been an error. Any one who has shown so much pluck and can stand on her own two feet with so many odds against her, doesn't need pity, but a great big hand.

It has always been my contention that it is much better to have people dislike one than to be indifferent. The latter is fatal, for it shows a complete ignorance of your existence, whereas the former indicates that they at least think about you when they use their energy and time disliking you.

You see what some people can do. I was the sleeping dog until one of our bright fans commenced to criticize Ruth Chatterton's manner of speech and Winnie Lightner's "vulgar and disgusting ways." Miss Hesse evidently considers herself one of the rare few endowed with good taste and refinement. "Quality doesn't count on the screen to-day, anyway," she says. Allow me to correct you, Miss Hesse. Quality on the screen to-day

counts more than anywhere else, because the majority who patronize the movies are educated and refined people, who demand a high quality in entertainment.

I love Chatterton for her accent. She is the only person I've heard who uses the broad "a" with grace and ease. Then she is also a splendid actress.

Winnie Lightner! How she peps you up and makes you feel that it isn't such a bad old world, after all. Boy! And when she sings you just want to go up and give her the glad hand.

Sophistication in comedy and drama is what I like. Chatterton and Lightner fill the bill.

E. MCINTYRE.

P. O. Box 34,
Fifty-second Street Station,
New York City.

Crocella, Tell Us More!

I wonder if Crocella Mullen can realize how happy her letter made me. I, too, will always worship Ramon Novarro and Barry Norton. To think that she has seen the latter's baby pictures! You are lucky, Crocella, very lucky. If I were in your place, I would consider myself the happiest girl in the world. Please write again and tell us more. Who isn't interested in Barry? I'd like to know.

Heaps of success to this magazine. It tops them all!

THE ETERNAL IDOLIZER.

La Grange, Illinois.

The Eclipse of Renée.

My purpose is to raise a fuss—but a fuss and not a row. In other words, why on earth is the sweetest and most sincere little actress on the screen not seen any more? Namely, Renée Adorée. Is it necessary to mention the rôles which she made supreme? *Mélanide* in "The Big Parade," that of the Chinese girl in "Mr. Wu," to say nothing of various less important pictures such as "The Cossacks," "Forbidden Hours," "Back to God's Country," "A Certain Young Man," "Tide of Empire," "Michigan Kid," and others. And will any one ever forget how beautifully she played the French woman in "The Pagan"?

All these are nothing to what she could do if given half the chance, and yet she is even being kept out of featured rôles while some shallow, little, inexperienced nobodies are starred! It isn't as if Renée were an old, worn-out star, but she is so pretty and full of life that she literally vibrates with personality. We ought to support her with such loyalty that she can climb again, and this time reach the top. For is there any one here in America or Europe who, having seen her once, has not lost his heart to her charm and sweetness? I, for one, have always loved her and always shall, and now every one who feels that way please come on and let's give her a big boost.

ELIZABETH SHUGART.

117 West Fifth Avenue,
Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Smoke of Battle.

I read with great appreciation Irene Burton's very excellent letter on "The Battle of the Accents," and being an Englishman, I should like to contribute my quota to what is, to me, a very interesting discussion. That noble knight, Sir Alfred Knox—whoever he may be—voiced a prejudice against American films so glaring that it seems absurd. For example, English is spoken all over England, Scotland, and Wales, though this latter coun-

Continued on page 107

GIRLS Do Well in ART

DO you like to draw? If you do, it is almost a sure indication of talent. Make the most of your natural ability—get into Commercial Art, a field where youth is an asset, not a handicap, and where you are paid as much as a man of equal ability. Trained artists earn fine incomes.

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RADIO PICTURES

"TITANS OF THE SCREEN"

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1560 Broadway
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**Radio
PICTURES**



Jeannette Vaubernier, the milliner who captivated Louis XV of France and suffered the loss of her head at the hands of the furious revolutionists, has always been a favorite medium for the display of histrionic talent. It was in portraying her on the screen that Pola Negri found fame and fortune in the picture called "Passion," and it is now Norma Talmadge whose talents bring her to the talking screen in "Du Barry, Woman of Passion."

Magnificently produced, with all the resources of a great studio, the new film brings back to the screen that magnet of yesteryear, William Farnum, who plays *King Louis* and who is seen, above, with Miss Talmadge in the scene where his infatuation causes him to beg for her love, with the promise of every material favor that royalty can offer, including the title of countess. Poor *Jeannette* assents, and in that moment her unhappy destiny begins to shape its fatal course.

PART I.

AND just who is this young man?" demanded Mrs. Haggerty, assuming one of her best dowager-queen manner.

Her daughter, Jane, faced her stormily across the breakfast table.

"He's an American!" she replied, as if that were more than sufficient. "And he's young!" she added, as if thinking aloud.

Mrs. Haggerty fairly bristled.

"Samuel Bullitt tells me that he came storming into the garden, drunk——"

Jane rushed to the defense.

"He wasn't drunk! He'd been drinking for ten days, but he wasn't drunk that morning!"

Mrs. Haggerty looked as she did when she remembered that she was a Thompson, of Clay City, instead of John Haggerty's widow.

Babes in

Beginning our romantic novelette in which a wood whirl, in a manner as exciting as the

By Inez

interesting thing, and a movie camera, and he made a test of me!"

Her mother's pale eyes grew wide with horror.

"Movies!" she gasped, as if she had said "Leprosy!"

"He's a news-reel man," Jane began to explain, her tone implying that she knew it would do no good. Her mother threw out her long, bony hands in despair.



"Jane! Samuel said he was drunk!"

"How would he know?" demanded Jane bitterly. "He never drinks anything stronger than fruit juice!"

"He said," her mother continued, her long face rigid with disgust, "that this young man told him to take his case away and play somewhere else, because he was going to make a good picture of you—as if Samuel weren't an excellent artist! He said the man had a lot of strange paraphernalia, and had you laugh and sing and play your guitar, and you dressed in practically nothing but your yellow shawl——"

"If I was dressed enough to pose for Sam, I most certainly was dressed enough for Larry Bishop," Jane hastily interrupted. "He had a sound truck, the most

"He'll have your picture in the papers," she wailed. "People back in the States will laugh at us. He'll——"

Jane shrugged her slim shoulders impatiently, and rolled her dark eyes ceilingward in exasperation.

"Oh, mother, be sensible. He has nothing to do with the papers. He's with one of the big movie companies, and he was sent abroad to photograph the most beautiful Spanish girl he could find. And he—well, he got drunk,

Hollywood

beautiful girl is suddenly drawn into the Hollywood of any girl's screen and love daydreams.

Sabastian

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

and stayed drunk for ten days," apologetically. "And when he came to, he was here in Majorca. He just wandered around looking for a pretty girl, because he was late with his stuff, and when he saw me sitting there in Sam's garden, posing for him, in that yellow shawl—well, like everybody else, he thought I was Spanish, and he said I was just what he wanted."

rible Nebraska is, even if you were only ten when we left it."

"I didn't want to leave it," Jane reminded her.

"Last night," continued Mrs. Haggerty, paying no attention, "Samuel came to me and asked if he might propose to you, and I gave my consent. He'll make you a good husband——"

Jane leaped to her feet, her great dark eyes blazing.

"He won't make me anything of the kind!" she raved. "Sam's almost fifty, and he's nearly bald, and about as exciting as a cold potato. I won't marry any of these stuffy old men you keep picking out for me."



"Larry just wandered around looking for a pretty girl, and when he saw me sitting there in Sam's garden he thought I was Spanish," explained Jane.

Mrs. Haggerty moaned.

"They'll show your picture all over the States," she prophesied dismally.

"I only wish I thought so," Jane retorted. "Probably they'll take one look at it and fire Larry for wasting film."

Mrs. Haggerty drew herself up very straight and fingered her transformation, as if the touch of the trim artificial waves lent her confidence in a mad world.

"You seem to be on very good terms with this young man," she remarked icily. "Now, Jane, I won't allow you to have an affair with this drunken young roisterer. You're so crazy about Americans that you have no discrimination. I should think you'd remember how ter-

"You will marry Samuel," her mother insisted implacably.

Jane stamped her foot.

"I won't!" she cried. "You've forgotten that I was twenty-one last week. I'll do as I like. I'll get away from this stupid little island somehow, and go home. I want to go to country clubs with young people, and play tennis and—and shoot craps!" she concluded wildly.

Mrs. Haggerty gave her a pitying smile.

"You don't know what you're talking about," she said, rising. "Here you are in one of the most beautiful spots in the world, and you talk about going home. Besides," she added practically, "you haven't any money of your own."

"I'll get some," Jane assured her.

"I suppose you think that young man will come back here for you," her mother went on, moving toward the door. "Well, you might as well get that out of your head. In the first place, if he was drunk enough to take you for a Spaniard, he was too drunk to remember who you are. And if he had money enough to take you away from here, he wouldn't be running around turning a crank like an organ grinder."

When her mother left the room, Jane sank into her chair, and sat staring gloomily at the table. Her odd, piquant little face was downcast, her large eyes sorrowful.

Probably her mother was right, she told herself. Probably Larry Bishop wouldn't come back, ever, though he had said he would.

"They've got to use you for that picture," he had told her. "You're the only girl I've photographed, and I'm the only man on this assignment. The old man's all set on shooting this film right away, because he's going

to Spain, and thinks he'll make a hit with the king or somebody by doing this. Listen, would you like to go to Hollywood?"

"Would I!" she had exclaimed, thinking of the things she had read in fan magazines during her ten years of exile.

"All right," he had said, his blue eyes puckering above his smile; "you're more Spanish than Lupe Velez, or Dolores del Rio, or any of 'em——"

"But they're Mexican," she had reminded him.

"Yes, but they're America's idea of sleek señoritas. You've got the looks, and if you can cultivate a Pola Negri temperament, it'll put you at the top of the heap. You know when an American girl like Nancy Carroll gets temperamental along with her success, it's just temper, but when a foreigner has a tantrum, it's a sign of genius. Now, I'll wire you how they feel about this test, and you be ready to hop for home, in case they like it."

She had laid one hand lightly on his arm.

"Don't wire," she had informed him, "but come yourself instead."

He had looked at her suddenly, intently, as if he saw her for the first time as a girl, instead of somebody who was helping him out of a difficulty. His gaze made little shivers of delight run through her.

"All right," he had said, at last, "I'll come."

But weeks had gone by, four of them, and he hadn't come. Maybe her mother was right. She'd have to give in and marry one of these old duffers her mother was always urging upon her, and settle down here for the rest of her life.

Her eyes filled with tears,



"At it again, eh, Rex?" commented Talbot's wife, when she found him with Jane.

but she brushed them away angrily, and went into the garden. She wouldn't give in till she had to!

And then suddenly she saw him standing on the other side of the wall, looking at her. At first she couldn't believe that he was really there; she had so often dreamed of his coming that it seemed this must be only one more dream. Then he climbed over the wall and came toward her. She cried "Larry!" delightedly, and ran toward him.

"You did come!" she exclaimed. "You did!"

"Sure I did," he answered, taking her hands in his. "And listen—I've got swell news for you. You're all set for Hollywood. The old man says you're exactly what he wanted for the picture. When can you be ready to start? There's a boat for Spain to-night."

"Oh—I——"

"You won't go back on me, will you?" he demanded anxiously. "If you do, I lose my job, and if you don't, I get a bonus."

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "I want to go more than I can tell you. Only—I haven't any money, or any clothes——"

He patted her lightly on the shoulder.

"That's all right. I've got plenty. The company pays your expenses, of course. And I picked up some clothes last week in Madrid, in case you didn't have the right things. You've got to be very Spanish, you know. You do speak the lingo, don't you?"

At sight of his worried face she laughed, throwing her lovely head back, half closing her eyes.

"I've lived over here five years," she told him, "and before that we were in Spain."

He laughed, too, and caught her hand.

"Then come along," he urged. "Pack your things, and let's get going."

They hurried into the house, and Jane rushed upstairs and began to pack. There were so few things worth taking! These few cheap little dresses, that shabby coat—she wouldn't need them now! What lovely new ones she'd have! Gorgeous, frilly frocks, all pale, soft colors!

She was almost ready to leave when her mother returned. Jane heard her amazed voice speaking to Larry, and hurried downstairs.

"Mother," she broke in, "this is Larry Bishop, and I

Continued on page 92



Between the Fans

The often-maligned secretary is always on adviser, and incidentally serves as bouncer

A star's work is from sun to sun, but a secretary's work is never done. At least, that is the conclusion at which I arrived, after interviewing several of them.

Should a stranger desire to see Clara Bow, he will encounter Daisy de Voe. Daisy is a startling young person of sophisticated mien, possessing a calculating mind good for business and the position she holds, said position being personal secretary, business manager, and general factotum to Clara Bow.

Not so long ago Daisy opened numerous letters written Clara by some young man in Berkeley, California. The first was answered with a polite note of thanks in Clara's name. Clara felt she was doing right in being courteous. But that started Daisy's troubles. Possibly sent into an ecstatic state on receiving a letter from Clara, the young man rushed down to Hollywood. He somehow found out the Bow home address, and turned up to confront Daisy.

"If he had been a boy I could have felt a little sympathy for him," Daisy told me. "But he was

a man in his early thirties. And a lawyer. Well, if that guy didn't give me trouble! I told him quite definitely that Miss Bow could not see him. He had somehow got into his mind that Clara would engage herself to him if he saw her.

"I never let him get beyond the doorstep," Clara's guardian went on. "I told him that Miss Bow was already engaged to a certain player, and wouldn't dream of becoming engaged to two men at once. 'And,' I added, 'I know she'd never get engaged to you!' That evidently penetrated his skull.

He finally gave up and returned, I suppose, to his law business, which must have been in a bad state while he rushed round Hollywood trying to see Clara."

One boy in the East writes constantly to Miss Bow. Has done so for about three years. Eventually his letters became too realistic. Photos of himself taken in



Mitchell Foster, secretary to Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., can say no with remarkable firmness and politeness.

IF your secretary gets hold of this letter, I am positive you will never see it!" wails the ardent fan in writing to a favorite star. And such indeed is the fate of all unintelligent epistles.

"If this secretary weren't here, I'd get to see the star personally!" the indefatigable solicitor growls, grinding his teeth in frustration.

"I know the secretary never delivered my message."

And so it goes.

In short, the world is against the secretary, that seemingly disagreeable person who stands in the way, ever on guard over the player.

The more famous a person is, the more difficult is it to get to "The presence." It is only reasonable to suppose that no player would keep an individual who wasn't worth his wage.



Chala Brown, almost one of the Del Rio family, had an endurance test with a rug peddler who tried to see Dolores.

Stars and the

By William
H. McKegg

the job as the player's guardian, friend, and to keep away nuts and determined solicitors.

various poses were kindly but firmly returned by the ever-vigilant Daisy.

One old man tried to gain entrance into the Bow's home, with no excuse except that he had to see Clara. He became so troublesome that Daisy threatened to call the police. Even this did not cool his ancient ardor. So Daisy carried out her threat. The police said that this old seeker after genius had troubled a lot of stars.

Once again Daisy earned her money as Clara's secretary and guardian. A young fellow kept coming to the house, asserting he had some information that was of vital importance to Miss Bow. "I'll tell her," Daisy offered. "I can tell it to no one but her," the youth insisted.

Daisy described him as "a goofy-looking guy," with an odd look in his eyes.

"I somehow felt that he was just bluffing, so I told him not to bother me again. But one day a man was expected to call and appraise the furniture. I told the housekeeper to let him in when he came at six o'clock. Who should turn up at the stroke of six but this nut! Naturally the housekeeper let him in, thinking he was the appraiser.

"With one leap he was in the drawing-room. Clara was sitting on a settee reading. He stared at her like one in an uneasy trance. Just then I entered from the back.

"He has something to tell you," I explained to Clara. Clara asked him to say what he had to say. 'I can't say it unless you send all these people away,' the poor sap said. The housekeeper, the maid, and the gardener, crowding in the doorway, were asked to go. Of course I remained.

"Send her away too," he said. 'I don't want her to hear.' But Clara refused. She told him I was her secretary and that she never saw any one without my being present. He kept staring at Clara in a stupid sort of way and wouldn't say a word. So Clara finally got up and left the room. The fellow swung round to me and growled, 'I'll get you



Ruth Chatterton's secretary, Hazel Gray, had an easy time on Broadway, but not since Ruth became a film star.

That silly gush note the girl across the street wrote to Ramon Novarro fell into the practical hands of Edith Farrell, and you know what happened.

for this! You see if I don't! And I was only doing my duty!"

Daisy was working on the Paramount lot when Clara met her and asked her to become her secretary. At first Daisy was somewhat reluctant, but accepted.

"People say, 'I bet you have a good time.' I think they imagine me in the midst of a wild party every night. I don't drink, and since I've been with Clara, we've had only three parties—two at the

beach house and one at Beverly Hills." No, Daisy's work is taken up in keeping undesirable people from seeking out the Bow. While she protects Clara's privacy, she gains the hostility of the thwarted beings she sends away.

Gary Cooper keeps calm and collected, no matter how

many people try to see him. Don Lewis, his secretary, has his hands full in keeping the way clear of people wanting to sell things, or give things, or take things; and girls wanting to know if any feminine attractions are permitted on the Cooper ranch in Montana. If not, they suggest a good reason why there should be some.

Before undertaking to sequester Gary from the world at large, Don was with Maurice Chevalier. Frenchmen, or persons claiming that nationality, besieged the Paramount fortress and gave all sorts of arguments as to why they should see Mr. Chevalier.

The same thing happens while Don manages Gary's affairs. A woman in the East sent a warning letter stating that there was a plot to kill Gary. She was on the inside of this, and for ten thousand dollars she would stop the infernal scheme. She is inside a lunatic asylum now, writing warning letters to her heart's content.

Perhaps Dolores del Rio's secretary has as hectic a time as Daisy de Voe. Chala Brown is a very clever young girl from Chile. Her father was an American. Four years ago Chala decided to do something in life. She came to California and went to a secretarial school. Luckily she obtained the position of secretary to Miss del Rio three years ago, and is now like one of the family.

Chala's bilingual accomplishment stands her in good stead. Numerous Mexicans besiege the Del Rio home, wanting to see their compatriot. Chala declares that at first she hardly knew what to say, or how to deal with all the callers. Now she says she has become hard-boiled. A secretary has to be.

One of the most persistent solicitors is a strange fellow whose aim in life is selling, or trying to sell, Oriental goods. He refuses to give up the struggle with this annoying secretary who prevents him from seeing Miss del Rio.

"I wonder which of us will give in first," Chala moans. "One morning I felt sure I had managed to convince him of the uselessness of trying to see Miss del Rio. I told him that she and her mother were in Honolulu. Just as he was packing up his Oriental goods, Miss del Rio put her head out of the far doorway and said, 'Chala, come in for lunch.' The look I received from my old foe with his Oriental stuff was enough to kill.

"There is also a young college boy. He insists that he will sell Miss del Rio some insurance. Just as insistently I maintain that he will not. And so we face each other. And I realize I am making another enemy.

"They are so unreasonable. All these solicitors see only their own side of things. If a star does not wish to buy insurance, why should she, just to help some fellow who asks her?"

Dolores del Rio helps more people than outsiders would believe. And Chala, in spite of admitting she is hard-boiled where solicitors are concerned, is too hard on herself.

Not long ago a Mexican boy of twenty called at the Del Rio home.

"At once I could tell he was deserving, whatever he meant to ask for," Chala related. "He was clean, his trousers were pressed, and he was convincing in everything he said. A secretary, you know, develops a sixth sense. She can tell at once if a caller is speaking the truth or lying.

"This young boy is a splendid musician. He gave me a song he had composed for Miss del Rio. Also a letter written to her. I let Miss del Rio see them. She took an interest in the young man, and helped him to get a position in which his musical talent earns him a good salary.

"What I liked about him was that he was so eager to do whatever he was told. If I sent him to the other end of the town to see some one, he'd go without a murmur. Again, he could not get his present position unless he belonged to the union. It cost fifty dollars to join. He didn't have the money. He told me this, and that was all. He did not hint at borrowing as others have done. I told Miss del Rio, and she gave me the money to give him. But even then he would not accept it as a gift. He insisted on giving Miss del Rio his note, in which he agreed to pay back the loan, with interest, in six months after he started work."

His father in Mexico has written gratefully to Miss del Rio, mentioning how his son praises her kindness to him. In the song he composed, called "Dolores," he ends the liquid strains of Latin emotion with,

*Hay cantares
Luces, colores y rosas
Pero llevo en el alma
Dolores.*

I can readily believe this. But in the meantime I leave Chala, the clever and interesting secretary, to cope with her many distracting callers.

Another Mexican star, Ramon Novarro, is lucky in having all requests caught in the studio script department before they reach him. The head of this department is Edith

Farrell. Miss Farrell sorts out the sensible from the ridiculous letters, and lets Novarro see the results.

When Ramon went to Europe last year, he stopped in Chicago to change trains. One old lady had written him for a long time and sent him little things she had made. Miss Farrell believed she was doing the right thing in saying that Mr. Novarro would be changing trains at Cont. on page 97

Stalwart Gary Cooper employs Don Lewis as keeper of the home latchstring to determine who will be admitted within the gates and who sent away muttering strange oaths against all secretaries.



Brighteners

Five little girls come from the stage to coax laughter from the jaded fans.



Ginger Rogers, left, is as spicy as her name and adds a welcome ingredient to every picture in which she appears. The New York stage will not see her for a long time, because of her success in the musical picture "Queen High."



Zelma O'Neal, upper right, used to be a long-distance operator with a telephone company in Chicago, and became famous as the Varsity Drag girl in "Good News."

Inez Courtney, center, appeared in vaudeville at fifteen and eventually landed in Broadway musicals, one of which, "Spring Is Here," reached the screen with Inez in her original rôle.

Do you remember Jeanie Lang, left, in "The King of Jazz"? She is a radio star with a singing personality that listeners-in adore.

Laura Lee, right, well known as a rollicking soubrette in musical shows, was brought to Hollywood for "Top Speed" and "Goin' Wild."



For Better, or

Hollywood is a place of panicky uncertainty since the first brought not only disturbances to careers,

By Edwin



Norma Shearer made the leap from silence into speech without losing her old-time individuality.

SHOULD there ever be a real movie follies in the future, no better name could be suggested for it than "The Frenzied Errors of 1929-30."

The only trouble is that it wouldn't be an entertainment with comedy and music, but a sobby sort of drama verging on tragedy. Therefore it might have to be retitled "The Wages of Syn-chronizing Before You Are Ready." And the words of the theme song, if any, would run something like this: "Be yourself, if you can, but be anything to be popular."

While movieland has undergone violent changes during the past year, none of these has compared with the alteration that has taken place right before fandom's eyes in the personalities of the stars themselves.

Filmgoers have seen the exotic loveliness of Greta Garbo, all magic, vanish overnight to the tune of a husky, heavy Swedish accent heard in a river-front saloon.

They have beheld the orchidaceous charm of Corinne Griffith fold its petals under a nasal languor.

They have listened disappointedly and with amusement, even, to the treble staccato of John Gilbert waxing fervidly romantic.

They have questioned curiously Janet Gaynor, with tremulous high-pitched voice, dashing impetuously into a mammy-song atmosphere, and witnessed Vilma Banky's flowerlike beauty perish because of a too-marked Hungarian inflection.

Yes, the talkies have been playing havoc with the public's accepted ideas of stars. Right from their beginning of lisps and sizzling s's. The results, while not always disastrous, are at least disconcerting.

Warner Baxter's personality changed with his playing of accented rôles.



Lewis Ayres, recently only a cabaret musician, has become an actor to be reckoned with.

They make one wonder at the game of hide-and-seek that Mr. Microphone—"dat old daval" microphone, to be exact—engages in with the personalities of the fair and handsome filmers. How did they all get into such a mess, if mess it be, and where is it going to lead?

Of course, it is possible to begin right off by making an exception of Garbo. She altered her aura completely, and apparently got away with it. Disillusionment attended hearing her speak, especially for those who idolized her ever-elusive fascination. But though "Anna Christie" brought her down to earth, so to say, it simultaneously strengthened the conviction that she is a fine actress.

Unlike her previous efforts though the sordid rôle was, it would have been ridiculous for her to have attempted any other portrayal but a Swedish one at the outset, because she could not have qualified with any naturalness of speech. She would have disappointed her adoring fans, and failed also to please the critics.

If all transitions to the talkies had been as skillfully managed as Garbo's, there would be little to cry about. Hers is one of the best breaks that has come about, and it was doubly lucky, because she overcame any disturbance

In song and speech Gloria Swanson maintains her old allure.



for Worse?

wild dashes of the stars into talking pictures, which have but some amazing alterations of personalities.

Schallert

on the part of her public when she literally slaughtered the viewpoint they had adopted toward her.

John Gilbert was far less fortunate. I don't think anybody was exactly to blame, and nobody foresaw that his voice did not fit in with the notion that his audiences had of him. Had the studio realized this, they would have avoided the romantic rôles he had portrayed before, and would have cast him in vigorous parts, such as he is now reputedly playing. Jack stayed in character when he made his debut, but it did not work out so well.

As far as most entrances into sound films go, they have been dictated, nine times out of ten, by fantastic and mad efforts at the start to do and to be something different. Everybody began by taking up singing and dancing and wanted to make a musical film. "I'll do it in a couple of months with a good teacher," became the byword of the picture colony.

Naturally, it turned out to be a lot of foolishness. Pictures began to show the folly of attempting to compete with trained voices. They revealed that movie stars who tried to learn to warble with a lesson a day for a few weeks, either had their voices doubled, or else proved to be terrible flops compared with the stage recruits. Singing wasn't

Jeanette Loff proved a big surprise when she sang.



Edmund Lowe is completely altered as a personality and an actor.



Talkies have established William Powell both as hero and villain.

an actress, but regardless of that, certain fans rebelled against her decisive effort to be different.

Mary next came forth with her portrayal of *Katherine*, in "The Taming of the Shrew," in which she was most unfortunately cast. This picture has made the way perplexing for her, and that is one reason, no doubt, why she has proceeded with such extreme caution in filming "Forever Yours," taken from "Secrets." She recently discarded \$250,000 worth of film, because she was not satisfied with it.

"Forever Yours" continues to reveal Mary's versatility of the old days, for the rôle she plays in the beginning of the picture is that of a gray-haired old lady.



Corinne Griffith's talkie voice doesn't match her distinguished gracefulness.

something to be learned in a few runs up and down the scales with a teacher. Talent for it had to be born into the blood, and carefully nurtured, especially for the exacting microphone.

Then voice doubling got various stars into serious difficulties. Richard Barthelmess was among them. And that was especially bad for Dick, because word got around that he had lent credence to the reports that he was singing. Denunciatory letters flooded the studio and the magazines. It was a wonder they didn't wreck his career, but Dick quickly righted himself and began playing straight dramatic rôles. Now he is rated one of the most successful of talkie actors.

Mary Pickford took a mad leap into the sound maelstrom, and the wisdom of her plunge is still much argued. "Coquette" introduced her not only with a voice, but with bobbed hair and an inclination toward strong, tragic drama. There were many scenes in the picture that showed her to have exceptional gifts as



Greta Garbo's lapse into speech was managed with shrewd knowledge of her limitations.

I feel that outside the mistake of "Taming of the Shrew," Miss Pickford is really acting intelligently and with caution in the management of her career. The fans have heaped blame upon her for growing up, but she probably would have made herself ludicrous in trying to portray the "little girl with the curl" in a dialogue film. She simply had to take a chance on maturity, and she is to be credited for not trying to sing songs when she did it, like many others.

The early days of the talkies were afflicted with madness of all sorts and descriptions, and many of those who had to do the pioneering underwent a blighting experience. Recording was bad, dialogue was weak and silly, situations and even plots were strained and nonsensical. And no star can survive such a combination.

Those who suffered particularly were May McAvoy, Dolores Costello, Betty Bronson, and Doris Kenyon, as well as some of the men, like Monte Blue, Wallace Beery, and I believe, for a time, Richard Dix.

Laura La Plante, among others, asked for release from her contract, because she was dissatisfied with her initial experiences in the talkies. She wasn't happy, I imagine, with "Show Boat" results, despite the success of that picture, and more lately with "Captain of the Guard." In both these she was assigned dramatic rôles, when her talents are most obviously those of a *comédienne*.

In the very early days, part talkies were the source of tribulation for more stars than could ever be counted. There was no possibility of their giving a convincing performance in them, because of the preposterous combining of pantomime sequences with those dependent on speech. These pictures practically ruined the careers of some of those who appeared in them, because audiences laughed at the stars.

It is no wonder that certain players were long in consenting to do anything in the talkies as a consequence. Lon Chaney was among those who refused to take any chances, until the medium was well developed. He is very smart, too, in sticking to his character. His debut in "The Unholy Three" repeats a successful previous performance, and furthermore he is

emerging with tricks of voice that he likely couldn't have attempted in the earlier days. At that time, the only word that the sound engineers seemed to use was "no." Many things that are done every day now, were deemed utterly impossible then.

Of all the débuts in the talkies, Gloria Swanson's was the most triumphant. "The Trespasser" revealed her well-nigh perfect qualifications. It was doubly satisfying, because it disclosed not a new Gloria, but one that the fans recognized and responded to, because she was a thoroughly familiar presence. Gloria could have made a picture like "The Trespasser" just as well in silence as for the audible screen.

What she did was accomplished without any strain or extravagant effort to be different. She tried singing, to be sure, but her lyrical venture was purely incidental, and whether noteworthy or not would probably have passed. As it turned out, it was suitable to the occasion.

Norma Shearer's endeavors have been like that. In "The Trial of Mary Dugan" she remained Norma Shearer—acting, of course. She showed extreme cleverness, too, in that acting. "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "Their Own Desire" were a little of a let-down, but she did not depart from her past films in either one too violently. She, like Gloria, in "The Trespasser," could have made any one of the pictures without speech and it would have been acceptable. "The Divorcée," trashy though it is, continues to display her naturalness and the intelligent use of this naturalness.

Really the suggestion might be

Continued on page 101

John Gilbert made the mistake of being romantic in a staccato treble.



Formerly dramatic, Ronald Colman's speech proclaims him a comedian.



Monte Blue's sturdy presence is contradicted by his screen voice.

Behind that Curtain

To receive callers like this is a bit informal, but one can't be too exacting.



James Hall, left, gets rid of that morning scowl under the shower.

Alice White, below, lifts her eyebrows in surprise, in "Show Girl in Hollywood."



Lena Malena, above, looks happy enough to sing in the coldest of showers.

And of course John Boles, below, must sing in his bath, but his voice being what it is, nobody complains.



William Austin, below, yells for a towel.



Over the Top with Lew

The lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front" put Lewis Ayres far up the line as a juvenile player, but six months in the make-believe trenches left him with no taste for light pictures.

By Samuel Richard Mook

But little I thought my time was coming,
Sudden and splendid—supreme and soon;
Yet here I am with the bullets humming
As I crawl and I curse the light of the moon.
Out alone for adventure thirsting,
Out in mysterious No Man's Land,
Prone with the dead when a star shell bursting
Flares on the horrors on every hand.

—SERVICE.

WAR! Stark, naked realism. Blood. Slime. Mutilated youth. Churches crumbled. Cemeteries uprooted. Shells screaming. Shuddering men crouching in blasted graves. Wails and groans of the dying.

Twelve years ago and the world has forgotten. The world is afraid to remember. Or should one say *was* afraid to remember? For afraid or not, I doubt that the world will ever again be able to hear strains of martial music, see a troop of soldiers drilling, or look at one of the wooden crosses that mark the graves in Flanders, without thinking of that simple, inarticulate little German soldier, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," groping his way through the maze and horror of war—toward what? Death.

"'Death Takes a Holiday,'" Lewis Ayres mused. "Death needs a holiday, a long one, after that. We were six months making that picture, four months of it in a camp where the battle scenes were filmed. It was only make-believe with us, but I got an idea of it. Right now I feel just like that German lad must have felt when they were talking in that dugout, wondering what they had to go back to after the war was over. They couldn't go back to school—they'd outgrown that. What difference did it make if the earth was round, or whether x squared minus y equaled z , when you'd seen men dying by inches, and had come face to face with eternity?"

"I feel as let-down as that German boy. I lived with that war for six months and now that it's over, I don't know what to do with myself. People call me up and say, 'Let's go do so-and-so,' but the things they want to do seem so silly and empty—so—so futile, if you know what I mean.

"How can I go back to making program pictures after doing a thing like that? Yet you can't make an 'All Quiet' every day. I've just finished 'Common Clay,' but it didn't seem real.

"One thing that spoiled it for me, I had to dress up. They got me six suits from the most expensive tailor in town, and I look like the devil in them. I simply can't wear clothes."

He was dressed in the most spotted pair of slacks I

have ever seen, not even excepting Neil Hamilton's famous "personality pants," a dirty shirt and a wind-breaker that, from its looks, might have descended from Adam. But he surely looked comfortable.

"I'm afraid I'm not very good in the picture. I just don't seem to fit into light things very well." He paused for a moment and that baffled look came into his eyes, the one seen so often in the eyes of the little German.

In a way Lew is terrifically worldly-wise for his age—he's just twenty-one—and in another way he is the most naïve person I've ever met.

He left home when he was sixteen to go to the University of Arizona, and he's been alone ever since. He didn't remain at the university long. He plays the banjo, guitar, and piano. He played with the university orchestra, and when he found that his studies interfered with his music, he gave up the studies.

From there he drifted from one orchestra to another, down in the border towns. Mexicali, Nogales, Tiajuana all knew him. Life in those towns is elemental. How a kid seventeen or eighteen could have come through that and remained as clean as Lew is a mystery. Lew says it is only because he was such a kid that he did manage to come through clean. "Everybody was mothering me or fathering me or big-brothering me. I couldn't have gone wrong if I'd wanted to."

From there he came to Los Angeles and began playing with the orchestras around town. Occasionally he'd go to the studios trying to get work in pictures.

"Finally I made up my mind that you can't play all night and look like anything, if you go to the studios during the day, so I gave up the orchestra. I had saved a little money and I spent most of it on a wardrobe. But nothing happened. I had about a thousand dollars' worth of band instruments and I hocked every one of them. I had determined that I was going to fight to get into pictures to the last breath. Then, if I still hadn't landed, I'd just have to go back to playing and forget about pictures.

"Ivan Kahn, the agent, saw me dancing with Lily Damita and assumed that I was an actor. He sent for me and signed me. Ivan got me a contract with Pathé. I did a bit in 'The Sophomore,' and they let me go after six months, without my ever appearing again before the camera.

"Paul Bern gave me the contract with Pathé. When he went over to M.-G.-M., he sent for me to do the part with Garbo in 'The Kiss.' He was also indirectly



Photo by Jones
The boy soldier portrayed by Lewis Ayres in "All Quiet" brings to a focus the futility and misery of war.

responsible for my getting the part in 'All Quiet.' Wasn't that swell of him? And I hardly know the man. Until the premiere of 'All Quiet,' I'd never even seen him outside the studio. Why," he added naively, "I still call him Mr. Bern, which shows how slightly I know him." It does, indeed, in Hollywood.

Lew is one of the very few boys I've met out here who is a gentleman at heart. A lot of them have acquired a veneer along with their ears, bank rolls, and one thing and another, but it is inherent in Lew.

Once I asked him if he chased around much. In Hollywood, either you do or you don't. Arthur Lake, Billy Bakewell, Frank Albertson, and Stanley Smith all have large circles of friends. They are on the go constantly and are boyishly proud of their popularity. On the other hand, David Rollins, Rex Bell, and Phillips Holmes loudly protest that they *never* go out, and then launch into lengthy dissertations to prove that they don't. But try to catch one of them at home after eight o'clock in the evening!

Lew looked at me in blank astonishment as though to say, "What possible interest can any one have in *that*!" But he didn't say it—he's too much of a gentleman. "No," he said quietly, "I don't chase around much." And that ended it.

He is extremely shy, particularly in the presence of strangers, and seldom speaks unless first spoken to. It takes some time for him to warm up to a person, and he violently dislikes having people pay the slightest attention to him. Yet, with it all, there is a certain quiet dignity about him that commands respect.

On another occasion he told me about the course of sprouts he was put through while being initiated into a fraternity. The pranks would have been considered great sport ordinarily, but in this case one merely wondered how even a group of boys could take such liberties with the Ayres body. I'd as soon think of slapping Jetta Goudal or Gloria Swanson on the back with a "Hi, kid, how's tricks?" And a matter-of-fact recital of sordid details by Lew gives you the feeling of having had a glass of cold water dashed in your face when you weren't expecting it.

"You've got the wrong idea about Lew," Billy Bakewell told me. "He isn't a prude and he isn't stand-offish. He likes to kid as well as any one, and don't think that he can't top your wisecracks."

Lew says he likes to be alone, but he is naively pleased when any one suggests taking him to meet some one he's seen and liked on the screen.

He gives you the impression of being moody. Asked if he was, he gave me another of those baffled looks and said he didn't know. He looks you squarely in the eye, but he has a trick of hesitating before he speaks, as though he was not exactly sure of his answer. As a matter of fact, he isn't. He hasn't quite found himself yet. He is going through a period of unrest and adjustment.



Photo by Jones

Lew Ayres is called by Mr. Mook a gentleman at heart, without being "ga-ga" in any respect.

I asked if he is easily depressed. "Oh, I don't know—I don't think so—except music. That does things to me."

"Music!" That sounded funny. A chap who had played in jazz orchestras.

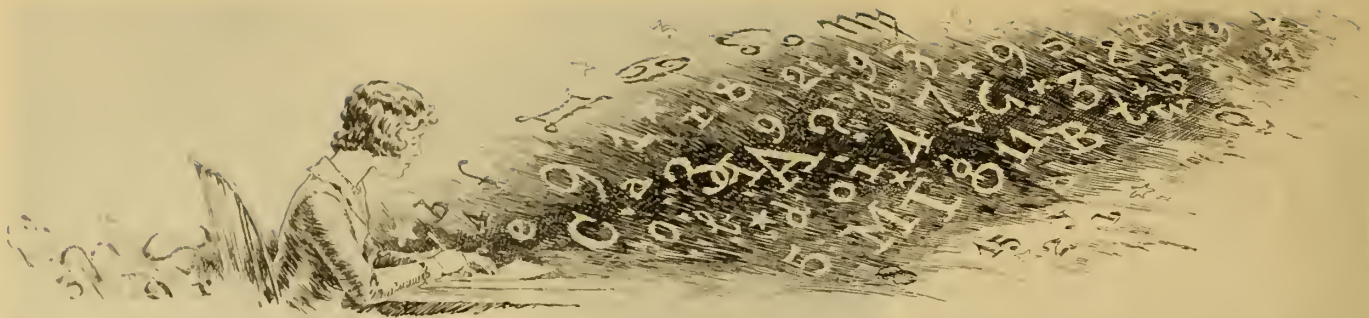
"Yes. There's been some kind of metamorphosis in me during this past year. I used to be crazy about jazz. Now I don't care for it at all. When I first started playing the banjo, I wanted to be the best banjo player in the world and all that sort of thing."

He grinned and looked at me rather sheepishly, as though afraid of being laughed at. But you don't laugh at young Mr. Ayres. You listen attentively.

If Jack Oakie told you he'd fallen in love with a princess, between shouts of derisive laughter you'd find yourself "oh-yeahing?" and asking if she came from the water front or the Bowery. If Lew Ayres told you that, you'd find yourself sympathizing with him, because the passion was hopeless.

And speaking of princesses brought us to the all-important topic of girls. "I fall in love with almost every pretty girl I meet, but it doesn't last long. I'm no good with them and they soon tire of me. I'm not a hooper.

Continued on page 108



ALL is not gold that glitters, but how we love the glitter, and how bitterly we need the gold! Young and old, we seek money, and how can it be otherwise? We long to see tangible evidences of success. We listen unwillingly to admonitions about moral and spiritual values, about beauty and ideals, about love, if the satisfaction they offer is supposed to disregard material success.

After all, what is this success but the reaction of the world to what we have to give it? Oh, I know all about those intangible, divine sparks that exist between beauty and admiration, between inspiration and devotion, between service and gratitude. But how shall admiration and devotion and gratitude prove, in a tangible, concrete way, their desire to reciprocate, except by transforming the incense they burn before the donors of these lovely gifts into the cruder element of gold?

What do all who receive have, in some tiny degree at least, if not gold? What can one give that has actually cost him effort to give, if not gold? Money is transmuted, by a more subtle alchemy than we dream of, into a spiritual gold. A life for a life, in a noble sense, a drop of the sweat of my brow, of the blood in my veins, in return for yours!

This is the law of true relationships, for nothing can grow out of nothing, or be accepted for nothing. The man born rich and who learns nothing of earning is more pitiable than can be imagined. What he gives costs him nothing, and what he receives in return is equally worthless. The sower must plant the seed if he wishes the crop to grow. Spoilers are despised, and of them the people say, "That kind of money won't do them any good." But the man despoiled is mocked.

So the earning of wealth is spiritually justified, for how can one imagine the vibration of infinite harmony, positiveness and achievement to express itself perfectly while it still permits material negation? But this wealth must be based on universal understanding and the desire for universal good, or it will be a curse instead of a blessing. It is said that the love of money is the root of all evil. It is indeed. To love money for its own sake is to subordinate the spirit to the outer expression, and when that takes place the outer expression is utterly deformed. Wealth that brings love and satisfaction and freedom was never sought for its own sake, but was the result of a life expressing itself fully and freely from every point of view.

Remember that wealth is a very, very elastic, comparative term. If beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, wealth lies in the size of a man's purse. Fill it, and he is rich. No human or celestial being could promise enough to the man whose demands grow out of all proportion to his circumstances and his needs. In him the love of money is born, to grow up into a poisonous, death-dealing plant. Do not look forward to millions or half millions, if money is indicated in the letters of your name, unless you are on speaking terms with more than a few thousand! Not that you may not really get it, for many a penniless boy or girl has done just that.

The Mystery

In this fascinating new department will be found examples of its influence on the lives of

By Monica

But no name can indicate the actual extent of such a material thing as wealth, but only its general degree and kind.

The spirit of a man's activity permeates every breath that he breathes, and this every vibration of every cell in his body, every tone of his voice, every decision he makes, every stroke of his pen. Thus the nature of his success is very evident in numbers. Of the names of four great financiers, taken at random, three show in the complete number for birth and name together the number Eight, which, when so placed, is the sign of great business success. The first John Jacob Astor reveals in his name that he attained wealth by his wonderful intelligence, activity, and intuition, most of all the latter, for the number Seven of intuition or hunch is his on the material side of life. He snapped up opportunities, because he saw them and understood them more quickly than did others, and also because he was not afraid to make a lightninglike decision based on a deep, even if unexplained, conviction of being right.

The elder J. Pierpont Morgan came into riches through his great creative ability and effort. Nothing came his way without an unusual struggle on his part. But he had also the kind of constructive power, quite apart from the creative ability, that made him able to build sky-shaking towers out of ruins left by others, out of his own ruins, too.

Andrew Carnegie became one of the world's richest men by physical and intellectual force combined, by an overwhelming spirit of domination that let nothing remain standing in his path.

These readings deal with the chief elements of success in these men, and do not take into consideration their other qualities. Least of all is it here a question of the methods they used or the happiness they attained.

Numbers can express wealth as the result of many different kinds of activity. It may be the product of pure business transactions, as in the lives of the men described above, or the outer expression of an inward capacity, such as art, or the result of a full, well-rounded life come into its material own. Or it may appear as a gift straight from heaven, although heaven does, to be sure, use some convenient intermediary such as a deceased uncle, or a wonderful break in getting a new job, or other such source apparently independent of one's own vibrations.

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of Your Name

an explanation of the science of numbers. Besides stars, the names of readers are also analyzed.

Andrea Shenston

What Loretta Young's Name Tells

YOU have one of the finest names I have ever seen, dear Loretta Young. Use it by all means, in full, just as you received it at birth, every time you sign any important document, and don't let the consciousness of it escape from you, no matter what else you may allow yourself to be called. The name Loretta will do well enough for screen and publicity purposes as long as you don't let it grow into your thought as really your own, for it will bring you heart-break and financial loss in proportion as you accept it.

Your real full name is filled with activity, power, wealth, and independence, and with it unchanged you will live to be a determined, lively, successful, delightful old lady of ninety-five or more, who will look at least twenty years younger than she is, up to the very last breath!

As far as determination goes, you don't need to wait for old age to achieve it! You have so much of it now that it is likely to trip you up rather often. Your name, long as it is, has only two negative letters in it, and out of ten different totals only three have anything attached to them but positiveness, force, and activity. Almost too much good, dear, for such a young girl to carry without being just a little bit upset.

Your birth path of Two shows wonderful imagination, great sensitiveness to any impression, and, because of the positive numbers all around it, the power to put radiant, vibrant life into the lovely form that your imagination creates. This dreamy quality gives you just the balancing softness that you otherwise lack, so don't despise it or try to outgrow it. Without it you could not

possibly be a fine actress. Dream dreams, dear Loretta, and your dreams will come true, not from the outside, but from within your own nature, since you will immediately get to work and see to it that they do.

It is a fine thing also, to be able to respond to the vibrations of others, understand them from the inside, so to speak, especially when you are too active and self-assured to let this sensitiveness gain too much control over you. But you do have to use real intelligence in deciding what you will respond to, since your natural fire is likely to cause too great a conflagration if your imagination is aroused to a very high pitch, and you will suffer a great deal before the blaze is put out.

The complete digit of name and birth together, Number Three, is an indication of creative power, pride, generosity. You love to do things for people, you love just to do things, and you like to be praised. You have the power to make anything come true, if you put all your determination and activity behind it, shutting your eyes to any possibility of failure. But this is a dangerous gift. If you look forward to disaster, disaster will follow, just as easily as good will, if you are building for good. This is the power that makes your imagination so wonderfully worth while. This number also means hard work, but that will never bother you, since your natural vitality simply thrives on it.

In divinity and in the material you have the same number, which is Five, the number of great activity, wonderful mentality, truthfulness, executive ability, success. You grasp anything whatever very quickly, and you are miserable if you have to do anything without understanding every detail. You hate delay and are always rushing out to do things yourself, instead of waiting to have them done. When you were a little girl, they said that you danced with excitement, and you still do, inwardly if not so much outwardly, for in your first name

you have a great deal of poise and a willingness to let things go. This contradiction in your nature will last only a few years more, and after that you will be much harder to please.

You were a very quick, warm-hearted little girl at the age of two or three, with a temper that has not left you yet. It popped up in lively fashion between ten

Continued on page 98



Photo by Fryer

You are one of the world's most self-sufficient girls, Loretta Young, as you will soon discover.



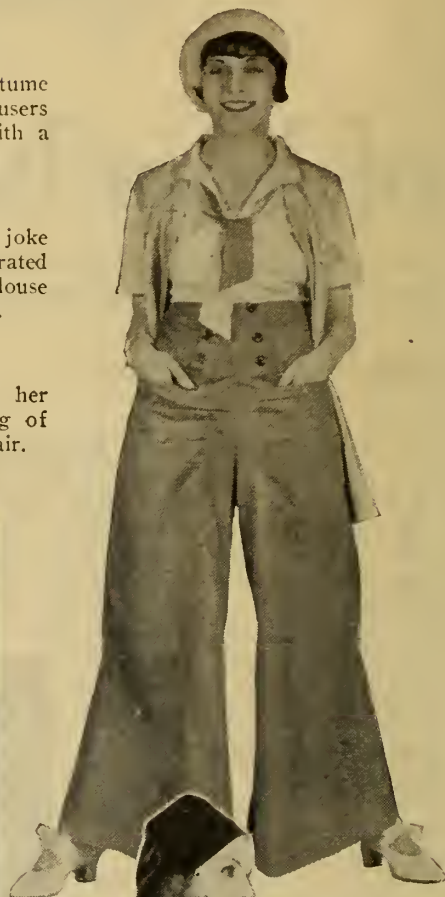
To While

Yes, though busy emoting and fighting to hold
have idle hours which are pleas

Slightly piratical is the beach costume
of June Clyde, left, whose trousers
are orange and blue taffeta, with a
jersey to match.

Fifi the Dorsay, right, makes a joke
of her beach togs, the exaggerated
trousers of tan Shantung, the blouse
and jacket of cr pe de Chine.

Mary Brian, center, augments her
dashing pajama suit with a wig of
yellow yarn to protect her hair.



Lila Lee, left, is colorful
in an outfit consisting of
red and white pique, crape
blouse, and white silk
trousers.

Believe it or not, Helen
Kaiser, right, wears red
flannel trousers, with a
blue stripe running down
the seam.



the Time Away

onto their careers, the girls of Hollywood still attest when they look their best.

It's Laura La Plante, left, whose pajama costume is so very nautical.

Talk about the well-dressed girl! The perfect example is Leila Hyams, right.

Raquel Torres, center, glorifies stripes, and they glorify her slinness.



A simple print is the choice of Bessie Love, left, whose colors are shades of yellow, with hat and sandals of lemon straw.

Silks and satins have no place on the beach, says Helen Twelvetrees, right, girlishly indifferent to whether her cheap print gets mussed or not.



The Incomparable Chevalier

The famous Frenchman, whose name has become a byword, yields intimate impressions to a shrewd interviewer.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THE droll Maurice, the inimitable Chevalier, is one of Paramount's kinder gifts to the American public. The Frenchman's smart pictures represent Paramount in one of her most benign moods.

This company, remember, has given us a wide assortment of entertainers, but they haven't always entertained. However, the scale has balanced favorably, on the whole. The Bow epidemic was largely offset by the Menjou series of comedies; if you were less than delighted with Mary Brian, Lupe Vélez, and Esther Ralston, you found relief in Kay Francis, Baclanova, Jennings, and Powell. And now Paramount has counter-balanced Buddy Rogers by bringing us Chevalier!

Just as "Anna Christie" firmly entrenched Garbo's topmost position among stars on the distaff side, so did "The Love Parade" establish Chevalier at the head of the male procession. Garbo demonstrated definitely and artistically that the microphone held no terrors for her; she dominated scenes with such fine troupers as George Marion and Marie Dressler; she carried the dramatic action along with splendid pace; she exercised the same magic in articulate pictures that has always marked her appearances in silent show.

Chevalier, similarly, holds the screen unchallenged while he is on it. His magnetism, his presence, and his sparkling personality make him a figure to conjure with. No wonder the powers are reimbursing him lavishly. The figure is said to approximate \$5,000 weekly.

When he was announced as the lone star of what was termed "An Intimate Evening of Songs," New Yorkers paid \$48,000 in two weeks to hear him. An ebony orchestra served between arias, but as far as the audience was concerned, it was *tout Chevalier*. Jolson is the only American performer of similar talent who has duplicated this performance. Each man holds his listeners in the hollow—to coin a phrase—of his hand. In person, Jolson's grin is quite as infectious as the Frenchman's. On the screen Chevalier wins out, I think.

Not long ago Maurice refused an offer of \$5,000 to chant four songs at a Park Avenue party, it is told. He didn't like the people who had been invited.

Even the most casual analysis explains the dynamic Frenchman's instantaneous success. First of all, he is possessed of an ingratiating personality that is based upon what has come to be known as sex appeal. Secondly, he has genuine talent. He puts a song across with pace and precision, drawing his audience with unseen hands. Thirdly, he has that compelling smile.

When he was at the Long Island studio finishing "The Big Pond" I found him charming but diffident, debonair but reluctant.

On the set he is sober and serious to a degree, wholly intent upon the matter at hand. Picture making is hard work, he will tell you. He lacks the fine scorn characteristic of many American stars. Likewise he rejects direction that strikes him as poorly timed or otherwise ill-advised. Laughs must be spaced, gestures timed. In other words, Chevalier is not one of your born actors. He is a craftsman working with tempered tools.

That he is business man as well as actor was amusingly brought out when he mentioned the box-office record of "The Love Parade." "In England alone," he said with naïve pride, "the gross will clear the cost of production. All other income will be so much velvet. That is not—bad." He shrugged. Smiled.

"This will be another good one, Maurice," declared Hobart Henley, the director.

Chevalier grinned dubiously, then replied, "I'll tell you—afterward."

There is a generous sprinkling of the skeptic in his make-up. He realizes that all is perfect in this most perfect of worlds only so long as you stick to your last, tend to your knitting, and seize your share of the much-sought-after breaks. Artistry, temperament, and earnest endeavor are all beautiful concepts, says the cynic in Chevalier, but other things shape success or failure. Thus his shrug conceals his anxiety, his smile masks his concern.

Hollywood he finds provincial. New York pleases him, possibly because it suggests Paris. "Always I must have vacation there," he confessed. "Paris is necessary to my happiness."

In Paris Chevalier achieved fame. For years he has been a popular star.

At one time he was the dancing partner of the ageless Mistinguett, later dancing with the lovely Yvonne Vallé, currently Madame Chevalier. They live at the most Parisian hotel Manhattan offers, the Elysée, tucked away in East Fifty-fourth Street.

While the suave Maurice was rehearsing a scene with Claudette Colbert, an assistant director inadvertently dropped a sheaf of papers. Maurice stopped in the middle of a sentence and fixed the offending assistant with a mildly annoyed eye.

"Please," he said soothingly, patiently, "please do not cause commotion while we are running through this. It is difficult. We must concentrate. There are many lines to remember. Please."

Silence ensued. Chevalier calmly picked up the scene from the beginning, and the rehearsal proceeded, uninterrupted.

The average actor takes direction blindly.

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Maurice Chevalier is said to have refused \$5,000 to sing at a private party, because he didn't like the guests.

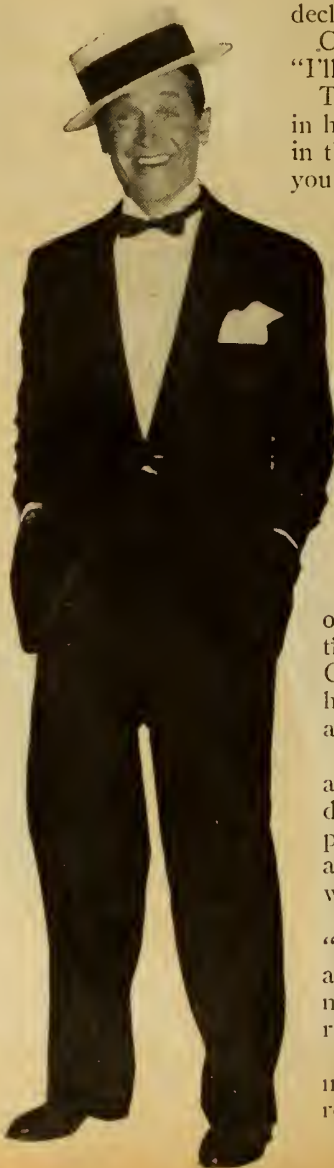




Photo by Maurice Goldberg

MAURICE CHEVALIER at work is rather different from the smiling, debonair personality one sees on the screen. He is sober and wholly intent upon the matter at hand, and no detail is too small to claim his attention, says Malcolm H. Oettinger opposite.



A LADY of gracious mien is Alice Joyce, who occupies a distinctive position in the movie world, for she appears on the screen only rarely, yet suffers no loss of popularity in her intervals of retirement with her family. She has achieved the happy balance of loyalty both to the public and her two young daughters.

Photo by Irving Childnoff

JEAN ARTHUR comes quietly to the fore to reap the rewards of good acting. Minus the elocutionary flights of the stage star, she manages nevertheless to charge her everyday voice with meaning, expression, and extreme naturalness. She's just another one-time silent player whose best friend is the microphone.

Photo by Otto Dyar





Photo by Russell Ball

THAT likable Irishman, Jack Mulhall, goes merrily on gathering new fans and holding the old ones as he shifts expertly from comedy to drama, from society to the underworld, and so on, without ever getting out of step.



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

A PRIMA DONNA who can act as well as sing is rare enough to be a phenomenon. Such is Evelyn Laye, beloved of the British public, who is soon to appear in "Moon Madness," a musical picture, for Samuel Goldwyn.



Photo by Otto Dyar

If you saw Phillips Holmes, in "The Devil's Holiday," you won't wonder at the satisfaction of the critics in their discovery of striking ability in a youngster who is good looking enough not to bother with anything else.



Photo by Herman Zernbert

GAY, pretty, and pungent as her name, Ginger Rogers is a real comédienne whose presence in a picture evokes chuckles from the blasé and sighs of thanksgiving from those who are surfeited with negative newcomers. Her next treat is "Queen High."



Photo by Elmer Fryer

LAURA LA PLANTE began as an extra and became an actual star, one of the few to achieve this distinction, yet Margaret Reid, in analyzing her career and character opposite, finds her devoid of the egotism and drive expected of stellar personalities.



Laura La Plante is really a mouselike person, the victim of a never outgrown shyness except with intimate friends.

Laura—As She Is

Miss La Plante is the subject of a favorite writer's intimate yet impersonal appraisal.

By Margaret Reid

SHE admits without hesitation to twenty-five years, instead of the customary nineteen or twenty. And at twenty-five she is an acknowledged veteran of her business, having been camera-minded now for nigh onto ten years. It being just that long ago that Christie presented a chubby, long-curled ingénue named Laura La Plante.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in the old French Market district, the one admirable thing about her birthplace being that it was only two blocks from the home of Eugene Field, she found herself in a family group headed by a lady school-teacher and a dancing master. Her mother, Elizabeth Turck, a woman of culture and intelligence; her father, William La Plante, a teacher of the dance unhampered by any great sense of responsibility. Here, in an atmosphere of genteel poverty, Laura grew to a not particularly happy nine years of age.

Then she and her younger sister, Violet, were sent to the home of cousins in Los Angeles, while Mrs. La Plante took legal farewell of the dancing master. Her freedom regained, the courageous school-teacher took her two small girls to San Diego, that she might earn their living in surroundings untainted by bitter memories. A growing deafness prevented her resuming school work, but she found employment in a department store, and established a tiny, pathetically modest home. She saw that her children received the best available in education, and even interested a music professor in them to the extent of free instruction, Violet taking cello lessons and Laura violin. After more than ordinary success in recitals, the two little sisters decided that music was to be their open sesame to fame and fortune.

During a summer vacation with their Los Angeles cousins, it occurred to Laura that a good idea would be to get work in pictures, thereby swelling the family coffers when she returned home. Vague contacts were followed by the determined Laura, until she got extra work at Christie's. Just before her expected return to San

Diego, she was offered a stock contract, and so overwhelmed was she at the prospect of twenty-five dollars a week that all other ambitions vanished before her oncoming picture career. Later she was signed by Universal for two-reel Westerns, and rolled luxuriously in the wealth of forty dollars a week.

Between work at Christie's and her Universal contract came her first fling at drama. Signed for a rôle in a Louise Glaum picture, she acted with such energetic relish the tragedy of her part that when she proudly took her mother and sister to see the picture, no trace of Laura remained in the finished print.

A number of routine rôles, undistinguished except for the school coquette of Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole," was all she had to her credit when Reginald Denny, much against his will, was forced by Universal to accept her as his leading lady. This was her first opportunity at farce-comedy. At the end of the picture, Denny demanded that she be cast as lead in the one to follow. At the end of the year she was starred.

Where the thoroughly nice young Mrs. William Seiter hides the farce of her screen self would be difficult to determine. The camera, ever a tricky gadget, has performed more than ordinary magic in transforming Laura into a sparkling comédienne. Instead of changing her appearance, as is more usual, it changes her personality. And no one was more surprised than Laura when she turned out to be an expert laugh-getter.

Mr. Seiter's demure, quiet wife is not only lacking in indications of the comédienne, but also in any indications of the actress. Self-contained, sensible, completely without glamour, Laura is a well-bred young woman whose connection with movies ceases when she leaves the studio.

Known to her intimates as a mouselike person, and the victim of a never outgrown shyness, Laura is occasionally disturbed by her lack of luster. When her husband, a gay soul who would be equally at home in a thug's hang-out or at a Buckingham Palace reception,

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Hollywood Rides its Goats

A few persons are picked out as extreme examples of vice, temperament, and peculiarity, and gossip lets the others drift along in their own sweet way, unmolested and almost unmentioned.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

SOMETHING really should be done about Hollywood's pet goats, besides constantly riding them.

Hollywood is an odd place, as, I believe, one or two people have mentioned before, and among the other odd customs of that community is the habit of selecting a few choice municipal goats for private and public abuse, ridicule and opprobrium.

"He's as bad as——" or "He's as wild as——" or "He's as upstage as——" are stock expressions, and one or more of them is sure to be heard in any kind of conversation.

The names following that second "as" are almost always the same. Hollywood has a few standard similes, and adheres to them rigorously.

All of which means that a select few are made the standards for this or that vice, weakness, peculiarity, or mode of conduct, for all Hollywood. Often victims do not deserve it. More often they are not nearly so deserving as others, who, in some miraculous fashion, have managed to escape being pigeonholed by the sheeplike residents of that California village devoted to the manufacture of film and gossip. Perhaps the order of the words "film" and "gossip" should be reversed to denote their relative importance.

Let's cite a few examples.

There is Jetta Goudal, for instance. She is the popular current standard for temperament in the film colony. Now I don't know *la* Goudal. I doubt whether most of the people who go about proclaiming eccentricities of her temperament do know her. Make no mistake about this. I'm not maintaining that she is a placid soul, for I have it on fair authority that she is inclined to fizz up and run over the top of the glass under provocation. What I'm maintaining is that Miss Goudal is not the only person in the business of making faces for a living who is inclined to be, let us say, explosive.

In fact, she is the one star who can more or less advance documentary justification of her conduct. When Miss Goudal's contract was torn to shreds by Cecil DeMille, who is probably not the calmest man in the world himself, because of her alleged intractability, she took the matter to the courts and won.

This is concrete vindication of her conduct, which

can't be matched by any of Miss Goudal's rival Roman candles. Moreover, she was recently signed by Metro-Goldwyn, which at least indicates that that studio doesn't believe she's too touchy.

Yet despite all this, and despite the fact that almost every studio has one or more beauties marked "high explosive," one hears constantly in Hollywood the phrase "as temperamental as Jetta Goudal."

She's one Hollywood goat.

Then there's Marshall Neilan. He is the official bad boy of Hollywood, according to legend, song, and story. Now let's all draw up our chairs. Just what did "Mickey" do to you, or you, or you? (Business of pointing.) That is, aside from going to a lot of parties, and wise-cracking people who probably didn't like it.

Rumor has it that some years ago he engaged in fist-cuffs with Norman Kerry. What of it? If Mickey wanted to fight a bloke a foot taller than he, it at least shows an indomitable spirit. Besides, there have been some bouts between Hollywood celebrities since, that have not become history.

Then, Mickey was mentioned by Jim Tully in a divorce wrangle. And what of that? A man is still a stranger in Hollywood until he's mentioned in one divorce suit. Moreover, at this writing, the Tullys seem to be embroiled in another divorce tangle in which Neilan's name is missing. And Jim has never liked Neilan, so maybe there wasn't much to it.

Then there's a Hollywood star, a handsome leading man and quite well known, who is made the official goat of all the intemperance rumors. Ever since I've been in Hollywood, I've heard epic tales of this man's inebriety. They have begun to rival the lumberjack stories of Paul Bunyan.

To hear the Hollywooders tell it, this gent bathes in gin, wallows in hogs-heads of Scotch and rye, and breathes alcohol fumes instead of air. His capacity, they say, is superhuman. He drinks five or six bottles a day when he is comparatively on the water wagon. He hasn't drawn a sober breath in twenty years. Some one told me, in all seriousness, that he drinks a pint of cognac every morning before rising.

One actor is unanimously made the official goat of all intemperance rumors.



I raise an incredulous eyebrow. How has this Gargantuan toper staved off the galloping d. t.s all these years? Maybe he does drink a barrel of absinth every day. He works, year after year, turning up in the morning looking healthy and fit, and going through his histrionic tasks until dusk. He manages to appear in a good many pictures during the year, too.

No one could possibly drink as much as this handsome and popular gent is supposed to. But assuming that he is such a prodigious soak—almost as prodigious as every one in Hollywood would have you believe—there are others, as renowned upon the screen as he. I know some of them. I'll match them against him for a day-in and day-out guzzling combat, and I'll bet money, marbles, or chalk on the outcome.

Then there's another and quite recent goat elected for a niche of his own by Hollywood. It is John Gilbert. One can't pick up a newspaper or magazine nowadays, without discovering a long and profound article setting forth the fact that Gilbert is "all through" on the screen. The talkies have ruined him. He won't listen to reason. His voice is terrible. He can't act any more. They can't find stories for him. Too bad. Too bad.

I'd like to be as "all through" as Jack Gilbert is. Just that and no more. Is Gilbert the only star in Hollywood with a voice not adaptable to talking pictures? Is he the only star who hasn't made a good picture recently? Pardon me, while I laugh.

This barrage on Gilbert is due to the fact that he is an outspoken gent, I believe. Those to whom he may have told the truth, instead of some gilded substitute for it, or those before whom he refused to bow and posture to their liking, are delighted at the opportunity to cast the first stone, also the second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth.

And here's another goat. It is Richard Barthelmess. Some time ago Barthelmess made a picture called "Weary River." Inasmuch as Barthelmess can neither sing nor play the piano, and his rôle required him to do



Gossip points wild-eyed to Mickey Neilan as the bad boy of Hollywood, although he had but one little scrap years ago.

both, some one was engaged to double in these specialties for him.

The squawks about it are still ringing 'round the movie world.

Shame on him! Fooling the public and the press like that. Why, Dick!

And why did all the criticism for this little trick happen to focus on Barthelmess? You'll have to tell me, because I don't know. I have no statistics before me, but I'd like to tell you just how many stars have employed voice doubles since the talkies descended upon us. What-

ever the exact figures may be, there are plenty. Yet Barthelmess gets all the criticism right in his jugular vein, and the deception of others who had—and have—doubles for singing, playing, talking, and dancing isn't even mentioned.

As far as that goes, I've seen some talkies in which the stars did not employ a double for the theme songs. They should have, in most cases. There is such a thing as carrying sincerity too far.

And here's another goat. True, she is sort of out-of-bounds now, but for years it was a standard quip to refer to Patsy Ruth Miller's penchant for being engaged to this Romeo or that. She's the happy wife of Tay Garnett, the director, now, so that is over.

I once heard George Jessel make a humorous speech at a Hollywood banquet, in which he discussed his trip to the West, and said that the railroad had offered him an excursion rate, including a "trip to the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller." It was all very funny. Everybody laughed and repeated it. Patsy was supposed to be the most engaged girl in Hollywood, which she was not, by several rings.

Now that it's all over, just who was she ever actually engaged to, anyway? Can you remember? Oh, yes, Donald Ogden Stewart. But wasn't that just one of those newspaper reports that surprised both parties when they read it in the morning papers?

Then there is Conrad Nagel. The Hollywood boulevardiers have made a curious sort of goat out of him. He's the good boy of Hollywood and, from some of the chatter, you'd think there was something reprehensible in it. He doesn't drink, smoke, swear, or change wives. I guess all these dire reports about him are true. Once more, I ask you, what of it? I know of a number of male stars, and even some female ones, who don't raise the roof and get pie-eyed in public and divorce their mates. No one kids about them. Instead, their respectable conduct seems to win praise on all sides.

Then there is the matter of Hollywood's marriage goat. Need I mention the name of Charlie Chaplin? You'd think, to hear it bruited about, that the little comedian gets married on the first and fifteenth of every month, always under strange and surprising circumstances.

He's been married twice, in all his forty-odd years, which is veritably old-fashioned in Hollywood. First he married Mildred Harris, the second time Lita Grey. Mildred Harris has

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Temperament is supposed to have crystallized in Jetta Goudal, but she has a court decision to the contrary.





More gruesome shivers will be added to the talkie version of "The Unholy Three" through the speech of Ivan Linow, Harry Earles, the midget, and Lon Chaney.

THIS is my last interview!" Across the office, the whole square bulk of him adamant, Lon Chaney glowered and snapped the words at me.

As he speaks from the screen, Chaney becomes silent regarding publicity. Or such, he asserts, is his intention.

Commencing to evolve voices for his thousand faces, he draws the curtain between himself and the public. In the future, if he maintains his new rule, there will be no Chaney articles or publicity photographs. Of course, before we become worried about that dire prospect, remember that he is a master showman whose disinclination to give interviews in the past has whetted curiosity and augmented his attraction, spreading a mystery more intriguing than had he been loquacious.

"I have attained a position where I don't have to double cross my convictions. I have signed a five-year contract on my own terms. On its completion, I will have reached my financial goal and will quit. I have worked hard all my life, the past eighteen years in pictures, and will be entitled, then, to retire.

"I have made two personal appearances. Once, with 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame,' because I didn't know any better. The second time, with 'Tell It to the Marines,' as a courtesy to General Butler and the govern-

The Last of

Lon's final interview, rather, for hereafter audible screen. His belief still is that is his stock

By Myrtle

ment for coöperation given us while making the picture. But never again."

An article appeared recently purporting to relate comments made from a sick bed. He says that he never was interviewed while in the hospital, or during his illness.

"Bickford's line is, 'Quit, but don't let 'em let you,'" I murmured, my eyes sparring his, deep-set in a rugged face. "Chaney's is, 'Don't give 'em an interview, but don't let 'em get away without it.'"

"Yeah? Well, I mean it. I should never have opened my mouth. My judgment was correct. It proved to be bad business. It dispelled the mystery attached to my type of characters. I was misquoted. The reaction was noticeable in fan mail and among my friends, few of whom are professionals. All expressed surprise when they read the things I was supposed to have said. Remarks attributed to me did not conform to my screen work, nor did they seem consistent to those who know me.

"I stopped talking, except in noncommittal fashion. I said 'Yes,' 'No,' and 'Uh-huh,' and let it go at that. But reporters are ingenious. They managed to distort even my monosyllabic comments."

"As this is your last speech, Mr. Chaney, perhaps I had better fade out and send a man to interview you?" I was getting a bit testy myself.

"Why? Women are more fertile in imagination, but the men reporters are as big liars, though with less finesse. Women have a gift for making the unreal seem true, by weaving into their stories an artistic detail, whereas men, if more blunt, are just as willing to misquote in order to make a sensational story."

"I happen to have one of those dictograph minds," I remarked tersely. "I quote you verbatim. There are stories in you, stories that have chiseled those lines in your face, stories that wait, back of your eyes. I want them. Verbal fencing is entertaining, but it's circuitous."

Feeling quite washed up and futile, I waited. Suddenly he became earnest, talkative. For about an hour he talked, answering concisely the questions asked him, denoting that he had definite opinions on many subjects. Some he expanded with detailed explanation of his views or experiences, italicizing them with a few graphic gestures.

His illness of a few months ago was tonsilitis and throat trouble, though the Hollywood wits dubbed it lockjaw. Chaplin, Garbo, and Chaney, it seemed, wouldn't talk for the screen. Chaplin alone remains adamant. Dame Rumor, who usually is up on her dialogue, whispers that Chaney's indecision, happening as it did on the verge of signing a new contract, was a factor in persuading Metro-Goldwyn to augment the ante. His new paper calls for a million dollars over the first three

Mr. Chaney

his speech will be recorded only by the either medium dispels the mystery that in trade.

Gebhart

years, and two more annuals at even greater remuneration.

That little matter being settled, he uses, in "The Unholy Three," his initial talkie, five separate voices, each of which he will duplicate in a Spanish version. He must be a vocal gymnast to speak and sing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" as a dummy, and to imitate the voice of an old woman, owner of a pet shop. Furthermore, he must make parrots speak through his own oral trickery. The studio says stoutly that there will be no "duping."

The circus side-show story concerns a ventriloquist, a giant and a midget joined in a strange crime plot. Ivan Linow plays the second rôle, which Victor McLaglen originated in the silent version. Harry Earles again is the midget. Elliott Nugent has Matt Moore's rôle, and Lila Lee the feminine lead portrayed by Mae Busch. Several of Chaney's old hits will be remade in talkies.

Despite the fact that he had not spoken, Chaney was voted first place favorite by a canvass of theater owners. His oral debut will be an event on a par with Garbo's, in "Anna Christie."

Chaney is a pepper-and-salt person, hard-grained, rectangular, sturdy, and square jawed, he is as firm as granite, slow, deliberate. He has felt the pulse of the average man, and knows its thrilled reaction to carefully con-

Lon and Harry Earles are still remembered from the silent production of "The Unholy Three."



Lila Lee encounters Lon as a side-show man whose speech and song through a dummy requires more than a little vocal gymnastics.

nived terror. He talks decisively, his correct grammar at variance with the slang and gangster dialect with which he was quoted in a recent interview which he denies having granted.

He walks quickly, purposefully, as he thinks an honest man who knows what business he is about should. He likes people to talk directly and definitely. His spatulate hands are those of a worker. They are stubborn hands. His is a deep voice, with a quiet ring to it. Will he become a vocal contortionist, able to change it as need arises?

"Disillusionment was inevitable, once the screen got sound." He dislikes the articulate screen. "The talkies are making pictures more realistic, shattering that optical vacuity, that romantic make-believe which camera magic has made possible to a degree far beyond the stage's possibilities. In some respects, I welcome sound. It adds depth and actuality to situations and to individual performances.

"For myself, I regret it. My odd characters, though founded on life, have been made imaginative for emphasis. That realism which is in the human voice will dispel the mystery instantly, I am afraid.

"Make up the voice? Of course. Now, I must use less physical make-up, if allowance is to be made for vocal effects. It will mean a shifting of the burden, a sharing of it, in creating a characterization. I must express vocally some of the traits and idiosyncrasies of the person. But there isn't a lot one can do with the voice."

He professes to have no special picture plans.



Lila Lee and Elliott Nugent meet in the bird store where much of the plot is unraveled in "The Unholy Three."

"I've never read but two scripts previous to the start of production. If the company gives me bad pictures, it costs them money."

His success has been due to no superior talent, he insists, but to getting the breaks, and to industrious application.

He has maintained fame in direct defiance of many Hollywood by-laws. In no respect does he make the stellar gesture. The human, genuine things of life occupy in his scheme a place higher than career's demands; by his ignorance of many superficial trimmings which others deem essential, he relegates them to their proper unimportance.

He arrests the attention, but is not good looking. His forehead is high, and extends a bit; his face is deeply lined; he has a small bald spot, of which he seems totally unconscious. His clothes are well tailored, but inconspicuous. He wears a cap and, on the street, dark glasses. His general appearance is that of a successful workman dressed in his serviceable best.

Social life, as set on the Hollywood stage, does not attract him. His friends are practically all nonprofessionals. "Workers, people who follow various callings. White-collar folks, mostly," he says. One never sees him at premières, though he follows the movies via the neighborhood theaters.

He has never sent out a photo or answered a fan letter, except to convicts, in whose misshapen lives he takes a sympathetic interest, being always for the under dog,

the fellow who has had a raw deal or who, through weakness rather than malice, makes a mess of things. His mail is opened, that quarters may be returned; and he reads some of the most interesting comments.

"I don't consider fan mail representative of public opinion. Only certain classes, types, and ages write an actor, as a rule. Many of the older, mature people don't, yet they are regular patrons. The box office is the only real guide; it is the public's spokesman. I follow exhibitors' reports in the trade magazines."

This need not be construed as lack of appreciation. Life's hard knocks have taught him the rarity and value of any sincere regard. But an actor's mail does not seem to him a true barometer of public taste. His fans, however, are loyal, despite his apparent indifference. For five years, each Christmas and birthday has brought a box of stationery with his name engraved on it, from Chicago. He does not know the donor's name, but imagines that it may be from one of the boys who did a term "in stir," and now is following an honest trade. Anyway, he uses the stationery, and is intrigued by the mystery.

His tastes are those of the normal, average fellow who jogs along life's ordered lanes. He likes prize fights, motoring—he has three cars—and fishing. Thrifty by nature, made doubly so by hardship, he strikes bargains and invests his money carefully. His initial picture salary was thirty a week. When he got a raise to forty, he began to save.

In reading, he has no special preferences, except adventure stories; "Arabian Nights" is a favorite. Despite his lack of intellectual pretensions, he was asked by the editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica to write an article on make-up, and felt highly honored.

Would he write his memoirs? It is the fashion. Surely behind that criss-crossed

forehead there lurk stories of strange experiences.

"Not by a jugful. My personal life is nobody's business. Besides, I lack the patience to write. I can't get thoughts into words. I can sit for hours experimenting with make-up, or 'thinking' my work; but I can express my thoughts fluently only in terms of facial expression. And I'll fix it so that nobody will write my biography after I'm gone, too."

Did he contemplate a return to the stage, with retirement from pictures?

"Nope. I'll be through with acting. I want to travel. No particular countries, just the wanderlust. Not," he refuted a suggestion, "to look for odd characters. I'm interested more in places than in people, now. Human nature is the same the world over, with slight variations."

Knowing his Izaak Walton proclivities, I had imagined him immersed in thought of his next rôle, while waiting for the fish to bite, planning in advance detail each characterization.

"I should say not!" His laugh was hearty, softening the stern contours of his face. "When I go on a holiday, I forget work completely."

Asserting that he has given to allied phases of his work an energy not appreciated, that drained himself, he insists that he is through with trying to save the producers money by shoving props around between scenes, through with every consideration except improving his own contribution.

Continued on page 112

Neptune Calls Them

What, then, is a girl to do except to wear the latest thing in swimming suits to greet the old master of the waves?

Gwen Lee, center, is all toggled out in red, white, and blue, a flying fish disappearing on the thigh of her shorts.

Bessie Love, left, is modern in her cellike one-piece jersey and modernistic in the choice of its design, the colors being white on powder blue.

Dorothy Jordan, above, is not averse to giving loungers on the beach a glimpse of the charms she reveals for Neptune's embrace. Her suit is of bright red and white, and she's only a model in size, her height being five feet two.

Anita, the pretty Page, left, evidently doesn't mean to allow Neptune to take any liberties, else she would not be without a cap to protect her hair.

Joan Crawford, right, wears the smartest suit of all, red and white being the contrast offered in jersey and trunk.





Photo by Mitchell

Betty Compton went West to make pictures, but decided that one short was enough for the present.

IF you've seen Fanny the Fan swaggering about and looking very supercilious lately, don't be worried. The grand manner will pass away in time. And you really can't blame the girl for growing a little self-important. After being wrong most of her life—or in the mistaken minority, if you prefer—she has suddenly discovered that once she was right! Of course, it was a long time ago that she made a sweeping prediction—so long ago that probably every one but herself has forgotten it.

It was at least a year and a half ago that Fanny saw a film test of Barbara Stanwyck, and promptly wanted to go out and raise flags. To hear her tell it, most of the other girls on the screen would be sent into retirement or vaudeville—which is almost the same thing—once Stanwyck showed them up. She would have had us believe that Stanwyck combined all the best features of Davey Lee, Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, and your favorite blues singer. When "The Locked Door" was shown, Fanny was strangely silent. When "Mexicali Rose" appeared she had the manner of a mystic whose reverie must not be broken. But now that "Ladies of Leisure" has

Over the

By The Bystander

shown what Stanwyck really can do, Fanny is running around and saying "I told you so," quite as if the preceding pictures hadn't given her moments of doubt.

As I waited impatiently for Fanny, tapping my plebeian heels on the priceless Hotel Warwick rug, I wondered if she had trailed the picture to one of the outlying suburbs to see it again. But no, eventually she showed up.

"I didn't see you here when I came in," she announced in a somewhat dubious, forgiving tone, as if she expected me to hurl "liar" at her, "so I went upstairs to see some friends. And what an uproar is going on throughout the hotel!

"It's a great tribute to Marion Davies," she went on, by way of explanation, "and they're saying it with vacuum cleaners and scrubbing brushes.

"You know Marion maintains a permanent home here, and I believe she owns stock in the hotel. Anyway, the mere fact that she stays here when she is in New York gives them a prestige that they would die for. And as

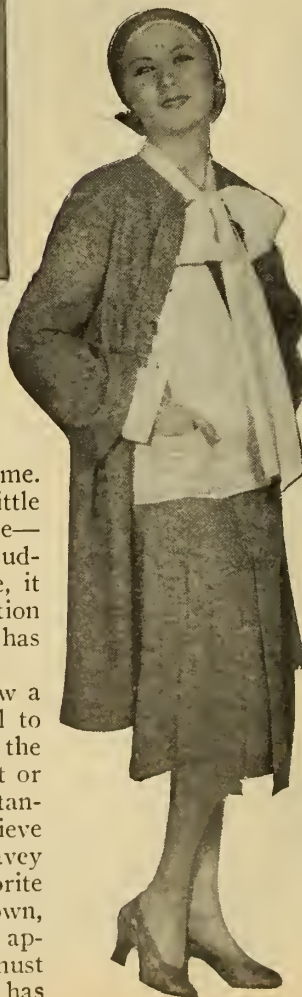
Lilyan Tashman made a hurried trip to New York to show Edmund Lowe the sights.

Marion is one of those girls who can detect a finger print or a speck of dust at fifty paces, the management always makes a special effort to have the entire hotel dressed up like a little girl going to a party when she is here.

"Well, Marion walked in unannounced this morning, and as she hurried through the lobby she squinted slightly, which was only natural coming in as she did from the summer sunlight. It threw the staff into confusion. The impression got abroad that there must be a wilted leaf in one of the vases, or maybe some one had shed an eyelash unnoticed on a settee, or perhaps one of the goldfish in the restaurant pool had become a bit tarnished. Instantly, a platoon of workers was mobilized, scouting parties were sent to each and every corner of the hotel, and now a sunbeam couldn't possibly find a speck of dust to dance around."

And as if to defy the shining spic-and-spanness of the establishment, at that moment in walked Nancy Carroll. Maybe slovenly is too strong a word to use in describing her; let's let it go as unkempt.

"She was shipwrecked off the coast of Massachusetts," Fanny offered lamely in extenuation. "It was a ghastly experience waiting for a boat to come along and rescue her. She was on a small yacht with some friends and they ran into bad weather."



Teacups

Fanny the Fan urges her friends to buy a book, and points out that she was once right in a prediction, even if a bit premature.

"But that was several days ago," I reminded her. "And there's no law against eating up in her room, if she's too exhausted to comb her hair."

"But when it's growing, it's so hard to manage," Fanny insisted.

I stared at her in amazement. There is always a reason for these Pollyanna attacks of hers.

"Well, if you must know, I'm afraid. Maybe it's the underworld movies that have set my nerves jittering. Maybe it's the mystery plays. Anyway, I've been threatened, and from now on I am to be a model of vacuity, sweetness, and silence. And just to be on the safe side, I'll always sit with my back to the wall and face the door.

"Once in an idle moment, I remarked that Janet Gaynor's mugging when she sang annoyed me. The postman staggered under the vitriolic letters that I got from her devoted fans. It never occurred to them that I criticized her in the nagging manner of an older sister who hated to have the little one appear at less than her best. Then I inferred that I wouldn't break any windows striving to get a look at Buddy Rogers or Rudy Vallée in person, and *their* public suggested that Paris green was too good for me. But when I ventured to suggest that Clara Bow's personal appearance was no advertisement for soap, all Brooklyn set out in search of me. From now on I look at the bright side of everything, or close my eyes."

I was halfway to the door in search of more congenial company when she called me back.

"Well, it *was* pretty funny the night I met Rudy Vallée," she admitted. "But remember that I'll be a hunted woman for admitting it. I was in a party with Richard Wallace and his wife, who were great friends of Mr. Vallée in Hollywood. Since he had last seen them they had been on a trip around the world, scorning the traveled roads and having all sorts of adventures in obscure parts of China and Egypt. Mr. Vallée came over to their table at his night club, and did he ask them about their trip? Did he show any interest in their affairs whatever? Hardly. He started out, 'I guess you're thinking that I look pretty tired,' and



Photo by Phyfe

Claire Luce is about to make her long-threatened film début.

with that introduction he launched into a monologue about the many demands on his time, the songs he was plugging, his radio programs, and eventually wound up with an impassioned tribute to yeast. And that, little kiddies, is supposed to go under the heading of charm, but I am just so stubborn I cannot recognize it."

After the calling I'd given her a moment before, I wouldn't have dared to mention that, nevertheless, he was still an unequaled radio singer.

"What's Marion in New York for?" I asked, idly hoping that the waiter would note my offhand, intimate tone and bring me the largest melon in the place.

"Just a few days' visit. Stopped by to see 'The Green Pastures' and one or two other things in the theater. She was going to Washington anyway. Marion's a smart girl. She doesn't run any chance of being hauled into court and accused of cheating the government on her income tax. She just goes to Washington, dumps her account books in the income-tax office, and says in her artfully artless way, 'Help me to figure this out, please. I just can't seem to be able to get it straight.'

"I wish she would make another picture right away. 'The Florodora Girl' missed fire as far as I was concerned. It's the sort of thing that is just awfully quaint and amusing for two reels. Any of the scenes Marion played would have seemed hilarious if she had got up and did them spontaneously at a party, but I'm afraid the scenario writers

An unexpected visit from Marion Davies caused excitement.

Photo by Loulie

just hitched a lot of Marion's amusing notions together, and let the story go at that.

"By the way, that cute-look-

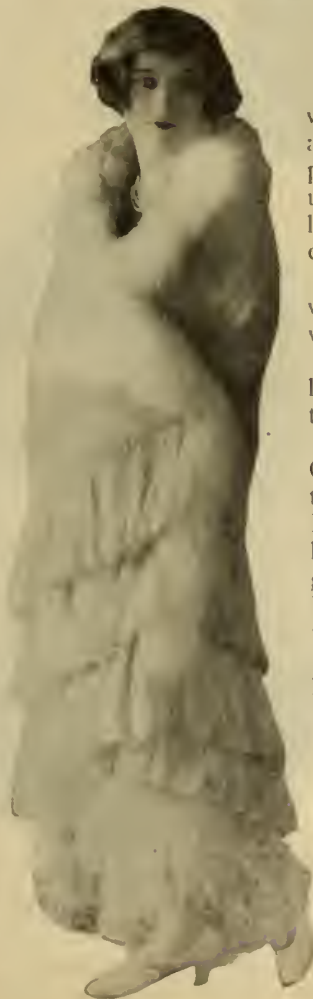




Photo by Richee

Carol Lombard made a great impression in "Safety in Numbers."

ing brunette over there is Betty Compton. There's a girl with a mind of her own. Warner Brothers sent her to Hollywood to make features and after one short, she decided she'd rather come back to New York and perhaps do one of their shows on the stage later. You see, she had taken a lovely house up in Larchmont for the summer, and she had been looking forward to being there with her friends, so California had little appeal for her.

"Pauline Garon's roaming around town somewhere. She has been visiting relatives up in Montreal, but she's here now. Haven't seen her, though we've both tried. We have a knack of just missing each other, so if you see her, just yell. Almost any one is likely to come in here. They've all heard that this is a quiet place, where you don't have to go through the Old-home Week rush of the Ritz and other beaten-path places.

"Lilyan Tashman was here, but only for a few days. Her husband, Eddie Lowe, hadn't been to New York in years, so when he got a few days' vacation, he persuaded Lilyan to come along and show him the sights. They did Harlem night clubs rather thoroughly, I believe, but naturally Lilyan didn't ignore the shops. Lilyan was

wearing dark glasses. She told a most convincing story about getting a black eye banging her head against a trunk lid while unpacking."

As Fanny went on garrulously, it occurred to me that Lilyan would have enjoyed demonstrating to any doubter how it was done. I hope she had the chance.

"Catherine Dale Owen is still in town, but has to go West soon to go back to work. She was coming home from the Derby with some friends when she passed a theater advertising Eddie Lowe and herself in 'Born Reckless.' They went in to see it, and imagine Catherine's embarrassment when she found that about two thirds of her scenes had been cut out.

"Her friends tried to console her by pointing out that Eddie was a Fox contract player and she wasn't, so they would hardly permit her to have much footage."

"But from your furtive air, I know you're just bursting to tell the real reason."

"Well, people from the studio do say that she is one of those eyebrow actresses. Every time a scene legitimately belongs to another player, her eyebrows swoop up and down and distract attention."

"But speaking of the Derby——"

Fanny and I spoke in chorus. Maybe you've heard the story, too. It seems that Carl Laemmle was making a trip East to the Derby and a friend said he bet it would fall down around his ears.

Some chronic agitator out West thinks that Carl Laemmle ought to get the Nobel peace award for producing "All Quiet on the Western Front." Imagine trying to take the credit away from Lewis Milestone and the author! Certainly no one was surprised when Milestone directed a masterpiece, but it seems little short of a miracle that he made one while working for Universal. If they have

such exceptionally rare judgment, what do they do with it when they are making their other pictures?

"I'd hate to see a picture as great as 'All Quiet' every day," Fanny announced soberly. "I was absolutely sunk for days. I'll probably never get over it. When I go to the News Reel Theater and see West Point graduating exercises or soldiers' maneuvers, I want to get up and hiss."

And I rather thought that the picture would make Fanny want to go out and join the army of women who would like to adopt Lew Ayres.



Barbara Stanwyck hit her stride in "Ladies of Leisure."

I'll never be able to appreciate any of those boys in another picture. It will be like seeing ghosts.

"I suppose you're still expecting some player from the stage to become the second Chatterton of pictures," Fanny remarked idly. "Well, there are two new candidates. Margaret Breen of musical comedy is working over at the Long Island studio in Buddy Rogers' new picture. She is a cunning red-head, born for Technicolor, if a girl ever was. And she has a good singing voice. And Claire Luce has gone West to make her long-threatened debut in Fox pictures. Claire has done everything on the stage from very light musical shows to drama that was so heavy it was practically indigestible. But before she would make pictures, she had her nose made over. It improved her profile, but made her lose the pert expression that was her real charm. I'm all for distinction in looks, even if features aren't perfect, and Claire looks like a lot of other girls now.

"I've adopted a policy of watchful waiting toward these stage players who threaten to cause a sensation on the screen. I've seen so many of them come and go," Fanny announced.

I didn't want to interrupt to remind her of her explosive enthusiasm over Rose Hobart. Let's wait until Miss Hobart's first picture is released and then all chime together in one big "huh." But I'm afraid it won't be very effective, because Rose Hobart threatens to be very good. There I go, making a prediction. It's catching.

"I've a lot more enthusiasm for some of the girls who have been quietly plugging along in pictures," Fanny confided, as if it were a diplomatic secret of the utmost importance.

"Marian Nixon, for instance," she went on. "I think she's grand. I think she's swell. What am I doing, singing a theme song? Well, anyway, I think Marian has a lot of talent and ought to be more appreciated. Evidently Richard Barthelmess agrees with me, at least. He's just demanded her as his leading woman in 'Adios.' That makes her third picture with him. It would suit me just as well if he supported her in one.

"And won't some one besides the New York newspaper reviewers please say a kind word for Carol Lombard? She was easily the outstanding personality of 'Safety in Numbers.' She even spoke some awfully blue lines without being offensive about it. Carol has a lot of talent. And do you hear of any producers rushing to sign her up? I haven't, and I hope it is just ignorance on my part."

For once I was able to put Fanny right, for only that day Paramount wired Carol to report in New York to play in "The Best People."

"Billie Dove's going to Europe in a few days," Fanny beamed. "And I know what we can send her with a bon voyage message. It's a book you wouldn't dare to give many people connected with the picture industry. Billie's one of the few Hollywood celebrities who doesn't appear in it, so she will probably enjoy it



Paramount's newest stage "find" is Margaret Breen.

immensely. It's 'Queer People,' by Carroll and Garrett Graham, and it is the most brilliant, sardonic, marvelous, and yet maddening book. Just as you whoop with glee over their merciless portraits of Hollywoodians in the rough, you come to a vicious sketch of some one you can't help recognizing as one of your best friends, and you want to strangle the authors.

"You had better run to the nearest bookstore and get a copy. They are going fast. And when you get one, nail it down, because I can tell from sad experience that people glance at the book and then walk off with it.

"I am torn with indecision over which is my favorite episode in the book. Can't decide whether it is the banquet to the son of a prominent producer, or the tea to the press. I'd like to be in Hollywood when certain natives read it.

"I dare say that the authors are even now preparing to leave town under cover of darkness. It is too bad in a way, because they have long been associated with the picture industry and they've made a lot of money out of it."

Will Hays may issue a statement about it. You can rest in any case that you will hear more of this book.



Marian Nixon will make another picture with Richard Barthelmess — at his request.

There's

There's good cause for the appear
most of them are brought to Holly
foot

Marilyn Miller made stage history in "Sally" for several years, so what more natural than she should duplicate the singing and dancing rôle on the screen?

Zelma O'Neal, below, became famous overnight when she stomped and kicked through that energetic dance known as the Varsity Drag in the musical comedy "Good News," followed by "Follow Thru," in which she plays her original rôle in the screen version.



George Arliss, above, played the *Rajah* in "The Green Goddess" with such success on the stage and in a silent picture, that it was no wonder that he played it in the talkies, too.

Dennis King, left, was an enormous hit on the stage in "The Vagabond King," hence his success in the same piece on the screen.

a Reason

ance on the screen of famous stage players, for wood to play rôles they made their own behind the lights

Much of the success of "Follow Thru" on the stage came from the antics of Jack Haley, right, who repeats every little monkeyshine in the talkie version.

Fred Kerr, the noted English actor, below, was brought to Hollywood to play *Lord Trench* in "The Lady of Scandal," which he originated in "The High Road," the stage version.

Years and years ago Claude Gillingwater, center, made a hit in "Mlle. Modiste," and is playing the identical rôle in "Toast of the Legion," as it is known on the screen.



Is George Marion, right, really *Anna Christie's* father? He thinks he almost is, for he played *Chris* in the stage original, the silent picture, and recently in Greta Garbo's talkie.





Photo by Chidnoff

Helen spent her last dollar for a quiet room in which to study for an hour, and got a rôle that made her.

THE roulette wheel in the casino at Agua Caliente spun merrily. At least it started merrily, then it slowed and finally stopped. The ball rolled onto the black and stayed there.

Helen watched the croupier rake in a pile of her chips from the red, smiled that wry smile of hers, and murmured, "Life is like that," as she turned from the table.

I expostulated with her over betting so much at one time, for, despite the fact that she is one of the rising figures in films, her salary has not kept pace with her position.

"I know," she said in answer to my protests, "I probably shouldn't have. But I've never done the things I should. My whole life has been a gamble. Sometimes I win—more often I lose. But when you win, you get a thrill of satisfaction that more than offsets the losses. Do you remember that line of Kipling's, 'If you can make one heap of all your winnings, and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss'? That's me, big boy, look me over."

The slang dropped easily from her lips, but it sounded incongruous. Along with other things, Helen is a philosopher, and her philosophy allows no time for vain regrets. She has the face of a slightly bewildered angel, and things that would seem quite ordinary and matter of fact in another leave you gasping and breathless when Helen does them.

About the only thing Helen won't take a chance on is me. I was invited to her home for dinner when I first came to Hollywood, and I've been paying rather vain

When a Lady

A born gambler, Helen Twelvetrees has risked everything on movies, it

By Samuel

and futile attentions to her ever since. She's funny that way.

"You see," said Helen, "life goes on without the slightest regard for individual preoccupations. You may take what attitude you like toward it or, like most people, you may take no attitude at all. It doesn't matter a darn to life. The ostrich, on much the same principle, buries its head in the sand. But just as forces outside the sand ultimately get the ostrich, so life, all the time, is getting you. I've found that sometimes you can gamble with life, but that's about as near as you ever come to beating it."

"That's quite a philosophy for such a pretty little head to have worked out," I murmured, inching over a little closer.

"It isn't philosophy at all," she retorted, edging away a little, "it's common sense. When I was in school, I wanted desperately to go on the stage. My family told me that if I did, they wouldn't give me a cent—and they meant it. I had no money—just that insatiable urge. But I took a chance, and presently I found myself singing and dancing in the chorus of one of the Broadway shows."

"Lucky me, lovable you," I hummed, but she paid no attention.

"The family tracked me down and dragged me back to school. I figured I'd broke even on that venture. When I finished school I started back to the stage again. This time I wasn't so lucky. I couldn't get work. Then I met Charles Fletcher Kelland, the artist. He used to paint covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*. He suggested that I do some modeling.

"You know the minute any one says modeling you always think of nudes and all that sort of thing. I'd never done anything like that and the idea scared me half to death. But I hadn't any money and no prospects of any, so I thought, 'Well, other girls have done it, and it hasn't killed them. I'll take a chance.' Luckily Mr. Kelland didn't paint nudes, so I remained pure and unsullied."

The idea of the beatific Helen in any other guise was rather amusing. I smiled indulgently. At least that was the way I intended to smile, but Helen slapped my face and continued.

"The folks didn't like the idea of a model daughter. No, wait a minute. I mean a model for a daughter, or a daughter for a model, or something like that. They hadn't any too much money themselves, but I suppose my gambling spirit had had its effect on them and they, too, decided to take a chance on me. They enrolled me in a New York dramatic school. It was a two-year course. I went regularly for a month. What a month! It was the most momentous part of my life."

"Life in a nutshell, huh?" I suggested, but she paid no attention. That's one of the troubles with me. I go to see these girls either socially or interviewingly, get them talking and before you know it the evening's

Rolls for Luck

taken all sorts of chances, and when she was the luckiest play of her life.

Richard Mook

gone, and I haven't had a chance to say a word. Occasionally I manage a brilliant comment, but they don't pay any heed. Helen at the moment was so in the thrall of her memories, that she didn't even notice as I began to inch over again.

"When I had been in the school just a few days, I noticed a very good-looking chap. Big and blond. His name was Clarke Twelvetees. He didn't pay much attention to me. Then one afternoon he asked me to go out with him. And I went. Next day he asked me to marry him."

"He *what*?" I gasped.

"Yes. Marriage is a gamble, too, you know. You can be engaged to a person for a year—five years—and still not know them any better than they want you to—if they're clever. And you can know them one day and know them as well as if you'd known them for years—if *you're* clever. I thought I was. I was tremendously attracted to him. More than I'd ever been to any one else. I decided to take a chance."

She paused a moment, and that rueful little smile brushed her lips. Lucky smile.

"I lost," she said simply. But back of that bare statement lay one of the most poignant assertions I've ever heard. It made you think of the quiet desperation that must pervade some of the gamblers at Monte Carlo who watch the croupier rake in their last sou, and know that they've got to face the future empty handed.

Only a person who knows Helen can know what that losing could mean to her. It's something she doesn't speak of often, for Helen is a good sport and takes her losses without whining. Only a person who knows her could know how she set out that morning for the city hall with shining eyes and high hopes. And only a person who knows her, knows how she and her new husband returned to their little apartment in the afternoon; of how he produced a bottle of the stuff that makes life noxious for Mr. Volstead and started celebrating; of how, when that was gone, he left her to get more—left her on her wedding day, and didn't return until three days later.

"I suppose I should have seen the writing on the wall then," Helen went on, "but we all hate to admit our mistakes. And, besides, I loved him."

Helen might have been alone with her dreams for a moment. In fact, I think she was.

"Well, we kept going to school. Stuart Walker has a number of stock companies, and he used to come over to the school every once in a while for new talent. One day he asked if I would like to go to Cincinnati to work for him. I'd never been away from New York. My family, my friends were there. It was the only world I knew.

"Come on," Mr. Walker urged, "take a chance." That was all I needed. I thought if I could get Clarke away from New York everything might be all right. So Mr.



Photo by Thomas

Miss Twelvetees says that marriage is a gamble—and that she lost.

Walker gave him a job, too, and off we went. Twenty-five dollars a week. We lived across the river in Covington, because it was cheaper. We rehearsed all day, played three matinées and seven nights a week. Between times I did our cooking and washing.

"Then Clarke got his notice and I, being a dutiful wife and furious because they couldn't see how good he was, handed in my resignation. We went back to New York. Clarke couldn't, or wouldn't, find work.

"One afternoon as I was going the rounds, I ran into a boy I had known at the school. He asked me to walk to a certain producer's office with him. I waited in the anteroom, while he went in to talk about a part. He didn't get it, and we started down the long flight of stairs. When we were nearly to the bottom, a man leaned over the railing and called to me. I looked up and he asked if I could come back. I thought it was the office boy to tell me I'd dropped a handkerchief or something. But it was the producer. He had noticed me sitting there.

"He wanted to know if I'd read 'An American Tragedy.' I lied like a trouper and told him it was my favorite. He gave me the script, and told me to study it for an hour, to come back and, if I could read it intelligently, I could have the rôle of *Roberta*.

"Imagine telling an inexperienced girl a thing like that! One hour in which to prepare for the chance of a lifetime! I hadn't time to go home, so I went across the street and sat in the lobby of a hotel. But there was so much noise I couldn't concentrate. I had two

Continued on page 100



The "Boy Friend" series of short comedies will feature Grady Sutton, left, Dorothy Granger, David Sharpe, Gertie Messinger, Mickey Daniels, and Mary Kornman.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Merry-go-rounding about the movie colony to capture the glint and glamour of its news and gossip.

JACK GILBERT will have his day again!

We venture this prediction hopefully from what we hear regarding his picture, "Way for a Sailor," now being completed.

Jack's voice is said to be now "more appropriate to his screen type"—whatever that may signify. Anyway, it avoids the high-pitched note that proved disastrous in "One Glorious Night," and settles comfortably in a key more deeply sonorous.

He has to be careful about one thing. He daren't grow excited when he talks. His voice has a tendency to rise to a contra-tenor whenever he becomes too fervid. However, he prepared for the new rôle in "Way for a Sailor" by taking some lessons from the studio vocal coach, Professor Mario P. Marafioti, in both singing and diction. We hear that Jack didn't care so much for the singing, but applied himself studiously to the diction course.

Other events are brightening his life. He and Ina Claire are now married more than a year, and are apparently very happy, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Jim Tully and he have patched up their quarrel, and Tully is acting in his picture. They have a chance to box with each other, too, but only for the sake of the plot. Best of all, Jack gets the opportunity to knock Tully out in this studio bout, because the scenario calls for it! What could be sweeter?

One Hysterical Evening.

When "Hell's Angels" opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater, the name of Hollywood was changed to Hulabaloo, if not actually Hysteria.

The colony itself, of course, celebrated with appropriate dignity the fact that they were seeing the picture in their younger years, rather than old age, but the townspeople turned the event into a Roman holiday, with the weaker trampled on, women fainting, ambulances screaming, riot calls sounding, and fireworks and airplanes overhead.

Under such stress as this most of the stars did not reach the theater until nearly ten in the evening, and the picture itself, following a Grauman prologue, did not begin to unspin on the screen until eleven. And somewhere in the first bright morning hours the last stragglers from the parties held afterward finally reach home, remarking, cloudily, perhaps, that it took almost as long to attend Howard Hughes' film as it did to make it.

One of the surprises of the evening was the sensation evoked by the arrival of Lawrence Tibbett, who was given the grand ovation from the street throng, with shouts and cheers of heaven-storming character. Curiously enough, the only applause that matched his, even to a degree, was that tendered Gilbert and Miss Claire. Still another feather in the cap of Jack's returning popularity.

Only in Hollywood—

Another big evening was signalized with the showing of "The Florodora Girl," starring Marion Davies, at the opening of Pantages' Hollywood Theater, a massive and golden affair that has just been added to the Boulevard's playhouses.

Before the picture was shown, Miss Davies appeared on the stage, and attempted a nervous speech. Eddie Cantor, as master of ceremonies, came to her rescue, and presented her with a gold pass as a gift from the theater management. He told her rather blithely that she could use it all the rest of her life, and also all the rest of the week, if she wanted to do so in order to see her picture.

The crowd of celebrities turned out *en masse* for the affair, and kept the radio hot with their messages to the folk listening in. The most amusing incident was when Harry Langdon drove up to the curb in a taxi, walked over to the microphone to say "'Lo, everybody!" and then got back into the cab and drove away.

Ruth Chatterton, we learned afterward, was so overcome by the crowds, and possibly by the grandeur of the theater, that she fainted. This was partly owing to her having recovered only very recently from an attack of influenza. Considerable trouble was encountered in reviving Ruth, because no drinking cups or glasses were available in which to carry water, the modern water fount having virtually eliminated that sort of receptacle in theaters. It is on record that William Haines offered to lend his derby hat in the emergency.

Children Must Play.

The cut-ups simply thrive everywhere now. Even at a staid banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, given in honor of foreign newspaper representatives, the dignity of the affair was all but destroyed when, during a very serious speech, somebody suddenly screeched "Ouch!" It was a girl's voice, and she had evidently been pinched by somebody. We had no chance to find out the culprit, but when we do we'll report it.

This Academy meeting was remarkable for the variety of its speeches, given in seven or eight different languages, including Swedish, Hungarian, Czecho-slovakian, Norwegian, Bohemian, and several dialects new to any country.

Various stars attended, including Conrad Nagel, Rod La Rocque, Anita Page, gay and girlish and clad in an

Ingeniously, vividly Theodore Kosloff impersonates *Electricity* in Cecil DeMille's "Madame Satan."



With Appropriate Hauteur.

John Barrymore is becoming reserved again about being interviewed. It used to be a custom of his when he was on the stage, but since his entrance into the movies he has reluctantly and with a certain discrimination succumbed to publicity.

Barrymore is also temperamental in other ways. It is said that he retired superbly one day from the set of "Moby Dick" while the picture was in the filming.

The scene had required him to be doused with water several times, and there had also been what seemed to John several unnecessary retakes.

Finally he disappeared, and when it came time for another shooting, the director sent one of his aids to look for Barrymore. "Ask Mr. Barrymore," he instructed, "how soon he will be back on the set."

The assistant found Barrymore in his dressing room, busy disposing of his dripping clothes.

"They want to know when you'll be back on the set, Mr. Barrymore," he stated.

"Tell them," replied John, with the full Barrymore grandeur, "that I'll be back—in a week."

And the tale goes that he was just about as good as his word—at least in hours, if not days.

Mary Lewis Present.

It appears that the reports were all wrong about Mary Lewis' father dying in Paris. Actually, it was no relative of hers whatsoever, but the elderly man who had kindly assisted her in pursuing her vocal career. Mary lost her own father in childhood, and this other man had assumed that parental position toward her during the earlier stages of her career. He was married, and had three children of his own, and Miss Lewis was very much devoted not only to himself, but to his wife and the entire family.

Prior to coming to Hollywood, she took a hurried trip to Paris to attend the funeral, and this held up the production of "The Siren Song," in which she will make her picture debut.

"The Siren Song" is to be fashioned along the lines of "The Rogue Song," but probably with lighter and more popular music.

Faced with Problems.

Lon Chaney is in a world of perplexities. He can have his five voices, but he may lose his thousand faces.

The main thing is make-up. Chaney can't put putty on his cheek bones, as he once did, and talk. The putty dries and comes off.

Chaney used to pad out his cheeks, too, by putting cotton in the back of his teeth. He also occasionally wore trick false teeth. And these also are out.

He thinks he can conquer the difficulties, though, in time. He is working with an elastic type of putty now that may be applied externally with great effect.

The camera is more scrutinizing than the eyes of spectators when they are looking at stage actors, and consequently the same methods cannot be employed as in the theater, where the players can wear grotesque make-ups. That is one reason Chaney has been having his own particular difficulties in the screen speakies.

He may do one of his fantastic impersonations soon.

"Il Fait Froid, Monsieur!"

The Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles had better get after Maurice Chevalier about a slam that he recently took at their renowned summer climate.

It was at an evening function at the Biltmore Hotel, attended by many film folk. The redoubtable Maurice was scheduled to appear for a song or two, but when he was called for he was missing. The program had run rather late, and evidently he had departed.

"He left because he was cold," some one shouted from among the tables. Whereupon eyebrows were raised considerably, and a buzz of comment passed.

At that, Maurice is a great public entertainer. He proved that decisively when he sang and joked on the stage for an hour each evening for a week at one of the Los Angeles theaters. The house was sold out days in advance, and the matinées were stampeded.

It's a race between Tibbett and Chevalier of the newer male idols.

After the High C's.

There's no holding back those stars with voices. Ramon Novarro is studying diligently, and is striving to acquire volume. And he *has* acquired it, or else the fellow who turns the wheels on the microphone is very clever.

In "The Singer of Seville," which we saw recently, Novarro sings "Ridi, Pagliacci" with all the dramatic intensity of a true operatic star. And those songbirds like Martinelli had better look out for their honors.

"Ridi, Pagliacci" was chosen for the picture, because it is among the most popular opera arias in America. In the foreign versions, at least the French, Ramon may render "Le Rêve" from "Manon" instead.

Which shows that he isn't just a one-aria man.

Tortoise and Hare.

Have you ever heard of Stomp 'n' Sellit? Well, if not, it doesn't matter so much, because the name was only a "temporary title."

Dubbed too much like Stepin Fetchit, it was changed to Stompy.

At one time, Stompy and Stepin were teammates in vaudeville. Both came to Hollywood about the same time, but Stepin made good first, and then went—well—just a little haywire.

Now Stompy is edging into the gilded world of success as a featured player with Pathé. They think he is going to be a real "find," and as yet he hasn't shown Stepin's predilection for Rolls-Royces and chauffeurs.

And that is indeed a hopeful sign.

No Temperament Here.

For once a star has stepped out of a cast, and it doesn't mean temperament, or that somebody else's talents were preferred.

Ann Harding really did need a rest when June Collyer replaced her in "Beyond Victory." She

had worked for nineteen days, and almost the same number of evenings on "The Girl of the Golden West," and then hurried into "Holiday" for twenty-one strenuous days.

All the while she was busy completing the building and furnishing of her new home.

So, what could you expect but that she would ask to be relieved of doing another picture, in which she played in just one sequence, anyway?

But it's a nice break for June, because the rôle is a good one.

A Festival of Plots.

The picture "Beyond Victory" is worth more than casual comment, for it is one of the most unusual ever produced.

Four separate stories are told, and four sets of principals are required for each. William Boyd and Miss Collyer are cast in one, while James Gleason and Zasu Pitts, Lew Cody, and Helen Baxter, Fred Scott and Helen Twelvetrees play the leads in the others. Dorothy Burgess is also importantly cast.

The first scenes of the picture take place at the war front, and each separate story is a cut-back to the prior lives of one of the four soldiers, who each individually tell how they happened to enter the service.

The Mediterranean Beckons.

Norma Talmadge is summering on the Riviera. She will have her own villa there, and will rest and visit friends, probably returning here in the fall.

Norma was in a fever to get away for a rest after "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," but had to stay over almost two weeks for retakes and a view of the completed production.

Exactly what she will make next is uncertain, but she speaks rather favorably of "The Lady." She doesn't want to film "Smilin' Through" again, above all things. The story has been announced for Joan Bennett, but Norma probably would still have the chance to do it if she wished.

However, Norma is a believer in letting the intensely favorable impression she made in the silent version of this film remain undisturbed, wherein she shows her excellent judgment.

Even though she loved theatergoing above all things in the past, Norma today prefers travel to anything, and she likes to get away from Hollywood, and particularly to go abroad.

A Real Battle Royal.

We were much delighted not long ago with the news emanating from one of the studios, which stated that many animals, including Buzzo, a trained bee, would be seen in a picture called "Anybody's War."

We might mention that Moran and Mack are the stars.

Marjorie Enters Joust.

Marjorie Rambeau, erstwhile bright stage star, is giving the first demonstration of her talkie talents in "Her Man," and those who



Mary Doran, clever and promising, gives a good account of her ability in "Our Blushing Brides."

know Marjorie will be especially glad to know that her work is impressing greatly. There was no actress more delightful in her heyday of triumphs, which occurred some ten or fifteen years ago.

Miss Rambeau has played on the stage from time to time in Los Angeles during recent years, and always draws an enthusiastic audience. She began her career in the West, and later won large success in New York.

Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes are also featured in the picture, Miss Twelvetrees, on account of her youth, naturally being cast as the lead.

No—Not by Wayside!

Billie Dove and Alice White are new girls without a home. That is, neither of them are at present under contract. They closed their sojourn with First National not long ago.

Joseph Schildkraut has also left Universal. And Merna Kennedy is no longer on their regular contract list.

We won't believe, though, that they're all falling by the wayside, because of the changes that the talkies have brought. Just wait six months and see if most of them aren't back again.

Sacrifices for Laughs.

It's better to lose a quarter million now than to be unhappy ever after.

Mary Pickford—perhaps wisely—adopted this theory while making "Forever Yours." As a consequence, she bid a fond farewell to a lot of film, as well as a supervisor, and that gay person, Marshall Neilan.

Truth of the matter was that Mary's first efforts in "Forever Yours" were too serious, and it was decided to liven up the picture before it was started again. The fear was expressed that it might be a disappointment in contrast to Norma Talmadge's production of several years ago.

It was thought better to begin anew with a different scenario, and other men at the helm, though it was duly stated that Mickey Neilan was getting along splendidly.

Sam Taylor, pinch hitter for the United Artists studio, is directing now.

Doug has returned from his trip to Europe, and will probably start a picture soon. We're hoping it will be a light comedy.

Hart's Days Eventful.

A William S. Hart bulletin says that he may soon return to the screen, financing his own production. Bill has had his tonsils taken out, has scared away some sort of marauder, or other disturbing person at his country home, and otherwise had an exciting time of it lately.

Caprice à la Clara.

Poor Clara Bow! What a life! In love eight times, at least, and not married yet! And then, besides, out \$30,000 in an alienation settlement with the wife of one of her admirers! Ouch, ouch, ouch!

The little "It" girl has had a sizzling romantic career, and she talks freely of it.

In a newspaper interview recently Miss Bow disposed of a sextet of men she had charmed, telling the reasons why there was no marriage, as follows:

Gilbert Roland—she was too young.

Bob Savage—she didn't really love him.

Gary Cooper—studio objected on grounds it might hurt their careers.

Victor Fleming—older than she, and she couldn't cope with his subtlety.

Who dares say
that Clara
Bow is over-
weight?



Claudette Colbert scorns the imperial suite aboard a floating palace for her 'round-the-world jaunt. She prefers a freighter.

An unnamed doctor—he was already married.

Harry Richman—tried to dominate her, couldn't stand it when she wanted to be gay and funny, and was jealous.

At latest reports, of course, the reigning favorite in Clara's love life is Rex Bell, who Clara opines is a "swell fellow."

Itinerant Household.

Education—and it should be spelled with a whole series of capitals—certainly runs in the Irene Rich household.

We met Irene at a theater opening, and she was all joy, because her older daughter was returning home for the summer from Smith College, and her older stepson from Yale.

Irene's younger daughter is attending a girl's school at Santa Barbara, and her younger stepson also attends a private school.

The boys are sixteen and nineteen respectively, and are the children of David Blankenhorn, her husband, by a former marriage, while her girls are twenty and thirteen.

Irene deplored the fact that they are seldom all home at one time. "One or the other of us is always in the East, or traveling to or from there," she said. "Throughout one month last

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Symbolic, Yes?

Answer the question when you have inspected these pictures which are supposed to typify various cities.

Merna Kennedy, left, represents—to her own satisfaction, at least—the spirit of Chicago as it is in the movies.

Mary Philbin, right, as a flower of Puritan days, is Boston, of course.

June Marlowe, left, listens for the call to make whoopee, for she is an Indian maid of Albuquerque.

Barbara Kent, below, is San Francisco as she sees it. If you think her vision is cloudy, just remember the gold rush of '49.

Beautiful Mona Rica, left, recaptures the Spanish origin of Los Angeles, well named the City of Angels, and says, "Come West, young man."



His Way with Women

Many of the lithe figures and sparkling eyes you see on the screen come from the gymnasium presided over by "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, whose exercises are here described.

By Helen Klumph

DURING his career as a prize fighter "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien made life miserable for the two-hundred and twenty-seven opponents he pommelled. He practically finished their careers and wrecked their health. Now he has more than evened matters with Providence, conscience, or whoever may frown on pugilism, for he has bolstered up the careers of a flock of Broadway beauties, restored health to between seven and eight thousand men and women, replaced some eighty-four tons of human fat with active muscle, and prolonged the earning powers of thousands of jaded entertainers.

It isn't such a far cry from the prize ring to the gymnasium, but Mr. O'Brien would assure you that the company he keeps now is much more amusing. And better to look at. Picture and stage stars refer to their figures as "an O'Brien production," and haunt his gymnasium while they are in New York.

He puts his charges through a rigorous course of training and makes them like it. Far from rebelling against his torturous work-outs, his patients get so enthusiastic he has to curb them to keep them from overdoing.

His enthusiasm for his work is infectious. Ask Winnie Lightner, who reduced seventeen pounds in five weeks. Ask Irene Delroy, to whom he restored sparkling eyes and a lithe gait when an exhausting season in musical comedy made her dread her approaching debut in pictures. Ask Harry Richman, who keeps in condition under O'Brien's direction, in spite of an appalling daily schedule of personal appearances with his picture, work in a revue, and long hours singing in his night club. Ask almost any one on Broadway, for that matter, for the parade forms on the left, right, and middle, and hustles daily to the O'Brien gymnasium on the roof high above the Warner Theater.

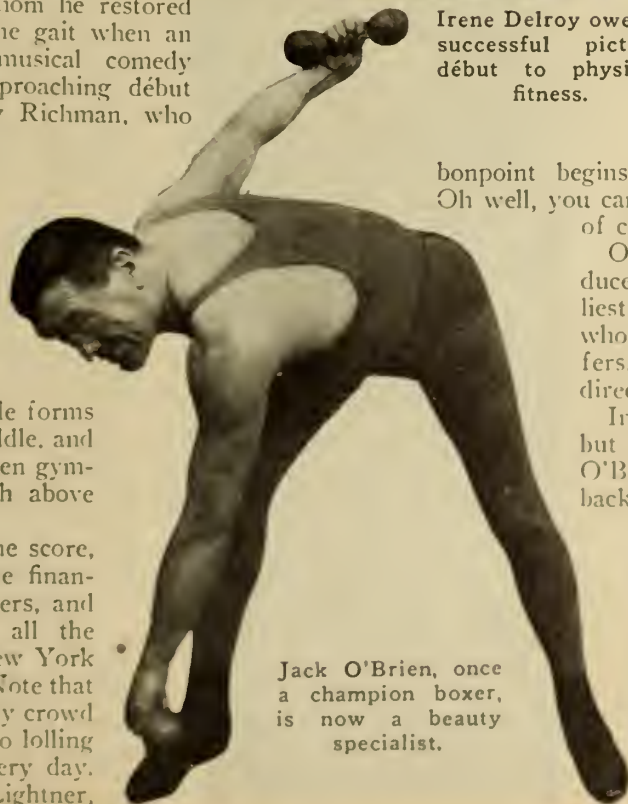
Theatrical people by the score, well-known figures in the financial world, doctors, lawyers, and priests, and practically all the film reviewers on the New York newspapers, go there. Note that last group. They're a lazy crowd—or were—accustomed to lolling in theaters for hours every day. But when they saw Lightner,



Irene Delroy owes a successful picture debut to physical fitness.



Winnie Lightner reduced seventeen pounds in five weeks.



Jack O'Brien, once a champion boxer, is now a beauty specialist.

Delroy, *et al*, growing slim, bright-eyed, and bristling with vitality, they couldn't bear it. How can you criticize a girl on the screen for being overweight and stodgy when your own em-

bonpoint begins to reach wide-screen dimensions? Oh well, you can, but you will be greeted by a burst of catty laughter if you do.

O'Brien isn't always called on to reduce fat. Erin O'Brien Moore, the loveliest and most gifted young stage actress who hasn't yet succumbed to picture offers, put on fifteen pounds under his direction.

Individual treatments vary, of course, but here is a typical routine of the O'Brien gymnasium. Try it in your own backyard if you want to, but you will never keep it up without fellow sufferers and the driving enthusiasm of an O'Brien to urge you on.

The newcomer is weighed and measured and it is decided just what amount is to come off and from where. Heavy rubber garments are then fitted over the offending bulges—chin bands, abdomen bands, trunks, or whatever

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D. W. Griffith rehearses Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster.

PART IV.

AS I think of it now, Toledo must have been my base of supplies, and these trips in search of employment were really exploring expeditions toward an El Dorado. Once more the express trolley comes to a stop, and among the passengers pouring out into the dingy waiting room was I, by this time very much ashamed at not being able to set the world afire in my various pursuits. And I walked right into a job!

My fiancée's sister was working for the Automobile Legal Association. This club furnished such services as free towing, road service, defense in court when necessary, and other necessary helps to motorists. It was a service that sold for ten dollars a year, and the salesman's commission was two and a half dollars. A word to the boss, I got the job, and sold two memberships the first day, netting myself five dollars.

On the second day I struck opposition. A prospective customer told me that another organization rendered the same service, so why should he change? I had no answer. I soon ran out of friends to call upon. The office manager gave me help to overcome objections, but somehow I did not have enough nerve, and wasn't able to put it across. My first day's total was my first week's. The following week I sold one, and one the following week—this in face of the fact that a woman on the force averaged six a day. I gave up as I couldn't overcome the objections of the buyers, although the service that I was selling had one hundred per cent merit.

Almost a year had past since I left the theater. I decided that A. L. A. and I had nothing in common; or rather the office manager told me so. Once more I was in search of a job. The Toledo *News-Bee* carried a want ad: Young

that go with morning hours in any store. After these chores were done the job was rather a lazy one. I would



I Stop to

No fame and fortune story is more absorb man, because it is true to life and is installment occurs that darkest hour

By Neil

man, personable, to work in cigar store; see Mr. Willard. So I waltzed down to see Mr. Willard. We talked. I advanced the theory that having worked in the theater I had acquired sufficient personality to sell any cigar in the world, coupled with the fact that I had sold stocks and bonds, straw hats, Toledo *Israelite* advertising, and the A. L. A. service. I got the job. Salary seventeen dollars a week, with every other Sunday off.

I start work. I alternate every other morning in opening the store, sweeping the sidewalk, mopping the floor, dusting the counters, washing the windows, and all the other details that go with morning hours in any store. After these chores were done the job was rather a lazy one. I would find myself standing behind the counter daydreaming, thinking that a year ago I had been in Montreal with Grace George, when suddenly my thoughts would be jerked back by a demand for tobacco. Cigarettes delivered, change made, some passing remarks about the weather, and then back to daydreaming. I would find myself back in Washington the day I tossed peanuts from the top of the Washington Monument to see how far I could follow them with my eye, when again a sudden demand for smokes would be made.

This went on for six weeks, when much to my surprise and embarrassment, Mr. Willard walked in one morning, opened a cigar box, took out a cigar and asked me, "Domestic or imported?" I hadn't the faintest idea. He reached into another box and asked me, "Panatella or club?" They were just plain cigars to me. He reached into a third box, took out a cigar, held it temptingly before my nose and asked, "Havana or stogy?" To me it was again just a cigar.

Indignant, disappointed, and upset, he said to me, "Hamilton, it doesn't strike me that you are the type of man who intends devoting his life to the cigar business." I made some passing reference to his being a discerning gentleman, and that I had no intention of devoting my life to the cigar business. He jeeringly asked what I was going to do, and I replied that some day I hoped to

Married in the morning, dismissed from his theatrical company that night, Neil Hamilton doesn't know what will happen next.

follow my original intention of staying in the theater. Then followed a long, fatherly discourse, the high lights being that

Look Back

ing than this autobiography of a favorite leading published exactly as written by him. In this before dawn which comes to every one.

Hamilton

he was looking for a young man on whom he could rely to run his business for him, so that if he were called away for a week his clerk could intelligently order the necessary goods, and would be able to tell with his eyes shut and by their odors alone the various cigars, cigarettes and tobaccos which met with public approval.

I assured him that I was not made for that sort of a job, and by mutual agreement we decided that the following Saturday should witness my ignominious departure from the tobacco trade, wealthier by seventeen dollars.

Once more I was out of a job. By then it was not so terrifying as it was a year ago. I had become used to it. My sweetheart's theater was closed for the summer and she was filling in the time by working in the ticket office of one of the steamship lines plying the Great Lakes. I met her on a Saturday night, broke the sad news, and we went home on the street car. Now comes, to me at least, the most interesting, dramatic, and romantic chapter of the whole thing.

We spent the following day together—Sunday. Elsa didn't have to be at the ticket office until noon Monday. She made an appointment to meet me downtown early Monday morning. We met and she took me to a clothing store, got me a new suit, shoes, shirt, tie, socks, underwear, a hat, and then she got me a one-way ticket to New York and insisted that I take the train, with this advice. That as I had been away from New York a year and had tried several lines of work outside the theater, and had been unable to make a go of any of them, she advised me to pick up the scattered threads of my career and start all over again. She added that if I got a job that would pay enough to get married on, to write and let her know and she would come to me.

The following week I left Toledo. In the meantime the theater had opened and she was back in the box office. My train left at one o'clock, and she could not leave her work, because she had a very heavy line-up during the noon hour, and our final good-by was most unsatisfactory, as customers were clamoring at the window for seats. She was unable to go to the station with me, and I had to leave alone. By the time the train reached Cleveland I was so thoroughly depressed at the thought of leaving my heart behind, that for five cents I would have turned back.

Neil Hamilton, turned out of the house by his former pal, loses his high spirits until taken in by a real friend.



I arrived in New York with possibly the heaviest heart in the city, and had just enough money left to get to New Haven to see mother and dad. I had been away from home a year, the longest time I had been absent since I left home, so it was a case of the prodigal's return. I stayed three days, borrowed the fare back to New York from my mother, and once more started the rounds of the agents who were surprised to see me, as my existence was more or less forgotten.

On my first day back, I decided to look up a man with whom I had been very friendly and to whom I believed I could honestly turn for help. I called at his rooming house. He was out. I called an hour later; he was still out. Several times that afternoon and evening I returned. On my last call at twelve thirty I met him going in, very much dressed up, the picture of a prosperous actor. He was playing at the time with Billie Burke, and much to my surprise had acquired an English accent! He assured me that although he was delighted to see me, he didn't have a dime to lend me, but could put me up for the night in his room, if I didn't object to sleeping in a chair, as he shared the place with another young man.

This suited me, although I was disappointed by his coolness and changed attitude. I stayed two nights. Then he politely, but firmly, asked that I look for a room of my own. He said the landlady objected to a third person in the room, and if I remained she would raise the rent. So I left, without even a dime.

Late that night after I had been ordered out, as I was walking down Forty-fourth Street to keep warm, I passed a muffled figure very much in a hurry and received a grunting hello. I turned back to discover McKay Morris, who had just finished his performance in "Main Street." The last time I had seen him was in my dressing room at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, when he helped me put on the exotic make-up for "Artists' Life" a year ago.

He asked me where I was going. I told him I had no place to go, whereupon he generously insisted that I share his apartment until I was able to take care of myself. I went home with him and for the first time in two days broke my fast.

After about two weeks I received an offer for two weeks, with a guarantee of fifty dollars a week, to play a bit in a picture. The only catch was that it required evening clothes. McKay promptly lent me enough money to overcome this handicap.

I remember that in one of the scenes I was sitting at a table with Martha Mansfield, and during the waits, while the cameramen adjusted their cameras and the lights were moved around, she and I talked. She was very generous in her criticism of the previous day's rushes and assured me that some day I should make a name for myself. It was with a great deal of sorrow that I read some six months later of her tragic death by fire while on location.

The picture finished, the following week an opportunity came to be leading man in Charles Blaney's stock company in Brooklyn. His wife, Cecil Spooner, was the star. Of course, I jumped at this opportunity. The salary was only sixty-five dollars a week, but at last I had achieved the distinction of becoming a leading man. Needless to add, to celebrate the occasion I phoned to Toledo.

Our opening bill was "East Is West." We played a week. I had sixty-five dollars in my pocket, with the prospect of sixty-five the next and all during the season. I succeeded in overcoming all objections, and the following Saturday Elsa left Toledo, arrived in New York Sunday, and we were married in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Monday at eleven in the morning on November 27, 1922.

My good friend McKay Morris provided an elaborate breakfast as his contribution to the occasion, and with my bride I left for Brooklyn for the final dress rehearsal of the play to open that night. To say that I was elated is putting it mildly. I had finally achieved my heart's desire, had risen to the rank of leading man in my profession, and had the prospect of as pleasant a future as one could imagine.

We gave the performance that night. The house was filled, the applause most generous, and laughs came every second, as we were playing the farce "Ladies' Night." After the performance I hurried to my dressing room, rushed my make-up off, and received congratulations from the rest of the cast. Mr. Blaney came in and laid my part down for the next week. I stuffed it into my pocket after he left, with an accompanying envelope. The first thing that came into my head was that not only was my lucky star shining—it was beaming! Mr. Blaney had no doubt raised my salary, for I had been there three weeks. I hurriedly tore open the envelope. Inside was my two weeks' notice. Dismissal! My entire little world crashed around me.

If at any time in my life things had looked black, certainly this moment was the blackest of all. How I ever summoned courage and strength to leave my dressing room is beyond me. Downstairs at the stage entrance was Elsa, a bride of twelve hours, waiting for me. We had to travel on the street car to reach the subway and she, noticing my reticence, was amused. She attributed it to a young husband's shyness!

We finally reached the subway, and during the trip home, as I had not said a word in answer to her questions, she became alarmed and pleaded with me to tell her what was the matter. I had neither courage nor heart to tell her about the slip that was burning a hole in my pocket.

I finally handed it to her, expecting to have to carry her from the train at the next station. Then and there I experienced the second biggest moment in my life—the first had been that morning when I had said, "I do"—for instead of swooning as ninety-nine out of a hundred would have done, she said, "Is *this* all that has been worrying you? Don't be silly. We have two weeks ahead of us in which you will receive \$130. It will carry us another two weeks, if we watch carefully. If

the worst comes to the worst, I can look up some managers I know, and I shall have no difficulty in getting any box office I want and make more than enough to take care of us."

It would take a Dumas, an O. Henry, or a DeMaupassant to cram into a few sentences the suspense, the heart interest, and drama that occurred in the subway that night. The reason I had been given my notice was because I was too young for the plays they planned for the coming season. As I had established myself as leading man there, I could hardly be the juvenile, so they decided to let me go.

Through McKay Morris I met Minnie Elizabeth Webster, an agent, and I regret to state that great unpleasantness arose between us in the following years. She assured me that I would be a good bet for pictures and promised to arrange an introduction to D. W. Griffith. Frankly, meeting the great Mr. Griffith was a thing utterly beyond my dreams. But I did meet him.

Mr. Griffith said that he could say nothing one way or the other, until he had seen a test of me. He asked if I

would come to the studio next day for a test, but I told him I had a rehearsal, a matinée and an evening performance. He said, "That's too bad. I can't make it this Sunday, but come a week from Sunday." He was mildly amused at my thus putting him off, as well he should have been, for I believe I am the only actor who ever postponed a test with D. W. Griffith. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and asked, "Well, young man, just when can you favor me with a test?" To which I replied, "The Sunday after my girl arrives from Toledo." All this happened before my marriage.

Dawns the first Sunday following that great day. Terribly impressed with the fact. Horribly tired, what with rehearsals every day in the week and four matinées. My mind was so crammed with different plays that I didn't know where I was. Anticipating the loss of the day,

I had sat up all the previous night memorizing my next week's part. I left for Mamaroneck on the nine five train, so tired that my enthusiasm for the test was at a low ebb.

It is only a three-quarter hour journey, but I fell asleep and came to as the conductor passed. I asked him when we would get to my destination. "Mamaroneck! Why, we passed there an hour ago. Our next stop is Stamford, the end of the line." Imagine my embarrassment! At Stamford I took the street car, but didn't arrive at Mamaroneck until two thirty in the afternoon, instead of ten in the morning when I was due. I was very hungry, and feeling that I was already late it wouldn't matter if I was a little later, I went into a restaurant for ham and eggs and coffee.

The studio door slammed in my face. The slamming was caused by the arrival of Mr. Griffith, for he just preceded me. On the set in faultless attire and perfect make-up were seven young men, all there for the same reason as I, among them Buster Collier and Joseph Striker. I hurried upstairs and made up. I have neglected to add that I had a toothache which had swollen my jaw to twice its normal proportions. [Continued on page 100]



Elsa and Neil Hamilton were married in 1922, when he was twenty-three.



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summer-ville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"King of Jazz, The"—Universal. All Technicolor. Spectacular revue, with intimate touch, starring Paul Whiteman, with not quite enough of him. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy. Many more seen flittingly.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old hokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Paramount on Parade"—Paramount. Technicolor sequence. Best of revues, with intimate entertainment before spectacle, although latter is not neglected. Genial, glittering show includes many stars, with Maurice Chevalier, Evelyn Brent, Harry Green, Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane probably heading list.

"Honey"—Paramount. Diverting musical piece, with agreeable plot, but no danger of brain tag. Southern family rents house to Northern woman, and there follows romantic tangles. Nancy Carroll, Richard Gallagher, Jobyna Howland, Mitzi Green.

"Benson Murder Case, The"—Paramount. Best of the *Philo Vance* cinemas, absorbing, thrilling, with all intelligence detective stories will bear. William Powell at his best, excellently supported by Natalie Moorhead, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette, E. H. Calvert, Richard Tucker.

"Free and Easy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Low comedy at its best, with Buster Keaton escorting a beauty-contest winner, Anita Page, to Hollywood. Old idea with new treatment, with glimpses of many screen notables at the studios.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Sarah and Son"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton at her best as poor German girl who rises to the top as prima donna, in touching mother-love story. Difficult characterization perfectly done. Philippe de Lacy, Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Ken-

neth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Green Goddess, The"—Warner. George Arliss as suave, merciless rajah into whose kingdom a group of English land by plane. Plans for execution of visitors for revenge thwarted in thrilling manner. H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Sheffield, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Anna Christie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.



FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Song of the Flame"—First National. Technicolor. Beautiful scenes in the Russian mood, choruses, mobs, and dances. Dazzling production will compensate for rest that makes a film. Singer moves crowd to riot and pillage. Bernice Claire's pretty singing does it. Alexander Gray, Noah Beery, Alice Gentle, Inez Courtney.

"Texan, The"—Paramount. Gary

Cooper in story below par, in which an outlaw poses as son of rich South American widow, and is touched to repentance by his reception. Señora's niece also melting. Sheriff on his trail is easy on the momentary delinquent. Faye Wray good. Emma Dunn the señora.

"New Adventures of Doctor Fu Manchu, The"—Paramount. Oriental villainy fine for those who relish it, average film for those who don't. *Doctor Fu* comes to life to carry on his hatred. Suspense and thrills. Fine acting. Neil Hamilton, Jean Arthur, Warner Oland, O. P. Heggie.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless. Frenchman brought to this country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American's daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and win the girl, too? Voilá! Claudette Colbert good.

"Double Cross Roads"—Fox. Excellent crook picture, finely acted by Lila Lee, Robert Ames, Montagu Love, Ned Sparks, Edythe Chapman. Gripping plot, nicely sustained suspense. Convict tries to reform, falls in love with decoy planted by master criminal. Intelligent throughout.

"Show Girl in Hollywood"—First National. Alice White makes good. Pertly attractive, yet gives depth to rôle. *Dirie Dugan's* adventures in breaking into the movie racket, and once there, goes haywire. Genuinely diverting. John Miljan, Jack Mulhall, Blanche Sweet.

"Divorcée, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer's performance of the "Ex-wife," as the novel was called, finely capable, yet superficial. Skirts the risqué, but even a child could see through thinly disguised implications. Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Florence Eldridge, Mary Doran.

"Ladies Love Brutes"—Paramount. Story of frustrated desire of a millionaire with underworld background. Climax does not ring true, although George Bancroft is sympathetic. Mary Astor typically screen "society" as heroine, Fredric March her husband. Freddie Burke Frederick and David Durand, boy actors, good.

"Light of Western Stars, The"—Paramount. Zane Grey story remade as talkie, with Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Fred Kohler, Regis Toomey, Harry Green. Latter turns up as wise-cracking peddler. Heroine goes to ranch left by murdered brother, is molested by villain, who is finally done up by hero. Much gun play and delineation of rugged character.

"Arizona Kid, The"—Fox. Stencil of "In Old Arizona," which producers expect you to have forgotten. Likable bandit, Warner Baxter, accused of murder in a gold mine, but you are asked to believe that he found a cuff link that cleared him. Mona Maris bandit's sweetheart. Theodor von Eltz and Carol Lombard.

[Continued on page 119]

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

A critic sadly records the arrival of the silly season and submits proof of it.

THOUGH pretending to be nothing more than a program picture, "Shadow of the Law" entertained me more than any other this month. Judged by the gripping attention of audiences, I am not alone in my opinion. It is capital melodrama, full-bodied and upstanding, and is indigenous to the screen. In other words, it is not a stage play that has been doctored for the talkies. Much of its strength comes from William Powell, who plays a persecuted hero for a change and plays him with all the restraint, dignity, authority, and humanness we expect from this superlative actor. He disguises the occasional implausibility of the proceedings with an intelligence that silences criticism during the course of the picture. It is only afterward, when one is no longer held by Mr. Powell's presence, that second thoughts yield the same faults in the story. We shall not go into them, for the picture is devised to entertain and that it assuredly does.

A young man, out for sentimental adventure of the more elegant sort, accompanies an ermine-cloaked lady to her hotel rooms. There they are confronted by a reminder of her "past," a sadistic gentleman from whose punishment the girl later flies for Mr. Powell's protection. In the ensuing scuffle the stranger falls out of the window. Mr. Powell is arrested, tried, his story discredited because the lady has disappeared, and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Escaping, he makes his way to a Southern city where

he finds a factory job which brings him rapid promotion to an executive position. Trusted, respected, his love for his employer's daughter encouraged by her father, he will not propose until he can simultaneously reveal his "past" and his innocence of crime. To accomplish this he sends a pal to search out the girl who disappeared, and offer her money for an affidavit exonerating him. The girl hoodwinks the pal and appears before Mr. Powell as a blackmailer, followed by a detective bent on apprehending him as an escaped convict. How Mr. Powell circumvents the detective and destroys the only means of identification is something entirely new to the screen. And that's saying lots. See it—and shiver with horror.

Marion Shilling is a charming, natural heroine, Natalie Moorhead is beautiful and relentless as the wicked woman, and Paul Hurst contributes hearty comedy to the rôle of Mr. Powell's pal.

A Lion Whose Roar Is Laughter.

In little more than a year Jack Oakie has clowning his way from obscurity to stardom, so let's say nothing more about the movies being overcrowded, or that chances only come to Broadway veterans. Not that Mr. Oakie doesn't deserve his eminence. Emphatically he does, for at the outset he offered a new personality, struck a new note of comedy, and he has gained in ease and resourcefulness in each effort. His is not forced

William Powell, Natalie Moorhead, and Richard Tucker make "Shadow of the Law" the strongest picture of the month.





Both in billing and performance Jack Oakie is the star of "The Social Lion," with Mary Brian and Olive Borden.

stardom, then, but the logical progress of a comedian with a fresh, engaging method. Only the speed with which dizzying heights are scaled in the movies, occurs in no other field of endeavor and must always be witnessed with a gasp.

That gasp widens to a laugh in watching Mr. Oakie's antics in "The Social Lion," the occasion of his debut as a star. It is a consistently funny picture, shrewdly put together to evoke almost continuous laughter, the lulls coming only that the spectator may get his second wind. There are deft and understandable characterizations too, and situations inherently comic and not made to seem so by reason of the clever performers engaged in them. Richard Gallagher is one of these. He captures first honors after Mr. Oakie for his dry wisecracks as "Chick" Hathaway, manager of a small-time fighter, the latter reminiscent of Mr. Oakie's ball player in "Fast Company." Returning to his home town in the naïve belief that his triumphs have rung around the world, he is mischievously exploited by a débutante and is given membership in the country club, because of his usefulness as a polo player. Whereupon, it is unnecessary to add, Mr. Oakie goes haywire, outdoing the wildest idea of what a member of the smart set does to qualify.

This is the basis of a plot that, though simple, is cleverly developed and brightly acted throughout. Mary Brian is well cast as the home-town telephone girl and Olive Borden characterizes the débutante both in appearance and by means of a voice that is low, smooth, and distinct. It is one of the most agreeable I have listened to on the screen. I want to hear more of it.

The Not So Gay '90s.

"The Florodora Girl" disappoints those who looked for an exceptional picture. To those who see it "cold" it will be moderately entertaining. Even so, it doesn't justify the costly production. It lacks continuity and form and is lamentably overdone. At times amusing, it

could easily have been surpassing in every respect. Purporting to show New York life as it existed in the '90s, it falls below and overshoots the mark, failing because the detail is incorrect and because it is played as broad burlesque.

It might have been tenderly appealing, the comedy coming naturally from the comic costumes and unbelievable goings on among civilized persons in that distant day. Not content with what had been provided in the way of background, the director and players chose to impose clowning without stint. Incidentally, the period is entirely wrong.

The musical comedy "Florodora," of whom the heroine is a member of the famous sextet, was first produced in this country in 1900. The costumes, however, and much of the detail hark back nearly ten years previous. They are the modes of 1892. Balloon sleeves, tight basques, yards of trailing velvet and towering hats perched at acute angles are funny, but they never were worn by "Florodora" girls. So much for the boasted technical research that goes on in the studios.

The story is forgotten in the course of clowning, and when it reappears you feel that it never mattered anyway. Yet it too begins well, but is lost in the welter of kidding. Just as a matter of record, let it be said that Marion Davies is *Daisy*, engaged to marry *Jack*, a scion of wealth. His mother explains to her that with the evaporation of the family fortune it is *Jack's* duty to marry an heiress for the sake of his little sisters. So *Daisy*, even as *Camille*, tells *Jack* that she "hates" him and stages a scene with another suitor to prove it. A long time later *Jack*, suddenly rich again, claims *Daisy* for his own and drives away from the theater with her in her stage costume.

Miss Davies' performance is perfect. She is the vapid, confused, very feminine show girl of a past generation. Lawrence Gray is all right as the young man. Before I forget it, the undying "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" number of "Florodora" is superbly recreated. You have



"Rough Romance."



"One Romantic Night."



"Safety in Numbers."



"Caught Short."

seen the original that took the world by storm when you see this. Except that the dresses are not those worn by the girls who went down in history as millionaires' brides.

A Misused Lady.

Any appearance of Ruth Chatterton is interesting because of her great and deserved popularity, but "The Lady of Scandal" does not present her at her best. Through no fault of hers the picture is tedious, a tired effort on the part of Frederick Lonsdale from whose play, "The High Road," it is adapted. The fatigue and the uninspired quality of the original are preserved with unusual fidelity. This is enhanced by the efforts of the camera man to emphasize Miss Chatterton's plainness. It is as if one of those subtle studio feuds were going on, aided and abetted by whoever chose Miss Chatterton's dresses which, except in the music-hall scenes, are far from becoming. However, to our muttons.

The tarnished gem of a plot concerns an actress whose engagement to a youth of noble blood arouses the hostility of his family, not because she is, as the title falsely informs us, a lady of scandal, but because she appears on the stage in a sedate musical number. Treated rudely, according to the best traditions of protesting families on the screen, she finds a sympathetic oasis in the elder brother of her fiancé and acquiesces to the suggestion of the head of the family to abandon temporarily her unseemly career and remain with them for a few months, this musty situation recalling Norma Shearer's "The Actress" née "Trelawney of the Wells." It is hardly necessary to say that she livens things up. Her prospective father-in-law succumbs to jazz and an older gentleman contracts the cocktail habit. Meanwhile the elder brother has fallen in love with the actress and she with him, notwithstanding the liaison he has been carrying on for years with the wife of the usual invalid husband. Suddenly comes word that the invalid is dead, and the actress concludes that the duty of the man she loves is to the widow. Sacrific! Last scene of all finds her in black net singing "Say It With a Smile" to her public.

All this is set forth in the high-comedy drawing-room manner, which is to say that the English accent is rampant. Every one is so intent on acting as if he were uttering epigrams that no one seems really to care about any one else, least of all Miss Chatterton and Basil Rathbone, who, supposedly in love, indicate to the observer that personal differences may have existed. Their love-making is toleration more than heart interest. However, it may be nothing more strained than drawing-room technique. Ralph Forbes, Nance O'Neil, Herbert Bunston, Frederick Kerr, and Cyril Chadwick acquit themselves well. In fact, so does every one; but—oh, pshaw!

Bleak House.

It is sad to relate that Lillian Gish's long-delayed appearance on the talking screen might just as well have not taken place for all the satisfaction one derives from "One Romantic Night." Monotonously the picture tells a story that could easily have been left untold, because there is little interest, warmth, or sympathy in it. Why this is so I cannot say. On the stage "The Swan," from which it was adapted, was called brilliant. Where the dialogue has gone perhaps only the writer of new lines can say. Certainly the acting falls far short of atoning for the lackluster story. It reminds me of parlor theatricals, or the annual travail of the church dramatic society, played at a safe tempo for those who can't remember their lines. Miss Gish suggests *Princess Alexandra* without being her, but Rod La Rocque succeeds even less in making *Prince Albert* anything but a self-conscious drawler, and Conrad Nagel is uninteresting as *Doctor Haller*, the tutor. This trio is brought together by the order of *Albert's* father to woo *Alexandra*. They meet in the stiff ceremonials of petty royalty, and *Albert* is bored. Not until he is left alone with *Alexandra* does he realize that she is a charming, unpretentious girl, and at a dance in his honor he becomes jealous of her preference for her brothers' tutor. In the end the two royalties defy convention and elope.

Were it not for Miss Gish's contribution of some of the screen's most notable acting, she might be an unknown amateur. Her performance is colorless, dull, and her voice commonplace. Even Marie Dressler, who has saved pictures with her vigorous drollery,

is out of place as *Alexandra's* domineering mother, and her comedy is neither amusing nor believable. O. P. Heggie, as *Father Benedict*, guide, counselor and uncle of *Alexandra*, is the most convincing member of the cast, but his burden is too heavy and his rôle too subordinate to relieve the dreariness that overwhelms the others.

So This Is Spanish.

After having established himself triumphantly as a singing actor of skill and great charm, all should be smooth sailing for Ramon Novarro. But such is not his happy lot. To realize this one has only to witness the burden of "In Gay Madrid," which he shoulders gayly, insouciantly—and in vain. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot relieve its dullness nor lift it out of the kindergarten class. Moreover, Mr. Novarro receives little aid from his cast. Instead, some of the members blandly contribute the worst acting of the month, with the seriousness of amateurs under the delusion of contributing to art. Indeed, there are moments when you think they are burlesquing their rôles, but one look at their earnest strivings and you realize they are only self-deluded.

Their ringleader is Lottice Howell, a prima donna whose first appearance on the screen puts her at the head of the class of stage recruits whose overacting is comic and whose singing causes the hearer to wonder why it should be. Herbert Scott and David Scott, who happily do not sing, make up for it by acting for all they're worth. Beside this trio the slender gifts of Dorothy Jordan fairly shine, because they are subdued. However, Miss Jordan has quite enough to say to drive home the fact that her voice is at odds with her ethereal appearance and her place is in silent pictures.

The picture is a Spanish version of collegiate capers. Only a few scenes transpire in Madrid and the gayety, so-called, takes place in Santiago, so that even the title is misleading. Mr. Novarro, so far as I could make out, is *Ricardo*, a young blade enamored of a cabaret singer. His father forces him to leave Madrid for a dull university town, where he encounters the heavily chaperoned daughter of his father's friend. An interminable flirtation starts and is kept going with a maximum of coyness until the girl's engagement to *Ricardo* is announced. Then the cabaret singer reappears, her presence in *Ricardo's* rooms is clumsily discovered by a jealous rival and there is a flare up. Of course all ends peacefully. Mr. Novarro's performance is smooth and graceful.

Sugar-coated.

One often wonders when the "nice" names for certain romantic ladies frequently portrayed on the screen will come into such general use that the censors will demand still another evasion in order to protect the audiences that they assume to be dumb but pure. In "Ladies of Leisure" our heroine is merely a "party girl" who will "date up" any man who telephones, particularly if the voice has a ring of financial success in it. Leaving a party on a boat and swimming ashore, because some jolly old chap got rough, the girl is picked up by a typical hero of Purilia, or Movieland, on whose shoulder she sleeps—after stealing his wallet. Then comes love, hostility of the boy's mother, attempted suicide, and reconciliation. Frightfully original plot, this.

Barbara Stanwyck gives a good performance, however, considering the story. Her best scene is with Nance O'Neil, as the boy's mother. Lowell Sherman is a very amusing old soak who tries to carry the girl off to Cuba. To avoid "a fate worse than death" *Ruby* blithely leaps overboard, but is fished out and partially dried before the hero arrives to make it all right. Ralph Graves' face has the same expression, whether tiptoeing up his studio stairs to put a coverlet on the sleeping model, or grumbling about the breakfast eggs. Marie Prevost is delightful in some of her scenes.

Shore Leave.

As a mildly mischievous soda-counter jumper who leads the whole navy on just to help her boss sell stale chocolates, Clara Bow, in "True to the Navy," will be amusing to her many followers and to those who take their films lightly. She is the same attractive and lively figure, but her lines are too amateurish for comfort at

Continued on page 96



"The Bad One."



"So This Is London."



"In Gay Madrid."



"Lady of Scandal."

That

Fantasies of the Far East

Whoops, old
deah, Fifi Dor-
say, left, is an
East Indian, or
maybe it's an
Egyptian.

Even Anita Page, right,
coily does a Nautch
dance.



Get hot, baby,
get hot—but
Alice White,
above, is already
in an Algerian
dancer's togs.

Marguerite
Churchill, left,
plays the Bur-
mese dancing
girl with the
same ease that
she does a dra-
matic rôle.

Carlotta Monti,
right, interprets
the whimsies of
the Orient with
distinction.



Oriental Jazz

occasionally seize the screen players.

Geneva Sawyer left, in "Fox Movietone Follies," and Merna Kennedy, right, catch opposite moods, and still another is seen in the odd pose of Jean Morgan, center. Loretta Young, lower left, does some rare old Persian caprice, and Bernice Claire, lower right, impersonates that favorite of artistic dancers,

Salome.



He's Here to Stay

Nils Asther, handicapped by a Swedish accent, is striving valiantly to conquer it and has taken steps to become an American citizen.

By Madeline Glass

IF you weren't an actor, Nils," I asked, "what would you be?"

"An actor," he replied promptly.

Now!

"But perhaps if I *had* to choose some other profession," he amended, noting my disconcerted expression, "I would be a doctor."

It is fortunate, perhaps, that Nils is not a doctor. If he were, it would be another case of "I don't want to get well." But an actor he is, and an actor he will remain. Had the advent of talking pictures, that *bête noire* of the foreign player, not impeded his progress this talented Swede should to-day be one of the foremost stars. As matters stand, his strong accent checked his career, but by no means ended it.

Nils is now practically an American, and during the past year has made a determined effort to master our language. The result is very satisfactory. He can now say, "My car needs a bath," as plainly as you or I. He can also say other things, as you shall presently see.

Because of his love of seclusion, it almost requires an order from the chief of police to make him come across with an interview, but when that is finally accomplished, he is as affable and charming as it is possible to imagine. His courtesy is exquisite; his poise is an example in social cultivation. Recently during luncheon with him he was called from the table and served with a warrant, the result of misplaced faith in a dishonest man. The summons meant court action, also a large outlay of money for Nils, and I know he felt the betrayal keenly. Yet he gave no hint of annoyance or resentment; not so much as a shadow crossed his face. Actually, judging from our individual reactions, one would have thought that *I* had received the warrant.

Nils recently finished a rôle in "The Sea Bat." In this he is intrusted with his first speaking part and his agreeable baritone records very favorably. Unfortunately, his part is brief and tragic, and there are so many accents, both real and assumed in the film, that the dialogue sounds like a convention of the League of Nations. Every member of the cast, with the exception of Charles Bickford, speaks in dialect. However, Nils is now considering offers from three studios, so we can expect soon to see him cast in a worthier rôle.

Nils himself does not consider that he has done anything of importance since coming to America, although he is rather pleased with his work in "Sorrell and Son." He should be. But such rôles as the elegant prince in "The Cossacks" and the decadent count in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," he dismisses as of no consequence.

"In them," he tells you deprecatingly, "I had to wear make-up and look well. That is not acting. I should like to play character parts, wear beards—that sort of thing."

Where does he get that morbid notion that he should be disfigured by a beard? It makes one want to shake him.

"In Europe," says Nils, "there is no such thing as a good part or a poor part; there one is a good actor or a poor actor."

But does this not contradict his previous assertion that his American rôles have not been worth while? Since he is not here to politely disagree with me I shall repeat, with emphasis, that his screen portraits since coming here have invariably been interesting, colorful, and splendidly executed.

Mr. Asther has great admiration for John Gilbert, and speaks highly of his work. He thinks, as do many others, that Gilbert will overcome his voice difficulties and go to greater glory than he previously knew.

Last spring Nils made a two-week personal-appearance tour in Chicago and Detroit. He accepted the offer reluctantly, doubting that it would be a success. He opened in Chicago during the last week of Lent; the weather was unusually bad, and Nils had visions of himself appearing before meager audiences, but to his surprise the house was sold out at every performance. The warm reception given him each time he appeared quite thawed his cool Swedish dignity.

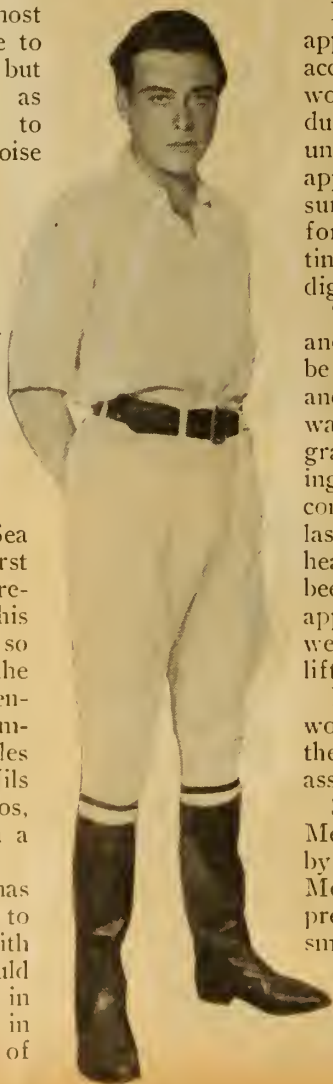
"One night," said he, "I took several bows, and then waited in the wings to see if I would be called again. But the applause died down, and I went back stage to meet some people who wanted my autograph." (He called it monogram.) "Soon the stage manager came rushing up and said, 'They are calling for you, come quick.' But I did not believe him. At last I went to see for myself, and then I could hear them saying my name. The picture had been thrown on the screen, but still they were applauding. They raised the screen, and I went behind the curtain and came up under it, lifting it over my head—so."

Nils was very much afraid the audiences would not understand his English, but when they laughed in the right places he felt reassured.

Some time ago he went to visit friends in Mexico City, and while there was entertained by the Swedish consul and officials of the Mexican government. When members of the press began coming to see him he moved to a small suite in a hotel, as he did not wish to turn his friend's home into an office. After unpacking he went out for a few hours and returned to find that he had been moved to the best suite, a five-room apartment.

[Continued on page 110]

Nils Asther says he has done nothing important on the screen.



For all his experience in this country, Nils Asther has not parted with his Swedish reticence and the necessity for solitude by the sea. But once he is persuaded to talk, he is affable and charming, without, however, losing his inherent reserve. In Madeleine Glass' story, opposite, these qualities are sympathetically brought out.

Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



"Monte Carlo"

All the glamour and worldly romance of the famous resort inspire the title of Lubitsch's new musical film.



Jeanette MacDonald, above, as *Countess Vera*, who has run away on the eve of her marriage to a rich prince, makes a play for the fortune she lost in refusing to wed a man she abhorred. And she wins, only to lose it in the next few minutes.

Miss MacDonald, left, is happy in her discovery of the ideal hairdresser, who is Jack Buchanan, as *Count Rudolph*, with not only plenty of money, but numerous tuneful songs for the asking. In his suit for the hand of *Vera* he gives lavishly of both, and after the customary tiffs and misunderstandings they are united in what has come to be known as love in musical comedy.



For the Defense

Elsie Ferguson, distinguished in silent pictures, returns to the audible screen in "Scarlet Pages."



Miss Ferguson, at top of page, is a lawyer who is persuaded by Grant Withers and Charlotte Walker to defend Marian Nixon, center. Miss Ferguson, above, confers with John Halliday, as the district attorney, and, right, she faces a critical moment in the trial.



The Heart of

Greta Garbo bares it, with the tears

Greta Garbo, at top of page, as *Rita Cavallini*, an opera singer, meets for the first time Gavin Gordon, as *Tom Armstrong*, a young clergyman at a reception given by *Cornelius van Tuyl*, *Tom's* patron and *Rita's* secret lover. It is love at first sight for the singer and the unsophisticated youth.

Rita, left, is taken to task by Clara Blandick, as *Miss Armstrong*, for fascinating her brother *Tom*.



a Prima Donna

of self-sacrificing love, in "Romance."

Greta Garbo, at top of page, as *Rita*, makes her great decision. She will not marry *Tom Armstrong* and ruin his career, and she will tell *Van Tuyl* that all is over between them. What the future will then hold for her, she does not know; but at least she will have made the supreme sacrifice for her great love.

Rita, right, tells Lewis Stone, as *Van Tuyl*, what she means to do, and while he sympathizes with her, he is still hopeful that she will let him take her to their villa on the Riviera.





Pity the Poor

But don't shed all your tears, for
"Our Blushing

Joan Crawford, at top of page, as *Geraldine*, a department-store model, is affronted by the intrusion of Robert Montgomery, as the owner's son, in her dressing room. Aren't men terrible, really?

Miss Crawford, left, wears many wonderful creations in the course of her work as model, and the enraptured customers little dream that her troubles are far greater than their own. Not only is she pursued by a male, but her two chums are victims of masculine duplicity.



Working Girl

she marries the millionaire's son in *Brides*."

Joan Crawford, at top of page, as *Geraldine*, between moments in the magnificent fashion show at a country house, listens to the arguments of Robert Montgomery, as *Tony Jardine*, in the name of love.

Miss Crawford, right, breaks to Anita Page, as *Connie*, the sad news that she has misplaced her trust in *David*, the younger brother of *Tony*, for he is to marry, as usual, a girl in his own set. On hearing this confirmed by radio broadcast, *Connie* takes poison, and out of the ensuing excitement pure love somehow unites *Geraldine* and *Tony*.





Half a Hero

He is Walter Huston, as *Pancho Lopez*, in "The Bad Man."

Pancho Lopez, at top of page, interferes with the affair of James Rennie, as *Gilbert Jones*, and Dorothy Revier, as *Mrs. Morgan Pell*.

Pancho offers Mr. Huston a highly congenial rôle, a genuine character study of a bandit chief whose high-handed, but good-humored interference, finally results in his death at the end of what he mutters is "ze most quiet day I haf spent in years."

Mr. Huston, in the doorway, left, confronts Sidney Blackmer, as *Morgan Pell*.



The Boulevard Directory

The first of a series of little journeys to shops and marts where stars gratify tastes the public knows little about.

By Margaret Reid

TEN years ago if you mentioned art in Hollywood, it was taken for granted that you referred to the current movie. Any other interpretation was sheer gibberish. Dauls on canvas—what kind of art was that, when you could have pictures that moved, and covered ten thousand feet of film?

Now, no longer entirely movie-bound, Hollywood is acquiring balance—a realization of interests outside its own immediate province. Gradual adjustment of youngsters without background to the fabulous riches poured into their laps has had something to do with it. They are learning to shop for lasting pleasure rather than for a kick. Another factor is the steady influx of a higher type of player into the movies.

Witness the success of the Braxton Gallery, a small, extremely smart shop where the best of modern art is offered. Harry Braxton, husband of Viola Brothers Store, scenario writer and novelist, was an art dealer in New York. Because art dealers waste away and die when removed from the Mes-troviacs and Gauguins that nurture their souls, he opened a shop shortly after his arrival in Hollywood. Business men shook dismal heads over the venture—the young man wasn't right in his mind. Paintings and statues! What Hollywood wanted was more emporiums dealing in automobiles and diamonds.

On Vine Street, a few doors south of Hollywood Boulevard and next to the Brown Derby Restaurant, the Braxton Gallery presents its ultramodern façade in white plaster, black patent-leather awnings and angled glass. Narrow and unassuming in that sly, expensive manner, it invites the discriminating and delights the connoisseur. The fore part of the shop is ultramodern, and contains skillfully arranged pictures and sculpture. A triangular glass case holds a few unusual bits of jewelry—chalcedony, carnelian, jade.

But it is in the rear of the shop that real business takes place. A large, bare room, uncarpeted, with severe walls. A big table, a bench, a few low, deep chairs, and plentiful ash trays and cigarette boxes are for the comfort of the clientele who shop discerningly and with acute enjoyment. It is here that the pictures one wishes to see are displayed in every light, on the floor or table that sculpture is subjected to perambulating examination.

Business is conducted in leisurely, chatty fashion. Purchases are not openly encouraged. Sometimes if the object happens to be one to which Mr. Braxton is par-



Roland Young, a regular patron of the Braxton Gallery, is ever on a hunt for any form of art having to do with penguins.

ticularly devoted, the sale is even discouraged. His feeling for the things he selects with unerring taste is deep. His day is ruined if he is forced to sell a pet Van Gogh to some one who would just as readily buy a good Maxfield Parrish. A leisure half hour inevitably suggests Braxton's. For those who like to sit among Cézannes, Brancusis, and such—whether or not they are purchasers—there is open door to the rear gallery. Frequently there is tea, prepared by Ruth Swinnerton, Braxton's sloe-eyed and charming assistant. Gathered in animated discussion are faces intimately familiar on the screen, together with unidentified visitors who are art collectors or indigent artists.

The movie clientele of Braxton's covers, sporadically, just about all the colony. There is the famous comédienne who buys as an investment, and who is clever in reselling to private collectors. There is the cowboy star who came in asking for a good Indian picture and who stayed to purchase a Matisse original, because, although not knowing why, he sincerely liked it and has since become an ardent collector, with inherent instinct for the best. There is the wealthy character actress who, mid-Victorian in demeanor and thought, buys the maddest and most abstract of Kandiskys, Hofers, et cetera.

Continued on page 115



Farewell To Three Bad Ones

The reign of that triumvirate of terrors, the gag man, megaphone wielder and the title writer, ended with the coming of the talkies, and the result is saner pictures.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THE reign of terror is ending; the upheaval and chaos ushered in by the change to talkies is giving place to comparative order. Voice reproduction no longer sounds like somebody with a cold in the head hollering down a well. That horror, the part-talking picture, is being hurried to the museum to join the first horseless carriage and Darius Green's flying machine. The camera-man is once again getting a chance to give a good account of himself, and the audible films no longer talk merely for the sake of talking, but occasionally they really say something.

The struggle for survival in Hollywood is beginning to look less like the World War and more like the customary guerrilla warfare. The stars who were born to be seen and not heard, or heard and not seen, have made heroic last stands, and are quietly dropping out of sight. The talkie revolution is burying its dead.

The dear departed days of the voiceless era have already slipped far enough into the past to drape themselves in a little romantic glamour. When, for instance, a misguided dialogue writer puts a cold pack on a warm love scene by cramming it with meaningless words, we imagine that it would have been done to perfection a few years ago. Which proves how quickly we forget.

The brutal truth of the matter is that the overgabby love scene of to-day would have been gagged and titled to death two or three years ago. The hero, in the midst of his proposal, would have broken his garters, or sat down on a pincushion. The lovers would have swapped titular wise cracks.

Those were the mad, merry days of "anything to get a laugh." The screen was overwhelmed with a brand of humor which had originated in the two-reel comedy studios, and had been carried triumphantly to feature pictures by Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton. Everybody was trying to do it, and the results ranged from the cleverness and finesse of the Lloyd product to the dull stupidity of Poverty Row slapstick.

The ringleaders in this florid period were a triumvirate, the gag man, the director, and the wise-cracking title writer, and an "Unholy Three" they often proved to be. With their sometimes clever, sometimes cuckoo efforts, they made pic-

tures and ruined them. They had one god, laughter, and they usually sacrificed all other values to it, and frequently without avail.

They were a priceless trio who, for a time, had the film world by the tonsils. The coming of the talkie era made serious inroads on their power and, in most studios, relegated their peculiar system of team play to the past. Probably it is all for the best. But the strange racket in which they were the dominant figures deserves a word or two in passing.

Those days of fun at any cost were pretty hard on many actors. They were soft, it is true, for many a two-reel comic who had never dreamed that slapstick training would lead to stardom. But for the character actor, the juvenile and the ingénue with no inclination toward broad comedy, they meant working under a severe handicap. A girl who played opposite a comedian got no chance to act. She was a stock figure inserted merely for decoration. She might as well have been appearing in a Western, or a bathing-beauty frolic. She was buried in a train of comic mishaps with which she was out of key.

Stars and directors who had made names for themselves in romantic and dramatic stories became funny to be in style. Sometimes the powers above forced them into the mold which didn't fit, to satisfy the public demand for comedy, and sometimes the players themselves were eager to go comic at all costs. That's where the rub came.

Stars who once scorned low comedy learned new tricks. They took falls, drove crazily through traffic, were hit with mud and vases, and sat down on hot stoves. They were locked in rooms with gorillas and lions. They were deprived of their clothes, and frantically sought hiding places. They had strange babies

and stranger complications thrust upon them. No one was immune.

One recalls such things as William Powell dueling with Bebe Daniels and receiving sword thrusts in the seat of his trousers, and Mary Pickford being crowned with bricks and flowerpots in a battle with hoodlums. Colleen Moore suffered about every mishap within

Many and furious were the battles between stars and the flippant gentlemen who titled silent films.



the range of slapstick, and many other romantic heroes and heroines were not far behind her.

Excellent character actors, such as Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, became impossible buffoons. Karl Dane and George K. Arthur, who had scored in very human rôles, also became a team of nut comics. Even clever light-comedians, such as Raymond Griffith, could not let well enough alone, but went in for outlandish horseplay. Nearly everybody was influenced by the prevailing craze for broad comedy. Even an actor who played a part naturally was apt to find that the title writer had put some wisecrack into his mouth which ruined the sincerity of his performance.

There were many hot battles between stars and the flippant gentlemen who wrote the titles. A tender conversation between lovers might, for instance, be recorded in this fashion: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That wasn't a lady, that was my secretary."

The idea was that if anybody in the audience laughed at the titles, they were perfectly justified. Anything for a laugh! Hew to the line, and let the actors fall where they may!

What those three musketeers of comedy—gag man, megaphone wielder, and title writer—often got away with was nothing short of murder.

A big company would, for instance, buy the screen rights to a popular story or play which was a compound of pathos and subtle humor. A scenario writer would grind out an adaptation which would be handed to the director to shoot.

The director, who very likely had graduated from prop man in a slapstick studio to his present magnificence, would perhaps not even read the script. In the back of his head was often the firm conviction that all writers are an impractical lot who know nothing about making pictures. So he would call his gag men together and prepare to write his own story. Somebody would read the script and tell the others who couldn't read. They would accept the basic idea of the original story—the theory being that the plot of a gag comedy was of little or no importance, anyway—and start gagging.

After several weeks of desultory meetings, some sort of a tale would be patched together and the shooting would start. A couple of gag men would hover about the set, thinking up new stuff to inject into the already overburdened yarn. No matter how the script stood, it was their business to change it as much as possible to prove that they were on the job. Director and gag men alike were determined to garner all the credit for putting the picture over. The powers above them must never be allowed to think they had a good story to start with, and that their work was of small importance.

Sometimes the very day the shooting started, with hundreds of people drawing pay, the director would grandly tear up the script that had been handed him, and start improvising a story as he went along. This naturally led to trouble. The story concocted on the set would suddenly tie itself up into a hard knot. Then production would have to be halted while the director and his henchmen went into conference in an attempt to straighten it out.

Finally the picture, in Chinese-puzzle form, would be "finished" and unloaded upon a

In the gag man's heyday, every tender love scene had to have its little horseplay.



long-suffering film editor. He would find miles and miles of unnecessary film, scores of gags that would not fit in, whole situations that could not be forced into the story pattern. It was up to him to make an entertaining picture out of chaos. If he succeeded, the director and his gag men assumed all the credit. If he failed, they talked darkly of the poor quality of the script that had been thrust upon them.

When the director and the gag man had taken their whack at the picture, it was handed to the third member of the Unholy Three, the title writer. Whether the picture was good or bad, it was always his attitude that it was a terrible mess which he alone could save. He would resuscitate it with a barrage of wise-cracking titles. Sometimes his work was extremely clever, and sometimes it just tried to be. He made some pictures and ruined others through perpetually straining for laughs.

Odd as it may seem, sometimes the title writer was perfectly willing to kill a good picture, if he could put his titles across. Many a good comedy drama of that period was loaded with ridiculous repartee which destroyed its sincerity. People went out of the theater thinking they had seen a poor picture, but clever titles.

All these gentlemen—the gag man, the director, the title writer—had their virtues as well as faults. A few of them had not only unusual talent, but good judgment in exercising it. Others had neither.

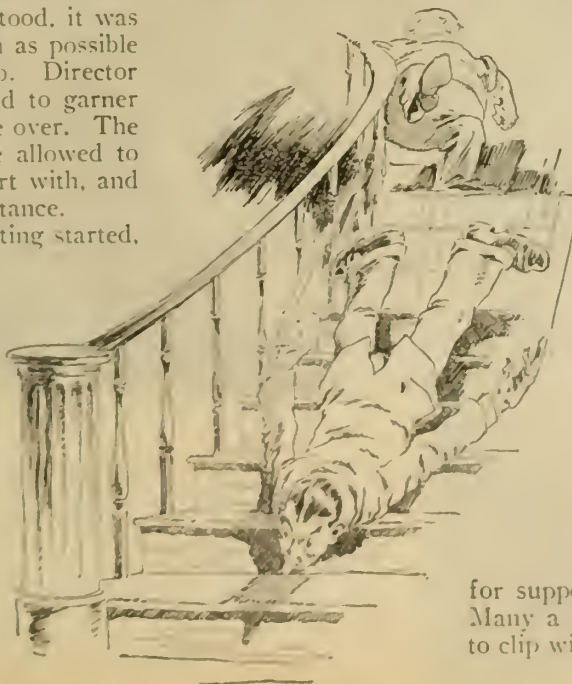
The jocular title writer was probably the cleverest of the three impresarios of gag comedy. He had to be. The gag man could often get by on borrowed ideas, and the director had many assistants to lean on, but the title writer was faced with problems he must solve by his own unaided ingenuity, or quit.

The aces of the lot had a real gift for sending the movie audiences into hysterics. Yet even they leaned

for support on the inspiration of others. Many a title writer employed secretaries to clip wisecracks from publications of all

Continued on page 117

Broad comedy got broader and broader in the era just past.



Those Rainy-

You see them only in Hollywood, but doubt it gets the



"It's good for the grass," Nancy Carroll, above, chirps to Skeets Gallagher, but Skeets isn't in the hay business, so what comfort does he get out of that old weather wheeze?



James Hall, above, seems to be doing the Varsity Drag out in the wet, but a note accompanying the photo explains that he is trying to slosh some rain from his shoe.



Harry Green, above, likes the rain, but not as the farmers like it, for it gives him delightful shudders that will make him all pepped up when it stops.



Rain makes Kay Francis, left, homesick for the East, where it comes often and in liberal quantities. Then, too, she is the kind of girl who can always find a break in these studio clouds.

Day Grins

less it's because such unusual weather passes before players down.



A little rain not being enough to keep an experienced blues singer blue, Lillian Roth, left, warbles along through the storm, even if she did forget her galoshes.



It's the humidity that undermines the morale of Regis Toomey, above, and makes him say those things.

Dat o' devil rain strikes no terror in the heart of George Bancroft, right, for he takes the weather as he finds it, just as he meets those screen enemies—with a hearty guffaw.



Since umbrellas have figured in countless romances, Joan Peers, right, showed discrimination when she sought shelter under Neil Hamilton's. They're just pretending they don't like rain.





Photo by Autrey

Janet Gaynor is made to repeat, with variations in setting, her farewell scene in "Seventh Heaven."

A NEW face is discovered. The stuff that stars are made of is found in a newcomer. What happens?

The player has, of course, made a hit in some program picture; her work has been lauded by the oracles of the press. To prove that they knew what they were doing when assigning her rôles, the producers pick out Miss So-and-so as their next bet. Straightway the huge machines of the cinema temple are oiled and set in motion for, as they say, the young player's benefit.

Every player in the motion-picture factory has gone through the works while being molded into stardom. Thousands of dollars are spent by her producers for the betterment of her anatomy. Her teeth must be seen to; beauty

Are These

When a player makes a hit in a picture, the own, and constant repetition of the big rôle to the great

By William

treatments are on the mat; the color of her hair is changed, in order that it will register flattering glints when photographed.

Miss Starlet is groomed for launching. And launched she is upon an ever-receptive public.

My argument is, on this occasion, against the producers, for I believe they are to blame. They are like high priests of old, pampering and glorifying the stars they single out, until the time of sacrifice arrives. All the glory is then stripped from the victims and they are thrown helplessly to the Molochlike idol of the cinema cult—the most beneficent, yet the most pitiless one in existence.

It is ever the same story. Stars are used as fodder for the great god cinema.

Not so long ago, in "Alibi," Chester Morris and Regis Toomey gave very good performances. If you saw this picture, you will recall that Morris played a crook, Toomey a feigned inebriate.

Mr. Morris had a good scene where he believed he was to be shot. His nerves gave way. He cringed and crawled to portray his emotions, his face taking on all the shades of cowardly fear.

To leave well enough alone is always good. But that truth is yet to be learned by the producers.

In "Fast Life," Chester Morris was one of the cast, along with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young. "Youthful Hysterics" should have been the title. Every one flew off the handle, which was probably more the director's fault than theirs.

Morris, for instance, was made to repeat his big "Alibi" scene, or rather to do one as nearly like it as possible. But in this film, instead of reaching dramatic heights, Chester gave the audience the impression that his face was a lump of dough which had to be relentlessly kneaded with his hands.

Don't blame him. I doubt if he wanted to do it. It was merely a case of the sacrificial rites of the great movie god, demanding that the victim give a few more pounds of his art to the box office.

Box-office returns from "What Price Glory?" fixed the career of Victor McLaglen.

Photo by Kahle



Stars Doomed?

high priests of filmdom mark him for their leads eventually to the sacrifice of a career god cinema.

H. McKegg

And Toomey seems to be getting a similar deal. Having made a hit as the drunk in "Alibi," Regis is now thrown from one similar rôle to another.

In "Illusion"—a poor picture in every way—he rolled and hiccuped his way through its dreariness. Not that he wanted to. He was only bowing to the cinema god for which he works.

A hit is a hit, the producers say, and the victim's own particular hit must be squeezed from him until he has no more acting to offer the vampire.

George Bancroft appears also to be a victim of the same cult. Mr. Bancroft rose to fame on the strength of being a hero-villain. Among other things he sprinkled his acting with loud and long guffaws, with variations. At the beginning, in "White Gold," his guffaws went over. But does any one still appreciate them? If George has appeared in one crook rôle, he has appeared in a dozen.

He once told me that he did not care what type he played, so long as it possessed a certain sympathetic appeal. "For in real life, I'm not as tough as my crook rôles," he explained.

I might say now—and who won't agree with me?—that many more of Mr. Bancroft's guffawing crooks will afford him no sympathy from fans whatever. So far, he has been drawing the people in. Yet do I not see the final sacrificial rite looming in the near future?

Who will save the victim? The producers need not worry, so long as Mr. Bancroft's pictures make money at present.

Who, for that matter, will save Clara Bow? I mean rescue her from the constant portrayal of the wild, madcap girl that she plays on the screen? In "Ladies of the Mob," Clara gave a good account of herself. She acted. But the gods of the cinema demand more box-office returns, and Clara's flaming "It" rôles do the trick.

Thus it is that we have been inundated with one "It" portrayal after another, until the Bow's fire is almost extinguished.

From one picture to another Clara has been made

Let the fans tire of George Bancroft's guffawing crooks—they make money to-day.



Photo by Richee

Clara Bow cannot escape playing the red-hot "It" girl.



to rush along, with hardly a rest between each production. The girl is anemic, and no wonder: she is one of the maidens in the temple of the great god cinema. As long as she is useful and draws in the dollars she will be starred. As soon as the public tires of her stereotyped "It" rôles, Clara will be sacrificed. And is that not the worst calamity for any romantic young man to contemplate?

One must, of course, regard the producers' side of the question. A studio is a factory. Big money is paid a player, not because he is a genius, but because he happens temporarily to be popular.

In "Seventh Heaven," Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell established their standing with the fans.

Are These Stars Doomed?



Photo by Richee

Regis Toomey's rôle in "Alibi" set an iron-bound pattern for his work.

The box offices swelled with money. The great movie machine was set in motion, and Janet was prepared for stardom.

There were several big scenes in "Seventh Heaven" that won applause. For example, Janet's farewell to *Chico*, in which she laughed and cried at the same time, and Charlie's awkwardness in facing adolescent love.

Janet was acclaimed a wonder of the year. And true enough that was, for her ethereal quality was caught by Frank Borzage's skill and brought to full light.

What happened?

"Street Angel" was filmed soon afterward. Charlie was made to repeat his awkward, adolescent behavior, while Janet essayed another pathetic farewell. As she was led away by a policeman, she whistled parts of "O Sole Mio" in response to Charlie's frustrated efforts to save her.

As beautiful as Janet's acting was, the scene recalled the similar one in "Seventh Heaven." When a comparison was made the honors went to the first picture, making the later one seem not so good.

Now that audible films are here to stay, many startling things are expected from our players. In "Sunny Side Up," Janet and Charlie costarred again. A silly plot was the first handicap. On top of this, Janet was again made to smile through her tears, at Charlie's garden party.

If the public sees too much of one thing, it blames the stars. "She always does the same stuff!" and "See him once and you see him for good!" are the criticisms heard. But we must remember that the star is merely a victim of the cinema creed.

If possible, she may escape.

Bebe Daniels is one who escaped from the great god cinema, journeying to a new temple of art. She came through with honors in her first audible film, "Rio Rita."

As a Paramount star, Bebe was let alone to make her comedies as she wished. With several gag men and the director, she worked out a story and made it. She even supervised the titling, cutting, and editing.

The chief thing required by the high priests of the movies was that she make a certain number of pictures a year.

Bebe commenced to go the way of all stars—that is, her pictures became stereotyped.

With the talking revolution, Bebe was let out. But what a turn of good fortune for her! As a star for RKO, she was given the prima donna rôle in "Rio Rita," and she has gone right on.

Bebe escaped being used as fodder for the cinema god, a fate which would certainly have been hers had she continued to make comedies.

And speaking of comedies, Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe scored a hit in "What Price Glory?" The money rolled in. The high priests could not overlook that.

Then Raoul Walsh directed the same players again in "The Cock-eyed World." The same antics were gone through. Mr. McLaglen was the tough marine, Mr. Lowe the wise-cracking guy. Such a box-office hit did this rowdy duet prove that the priests of the temple intend to co-star them in a series of pictures, continuing their merry life as marines in pursuit of what is called love.

Will these two victims be swallowed up in the Juggernaut, or will they manage to escape next year's

Continued on page 114



Chester Morris also came through "Alibi" with a fixed future.

The wise-cracking sergeant of "What Price Glory?" is regularly revived for Edmund Lowe.

Photo by Bruno



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What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation;

beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a cam-

pus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates. Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. "The Best Things in Life are Free", "The Varsity Drag" and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

In a Stogie It's—

You never can tell, as the effect depends upon the smoker.

Joe E. Brown, left, trusted a professional hand-shaker's gift, but never again.

That sinking feeling that comes over a boy ten puffs down the cigar hits Frank McHugh, upper right.



Eddie Quillan, center, tackles a man's cigar, and has to take time out for bitter reflection.

All for art, Ben Lyon, below, tries to go through with a cigar because the script calls for it.



Farrell MacDonald, below, has murder in his eyes as he takes the second look at a weed he bummed from a prop man a while ago.



Babes in Hollywood

did get that part in the picture, and I'm leaving for America to-night! I—I don't suppose you'd care to come, too?"

Mrs. Haggerty made it very plain that she wouldn't. She made a lot of other things plain, as well, while she was at it. Hopelessly Jane tried to tell what she thought, and Larry strove to make clear the advantages of a picture contract with Superba Films. Mrs. Haggerty had the floor and kept it.

The storm raged the rest of the morning and all afternoon. The genteel, impoverished English set which Mrs. Haggerty cultivated would have been horrified at the things she said, and the shrill voice in which she said them. She had given her life for Jane, had brought her to Europe, because her type wasn't appreciated at home, and now, with an excellent marriage in prospect, Jane was losing her head, and running away with this young reprobate who obviously meant no good.

In the end, Jane, her eyes filled with tears, marched out of the house, her head held very high, her slender, little body very erect. And Larry, picking up her suit case, strode after her.

"Mother's always treated me like that," she told him as they walked down the road. "She has to have her own way, and she doesn't care whether I'm happy or not. She wanted to come here, because it's part of Europe and it's cheap, so she said that I wouldn't have a chance back home, because I wasn't pretty like the girls there, and we ought to come here."

"You're beautiful," he told her earnestly.

"My hair's too black and sleek, and my skin's olive, and my features are too——"

"Perfect!"

She smiled through her tears.

"Oh, I'm a Spanish type," she answered, trying not to show how pleased she was. "And I've fitted in here. But I hate the place."

"Maybe you'll hate Hollywood, too," he said anxiously. "But—gee, I'd like to show you parts of it."

Her eyes widened with dismay.

"But aren't you going with me? How shall I get along without you?"

He grinned down at her, and she realized that he looked like the pictures of Richard Arlen she had seen in the magazines.

"You'll find Hollywood just full of men who'll be glad to substitute for me," he told her. "And maybe I'll be able to get back before long, if I'm not shipped to the ends of the earth to cover an earthquake or something. Now about what you're to do.

I gave you a Spanish name, of course."

"Oh, what is it?" she demanded, all interest.

"Carmen Valencia."

"Larry, you didn't!"

He met her shocked gaze apologetically.

"Well, you see I was still sort of hazy, and I couldn't think of any first name that was Spanish, except Carmen. I had to ship the stuff in a hurry, and I was hunting for a last name, when some men came along the street singing 'Valencia,' so I hit——"

"But they'll laugh at that name! They must have heard that song in the States."

"Did they! It went from the speakeasies to the Senate!" he assured her. "But anything goes in Hollywood, honestly. They're a bunch of infants out there; they'll believe anything you tell 'em. Why, a blond chorus girl turned Russian to get a job—didn't know a word of anything but plain American—and she put it over, even on Cecil DeMille. They won't know over there but what Valencia's one of the family names of the king."

She sighed resignedly.

"All right; I'll have to stick to it, I suppose. Now how do I get home, and what do I do when I get there?"

He drew her over to the side of the road, where there was a patch of shade, and took off his hat.

"Let's sit down on your suit case and I'll tell you. When we get to Spain, we'll fly to Paris. You've got to make time. Then you board the *Amphibia* and reach New York about five days later. The New York office of Superba will have people meet you, and take you to your suite at some hotel. They'll buy clothes for you, and have you meet the newspaper men. Say, you've got to have an accent!"

"I can't! I've spent the last ten years trying to talk Nebraska."

"You'll have to," he told her sternly. "Say 'ze' for 'the,' and all that sort of thing. You can practice on the boat going over. And you've got to alibi being able to speak English so well. How about your having had an English tutor, poor nobility, you know—make her a sweet old dame called Miss Bibbett—that sounds governessy. You can talk a lot about dear old Bibbett, if necessary."

After they were settled on the boat he showed her the clothes he had bought. Jane gasped with horror.

"But Spanish girls don't dress that way!" she cried. "They wear awfully smart clothes, and sometimes a mantilla and a high comb, but these

—why, that's a bullfighter's costume!"

"Sure— isn't it gorgeous, with all that gold braid and everything?"

"I will *not* wear the pants!" stormed Jane.

"You won't have to," Larry told her. "I wanted the cape and the guy threw those in. You ought to imply that you had a romance with a bullfighter. If you can get away with it, it'll be swell publicity."

To distract her, he began to tell her about Hollywood. The lesson went on, at intervals, all the way to Paris. She had time, while there, to buy one suit and one dress, and then he whisked her off to Cherbourg to catch the *Amphibia*.

When they arrived, they found that the boat had been delayed by heavy seas. So she and Larry sat on the deck of the tender, waiting. Jane grew more and more fearful. What a crazy thing this whole adventure was! How could it possibly succeed? A girl from Nebraska, going back to her own country as a Spaniard!

She tried to remember the things her father had said about so many people in the part of Ireland where his family had lived being Spanish types, but it wasn't very encouraging.

"Larry, I can't do it!" she cried, panic-stricken, clutching his hand. "If you were going to be with me, maybe I could pull through, but *alone* there——"

"Now, you listen to me," he interrupted, with the smile that she always found reassuring. "I tell you they're just a bunch of babies in Hollywood, just as gullible. They get it into their heads that a girl is one thing, and nobody can make 'em change. Look at the way they keep Lois Wilson stuck in the same kind of rôles all the time, just because they think she's that type. Well, they'll look on you as a high-class Spaniard, and you'll be sitting pretty."

"I'll get back as soon as I can," he went on. "I did you sort of a dirty trick, maybe, getting you into this, and I'll try to help you out. And anyway you'll make plenty of money on this first picture, and you needn't make any more if you don't want to. Of course, if I hadn't been sort of drunk——"

"Oh, Larry, that's another thing that's been worrying me," she exclaimed. "Of course, I haven't any right to ask it, but—well, I do wish you wouldn't drink any more. Why do you do it, anyway?"

He stared thoughtfully at the *Amphibia* slowly approaching over the twilight sea.

"I get lonesome as the dickens, or blue, or mad at somebody, and drink—"

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Oui, Madame

A queen in one film, a maid in the next—that's the life of an actress. And if you look closely at the pictures on this page, you will see that even a star is not above slipping on cap and apron for art's sweet sake.

Zasu Pitts, right, used to play pathetic rôles in silent films, but with the coming of talkies she became a comédienne of the first rank, making maids her specialty.

Daphne Pollard, left, the tiny Australian star, serves laughter liberally, whether she is madame or maid.



Virginia Sale, center, sister of the inimitable Chic, is a maid in "Lov-in' the Ladies."



Here we have two full-fledged stars, Bebe Daniels, left, and Billie Dove, right, as maids who set households agog. Miss Daniels, in "Alias French Gertie," with an eye on madame's jewels, and Miss Dove, in "Sweethearts and Wives," kicking aside the reins.



Babes in Hollywood

ing's the only way out of it," he said, at last. "I haven't any people, you see; there's nobody who cares a hoot about me."

"I care," she told him simply.

He turned to her quickly, his face alight.

"You do?" he asked. "Honest? Why, that's—that's wonderful. If you want me to stop, I will. I promise."

The tender began to move just then, and people crowded about them. They were silent until they reached the ship, when Larry looked up her room for her, and then took her back on deck. She looked up at him with eyes brimming with tears.

"I'll be so alone without you," she said, choking back a sob. "Even my mother doesn't seem to belong to me now. I'll get back to the States, and won't know a soul, or have any friends—"

"Say, that reminds me," he exclaimed. "I meant to speak of it before. I'd like to give you something, and there's only one thing in the world I care about, and that's my dog. He's in a kennel in Los Angeles. You take this note to the man who owns it, and I'll cable him, so that you won't have any trouble. He's a Scottie—the dog, I mean—and his name is Ramsay MacDonald. He's the best friend I have. Will you take him?"

Jane's smile was so lovely that he drew a quick, jerky breath.

"I'd love to!" she exclaimed. "And see here—" she began fumbling in her hand bag. "I've never had any money of my own, but I found this and kept it for good luck," and she pressed a Spanish coin into his hand. "Take it to remember me by."

He took the coin and her hand as well, and stood there looking down at her. An odd electric silence fell between them, despite the people who jostled their way past.

She knew that he wanted to kiss her; knew that she wanted him to do it. But she could only stand there bashfully, and at last he turned away.

"Well, so long, darling, and good luck," he said huskily. "You have my address; be sure to let me know how things are working out." And he was gone.

"Darling!" He had called her that—but he had told her that in Hollywood you call every one "darling," except the people for whom you really care. It didn't mean a thing. Or did it, this time?

The boat trip was pure torture. She didn't dare get acquainted with the other young people, much as she longed to join in their fun. She sat on deck, studying Spanish assiduously, hiding her books when any one

approached, whereupon a rumor promptly got under way that she read the sort of books people don't care to be caught reading!

Only on the night of the captain's dinner did she enjoy herself. She had talked a little with the girl who had the next deck chair, and that morning Katharine Hoyt insisted on confiding in her.

"I haven't got a thing to wear to the costume ball to-night," she announced, "except a Hawaiian costume—mother bought me years ago. I've worn it to parties all over the world, and I hate it!"

"Oh—" Jane sat up straight, her cheeks glowing. "I have a bullfighter's costume, and I wonder—couldn't you wear that, and lend me yours?"

Katharine's shriek of delight almost stopped the shuffleboard tournament on the deck above, and a startled old lady howled, "Somebody's fallen overboard!"

"Come on!" she cried, dragging Jane out of her chair. "Have you honestly got those cute pants and the trick hat?"

That evening was the happiest Jane had ever known. As a Hawaiian she was a great success from the moment she entered the dining room to that when she led the grand parade to the swimming pool.

When the ship-news men came down the bay the next day, they went straight to Katharine; she was as familiar a figure as the Statue of Liberty, thanks to her restless mother's love of travel.

"Who's on board that's news?" they demanded.

"The grandest person," she answered. "A little Spanish girl who's going to star in the movies. And she has a bullfighter's costume—"

"She won't admit it," Katharine's brother cut in, "but I'm sure it belonged to one of the biggest fighters in Spain. Seems to me I heard about a romance one of 'em had with some girl, and it interfered with his work—she was the daughter of some swell—"

"Bet she had to leave the country!" exclaimed a tabloid man, scenting headlines. "Where is she?"

As a result of that little interchange, Jane found herself besieged. She had dreamed of returning to New York, where she had spent a wretched year when she was eleven. She would wear beautiful clothes, be very gracious, very dignified. And now here she was, sailing up the bay, with a bullfighter's cape slung around her shoulders, while the photographers urged, "Say, girlie, please cross your knees!"

Her pictures were all over the pa-

pers that night and the next morning. The Superba publicity man was overwhelmed with admiration.

"You sure know your stuff!" he exclaimed. And Jane, smiling sweetly, replied, "I am afraid, señor, zat I do not unnerstan'."

That accent troubled her a good deal in the days that followed. Sometimes she was haunted by the fear that she had slipped into the brogue that her father adopted for telling Irish jokes. An efficient young woman escorted her about the city on shopping trips, and she carefully restrained her rapture after that first awful occasion when, on being shown a gorgeous evening gown, she had exclaimed whole-heartedly, "Oh, what a peach!"

Her blood had turned to ice, but the young woman had laughed.

"Your pronunciation of our slang is so cute!" she had exclaimed, and Jane had laughed, too, almost hysterically.

A luncheon was given for her on her third day in town, a large luncheon, at which she met the reporters. She sat shivering under the keen eyes of the newspaper and magazine folk, while the head of the company presented her to them in glowing eulogy, coupling her name with Pola Negri, Chevalier, and Emil Jannings.

Finally she stood up, at his insistence, and stammered the little speech that she had rehearsed so carefully the night before. Oh, surely these people would see through her absurd pretense!

"She spoke so low I couldn't understand a word she said!" one young man complained afterward, in her hearing, and another retorted, "Scared to death, poor kid! But you have to hand it to these Spaniards for looks and temperament!"

Jane wondered what he'd have thought of her, if he'd known that she was born on a Nebraska farm.

It was at that luncheon that she met Rex Talbot, one of the company's best directors. He had sat near her, and afterward had hurried to meet her.

He was tall, blond, winning of manner; his pictures, highly sophisticated, were said to be a success, because of his knowledge of women. Jane had read about him in the magazines, and she trembled a little as he bent his ardent gaze upon her.

"You're awfully bored by this, aren't you?" he remarked, speaking very slowly, so that she could understand him. "Now, I live near the Warwick, where you're stopping—won't you come up to my place this afternoon at dusk and let me show you the city? I have what we call

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Tiger, Tiger—

Or was it the leopard that provided the nifty stone-age togs for these cave flappers?



Phyllis Crane, upper left, is a menace proper in "The Lottery Bride."

Omar's daughter of the vine had nothing on Frances Lee, upper right, in "Adam's Eye."

The simple life was glorified by Nancy Carroll, center, in "The Water Hole."

Stalking her butter-and-egg man, no doubt, Rita La Roy, left, is a stunning vamp in "Conspiracy."

Rosita Moreno, right, in "Slightly Scarlet," is a coy little cave woman.



times. The sailors, as men will, check up on their much-praised sweetie, and realize they have been strung along in a high-handed manner. Trouble brews, and about that time Fredric March, as *Gunner McCoy*, champion gun-pointer of the Pacific fleet, appears. Love sparkles across the counter. The scene of wooing changes to a Mexican resort, where there are gamblers of the old school. Love is almost tripped up by *Ruby's* boss, who is secretly a gambler too, and a gang of jealous gobs on the trail of *Gunner McCoy* because he is winning the girl. But after wounded pride and tears comes the sugary finale.

Mr. March's portrayal of the gunner seems true to life, and Miss Bow's nonchalant flirtations are, also. Her voice is better cast here than her face and figure, which may be "wise," as they say in Hollywood of anything not exactly foolish. Harry Green is fine as the greedy proprietor of the drug store, who encourages wholesale flirting until the sailors wreck his establishment. Sam Hardy plays the hard-hearted gambler to perfection.

If You Believe It, It's So.

Buddy Rogers, our Galahad, in a naughty film! It can't be denied that the conjunction occurs in "Safety in Numbers." Mind, Buddy himself is, as usual, pure, as well as boyish and innocent. But is it fair that his virginity be commercially exploited? Here he is seen living in the modernistic apartment of three chorus girls whose lines confess that theirs is not a life of rectitude and self-denial. Other lines go ever further, one of them echoing the ribaldry of "The Cock-eyed World," and another conveying implications that, if expressed, would nullify PICTURE PLAY's sixteen years reputation of propriety! Both are voiced by Carol Lombard, who, incidentally, gives the best performance of the three girls, the others being Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn. Now what do you think the world is coming to?

The excuse for this, if any, is that Mr. Rogers, as a rich youth, is sent by his guardian to New York to be "educated" by three lady friends of the elder man. Imagining them to be hopeless old maids, Mr. Rogers finds them otherwise and marries the coyest. Before he does so there is considerable display of lingerie, five songs, a lot of bashfulness, some comic relief from a taxi driver, and a pretty slow picture heavily overlaid with what we shall call thin ice. But at least it gives Mr. Rogers a legitimate opportunity to play himself instead of a character.

The Screen in Review

England As It Isn't.

Painted in primary colors, as it was on the stage, "So This Is London" comes to the screen to amuse those who enjoy caricatures of England and America. It shows natives of each country as they are imagined by the ignorant on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Thus we see *Hiram Draper*, in the person of Will Rogers, as an American it would be hard to find in the length and breadth of this country, and Lumsden Hare, as *Lord Worthing*, embodying all the earmarks of an Englishman such as could never exist in this century. They have one characteristic in common: utter contempt for each other's country. They are brought together for mutual inspection by a love affair between the scion of the *Drapers* and the daughter of the *Worthings*. The young people meet aboard a ship bound for England, where *Draper* presumably is destined to put over a business deal. Only, of course, even making allowances for Babbitry, *Draper* would never have been trusted with business outside a country store. The Englishman and the American come together, display the characteristics expected of each other, the young people are separated by the enmity of their fathers and are brought together again by their efforts, with a reconciliation of opposing viewpoints.

It's an obvious, exaggerated film, rather amusing in spots, chiefly because Mr. Rogers is irresistible and Mr. Hare leaves nothing undone to make a caricature of his rôle. Irene Rich is graceful as *Mrs. Draper*, Frank Albertson follows in his father's footsteps in American juvenility, and Maureen O'Sullivan is nicely real as the English girl.

Ladies Must Live.

At least "The Bad One" has the perfect title. Succinct—and truthful. It's a shame, though, for it is the excuse for Dolores del Rio's début in an all-talking picture. Her good performances in silent films have earned for her a better break than this. It's a wildly improbable yarn, the first half of it comedy which suddenly becomes melodrama and leaves the audience in doubt of how to accept it. So they let it go with a laugh when I saw it. Audiences are like that.

And no wonder, for they were asked to accept Miss del Rio as *Lita*, an inmate of a Marseilles bagnio, whose job it was to lead on rough-necks and then scamper upstairs for virtue's well-earned rest, while her frustrated admirers consoled themselves with a sip or two of *vin ordi-*

naire. Well, all I can say is that Marseilles has changed since I saw it. *Lita's* high-spirited playfulness even extends to giving a key to her room here and there, but the keys never fit and the men accept *Lita's* prank for her enjoyment of it. "Only love will unlock my door," she says roquishly. Then comes one *Flannagan*, a wise-cracking sailor from Brooklyn, who is Edmund Lowe minus his marine uniform, but very much himself for all that. After a rollicking flirtation they are to be married, *Lita* arrayed in a mantilla that the most high-priced prima donna would covet for the last act of "Carmen." *Flannagan* finds her struggling in the embrace of a returned seaman, whereupon in the scuffle the intruder is killed, and presently *Lita* and the Brooklynite are in court charged with murder. *Flannagan* is sentenced to imprisonment and *Lita*, to prove her love, agrees to marry a cruel guard. There's a riot, an explosion, freedom, and a tug headed for Brooklyn, where you feel that *Lita* will be discovered for the movies. Really, really.

A Bad, Bad Man.

"Beau Bandit" is pleasant; routine, but not slipshod. As such, it will get by nicely—if you don't expect too much. It's all about a hold-up man named *Montero*, strictly a bad man of musical comedy gayly caparisoned as a Mexican or Spaniard, who is hired by the villain, a land shark, to murder his rival in love. *Montero* accepts the job, but with amusing craftiness makes a counter proposition to the rival and then, getting the villain in a tight corner, he demands a higher price for sparing his life. There is a good-natured surprise finish, all tending to make the picture an hour's harmless pastime, with exhausting demands on neither players nor auditors. Rod La Rocque, the bandit, is picturesque looking in his colorful trappings and plays the rôle exaggeratedly, while George Duryea, seldom seen, comes to light nicely as the hero. Doris Kenyon is a pleasing heroine and Mitchell Lewis and Charles B. Middleton contribute strong melodramatic studies.

A Laughing Lumberjack.

As an audible actor George O'Brien is still a novelty, because of all stars he has appeared in fewest talkies. I had seen him in only one, "Salute," a year ago. That is indeed too seldom, for emphatically Mr. O'Brien has the gift of speech—easy, natural, spontaneous, with a quality of light banter that is wholly engaging. There is intelligence and a sure sense of

values in all he says, yet he conceals all signs of the trained speaker and becomes instead the conversationalist whose utterances seem not to be directed to an audience for effect, but are overheard by listeners in. If you know what I mean!

He lends this to "Rough Romance," a picture that misses fire and fails to reach the goal sought for, but which is rather interesting nevertheless. Its chief fault is its deficiency in love interest. Scenically it is magnificent, with superb shots of a snow-swept lumber camp in the Northwest. Yet the story is ordinary and unworthy of the talent and money expended on it. *Billy West*, a happy-go-lucky lumberjack is adored by *Marna Reynolds*, the storekeeper's wistful daughter. Her father is

mixed up in a shady deal with one *Loup LaTour*, whose murder of a trapper is witnessed by *Billy* from the height of a giant tree. There isn't much more, except that the criminal is punished and *Marna* and *Billy* come to a sentimental understanding. A dance-hall sequence brings in several musical numbers. In this, as in all others, Mr. O'Brien is entirely capable.

The heroine is Helen Chandler, whose catch in the throat seems ever ready to break into tears over the sheer quaintness of her rôle, but is said to be sensitive acting by some. Certainly it isn't the acting of a Hollywood cutie. Antonio Moreno, Noel Francis, and Eddie Borden are some of the others.

Long Live Our Dear Queens!

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are the stars of "Caught Short." You know what that means—broad comedy performed as no others could offer it. Yes, it's funny, very—human, intimate, expert—with never a dull moment and, to me, a life-saving relief from the drawing-room and lemon-or-cream school of entertainment. It's impossible to tell all that the ladies do to make you like them while you have a good time. Enough to say that they are rival boarding-house keepers, the son of one in love with the daughter of the other, and that sudden riches from speculation in the stock market provide a sequence which enables one mother to outdo the other in ritziness. The

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Between the Stars and the Fans

Continued from page 22

such a time. Right on the dot the old lady was at the station to see her favorite. Ramon warmly invited her to visit him whenever she came to California.

She took him at his word and came to Hollywood and stayed at the Navarro's domicile for six weeks.

To-day Miss Farrell gets fan mail of her own, in which the writers, having heard of this exciting event, declare they are quite willing to visit Navarro. Maybe Miss Farrell regrets her kindheartedness.

While Ruth Chatterton was a star on Broadway, she led a peaceful life. Her secretary, Hazel Gray, also led a tranquil existence. But now all that is over. Since coming to Hollywood, Hazel has learned what insomnia is.

"The picture people must be the only ones who are pestered," she declared. "In New York there were occasional solicitors, but never anything like out here."

Miss Gray also looks after Ralph Forbes' secretarial affairs. And so she has to fend off two of everything.

Salesmen besiege the studio as well as the home. Naturally, Hazel is sent to face the go-getters. She is a lady-like young person. But she can say no to the best of them.

One saleswoman, with whom Miss Chatterton had done a lot of business, offered Miss Gray a large commission if she would influence Miss Chatterton's purchases. She not only had the offer turned down, but lost *la* Chatterton's patronage. Need I say she scarcely regards Hazel kindly?

From Mr. Forbes, Hazel has to fend off those wishing to sell him

airplanes. And only several thousand dollars each! The salesmen slink away fully convinced that Mr. Forbes is a tightwad and that his secretary is as mean as they make them. All the same they don't give up. Which accounts for the remark made in the beginning about Hazel getting insomnia.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have a very efficient secretary in a well-mannered gentleman by the name of Mitchell Foster. No one could be more polite than he, but it would be hard to convince strange callers at the Crawford-Fairbanks domain of this.

Not long ago a determined woman from Kansas City, Joan's birthplace, called about nine o'clock one morning, demanding to see *la* Crawford. Mr. Foster in his best manner tried to explain that he could not wake Miss Crawford to speak to a stranger. Miss Crawford had been working late the night before and would not arise before eleven, at the earliest.

The woman chanced later to see Joan on the Boulevard and made herself known. "I'd like you to know that you have a most ill-mannered, disagreeable secretary," the indignant matron asserted. "He was most rude to me."

Seekers after Fairbanks, Jr., feel the same about Mr. Foster. It is well known that young Doug is quite a hand at sculpture and writing poetry. Eager self-expressionists besiege the home.

Weird pictures that no healthy person would have hanging on the wall are submitted to Mr. Foster.

"I'm sorry," he tells the artists,

"but I know Mr. Fairbanks would not buy any more pictures at this time. He has all he needs."

"If he saw this he'd buy it right away," the blazing genius snorts. "What do you know about art?"

Between these bickerings, Mr. Foster has also to contend with the poet. Could Mr. Fairbanks assist him in having his verses published? Mr. Foster believes Mr. Fairbanks could not. Let him read them, the poet urges. If only he saw the actor personally he knows everything would be all right.

Mr. Foster is sorry again.

The only thing that makes me wonder is how Mr. Foster keeps such a pleasant expression and maintains such suave manners.

Gladys Young, secretary to Constance Bennett, is the one exception. She was a hairdresser at the Pathé studio when Miss Bennett met her. She did her work so well that Connie engaged her as personal secretary and took her to Paris. This started Gladys' job with such excitement that she declares being a secretary to a star is about the best thing out. To make herself more valuable, she is studying French. Her next trip to Paris is going to mean more to her. Troubled by solicitors and such? Not a bit of it. Life is grand for Gladys. Miss Bennett is rather new to Hollywood, so Gladys may meet her Waterloo yet.

If not, I advise the tormented secretaries to get in touch with her and find out how she manages to keep so elated and free while guarding Miss Bennett from the outside world.

and fifteen, although by that time it was more a question of knowing what you wanted. They called you stubborn, didn't they? When you were six, did you get into trouble by carelessly eating something that made you ill, or running under the wheels of a car? Both, I imagine, with such a piece of quicksilver as you!

From seven to ten you were very bright in school, and reasoned like a girl twice your age, while from ten on you became the little Miss Independence that I have just described. You did calm down a lot toward fifteen and became very, very busy in a different way, and there is no doubt in your mind that it was hard work, as the letter in your name clearly indicates.

All this time you were growing more mature, more positive, even if you showed it in a less exuberant way than before, and at seventeen you were standing at the beginning of a wonderful group of letters that promised you an unexpectedly large income before you were twenty-one, great success as an artist and real happiness in love between twenty-one and twenty-five, and very soon after that positive, undoubted wealth.

But—dear Loretta—but! From seventeen to twenty-one you were to come suddenly into money, it is true, but that period was also marked as the worst one in your whole name, forming a combination that reads cross-bearing, trouble, loss. The money, when it came, would be lost almost as soon as won. It was no time in which to begin anything, least of all something tied up with your whole life. The only thing to do was to mark time and take no chances. And what did you do, after living in this letter one year, just long enough to get the vibration of it well marked in your life? You got married!

I have learned of this only to-day. Forgive me if I say that I wish it were not true. This may seem a strange thing to say to a bride, I know, but I want you to accept it from my heart, because all I know of you, or can tell you, is from the letters of your name. There are so

The Mystery of Your Name

many kinds of love, and the one that now holds you in its spell is not the kind that can make you happy. Even if the young man in the case loves you dearly, and is happy with you as his wife, you do not blend in natures at all. I feel that the two of you simply bumped into each other like two happy bees in a garden, dazzled by the light and drunk with the perfume of the flowers, and said, "All right, let's go!" Naturally the least opposition made you a thousand times more determined. And there you are.

The adding of your marriage name to your own breaks down the greater part of the activity, the eager, inquiring spirit, the material success, and leaves you subject to excessive emotionalism, to hard work with only a small part of its value really paid for, to a magnetism for men that you will not know how to handle, all of which is in such complete opposition to your original nature that you will be at sea. You will gain a great deal in intuition, and Heaven knows you will need it. Do you see now what I mean by saying that your two names, your two personalities, do not blend, except for the excitement of the moment? How many girls do you know who have changed somehow very radically since marriage? Many, I am sure.

Please, please don't think that this has anything to do with the personality of the man you have married, as far as his own character is concerned. There are many girls with whose names his would blend for wonderful love, happiness and success. But yours is not one of them. Furthermore, your middle name in itself carries a great deal of hardship in love, and it will take a very powerful total to overcome it at best.

Under any circumstances, having married under the letter you did, and coming within three years into the most negative single letter in your life will break up your marriage perhaps in a few months, and certainly within five years. And the entire experience will have been for the best.

Yours is a stunning nature, and the vibrations of any marriage cannot possibly overlay it entirely. In fact, your lively intelligence, your fine imagination, the power of that quick, creative, pulsating power within you could not be satisfied with nothing more vital to bite into than taking orders on a motion-picture set. You are too young not to be living life, as well as acting it, learning that it is harsh, as well as pleasant.

With your original name, which you will undoubtedly take up again some day, all your material success, your money and your fame will be derived from some artistic activity until you are fifty-six. I am sure that you will write as well as act, for you have a great gift for it. You will be wealthy and independent from thirty on, having passed through a period of trouble that you cannot possibly escape, marriage or no marriage. You may, if you are free before twenty-five, marry by that time for real, spiritual love, but fortunately you will also use your head. After that I must admit that you will not be interested in men at all for purely romantic purposes. If you marry after thirty-five—don't try it between twenty-five and thirty-five—it will be for practical, even if also for emotional reasons. You are one of the world's most self-sufficient girls in every way, as you will soon discover.

Since you cannot help analyzing all experience, both the happiness you now feel and the confusion connected with it will be material from which you will draw wisdom and understanding for the future to use in artistic expression, as well as in life. Everything comes to you in large doses, whether for happiness or unhappiness, and you can stand the strain, I know. You are like a bowl bubbling over with a heady mixture of ingredients unknown to yourself, and as they settle the fine reality will come to the top. The fumes are a bit dizzying right now, but the perfume of the settled draft will be sweet.

The Mystery of Your Name

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Financial dangers are just as apparent as financial success. Even a good number may be hampered in a hundred ways. The number that would bring plenty to the man with self-assurance and originality will be helpless before the stick-in-the-mud attitude that his neighbor reveals. There may be wonderful creative genius dormant in a woman who

cannot drive herself to real accomplishment, while on the other hand such genius may break forth at many places through the uncontrolled activity of some other woman and only cause confusion because it has no goal. Self-assertiveness is fine for the boy who thinks himself small, but it can be a curse where there is no intelligence and tact to guide it.

But there are letters and numbers in every life that indicate the need for lying low, for being cautious, for waiting a while. These periods are necessary to the balance of life. A man whose name did nothing but go up and up and up would soon be crazy, although the man who is down can never believe it.

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year some member of the family would be leaving New York at the very same time that another was leaving Los Angeles. It occurred three or four times."

Mr. Blankenhorn was on the way East about the time that Miss Rich's daughter was coming West this year. Irene was seeing a new play with her friend Mrs. Rob Wagner.

Kirkwood and Son.

James Kirkwood retains custody of his six-year-old son under the terms of the divorce decree which separated him from Lila Lee.

We visited the location of "The Spoilers," and Jim had his boy with him while he was playing in the picture.

It's a curious and somewhat tragic case—this one of a youngster separated from his mother, but Jim is exceedingly devoted to the boy, and has manifested his devotion by keeping the youngster with him constantly.

Kirkwood will hardly be recognized in the rôle of *Dextry* in "The Spoilers." He is cast as a heavily bearded miner.

Location Gleanings.

On "The Spoilers" location, sixty miles from Hollywood, and a typical movie camp, we also saw Gary Cooper, Betty Compson, Kay Johnson, William Boyd, Rita Carewe, and others.

Lupe Velez came to pay a visit to Gary while we were there, and Betty was being kidded about young Hugh Trevor, who had been noted dancing constantly with her at a party. Betty didn't exactly deny her interest.

Kay Johnson was going about in a trailing riding habit, with a hat creased fedora fashion.

Though it didn't exactly fit in with the Nome, Alaska, setting, she had put a tiny Alpine feather in the hat.

"Now," she said, "if there's going to be any singing in this picture, I'm going to do it. Not only that, but I'm going to yodel."

The Youngest Cræsus.

A most remarkable baby! Yes, how else but remarkable is one to consider a three-weeks'-old infant, who earns money at the rate of approximately \$10,000 a week.

Such were the prorata garnerings of June Dwan Smith, in "The Little Accident," who made her picture debut less than a month after she was born.

A tiny baby happened to be essential to the story, and permission was obtained from little Miss Smith's mother to use her. The State Industrial Welfare Commission wouldn't

permit her to be on the set more than twenty minutes a day.

For that time she received \$75. Hence the boys at the studio got out their pencils and figured what her weekly stipend would amount to at that rate. They determined she was a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week star. Which is high even in the movies, where youngsters are famous for being Cræsus.

Erin's Fair Warbler.

One more reason has been found why a little Irish girl will probably remain in America indefinitely. Maureen O'Sullivan, it has been discovered, possesses a singing voice. And if you're interested, you may hear her carol a tune or two in "Just Imagine," for which De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson are writing the songs. And when we name De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, it is with reason, since they wrote these unusually popular numbers like "I'm a Dreamer—Aren't we All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You."

The Lubitsch Divorce.

Just as if there weren't trouble enough with separations and divorces among the stars, what should have to happen but that our old friend Ernst Lubitsch is being sued by his wife.

We have always been very fond of both Ernst and Leni Lubitsch, and therefore regret that they have decided to go their separate ways.

We saw Ernst at a Hollywood affair alone on the day that the proposed dissolution of his marriage was announced. It is one of the few times, incidentally, that he didn't appear in public with his wife since they came to Hollywood years ago.

Cost of Monkeying Around.

No motion picture has caused more of an uproar lately than "Ingagi." Perhaps you have seen this curiosity, supposed to be an impression of life in darkest Africa, but denounced as a fake and forbidden a showing by Will H. Hays. We must say that it had been pretty widely released before the edict was issued.

At all events, the funniest development was when a colored extra by the name of Hilton Phillips started trouble through the State Labor Bureau over the pay he claimed he had received for impersonating a gorilla. He said he had been paid only \$6.50 for making a monkey of himself, whereas the proper stipend, he contended, was \$20.

The Conquering Wedding.

The social peak of the year was reached in the wedding of Bebe Daniels to Ben Lyon. It was an elaborate function in every respect, di-

vided into the actual ceremony to which only a limited number of Bebe's and Ben's closest friends were invited, and a reception immediately afterward for which the guest list ran into the hundreds.

Bebe was married in the evening at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. Formalities prevailed—more than at any other similar event since Bessie Love was wed to William Hawks. It was the same setting in which Ruth Roland was married, only white lilies and dolphinium prevailed instead of Easter lilies and lilies of the valley. The dais where the ceremony was performed was candle-lighted, huge candelabra being placed there.

Bebe's wedding gown was of hand-woven Italian satin of ivory tone, the long sleeves, the Juliet cap and the inserted panels in the gown and long train being of real Alençon lace. The most distinctive feature of her costume, however, was the tiny lace handkerchief she carried, the same that her grandmother had used when she was married. Her bridal bouquet consisted of twenty-four white orchids and hundreds of lilies of the valley, and her cap was adorned with the conventional orange blossoms.

The bridesmaids, including Constance Talmadge, Betty Compson, Diana Fitzmaurice, and other old friends, were attired in rainbow-hued net gowns, with short trains and corresponding picture hats, and carried roses that matched the costumes. Marie Mosquini caught the bride's bouquet.

There were never so many social functions preceding a wedding, and they culminated with a stag party for Ben, and a soirée for the charming bridesmaids and a few of Bebe's intimate friends, held at the residence of Mrs. Billy Sunday, Jr.

The wedding started half an hour late, and there was that true note of tensiety that one anticipates at very formal matrimonial events. Furthermore, tears were shed in the fashion of all serious weddings by various persons present.

One saw more of the long-established stars at this particular function than at the majority of those that take place nowadays in Hollywood. Bebe is noted for keeping her friends, and for being very loyal to them.

United—Doug and Bebe!

Doug and Bebe together! That's a new alliance. But Fairbanks and Miss Daniels are doing the two principal rôles in "Reaching for the Moon," for which Irving Berlin has written the music. Only Bebe will sing. Doug won't warble, but he will do just such a dashing, romantic and agile rôle as he played in the old days.

Finally I came downstairs to join the group. One by one they went in to make their test. I was the last, and when I walked out onto that tremendous stage that Mr. Griffith had at Mamaroneck, seated on the set were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton who awed me twice as much as Mr. Griffith did. The latter was charming. He asked me what I would like to do. I told him anything he suggested. Knowing that I was playing in stock, he asked me if I would like to play any scene from any of the plays I had done. I told him no. He suggested that I rehearse for his benefit, as well as for the cameras, the scene that Mr. Barthelmess had done in "The Love Flower."

I remember my business was to enter a long set, stand by a chair and denounce my sweetheart. I was supposed to have seen her kiss some one else, but I was not supposed to know that she kissed him out of compassion because she knew he was to live only a few weeks. An argument followed, and I was supposed to break down in tears. This was all done in a long shot. I was then told to go out front and wait my turn for the close-up of the same action, which finally came about seven thirty that evening. Upon completion of the close-up Mr. Griffith placed his arm on my shoulder and said, "Of course, you haven't the physique of a Barthelmess but I might be able to teach you as I have taught him." We talked at some length. Of course I told him that the ambition of my life was to work for him. He said he would let me know how the test turned out.

The following week saw the completion of my engagement with Blaney, and no word from Mr. Griffith. That week went by. The following Monday dawned. But for the generosity of Arthur William Brown, the well-known illustrator who lent us seventy-five dollars, we would have found ourselves homeless.

I Stop to Look Back

Next day the newspapers announced that the D. W. Griffith company had left for Miami to make exteriors for "The White Rose." Elsa and I gave up hope at this news. Shortly afterward I was sent to the Fox studio for a test. They were to let me know Saturday morning whether I was successful. We decided to go to New Haven to see my parents for the week-end. We returned early Monday morning to find a house full of messages from my agent. I went to see her, with the startling discovery that I had both jobs! The Griffith company had not gone away after all. It was only natural, being unknown and obscure, to accept the Griffith offer, though the Fox salary was larger.

We went over to the Griffith office to sign the contract, which was for only one picture, "The White Rose." My salary was \$125 a week. To say that I walked on clouds is to put it mildly. Although it was noon in Times Square, there was not a soul in the world but ourselves. Neither Elsa nor I could believe our luck. As our finances were at such a low ebb, the thought of being paid \$125 a week was the thing that impressed us most. The following day we started rehearsals.

I had convinced myself that I could overcome the awe that Mr. Griffith inspired to the extent that I would be able to give a good account of myself, but when I walked into the rehearsal hall and found myself not only in his presence, but also that of Carol Dempster, Ivor Novello, who had been brought from England, and sitting demurely in a corner that great actress, Mae Marsh, I fairly quaked. All my well-ordered plans fled. All, however, realizing that I was a newcomer and a stranger to the procedure followed by Mr. Griffith, made my way as easy as possible, as also did Mr. Griffith himself.

His method was to sit in a high chair, smoking innumerable cigarettes

and let the entire action of the picture unfold itself in rehearsal. But in the absence of one member of the cast we were called upon to play parts other than our own. Imagine my astonishment the first morning on being told, "Hamilton, go over and stand in the corner; you are a horse." Or the next day, "Hamilton, walk into this scene now, and you are an old colored mammy." And then of course when it came my turn to play *John White*, my own part, I had to leave my characters of a horse and a colored mammy and play *John White*. This went on for three weeks, in which every member of the cast was thoroughly familiar with not only his own part but that of all the others as well. We left for Miami to begin shooting of exteriors. A Griffith contract, a bride, a trip to Florida, and \$125 a week! Could any one's life be more complete?

It was a marvelous honeymoon, the only fly in the ointment being that the company, minus wives, was to spend two weeks at New Iberia, Louisiana, a very small town, to get the necessary bayou locale, when we were to join the rest of the company in Miami.

My part in "The White Rose" was a small one, and so, as Mr. Griffith worked very slowly, I had a great deal of time to myself, which made it a glorious vacation.

We returned to New York early in March, 1923, finished the picture, and to my great astonishment I found that Mr. Griffith thought well enough of me to give me a five-year contract.

One of the high lights of our trip from New York was that Bert Sutch, the assistant director, told me that he was not supposed to say anything about it, but Mr. Griffith's next picture was to be a story of the American Revolution, and that I was considered for the principal character! From rags to riches, from obscurity to fame, indeed!

TO BE CONTINUED.

When a Lady Rolls for Luck

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dollars in my pocketbook—all the money I had in the world. 'If you can make one heap of all your winnings, and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss.'

"I rented a room with my two dollars, and concentrated like a Hindu seer. Then I went back and got the part.

"Things went along fairly smoothly after that. I was getting along, but not setting the world afire. When I was playing in 'Elmer Gantry,' I had an offer from Al Woods for a five-

year contract. I took the contract home to look it over. It sounds like fiction, but that same night Fox called and offered me a contract, too. Woods stood for everything I'd always wanted, everything I knew and cared about, everything I'd been striving for. Fox represented the unknown.

"Columbus could have stayed in Europe and been one of a crowd. But he took a chance and became famous. So did Steve Brody. I signed with Fox. Everything out

here was like a new world. People at the studio were lovely—at first. But then they began shipping recruits from Broadway out by the trainload, and I was one of a crowd again. In a year I played two and a half parts. The half part was a despicable bit in 'Words and Music.' And neither of the other pictures amounted to much."

I opened my mouth to expostulate. It was in one of those two pictures I had first seen Helen. They were

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For Better, or for Worse?

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handed around Hollywood to many people, "Be yourself," on the strength of the showing made by Gloria and Norma. Misdirected ambition has had all too much to do with the disturbances caused in the galaxy of favorites.

However, the rule doesn't work without exception. Our friend William Powell, for instance. He was nearly always the heavy in the good old days, while in the *Philo Vance* stories and others he does duty as the hero. Indeed, he even started in that direction when he appeared in "Interference." The character of *Philip Vooze* was distinctly of that genre, and certainly Powell was the outstanding hit in the picture. More adult heroes seem to be demanded in the talkies, anyway.

Bebe Daniels also goes by contraries. One can't regard her success in "Rio Rita" apart from the musical embellishments. But then Bebe truly hurled herself into a course of study to perfect herself for the rôle. She took a lesson every day for weeks and weeks, and concentrated on her début as a singing star, above all other things. And that is amazing, too, in view of the fact that she possesses no broad understanding of music.

Jeanette Loff recently proved a surprise in a different fashion musically. Miss Loff is undoubtedly the bright figure of the Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz," and many expressed astonishment at her capability as a singer. Especially did the heads of one company that had allowed her contract to lapse wonder why they had.

But then nearly everybody had forgotten that Miss Loff had begun working years ago toward the destination, when she played an organ in a theater in the Northwest. She had an inbred musical sense, so it wasn't so much of a step for her to become a revue prima donna.

It's the apparently neglected considerations in the past lives of stars that have often helped them in their talkie careers, and caused them to shine forth in new light on the screen. More than a few had stage training at one time or another, and though it was far removed from their present careers, it helped when they had to draw on new resources.

John Boles' introduction in "The Desert Song," and the big impression he made in "Rio Rita," "The King of Jazz," and other pictures, can be ascribed to such past activities. Also he has faithfully devoted himself to voice study, even since coming to California.

Boles was a negligible personality

before the talkies arrived, playing mostly society leads and the like for stars. But when a singer was needed he stepped right into the spotlight, and also became an outdoor hero. Even yet Boles is not a polished actor.

Bessie Love's talent excited a great deal of astonished comment, though there was no reason why it should have. Any one who knew Bessie recalls that she was the life of the party on more occasions than could be numbered, with her patter singing and her ukulele playing. Also Bessie once studied music seriously, and right before "The Broadway Melody," as is well known, she was on a tour of the song-and-dance circuits. Bessie's performance in "The Broadway Melody" wasn't such a big departure, either, from many good portrayals she had given in the past. The only drawback was that most of these good portrayals were in pictures that failed to click.

"Sure things" didn't work out in every instance, however, in the talkies. There was Colleen Moore's début, when she picked a pat rôle for herself in "Smiling Irish Eyes." Who more logically suited to burst forth as an Irish comédienne than little Miss Moore, née Kathleen Morrison? It might be termed her hereditary right.

But "Smiling Irish Eyes" missed. It had an unbelievable plot, and tended also to burlesque the Irish, which is always bad business in pictures, since the days of "The Callahans and the Murphys."

Regarding Colleen's second picture, "Footlights and Fools," I have always felt that that film was a mistake in the attempt to feature her as a song-and-dance star. For all that, it showed unmistakably that Colleen had versatility for both fun and seriousness. She played the humorous and dramatic scenes more than creditably. "Be yourself, Colleen," might be good advice to her.

"Footlights and Fools" was the last picture Colleen produced under her contract with First National, and rather obviously it endeavored to show the variety of her talents. Doubtless, this was done partly to impress the producer fraternity, but so far it has not led to another contract for Colleen.

Probably nearly a dozen noted stars have left organizations to which they have long been aligned, since the talkies came in, due either to their own dissatisfaction with their pictures, or the company's.

There is one thing that is pretty well settled; the movie colony will have to fall back sooner or later on

its old-line favorites. The new players aren't really such hits at the box office, with the exception of the few like Maurice Chevalier, Ruth Chatterton, Robert Montgomery, Lawrence Tibbett, Chester Morris, Claudette Colbert, Winnie Lightner, Marie Dressler, and possibly others.

The stars who are really rising to prominence right now are the ones who were popular in the silent days, and who seemed to retain and increase their luster when they became audible. Edmund Lowe, William Powell, Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, Will Rogers, Conrad Nagel, Mary Nolan, Betty Compson, Constance Bennett—none of these are new names.

Most of this group have not done anything revolutionary to their personalities. On the other hand some players like Ronald Colman seem to have altered. Colman is more the comedian in the new game.

Colman, and practically all the other players mentioned above, have enjoyed the breaks in good pictures and good rôles. And pictures and rôles are nowadays just about ten times as important as they ever were before. They can make or unmake a cinema sparkler with an almost lightninglike effect. So it behooves the stars to watch their step and seek out genuine opportunities, as they never did in the past, whether it means changing their personalities or not.

To be sure, new stars will glow on the horizon just as new stars always have from year to year. But that doesn't mean any such disastrous shake-up in Hollywood as is occasionally heralded. The stage players are not taking over the colony, and the screen needs a few big and well-known winners now more than it ever did, because there has been a slump to prove it.

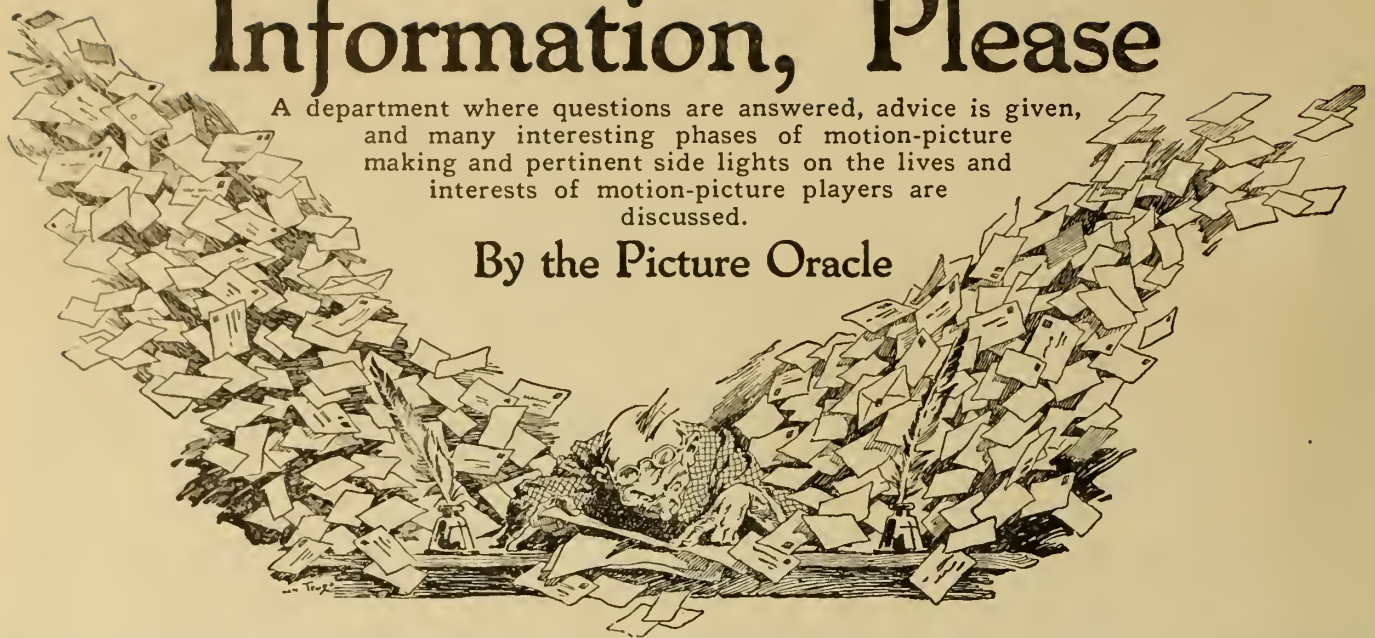
Stars, or more likely the companies that hire them, have made mistakes in the way they have been presented to the public in the talkies, but the truth of the matter is that they are not dead timber, nor in many cases ever will be. Even a high-pitched voice or a too languorous accent can be remedied with a little cultivation, and maybe a high-pitched voice isn't altogether a detriment. Theodore Roosevelt had one. Also, many a famous person has drawled his or her syllables, and done it most intriguingly.

The stars are O. K. They have just been caught temporarily—some of them—in the frenzied follies of 1929-30, and right now, it seems, *recrues* of any kind just aren't a success at the box office.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle



INFORMATION, PLEASE.—So your cat had kittens, but they died? What am I supposed to do, revive them? Gary doesn't give a home address, and who said he lived with his mamma? He was 29 last May 7th. Lupe Velez is 21; five feet five inches tall. Mary Brian is 22 and five feet two. Nancy Carroll is 24, five feet three; Clara Bow is half an inch taller, half a year older. Alice White is 23, five feet tall; Ann Pennington, about the same height, and 33 years old. Jean Arthur is five feet four and gives her birthday only as October 17th.

FRECKLE FACE.—So your curiosity is like that of the unfortunate cat? But it hasn't killed you, has it? Ramon Novarro uses his mother's family name, his own being the unwieldy Sameniegos. He was born in Durango, Mexico. Since his talents were for such things as music and dancing, it was natural that he should become a dancer and then an actor. He appears quite short when you meet him. Norma Shearer is five feet one; Patsy Ruth Miller, five feet two. Dorothy Janis has been appearing very little on the screen lately.

GLORIA RODGERS.—I'm all set up, knowing that you buy *PICTURE PLAY* just for my column. I'll have to work harder than ever now. Mary Forbes is Ralph Forbes' mother, who came over from her native England after Ralph was established here. Edythe Chapman was born in Rochester, New York, and educated at the university there. She was a stage leading lady for twenty years before going into movies. She and James Neill hold the long-distance marriage record for Hollywood—about thirty years or more.

LEE SCHULZE.—So you sympathize with me for having to answer questions all day? That's the first break I've had; most people think it's fun to receive so many letters. "Beau Bandit" certainly will have been released by the time this gets into print. Rex Lease was born on February 11, 1903. He was living in Hollywood when Finis Fox gave him his first part in "The Woman Who Sinned." You can reach him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. There is no fan club in his honor, so far as I know.

M. M.—If you think the influx of stage stars in the movies has been puzzling to fans, imagine my embarrassment! It

keeps me all a-twitter, as grandma used to say, trying to keep up with all these additional biographies. Charles Bickford was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, one January 1st, but he doesn't say which one. He is six feet one, weighs 185, and has red hair. He is rich enough not to work unless he wants to, as he owns a big hog ranch on the Charles River, near Boston. Walter Huston was born in Toronto, Canada, and began his stage career twenty-five years ago. He was a vaudeville headliner for fifteen years before he made a hit on the dramatic stage, and went from there to movies. Walter is six feet tall, weighs 180, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on a Friday, January 13th, but it wasn't unlucky for her. Her mother was an actress, and Kay spent most of her early years in convents in the East. Her mother sent her to a secretarial school, but Kay went on the stage over parental protest. She made good, and, like others who succeeded on the stage, turned to the talkies. Kay is five feet five inches tall, weighs 112, and has black hair and brown eyes. Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He has brown hair and eyes and is six feet tall. Jack Oakie (Lewis Offield) was born in Missouri, November 12, 1903.

MISS UNTIDY.—Well, why don't you tidy up? Walter Byron was born in Leicester, England, in 1901. He is six feet tall and has dark hair with blue eyes. That is his real name, though he played on the English stage as Walter Butler. I don't think he is married. He works for no company in particular—he wasted lots of time on Gloria Swanson's "Queen Kelly," which was scrapped. He will soon be seen with Greta Garbo, in "Romance," and in "Solid Gold Article," for Fox. His previous American releases were "The Awakening" and "The Sacred Flame."

MARY LOUISE.—Of course I want to answer questions for you. That's the ambition I dream about in my sleep. I think just Hollywood, California, should reach Letatrice Joy; I have no other address for her. Marguerite Clark continues to live near New Orleans. Jewel Carmen hasn't played on the screen in years. Constance Bennett is with Pathé, and J. Harold Murray with Fox. Norma Terris is no longer on the screen. Last winter she was doing imitations in a

New York night club. You could address her at the office of her husband, Doctor Jerome Wagner, 128 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. Nazimova's leading man in "Revelation" was Charles Bryant, at that time her husband. "Silas Marner" was filmed in 1922, with Craufurd Kent in the title rôle, Marguerite Courtot as Sarah, Robert Kenyon as William Dane.

MISS TIDY.—If you're Miss Untidy's sister, I suppose you do all the work. Raymond Hackett was born in New York, July 15, 1902. He is slightly under six feet in height, and weighs 150; brown hair and blue eyes. He married Myra Hampton, of the New York stage, in 1927, and a son was born June 28, 1929. His recent films are "Jail Break," "Let Us Be Gay," and "On Your Back."

JUST ME.—I'm glad that's all, considering the number of questions you can ask all by yourself. William Bakewell did not play in "Half Marriage"; Morgan Farley was the leading man. Richard Tucker is not quite six feet, weighs 175, and has blue eyes and grayish hair. James Hall is five feet eight and is a blue-eyed blond. Merna Kennedy has auburn hair with green eyes and is five feet two. Loretta Young is five feet three, blond, and blue-eyed. Sally Blane is an inch and a half taller and has hazel eyes. Grant Withers has blue eyes and brown hair. He's a big man now—six feet three and weighs 200. Buddy Rogers has very dark hair and eyes; he's six feet tall, as is Charles Morton.

WENDELL GULDEN.—Letters are always answered. If you don't see your replies, it means that you expect them sooner than it is possible for them to appear. Carlotta Monterey only played in a few films; she is a retired stage actress. Nita Naldi lives in Paris and has long since let her figure go into private life. Dagmar Godowsky's screen career was brief. Alice Lake played recently in "Frozen Justice," "Young Love," and in short comedies. Jean Paige married Alfred Smith, former president of Vitagraph, and retired from the screen. May Allison, ditto, upon her marriage to James Quirk. Bertram Grassby still plays in pictures, but as he is not a featured player, I haven't recorded just which ones. And I haven't the addresses of players who are no longer connected with movies.

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Wild and Woolly

The days when villains wore walrus mustaches instead of monocles and plus fours are recalled by these players.



Such mustaches are dangerous, warns Richard Arlen, right, and belong only out in the open spaces.



Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of glue, and Benny Rubin, above, is a pirate bloody and bold.



The old whip-cracking villain who used to thunder across the oil footlights is impersonated by Mitzi Green, below, the champion kid mimic.

Helen Kane, above, in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," has thrown her spell over one more cavalier, Victor Moore, and while thrilling him by tickling his bald head with a feather in her hat is wondering what she is going to do about him.

In "The Girl Said No," William Haines, left, dresses up like a porter of the old school in order to see his lady love.

The split is such a casual thing with George Herman, below, in "Dixiana," that he nonchalantly twirls his luxuriant walrus mustache while spectators ga p.



Babes in Hollywood

a pent house—a little house on the roof of a tall building, and the view is something you ought to see.”

“I would zo lof to come!” she exclaimed, thinking of how pleased Larry would be to hear that even the great Rex Talbot approved of his choice.

She begged off from the engagements the office had made for her, and slipped away by herself, thrilled at the thought of the coming interview. This was marvelous! Probably there'd be other picture people there, who'd tell her things about Hollywood.

But there was no one else present. Talbot let her in, and showed her the view from the terrace only when she reminded him of it. He seemed to prefer the living room, with its deep chairs and broad couches.

“Sit here by me,” he urged, drawing her to the widest and deepest of the great black divans. “I'm afraid of you—but I love danger! You Spanish women have a reputation, you know! Ah, Carmen—what a name! Created especially for you!”

Jane wanted to tell him he didn't know how true that was. She chuckled as she sat down on the far end of the couch. Talbot promptly moved nearer.

“We're going to mean a lot to each other, aren't we?” he asked, in his deep, rich voice. “I know you're *sympatica*. You would understand me—your gorgeous eyes tell me so.”

Jane began to be worried. As the moments stretched into half an hour she grew more so. She tried to go, but Talbot would not release her hand. He wanted to go on telling her about what her gorgeous eyes said, and how much he'd always wanted to make love to a Spanish girl. He was jealous of that bull-fighter, madly jealous, but she mustn't let that affair spoil her life. She was too young, too lovely! He would give her such affection as she had never known before!

He bent forward, with that declaration. His lips were very close to hers, although she had drawn as far away as she could, when there was a sharp click and the outer door opened. A woman stood there, a tall, good-looking woman, beautifully dressed. Her eyes widened with amusement as she surveyed the scene.

Talbot got sheepishly to his feet.

“At it again, eh, Rex?” she commented, sauntering across the room to a chair. “Well, well! Too bad I came home to-day, isn't it? I'll take two sapphire bracelets this time.” She sat down and tossed her silver scarf to the floor. “If he told you he'd give you a Rolls-Royce, don't believe him,” she remarked casually to Jane. “Every time he gets into one of these jams I make him settle with me so expensively that he can't give any one else so much as a string of ten-cent-store pearls.”

Jane put her hands to her flaming cheeks.

“I—I——” she stammered.

“Of course, he ought to pay you off,” Mrs. Talbot continued, obviously enjoying herself. “Maybe he'll give you a movie contract. But it won't be much good. They're giving him the run-around at Superba now; demoted him from supervisor to director. That's because I stopped helping him—I'm the brains of the works. He has to talk everything over with me before he has a camera set up.”

Somehow Jane got to her feet, though her legs shook so that she could hardly stand.

“Oh, Julia, be easy on me this time,” Talbot begged, coming to his wife's side. “I was just having some fun with her. She's Spanish, you know—she's the kid they brought over to do that picture the old man'shipped about. She won't last long—hasn't got a thing! Can't even understand English. They'll have to use an interpreter.”

New strength poured through Jane's body. She started toward the door, but as she reached it, she turned and faced them.

“My English is as good as yours!” she exclaimed angrily, “I understood every word you said. And I'll last a lot longer than you will!”

But as the door slammed behind her, she remembered her accent. Oh, now she had done it! That awful woman would tell everybody in the industry about her. Larry had warned her not to get involved in any scandal—and here she was, discovered with a man by his wife. Of course, they'd just been sitting on a couch together, but Talbot wasn't the kind of man a girl would be safe with on a steeple!

She went straight home and cabled to Larry, “Am in awful jam; come at once.” Then she remembered that the telegraph operator would see it, and changed it to “*Caramba!*” which they had agreed upon as a signal of distress. After which she refused to see anybody and went to bed.

The next day she left for Hollywood, thankfully, in a stateroom completely supplied with all comforts, from a portable phonograph to ten pounds of candy and a case of champagne. The latter, it was explained, being supplied because all foreign stars lived on champagne.

“I'd rather have ginger ale,” Jane told the efficient young woman who had been her guide, and who was accompanying her. “You take the champagne, Miss Burt.”

Behind her glasses Miss Burt's eyes almost popped out of their sockets. She managed to murmur her thanks, and departed to her own compartment with the champagne, to remain there during most of the journey.

There were other movie folk on the train the porter told Jane. Once she got a glimpse of Nancy Carroll, and she felt quite sure that she saw Corinne Griffith, walking up and down for a breath of air when the train stopped at Topeka.

It hardly seemed real that she was traveling on the same train with these people about whom she had read so much. How she had wanted to see their pictures, how she had longed to get even a glimpse of them. Could it be possible that she would actually meet them, go to their houses—know Gary Cooper, and Clara Bow, and Joan Crawford?

The train pulled into the Los Angeles station. Miss Burt, rather pale, appeared to accompany her. But Jane shrank into a corner, trembling.

“I'm afraid,” she said. Then, remembering her rôle, “I am so frightened, so scared!”

“You've got nothing to be afraid of,” Miss Burt told her emphatically. “Why, this whole town's just waiting to throw roses at you. But look out for the thorns, darling—they'll be there, too.”

Jane pulled herself together and stood up. Oh, if only Larry were here!

TO BE CONTINUED.

AH, GARY!

All my life I've been so good,
Followed the beatitudes,
Hemmed around with platitudes.
In New England I was born,
Every rose must have a thorn,

Such a conscience can't be shorn.
But, big boy, if you should call,
I'm a-thinking would I fall,
And for you forget it all?
HELEN W. TUTTLE.

His Way with Women

Continued from page 63

you need. If you are too thin, the rubber clothing is omitted, but the rest of the routine is much the same. A bathing suit, padded trousers, and sweat shirt are donned over the rubber garments, and the patient goes to the roof with fellow enthusiasts.

There one jogs flat-footed around a running track, running one lap, and then briskly walking one. Ten laps you go—half a mile—no matter how you rebel. Running flat-footed stimulates the liver. The jar to the system is akin to that produced by horseback riding.

This is only the beginning. Next you do calisthenics under the direction of Mr. O'Brien or one of his lively young assistants. Mr. O'Brien is fifty-two years old and his assistants nearly that, but they have the eagerness of high-school athletes. Encouraging, that manner is, and you need encouragement, as you feel about eighty years old the first time you try to bend and stretch as fast as they count.

With arms outstretched you bend and touch your left foot with your right hand, your right foot with your left hand. Fifteen minutes of this and similar exercises seem like hours. Then you lie on a table and do more exercises, lifting one leg with knee straight, then the other, then both.

By that time you have your second wind and are beginning to enjoy yourself. A little rope jumping, or some work at a rowing machine, and you are gayly turned over to an attendant in the cabinet bath section. A few minutes of steaming, a tingling cold shower, and you feel the blood racing through your body. Donning a dry bathing suit and a fresh sweat shirt, you go to the rolling machines.

Tap dancers use the rolling machines regularly to work off the muscle that makes their calves unsightly. Opera singers have been known to shed two inches in waist measurement without any loss of weight.

The daily treatment takes nearly two hours, and the first four days are the hardest. After that you are not sore and stiff any more.

Some of O'Brien's most devoted followers are women in their fifties and sixties. Seeing them battling bravely to keep fit and trim, how can a girl like Winnie Lightner allow herself to get so fat that her career is endangered?

Winnie couldn't. She fought her way back to beauty and health, and any one with her determination can do it, too. But as you see, it isn't easy.



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the only *safe* way to remove
face creams and make-up"**

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man". . . she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known . . . and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin . . . with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up . . . not only every trace of cream and oil . . . but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

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Address.....

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More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Continued from page 43

prevails upon her to attend large parties, her timidity descends upon her with added force. Diffident in a room full of people she doesn't know, she is taciturn and reserved to the point of hauteur, this being the only screen she can erect to conceal the fact that she can't think of any remark witty enough to merit attention.

Only among her family and close friends is she completely at ease. Here she is an alert, amusing conversationalist. Although never given to clowning or wise-cracking, she has a dry humor that is more subtle than pointed. She rarely laughs aloud, manifesting amusement in a spontaneous, dimpled smile. Of a naturally even disposition, when she is roused to anger, a quick temper flares out in brief biting sarcasm that never misses the mark.

Although she is thoughtful, remembering, for instance, the extra people who work on her sets and always asking, with sincere interest, after their luck or their children or families; there is never the least hint of patronage in her manner. Despite her position, she avoids putting people under obligation to her, meeting them always on level ground.

Easy to become acquainted with, friendly, and highly likable, she is, nevertheless, difficult to know at all well. Not the person to offer confidences or dramatic reminiscences, she reveals very little of herself. Yet this reserve, like everything else about her, is not obtrusive.

Her hair is naturally a light brown. Some years ago, preparatory to doing a lead with Hoot Gibson, she decided that something must be done about injecting sparkle into her personality. Delighted with an experiment in white henna, she has been a blonde ever since. Having it darkened to natural for a recent picture depressed her considerably. She feels dull and uninteresting and likes her "drug-store color" much better. Laying claim to an inferiority complex of no mean proportions, she thinks that blond hair gives her at least a semblance of the dashing person she would like to be.

She is embarrassed by compliments and, to hastily correct your wrong impression of her, points out her bad legs, a head large for her body and her "almost blindness." Despite her arguments, Laura is pleasant to look at—small, neat features, delicately *retroussé* nose, candid blue eyes that are black-lashed without aid of mascara, white skin with a healthy, natural pink in the cheeks, teeth like those promised in advertisements. Not a face star-

ling for its beauty, it is only on second inspection that its unmistakable prettiness is discovered. Perhaps the most noticeable charm of the ensemble is its perpetual appearance of having been just freshly washed and brushed and generally tidied. The "almost blindness" to which she scathingly refers is a near-sightedness necessitating glasses for reading or driving. It is not otherwise evident, unless in the intent directness of her clear eyes.

Unlike most of her cinema sisters, Laura does not dress for "individuality." Her clothes, bearing the stamp of New York, are always plain, smart, and suitable to the occasion. She leans toward the simplest possible in street and sports wear and particularly likes well-tailored suits and cloth dresses. Her failing for costume jewelry, while amounting to a passion, never obtrudes over good taste. She has a talent for exactly the right thing in accessories and is always turned out with an immaculateness rare on the Boulevard.

Despite the best intentions in the world, she is never on time. Starting out in a warm glow of conviction that this time she will be punctual, she arrives, with her usual despair, anywhere from half an hour to two hours late. This bothers her a good deal, but her most heroic efforts have failed to bring about an improvement.

A good swimmer and tennis player, she is not, however, aggressively athletic. When living at her Malibu Beach house, each morning she gazes at the ocean, decides it looks beautiful, inviting, vigorously cold and sparkling. Then she shamefacedly turns to a warm shower.

As her grace of movement indicates, she is a delightful dancer and enjoys a good orchestra and accomplished partner. Cards she knows little about and never plays. She likes social events, but only among the people with whom she is familiar. The Seiteres are nearly always in evidence at Mayfair parties, openings and frequently at the Coconut Grove, the Biltmore, or the Roosevelt. They entertain considerably at their home, a very smart apartment at Country Club Manor. Laura is a member of "Our Club," the first and most exclusive of its kind. Among her closest friends are Colleen Moore, May McAvoy, and Lois Wilson.

The memory of her childhood contact with poverty still vivid, Laura is essentially thrifty and uses her money with cautious good sense. Although she and her husband live in luxury, Laura does not permit herself to spend for the thrill of spending—

would not, in fact, enjoy it. For this reason she does not like to gamble and, even at Agua Caliente, cannot be prevailed upon to join her husband at the tables where he loses as blithely as he wins. When Seiter has one of his lightning decisions to buy a yacht, or a mountain cabin, or an airplane, it is Laura who points out the uselessness of such toys.

Ordinarily she is placid rather than moody. Her early unhappiness and struggles have left her with a well-balanced sense of values. Neither people nor events excite her. She is charitable and tolerant in her opinions, innately kind and understanding and will neither listen to nor repeat gossip. Mrs. La Plante and Violet are objects of her adoration. They live in the Beverly Hills home which Laura built for the three of them before her marriage.

She has been married three years, her romance with William Seiter beginning when he directed her in "Dangerous Innocence." When she speaks of him, it is with pride and affection. They share enough tastes to make for amity, and disagree on enough to make for interest.

Laura dislikes talking pictures, deploring in particular "Captain of the Guard," about which she says the only bearable feature is John Boles' singing. With an instinctive feeling for what is right in drama, one of her greatest difficulties is breaking up in rehearsals the stilted melodramatic lines that have fallen to her lot.

For her own amusement, also, she still prefers silents to talkies, thinking it a more definite and artistic medium when confined to pantomime. Her special favorites are Ronald Colman, Roland Young, Greta Garbo, Alice Joyce, and Ina Claire. And on mention of Pauline Frederick she waxes almost lyrical.

She finds that, with the advent of talkies, her hitherto absorbing interest in pictures has dwindled and wonders if she is growing old. A partial explanation, she thinks, is that she has never done a picture with which she has been satisfied. Before she retires, she would like to do one really beautiful picture, one cumulative result of her long apprenticeship.

After which, she yearns for unhurried travel, and time for the study of languages, music, and the dozens of things she has never had opportunity for. And eventually a family. But Laura the thorough, with her capacity for concentration on the matter in hand, will not begin her family until she can give it the complete, uninterrupted attention which made a star of the grave, serious-minded little extra.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

try still clings stanchly to Welsh in the remoter districts. But who could distinguish the English of a Cockney from that of a Lancashire man?

England is composed of dialects, although it is the English language. As well as to state that the drawl of Pica-dilly is the correct English. Then could one state, with equal fairness, that the dialect spoken by the Norfolk people is true English.

In the United States we have the slow Southern drawl, the hard, precise tongue of the New Englander, the clipped, staccato tones of the Manhattanite, each in its way a dialect. The noble knight shows that insular, superior attitude which has always amused Americans and irritated Europeans. I left England because of the caste system, although I fought three years in France for the Union Jack. In spite of a Labor government, England is hidebound in old traditions; gallant though England is, she resents any new departure.

We in this country know that England, with her damp, foggy climate, can never produce pictures like those filmed in California. Interiors are, of course, all very well; but then one cannot enjoy a film made up of interiors alone. I am afraid I see the green-eyed monster in the most noble knight's outburst. That isn't cricket, Sir Alired. Give the blooming Yanks credit for making the finest pictures in the world. H. T. BRADLEY.

Franklin Hospital,
Franklin, Pennsylvania.

A Tribute to Tibbett.

Hail to the new star in the screen heaven, the golden-voiced Lawrence Tibbett! His debut in "The Rogue Song" is positively breath-taking. He has everything—a glorious voice, good looks, and a strong, well-built body. In the flogging scene he reaches unexcelled heights of dramatic intensity, as he pours out the anguish of his tortured soul and body in ringing song to his cold and haughty princess. Throughout the picture he dominates every scene by the power and force of his amazing physical energy. There is nothing operatic about Mr. Tibbett except his voice; he is neither temperamental nor corpulent.

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.

334 Randolph Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

Fair Enough.

I once wrote that I didn't like Alice White, but since I saw her in "Playing Around" I realize there is something to her. Another thing, she didn't appear in a single scene that was bold. She is usually half clad, but in this picture she was fully dressed.

I'm really beginning to like her. In fact, I was crazy about her in the above-mentioned picture. I hope Alice reads this, as she must have read my last letter in April PICTURE PLAY. From now on, I'm a booster and not a knocker of darling Alice. MRS. JOSEPH SCHWARTZ.

217 West Ninth Avenue,
West Homestead, Pennsylvania.

Lupe Treats 'Em Rough.

I certainly agree with J. E. R., of Brisbane, that Lupe Velez makes a cheap spectacle of herself when she shouts to every one of her love for "Garee." I saw her when she appeared in person in Chicago, and if the way she acted is a keynote to

her regular behavior, she must be a candidate for the nut factory. Between pulling her accompanist's hair and kicking him, she acted like a six-year-old. If the comments heard in the lobby were to be taken seriously, Lupe lost a lot of admirers by making that personal appearance. I have never seen a picture of hers since.

I was sitting in the front row when Maurice Chevalier made his personal appearance here, and consequently I got a very good view of him. He isn't at all good looking, but when he smiles and starts to sing, you are convinced he is a coming idol. He certainly has that mysterious something called "It."

I recently saw Ramon Novarro in "Devil-May-Care," and I was very favorably impressed by his acting and his singing. I saw it the second time, just to hear him sing "Charming" and "The Shepherd's Serenade."

ROSEMARY MCCORMICK.

Chicago, Illinois.

Noisy Movie Audiences.

It is absolutely unfair to call any star the most beautiful. If the fans would only look at this question in a sensible way, they would realize that to them their own favorite is naturally the most beautiful. I consider Norma Talmadge beautiful. On the other hand, I am very fond of Ruth Chatterton, but I do not consider her beautiful. But do you ever think of her looks while watching her on the screen? No, it's the play of emotions that fascinates you and holds you spellbound.

According to some obnoxious person, the movie stars and their "pitiful efforts" in talkies have called for criticism. My, what a fine sense of loyalty that person has! I have not heard one stage star who can sing better than Bebe Daniels or Gloria Swanson. Very few, if any, surpass Lois Wilson's charming enunciation, and Norma Talmadge came through with a delightful voice, and has lost none of her appeal. I could go on and mention any number of movie stars whose voices are clearer than some of the stage people's.

But I am also willing to take the other side of the question. I want to know why Lea McAlister included Alexander Gray in her tirade? Alec is very deserving of praise, and he appreciates it. He is earnest in his work, pleasing in appearance, and possesses a wonderful baritone voice. What is more, he is interested in the fans, and with a newcomer that means a lot, for some of the others are rather disdainful of the fans. In "Spring Is Here," I much preferred Alec to Larry Gray. I don't really care for Bernice Claire, as she seems to be able to do nothing but smile continually. Louise Fazenda's giggle will be preserved as one of the priceless things the talkie has brought us.

In regard to some of the stars who plan to retire shortly, I think they are very selfish to do this. Especially Colleen Moore. She has many fans who greatly enjoy seeing her, and her voice is good. She should not retire for many years yet. Corinne Griffith has been in films for a long time, so in her case it is more justifiable. In the case of Leatrice Joy, however, it is wrong of her to contemplate retirement, just because movie work is not as informal as it used to be before talkies, as I read in one article. That is foolish. Her voice is lovely, and Leatrice

Continued on page 111

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Over the Top with Lew

Continued from page 29

Once in a while another fellow and I will invite a couple of girls to go somewhere to dance. But it's usually done on the spur of the moment.

"I like to go out that way—you just go to have a good time. I seldom call up a girl, say on Monday, and say, 'Let's go somewhere and dance Friday night,' because when Friday comes I may not feel like dancing. Or, if I still feel like dancing, I may not feel like dancing with the particular girl I'd spoken to on Monday. It's funny, isn't it?"

The change in him within the past year has not been only in his character, but in his appearance as well. I saw "The Kiss" again the other day, in which he played his first rôle of any consequence. Then he was merely a good-looking juvenile, with rather weak and indeterminate features. But to-day he's got a good, clean jaw line and a firm chin.

Lew mentioned those things himself. "I've always wanted to go into pictures ever since I can remember."

"Why didn't you try sooner when you were right here in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. You know how a fellow is afraid of being laughed at, if he tells anything like that to any one. And then when I'd sort of got over that feeling, I began to be afraid you'd have to be good looking, and I knew I wasn't. My jaw was rather flabby, and my chin

sort of receded. My features are still pretty small"—sticking out his chin so I could see—"but I guess they'll make up their minds after a while."

Occasionally he looks at you with that twisted grin that reminds you of Barthelmess. There is something about his work that is reminiscent of Dick's, too. It is when speaking of Barthelmess that Lew loses that hesitancy of manner and becomes enthusiastic. "Gee, that fellow's a grand actor! I'd forfeit my chances of a seat in heaven, if I thought I could ever be the actor he is."

And Dick Barthelmess, seeing the younger actor's work in "All Quiet," said, "He is the one outstanding juvenile on the screen to-day. I think his work was superb in that picture."

Lew's most enthusiastic admirers are the people who have worked with him. While his technique isn't developed to the point that Barthelmess' is, he has much that characterized Dick's early work, and he has all the wholesome appeal of Buddy Rogers, without being "ga-ga." Lew has what you'd call a sweet disposition and yet, with it, he's every inch a man. I expect him to be one of the big stars within the next year or two.

And what makes this viewpoint even more remarkable is that it seems to be the consensus of opinion in Hollywood, a place that seldom has a consensus of opinion.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 97

stars receive excellent support from Anita Page, Charles Morton, T. Roy Barnes, and Herbert Prior, though why Gwen Lee is seen briefly as a manicurist is a question that only the gods of the cinema can answer. Is there no justice in Hollywood?

A Saintly Gunman.

Inspired by the popular novel "Louis Beretti," "Born Reckless" becomes a fairly interesting glorification of a gunman, neither better nor worse than many other films romanticizing the underworld. It is directed incisively, is well acted and some of the characterizations stand out. But it is a rather rambling narrative which presents four unconnected periods in Beretti's life, a biography in four chapters, the last one putting the final touches on Beretti's canonization when he sacrifices his life to rescue the kidnaped child of the woman he loves.

She is a willowy society queen played by Catherine Dale Owen, so you know just how willowy she is and how much she resembles the society prima donnas whose pictures you see in *Vanity Fair*. Edmund Lowe gives his familiar, good-natured performance of a hard-boiled hero, though it cannot be denied that he is miscast as an Italian whose parents on the screen belie their supposed relationship. Excellent rôles are played well by Paul Page, as a dapper crook, Lee Tracy, a reporter, Ben Bard, and Warren Hymer, who again pronounces the epitaph he made much of in "Men Without Women"—"He was a great guy." In fact, he says the words with so much feeling that the doubting spectator wonders if being a great guy really carries so much weight in the underworld after all.

Hollywood Rides its Goats

Continued from page 45

been married and divorced a time or two since, and Lita has been engaged, so it is reported, to Roy d'Arcy and Phil Baker.

Chaplin and his marriages! Mention them and off goes Hollywood into delicious gossiping and awfully funny smart-cracking. Yet, without knowing him at all, I would hazard the opinion that his main desire, in his unfortunate marriages, seems to have been for a happy home and children, and it is a desire he can't seem to realize.

A good many other stars, including the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye—correct me if I'm wrong—have topped Charlie's marital record without being outstanding.

Here's another curious phase of making somebody or other the goat. In these instances, the victims seem to be benefited more than injured.

I refer to the goats of wise-cracking. There are a few men in Hollywood who are supposed to be wise-crackers, and, as a result, every one expects them to wisecrack with every breath. Whenever one of these select few opens his mouth, every one within earshot laughs, even though he may be reporting that the house is afire, or the Hollywood dam has burst.

Wilson Mizner, of course, is the most celebrated of these, with Arthur Caesar a close second. William Haines is gathering quite a reputation for wit, and Eddie Nugent, an actor whom I have never had the good fortune to see on or off screen, seems to work hard at it.

It might be said here that some one once pointed out the result of all this reputation for wit. Caesar is a Class-B scenario writer who is always shifting his activities from one studio to another. Wilson Mizner runs a restaurant.

But the point I'm attempting to make is this. These gents—and the others similarly misrepresented—couldn't possibly have said all the funny things which have been credited to them. The wittiest man in the world, if he lived to the age of 307, couldn't have done it. But their reputation is such that any bon mot uttered between the Hollywood hills and the sea is immediately fastened upon one of them.

I cite an instance. Some time ago I was lunching at Universal City with a friend. Into the restaurant came the dashing Joseph Schildkraut, escorting the Sisters G who had just then arrived in Hollywood.

My friend, a gloomy soul named

Strauss—although why I mention that fact I don't know—watched them pass, then remarked, "There goes Joe Schildkraut, trying to make his letter."

It was a funny remark. I laughed at it, and later repeated it here and there, with proper credits. Some time later I read the jest in a movie column. It was tagged to one of the professional wits, just which one I don't remember.

Here's another side to the business of making goats with smart sayings. Only it is reversed here. The victims are Abe and Julius Stern, makers of two-reel comedies.

If all the stories, which are always told in dialect, ridiculing the Sterns, were laid end to end, they would extend from the city hall in Whittier, California, to the right elbow of the Statue of Liberty.

Here's still another example of Hollywood goat appointives. There is a beautiful, blond actress, one of the most beautiful of them all, who is taken as the standard of dumbness. How this legend began, I don't know. She has done nothing to deserve the title, but she got it, nevertheless. And when you start choosing the Dumb-belle Queen of Hollywood, you have a lot of strong candidates. See list of Wampas baby stars for the past seven years.

And now, in closing, let us mention the supreme and outstanding Hollywood goat of all times. Unquestionably, it is Fatty Arbuckle. He was accused of a crime. One jury couldn't convict him. A second acquitted him. But he never had a chance to get back to his old position as one of the screen's most popular comedians. He runs restaurants now, rather unsuccessfully, and when he does any picture work, it is under an assumed name.

And why? The only concrete charge which may be placed against him now is that he staged a wild party. Well, well, what do you make of that?

Suppose you take a drive around Hollywood about midnight. Tour through Hollywoodland, drive down Franklin Avenue from Vermont to La Brea, motor up Laurel Canyon, then wind out Sunset Boulevard to Beverly Hills and back into some of those drives in the hills. When you come to a brightly lighted house with some cars parked out in front, stop and listen.

Then come back and tell me whether Arbuckle is the only man who ever staged one.

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He's Here to Stay

Continued from page 74

"When I looked about," said he, "I said to myself, 'H'm, this will cost me plenty.' And then the manager came and told me I was to be their guest. All the people there were very friendly, very kind. Later I made a personal appearance at the theater, which is a part of the hotel."

It has been reported that Nils intends to make his home in Mexico City, but evidently he has not been informed of this important change in his life. Even if it were possible for him to make pictures there, I doubt whether he wishes to tackle another new language just at present.

Nils has for a long time lived at Malibu Beach, where there are no telephones, and the eternal billowing of the waves takes the place of radios. His home is small and weather-beaten, but wonderfully homy and tranquil. Facing the ocean, as it does, the tides roll up almost to the front gate. The yard is a small square, where one sinks in the sand at every step. In one corner there is a platform and boxing paraphernalia, where Nils works out to keep in fighting trim. Every morning when he does not have to be at the studio he may be seen, clad only in bathing trunks, taking a dip in the ocean. A colored man is his only servant.

So attached is Nils to his home that he refused to extend his vaudeville tour, although he was receiving an enormous salary.

Mr. Asther speaks with admiration of the American school system, which does not require such grueling study from the pupils.

"When I drive by school houses here I notice how carefree the children seem. In Sweden it was study, study all the time. Here athletics are a pleasure, there they are a duty."

I suggested that perhaps Europeans are better educated than Americans.

"I do not think so," he said. "After all, we do not learn so much in school. We learn most after we leave school. I do not remember much that I learned as a boy, except in a subconscious way. When I have to learn a language, or something difficult, the things I was taught in school come back to me vaguely. Perhaps it was a good foundation for me, all that study, but I like best the way they do here—the way we do here," he amended. Then, smiling, "I have taken out first citizenship papers."

Nils is a chap of whom Uncle Sam may be proud. It is evident that a

change has developed in him since he came to this country. I used to see him about the studios or at the hotels, sometimes bareheaded, sometimes wearing a Basque cap. He seemed rather imperious and Continental, gazing at one with a steady, speculative expression that was a bit disconcerting. One plump and hopeful journalist wrote that Nils made love to her during their talk—which did not enhance my opinion of him. Others shared my disillusionment.

"What a pagan love song he turned out to be!" scoffed a friend, after reading about the incident.

Another, on hearing that I had been assigned to do a story about him, recalled his reported escapades and tried to scare me with dire predictions. "Remember," said she, "he throws pianos out third-story windows; and I imagine he would just as soon make it pianos and writers!"

But whatever unbridled impulses Nils brought with him from the Land of the Midnight Sun, he seems tame enough now. His suave and charming courtesy extends not only to interviewers and friends, but to all with whom he comes in contact. Recently a police officer, with a gleam of admiration in his Celtic eyes, told me of how Nils had appealed to him to find his car which a friend had driven and misplaced. Nils' Chesterfieldian manner and pecuniary generosity so impressed the officer that he forgot to make any arrests for several hours.

But for all his Americanization, Nils will always be a little of a recluse, a little detached from the crowd. Like his countrywoman, Garbo, he likes solitude and the sea. Although Asther is far more sociable than Greta, it is doubtful if he will ever reach the "Hello, folks," stage. Which is a lucky break for all concerned.

Perhaps something should be said about the appearance of this tall and unusual-looking man. His features and the contours of his face incline to a slightly Mongolian cast, with black brows that sweep up and out from the bridge of his nose like the wings of a bird.

At the present time Nils is going through a period of readjustment and his comeback is inevitable. With his experience and his thoroughly proven ability it will require only a suitable opportunity to bring him again into the front rank, his art the more mature and sympathetic for his having been through a siege of waiting, uncertainty, and self-discipline.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 107

should conclude her vaudeville tour and return to pictures very soon.

I wonder why the average movie audience is so objectionable. Oh, of course, I'm one of them, but I don't clap, or comment vulgarly on some scene, or make fun of the love scenes, as so many do. I wish clapping were not allowed. It is not only the children who do it, but grown-ups, with supposedly the average amount of intelligence. And if tiny children are brought, they should be kept quiet. It can be done, for I have a friend who keeps her children remarkably quiet while at a movie. MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,

Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Speaking of Personality—

If Ramon Novarro reads this department, it must afford him a great deal of gratification to encounter so many letters from loyal fans. Gene Charteris certainly put his foot into it. The manner in which the Novarro fans tore into Gene was very amusing. With bowed head and shameful blushes, however, I must admit that I must put myself in Gene's company as one who has not yet seen the light.

But I'm not writing to denounce Novarro. I merely want to join the vast army who are lauding Greta Garbo for her wonderful performance as *Anna Christie*. I've always admired her for her fascinating personality, but was never quite certain whether or not she could act. "*Anna Christie*" proves that she is not only a fine actress, but one of the finest on the screen. And the Garbo voice is fully as individual and attractive as the Garbo personality.

Speaking of personality brings to mind Maurice Chevalier, who is as gifted in the art of distributing happiness as Emil Jannings is in portraying tragedy. They are both great artists. I thought Maurice particularly charming in "*Innocents of Paris*," although he was good in "*The Love Parade*," too, even if he was somewhat miscast. This latter picture certainly boasted a talented cast. I didn't care for the story, nor the comic-ope a manner of introducing songs at inopportune moments, but the director, the star, and the cast fascinated me to the extent that I saw the film the second time.

DEE CHAPMAN.

Los Angeles, California.

"He-men" or "Youth."

One reads a lot these days about how the masculine type of screen favorite is changing. It seems that since voice is the main thing to be considered, nothing else much matters.

It is true that Jack Oakie is one of the most popular stars right now, and he certainly does not fall in with the usual type of screen hero. We have also accepted Maurice Chevalier and Charles Bickford—of the new order—and seem to have given additional favor to Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, and George Bancroft.

But who can truthfully say that any one of these men is looked upon more favorably, at least by the feminine part of the audience, than William Haines, Buddy Rogers, Grant Withers, or Richard Arlen? After all, it is the feminine portion of fandom that largely determines who is to be, or who is not to be, a favorite. Can you blame a girl for preferring a young and attractive man to the

more virile type, who has a voice to match his physique—but not a face?

If the fans were to believe all the publicity that is written about some of the new players, such as Lawrence Tibbett, it would be easy to believe that all a man needs for instant success on the screen to-day is a powerful voice and a forceful personality. Those two qualities do help, but there are other things to be considered. Thank goodness, there are still many of us who have enough sense to judge our favorites by what we actually think, rather than what the press agents try to make us believe.

Favorites such as Richard Dix, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Gary Cooper, and George O'Brien have been on the top for some time, both during the silent régime and audible. Acknowledging this to be true, then why say that it is unusual for the "he-man" to be favored?

Good voices and acting are essential, but don't try to make up our minds for us that we don't also want to see youth and good looks—because we do! And all four factors are a part of the liking we have for Rogers, Haines, Withers, and Arlen. But I can't say as much for the other group, consisting of Chevalier, Bickford, McLaglen, and Bancroft.

Of course, Jack Oakie is excepted—he could be any old thing and we would still want to see and hear him as much as ever!

ELLEN W. WHITE.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Talkies and Filipinos.

I have no objection to silent pictures. I believe, in fact, that they have at least one advantage over the talkies, and it is that they give individuality to the screen. I agree with Joyce Kilmer that they have given rebirth to the lost art of pantomime. I am always for a silent picture when it is best for it to be silent, just as I am always against a talkie when it should not be that. For instance, I think it would be a crime against art to make a talkie version of that masterpiece, "*Sunrise*." On the other hand, to reduce "*The Trial of Mary Dugan*" to silence is absolutely unthinkable.

Lucas Arciaga contends that talkies will deprive people here in the Philippines of their principal source of enjoyment. I beg leave to differ. An overwhelming number of Filipinos speak English, and it is quite well known that the majority of fans among them prefer the talkies. Recently the most widely read paper in the Philippines sounded public opinion, with the result that it was found out that two thirds of Filipino fans enjoy talkies more than silent pictures. And who will deny that local theater owners have reaped greater profits with the advent of talking pictures?

I am sorry that the talkies have deprived us of Emil Jannings and other great actors. But I cannot overlook the fact that, without talking pictures, I might never have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing such genuine artists as Ruth Chatterton, Kay Johnson, the late Jeanne Eagles, Raymond Hackett, Chester Morris, Eddie Dowling, and many others.

So let us not condemn talkies and praise silents, or condemn the latter and advocate only the former. Let's have both—and, if you will, color, too!

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The Last of Mr. Chaney

Continued from page 48

"Feeling expressed through technique," he summed up the old problem of what constitutes good acting. "I must feel a character's reactions thoroughly. But the expression of that emotion cannot be left to impulse. Think it, figure out in what form such a person would show each feeling. I sit for hours, making mental faces.

"Trouble with youth, they won't concentrate. They dog the studios for work and when they can't get it, they fritter their time away whining about tough luck, or dreaming of what they'll do when they're famous. Instead, after making the rounds of the studios, a young fellow should go home and think, visualizing different types of people, meditating, 'Suppose I were such-and-such, how would I feel and act?'

"Success is a hit-and-miss proposition, but if crude talent is there, it will shine through poor rôles eventually."

Sure, he's a tough bird, that one. Only a cactus-hearted guy would adopt an errant gray cat, thoughtfully garner scraps from the studio commissary to feed it, name it Butch, and make a companion of it. Only a thirty-minute egg would stop an expensive production when an extra is slightly injured by a blank cartridge that he might be sent to a hospital immediately, for fear delay might cause blood poisoning. Nobody but a cruel wretch would climb a slippery roof on a rainy day to rescue baby birds which the storm had blown from their nest.

Oh, they don't make 'em much meaner than Chaney!

Blame the hard row he had to hoe for making him such a "softie." Nobody smoothed his path, though he is indignant at a "life story" which accredited him with having been a poor, emaciated youngster, victim of an unhappy childhood. That he declares false.

"My parents were deaf mutes, but we belonged to the white-collar class. I only got through the fourth grade, but don't a lot of kids in normal homes go to work early, to help out? I was a prop boy in a theater at Colorado Springs. Watched the actors, copied the performers, until I could sing and dance. I first appeared at sixteen, in a stage hands' benefit. Still carry my membership card."

He was second comedian for Kolb and Dill, and came to California as comedian with a musical comedy. His first picture work, as extra, was

followed by Westerns. For a time he directed J. Warren Kerrigan. He did not deliberately evolve what was to become his career's motif. It was accidental. A director cast him as a hunchback, leaving to his ingenuity the dressing of the rôle. After that, he played straight leads again, until "The Miracle Man" established his particular forte. That he calls "the only perfect film ever produced."

Since then, he has concentrated upon making art out of life's seamy sides and horror fascinating. The directors did not welcome the proposed innovation; he had to "sell" the idea for each. No pain was too great, that a misery-laden character might be achieved. He strapped his feet behind him, for hours at a stretch, to appear legless. He weighted himself with heavy apparatus to seem humpbacked, wore dozens of contraptions in imitation of the maimed.

Those shadows of a monstrous terror, of misshapen bodies and twisted souls, Calibans, Scrooges of a Machiavellian cunning, derelicts of the city's brackish backwaters, were evolved by detailed thought and effort of many weeks. His make-up kit, with its two hundred sets of false teeth, innumerable devices for slanting the eyes, for changing the face by putting features or spatulating them, is the most elaborate owned by any actor.

His strains of French, German, English, and Irish blood may account, to some extent, for his ready sympathy with a variety of types.

"I feel sorry for the fellow who gets licked, if he really has tried. For the one handicapped, either physically or mentally. For those who take their medicine of punishment manfully. For those who have made mistakes and are feeling their way to the light, to the right."

Down on motley Main Street, the haunts of society's misfits, and among circuses and cheap carnivals, he finds his characters. He doesn't ask them to dissect their feelings, in that superior attitude of an actor seeking "color." He never questions. He waits. They are suspicious of his interest, at first, but gradually they spill troubles and confidences, and accept his advice, which proves sound. Through them he has learned to manufacture his "thousand faces."

In being humanized, will this mysterious phantom of the screen catch and hold your attention as greatly as he did when he was only a shadow from an imaginary world?

The Incomparable Chevalier

Continued from page 34

follows the script unhesitatingly, and trusts his director as his god to lead him out of the wilderness successfully, with retakes to fall back on in case of misstep. Chevalier, you might know, is different. Before rehearsing a scene he consults script and director, then discusses the rightness of the proposed action. No detail is too small to escape his attention.

Although a sufficiently experienced showman to appreciate the value of artistic ballyhoo, Chevalier objected strongly to making a trailer to advertise his forthcoming film in South America.

"I cannot speak Spanish," he protested.

"That is all right, kid," the press department was quick to reply. He would simply read a speech printed on a huge blackboard in back of the camera, well out of sight. Unwillingly he consented.

The speech was prepared, accents indicated, microphone set up, everything in readiness.

As he proceeded he grew more and more irritated. He didn't know what he was saying; the words sounded meaningless and harsh; he disliked the ordeal tremendously. The climax came when he hit upon a polysyllabic Andalusian verb, tackled it and stuttered.

"That's enough!" he roared. The Chevalier straw hat sailed across the stage. "I stop now! Trailer or no trailer, I stop. I speak fair English. I speak good French, but I speak no Spanish!"

After spending an afternoon with the personable actor, one would suspect that he was an altogether unpretentious fellow, and further investigation reveals that he is.

He drives a Ford, eats at Keen's Chop House, and eschews drawing-rooms when crossing the continent. He is mild in his statements, but subtle. When he says that Hollywood is "all ri-i-ight," the drawling inflection tells you the whole story, yet he has not made such a thing as a faux pas. *Mais non!* In the same manner as he sings his sly songs he speaks his candid opinions, yet you must discover what he really means. He is a diplomat with a sense of humor.

I doubt if he likes this country. I doubt seriously if he enjoys studio work. But he is practical; and he is a success such as we see once every decade.

To compare him, at the moment, with any one, is unfair. At the present writing, summer of 1930, Maurice is the incomparable Chevalier.

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MADAME WILLIAMS, Suite 140, Buffalo, N. Y.

When a Lady Rolls for Luck

Continued from page 100

important to me, anyhow. But she motioned me to silence. "And Clarke and I were drifting farther and farther apart. He wasn't doing anything. I didn't mind that, because in spite of everything I still cared for him. But he used to sit home and tell me what a rotten actress I was, and how good he was and all that sort of thing.

"I'm terribly nervous and can't drive a car. He wouldn't even take me to the studio or call for me. If I suggested it he'd ask if I thought he was a chauffeur. So I had to take a taxi to and from work, while my own car stood in the garage.

"And then my contract came up for renewal and they didn't take up the option."

"Dumb-bells!" I muttered hotly.

"This time," Helen went on, "I thought 'Now I have lost everything. I've lost my husband—for by that time Clarke and I had separated—I'm head over heels in debt, I have no job and I've been away from New York so long every one will have forgotten me.' But I packed my trunks to go back, because there was nothing else to do."

"I remember," I put in.

"I had an afternoon to kill before train time," she continued. "I couldn't bear to hang around the house that had seen the death of all my hopes and dreams. A girl asked me to go to the Pathé studio with

her to see about a part. I went along and sat outside in her car while she went in. The casting director happened to glance out the window and saw me. He came out and asked if I was an actress. I told him I thought so, although even I was beginning to doubt it. He invited me in for a test. I told him I was going back to New York that night.

"For Heaven's sake," he said, 'this is the biggest opportunity you may ever have. Why don't you take a chance and change your ticket?' I did, and the next thing I knew I was signed for the lead in 'The Grand Parade,' and before that was finished I was signed on a five-year contract. And that's all, I guess."

Helen smiled that enigmatic smile of hers. "Why don't you take a chance, too, and get to work?" she asked. "It might turn out good."

So we went back into the casino, and I peeled off my coat and got to work on a stack of chips. But when I dropped them on the red, the ball stopped on the black, and if I dropped them on the black, the red seemed to exert a magnetic lure on the marble. "It's just no use," I sighed as I struggled back into my coat. "Let's drive up to Tiajuana and grab a mouthful of something in one of those joints," I suggested.

"Well," she smiled, "I don't know much about the food in those places—but I'll take a chance."

Are These Stars Doomed?

Continued from page 90

sacrifice which is going to burn up quite a few of our present hits?

And what of Joan Crawford? Here is a girl who is being thrown to the public in a series of wild-youth pictures. If given the chance, *la* Crawford can act. She has something dynamic about her. But in such chefs-d'œuvres as "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens," her ability is lost in silly plots.

Nevertheless, so long as the fans like such pictures, Miss Crawford will be forced to make them.

Who is really to blame for using the stars in such a ruthless way? I know Al Jolson will sing a mammy song, or sonny-boy song, or the like, in every picture he makes. Janet will be forced to sing or talk with a smile and a tear on her face. Mr. Bancroft will guffaw his way through a few more underworld plots, until his guffaw is heard no more.

The producers say, "I'm sorry, but your pictures are not going over so big this year," when the renewal of contracts comes up. The public says, "I'm tired of seeing him in the same thing." The star is given no quarter. The players are merely youths and maidens fed and clothed and pampered by the high priests of the studios, until the hour of sacrifice arrives. Without regret the stars are flung into the machine of the movie cult.

Pity the stars. They deserve your pity.

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MAGIC DISC
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 "erases"
NEEDLESS HAIR

The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

There is the little ingénue who chooses pictures to harmonize with the color scheme of her house, regardless of subject, and innocently purchases somewhat startling pieces, just because they are the right shade.

Of regular patrons, one of the most eager is Roland Young. Any etching, lithograph, statuette, or painting having to do with penguins, is tacitly understood to belong to Young immediately. The Schildkrauts are constantly represented on the sales sheet. Père Rudolph likes virile portraits, Joseph goes in for etchings of the modern Germans, while Elise Bartlett prefers colored etchings. Al Christie is notified on the arrival of any new etchings of wire-haired and Scottish terriers, especially if by Margaret Kirmse.

Braxton started Josef von Sternberg on his collection of modern art, a collection which is now one of the finest in California. In the modernistic Von Sternberg apartment are

the best examples of Archipenko, Picasso, Brancusi, and contemporaries. Another collection of imposing proportions, supplied in the main by Braxton, is that of Jules Furthman, scenario writer. His modern etchings, wood blocks, and lithographs are so numerous he has catalogued them.

Lionel Barrymore, who studied for four years at the Julien Academy in Paris, and is himself an excellent painter, is a constant customer and visitor. As are Anders Randolph, another good painter, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Raymond Griffith, Irene Rich, Lawrence Tibbett, Lilyan Tashman, Jean Hersholt, and Mary Astor.

Time was when ecstatic tourists had to wait on Boulevard corners in hope of a brief glimpse of stars *en passant*. Now the Braxton Gallery serves this purpose, along with its intended function.

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 98

A clever, experienced business woman who inherited about twenty-five thousand dollars three years ago was eager to invest it at once, but was advised that the only safe thing she could do for the next four years was to salt it away. On no account must she speculate, for her name showed that she would be sure to lose, because of the number she had at the time to live through. Eighteen months later she reappeared. Twenty-one thousand dollars had slid down the pit of margins and still more margins. Her financial adviser was looking this time for help in finding just the right investment that would permit her to recoup her losses, and felt positively abused on being told that not even a hundred thousand would save her, let alone her remaining four thousand, until the end of the time appointed.

"Shall I be rich?" is a universal cry. The world overflows with riches in gold, in possibilities, in future certainties, in inventions that have not yet come to light. Some of it is yours if you know how to use your abilities, and if you are willing to give in return for what you receive.

L. F. S., November 17, 1906.—According to your birth path, you will always have more than the fair amount of trouble with anything you try to accomplish. You will

have to brush away shadows at every turn. But your wonderful activity will make you go through with it successfully. You are full of intelligence, love of intellectual things, with a great power of expression, and you should make a very successful writer. If you have never thought of it, begin at once. In fact, you are at the best possible age for doing so, since you have intuition, creative ability, and successful financial activity all with you right now. You have on the whole a very contented disposition in spite of some present depression, never getting excited as some girls do about money or love, and able to be very happy alone when necessary. This is due to your universal understanding of life, which makes you realize that you are only one unit in an infinite existence, and that it is up to you to make the most of what you have now. As you grow older, you will have a great deal of money, and be really rich, with your name as it is now, of course, when past middle age. Up to the age of twenty you were never very strong. You suffered from your chest when you were six and again at fifteen or sixteen. When you were nineteen and twenty you had a boy friend of medium height, with dark-blue eyes and dark hair, who was very kind and generous. Before you are three years older you will have a chance to marry, and I suppose nothing will stop you; but if you do, try not to spoil the fine promise of your own name. This new admirer will be of medium height, rather stocky, with blue or hazel eyes and fair complexion. After a few years, you will get a divorce, to marry again by the age of thirty-five, and there is even one more marriage waiting for you if you want it.

A. C. L., July 7, 1910.—Everything you accomplish successfully is through your

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hunch. If you let somebody else tell you
you are wrong, when you feel in your
soul that you are right, and do not act
upon your spiritual certainty, things are
sure to go badly. This is true in an un-
usual degree throughout all the years of
your life. You also have a great leaning
toward idealistic and spiritual things, and
if you chose you would make a fine min-
ister or priest. You will especially love
the artistic, æsthetic side of any religion,
for no matter what you do, it will have
some connection with beauty, and you are
particularly fond of music. All of this,
however, will not give you success in love.
So far love has been to you a thing of the
imagination, and it will never be more,
because there is no profound love attrac-
tion in your life, and anything less
will be trouble and shadows. You are
incapable of a happy, superficial love af-
fair. In the material world you are go-
ing to be very active and very successful,
a leader in whatever you take up, with
plenty of money as you grow older. You
have a hot temper, but you do your best
to curb it. You were a regular boy before
you were three, always extremely gener-
ous and affectionate as you grew older,
and a very good-looking youngster be-
tween twelve and sixteen; in fact, you
will always be very attractive in appear-
ance. At about sixteen you had some
trouble of the throat or chest, but it was
not very serious, and now you are very
active, fiery, and independent. Let me
give you a little warning. Do not let your
imagination run away with you right now
and make you think you are in love with
some girl who has already been married.

F. M. I., February 16, 1909.—For good-
ness' sake, get some spunk! You are so
good-natured that it is a shame. You don't
care what happens, and if you don't look
out, a whole lot will happen, although I
admit that you will not take that very
hard, either. Three out of the four large
totals of your name indicate this unwill-
ingness to fight for anything, no matter
how much it may be worth having, and
they also show that you are very much
misunderstood. So to avoid getting into
an argument with people, you keep still,
and you are also able to get a lot of fun
out of life when you are alone. With this
name, if you do not marry, you will have
plenty of money when you are old, but
that is a long time to wait, and in the
meantime you will have much too much
trouble and disappointment. Don't you
see, there is no virtue in saying, "Oh,
well, I'll get along anyway." You like
to do things for people, and they don't
thank you for it, partly because you hardly
care whether they thank you or not. You
were an unusually pretty little girl up to
the age of six. Between the ages of
eight and eleven you fell and cut your-
self badly. At present you are practically
penniless, unless you do not have to earn
your living, and you are very uncertain
about your love affair. If you want to
be happy afterward, and skip a real mis-
fortune, marry between twenty-five and
twenty-eight, not before or after, if you
can help it. At this age, besides the abili-
ty to marry happily, you will have more
spunk and independence than at any other
time in your life, and I do hope you use
it. You can't help being willing to say yes
to people, and as the man you will be
able to marry then will be very masterful
himself, in spite of great kindness and
generosity, he will be just the man to
make you happy.

L. Z., October 26, 1887.—You have a
very unusual name, for short as it is, it
contains only one negative letter. You

were born under the path of art and
music and charm, and the complete digit
for your whole life gives the same figure
once more, so that you really will express
fully what you were meant to be. You
love music above anything else, and I can-
not believe that you have not studied it
and become very proficient in it, especially
up to the age of thirty-two. You are a
very handsome man, a wonderful attrac-
tion to women, and you will keep this
charm until your last breath, which is so
far off that I cannot find it in your name
at all! You are an old soul, with a uni-
versal attitude toward life that makes
you overlook petty troubles, and you are
very much misunderstood, largely because
you act through flashes of intuition instead
of through cold, clear reason. You also
have very fine creative ability, and if you
use that wonderful intuition or hunch of
yours to put your creative ideas to work
you will have great success. There has
always been a great deal of hard work in
your life, but in the past five or six years
you have been able to achieve things more
easily, and as you grow older, you will
come into real wealth, although it will be
more through business, or a business ap-
plication of art, than through pure art.
The hunch that has served you so well is
also just now becoming more spiritual in
its activity, and you will be deeply inter-
ested in things of a divine nature. You
are the kind of man who can find love at
any moment of his life, but the only time
when you were intensely, spiritually in
love yourself was at the age of about
twenty. One thing you do lack and that
is the power to fight for what you want.

P. E. G., January 21, 1909.—There is
very, very fine intelligence, activity, spiri-
tual power and success in your name, dear.
It is the kind of name you should never
change, but most girls do, and you will
also. By the time you are twenty-six you
will be married, and I only hope that you
will not be too quick and impulsive in your
choice, or let your imagination run away
with you. On no account marry a man
who is not your equal or superior, for
you cannot bear anything but the best, and
like any woman with a dominating per-
sonality, you want your husband to stand
still higher. You are a born speaker and
writer, and if you should remain single
and take up such work, you will become
not only successful but wealthy. Your
chief difficulty is your intense sense of
justice and your insistence on having
everything perfectly correct, true, exact,
to such an extent that it often annoys
other people. Temper this a little with
imagination and intuition, of which you
have plenty, and you will find life more
comfortable, for with your outspoken,
forceful manner, you are just a bit too
exact. However, you will never lose
your temper, as there is a wonderful bal-
ance of qualities in your name. Your
home surroundings must have been more
comfortable than before when you were
about seven, and at the age of ten or
eleven you had some trouble with your
chest, but it was not serious, and in the
past year or two your health has not been
quite what it should be. You will come
out of that in a year or so, and be very
much taken up by that love that is com-
ing to you, undoubtedly for a man who
will be already divorced or widowed.

U. L. B., September 4, 1912.—Well,
young man, you will have to put up a big
fight to get to the final success indicated
in your name, but you can do it, for you
have a very fine mentality, you insist on
getting the facts, and you are very, very
active. The number that gives you a lot

of difficulty in the material also gives you a great constructive power. It is the number of mathematics, mechanical design, some kind of building. Everything in your name is dual, with trouble at first and the overcoming of trouble later. You have a birth path of shadows, but the complete reading of your life shows that you will be wealthy at the end, with money earned through your own innate capacities. Up to the age of twenty-eight you will have to get along with little, for the larger income that will suddenly be yours when you are about twenty-five will disappear as fast as it came. From then on you will do very, very well, increasing in activity, power, and success to the end of your life. You have not been very well during the past four years, and I want you to be rather careful between the ages of forty and forty-four, as you are likely to get into some accident. You have been thinking about girls lately, too, haven't you? Well, forget them until you are thirty. Then you can marry with the prospect of money to support your love. Study in the meantime for all you are worth, in night school if necessary, as all your success will be through your mentality, no matter how much you may apply it with your hands. Real estate is also an excellent field for you, and I feel that you will make much money in it, no matter what other work you are engaged in.

V. R. P., June 16, 1907.—You are one of the world's kindest, most generous, loving girls, really spiritual in all your points of view. Money does not mean a thing to you. You go out of your way to be helpful to others. But, so far, all you have got out of life has been a good deal of sickness and unhappiness. There is the real, divine breath of life in your spiritual activity, your feelings, your hopes, and this will carry you through any kind of physical trouble successfully. For the first three years of your life you were a perfect little angel in appearance and behavior. You were very ill with some fever at five or six, again at fifteen, and right now you are worrying a great deal about your health. Please, dear, use all that wonderful, more than human insight of yours to make yourself see that you will be all right as far as health goes, even though not very strong. Don't take the young man seriously who will come into your life in about three years. You will

like him a lot, but it will not be love, although your imagination and idealism may make you think so, and you will lose him in any case. If you listen to him you will be bitterly deceived, but I know that your intuition will keep you safe. I should like to see you wait nine years more to get married—long as that may seem—for then you will find love in a happy home and will have a girl and two boys. Your one great difficulty is that you live so much in the clouds that you are blind to the stupidity and the malice of ordinary people, and are heartbroken when you find them out. Open your human, as well as your spiritual eyes, to see that you set your feet on solid ground.

F. R. G. T., May 19, 1903.—You are born under the fine universal number One, and had the same number before marriage in both the material and the divine. You must have been the most easy-going girl in the world. When you married you were certainly in love, but in a way you just drifted into marrying a certain man, when you were about twenty-one to twenty-three, and it was your great good fortune that you got exactly the one who could make you happy. Since marriage things have been pretty low financially, but don't worry—there is plenty coming your way, especially quite unexpected money at about forty-six and fifty-seven, and you always feel that you have enough to get along somehow. Home is the place you love best of all. You must have a little girl by this time, and there are three darling boys waiting to be yours some day! No matter what you have or don't have, you will always feel and know that your life has been a happy, successful one, the kind that you wanted it to be. The hardest part is already over, and you never took even that very hard. Truly few women are blessed with such a lovely disposition and such a happy life as yours. You have also changed a great deal in spirit since marriage, and you are the dominating personality at home. This is a very good thing, as it is not easy to command as easily and kindly as you do. Your one danger is that you may let your imagination get the better of you once in a while. You have both dreams and activity in your name now. Be sure to act rather than dream, for that is what you need most.

Farewell to Three Bad Ones

Continued from page 85

sorts. These were carefully filed, and when, for instance, the title writer wanted a caption introducing a mother-in-law, he would turn to that heading in his file.

Those were the palmy days for the big three, but the talkie era well-nigh ended their reign and sent many of them scurrying back to the two-reel comedy fold.

The talkie requires careful advance preparation, and the director who makes up his story as he goes along and shoots reels of useless film is *passé*. The gag man who blithely stepped in where angels feared to tread, and inserted "belly laughs" even in funeral sequences, finds that

he is no longer in demand. Nor are pictures being butchered to make a title writer's holiday. Times have changed, and the survivors of the once-powerful comedy triumvirate who are carrying on in oral celluloid are having to beat their swords into plowshares.

The talkies, of course, have their faults. The dialogue isn't always what it should be, and sometimes one misses the speed, the surprise, and the spontaneity that featured the best comedies of the period just past. But it's just as well the triumvirate whose creed was "Anything for a laugh" has been broken up. Pictures are saner nowadays.



IT KEEPS EYES CLEAR

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 67

"Man from Blankley's, The"—Warner. John Barrymore in broad farce, as nobleman taken for a hired "guest" to fill in, because he becomes drunk and gets into wrong house. Emily Fitzroy, Loretta Young, the latter turning out to be the visitor's old sweetheart.

"High Society Blues"—Fox. Two screen darlings in picture that cannot be taken seriously—nor their singing. Unreal, infantile effort, with none of the old Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Hedda Hopper, William Collier, Sr., Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda.

"Hell Harbor"—United Artists. Lavish display of movie making, but lacking in real interest, making it routine. Moviesque "child of nature," Lupe Velez, about to be bartered bride of reprobate, saved by handsome American, John Holland. Realistic acting by Jean Hersholt, Gibson Gowland.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Mammy"—Warner. Technicolor sequences. Al Jolson as a tramping minstrel has his troubles and runs away to his mammy in the West. He returns to face a murder charge, but learns there is none. You won't cry so much this time. Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman, Louise Dresser, Tully Marshall.

"Montana Moon"—Metro-Goldwyn. Horse opera with cowboy chorus, jazz parties, modernistic settings. High-minded plainsman marries a dancing daughter, and their compromises. Cheap play for crowd approval. Joan Crawford, John Mack Brown, Cliff Edwards, Dorothy Sebastian, Ricardo Cortez, Benny Rubin.

"Girl Said No, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Bill Haines in better film than some of his past ones, with comic episode with Marie Dressler. The girl Haines takes by storm pleasantly played by Leila Hyams. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Polly Moran. You will be in suspense over Haines' antics.

"Case of Sergeant Grischa, The"—RKO. A Russian peasant is ground beneath the German war machine. Earliest story made unconvincing by medley of accents, and Chester Morris too alert for doomed peasant. Betty Compson, Alec B. Francis, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Jean Hersholt.

"Slightly Scarlet"—Paramount. When two jewel thieves meet at a safe, what can you expect? Love, of course. Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, the thieves, with Eugene Pallette, Paul Lukas, Helen Warr, Henry Wadsworth, Virginia Bruce providing good acting that saves trite story.

"Road House Nights"—Paramount. Interesting story of bootlegging proprietor of road house, introducing Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, famous night-club entertainers. Charles Ruggles clever, and Helen Morgan her own unique self. Fred Kohler a striking villain.

"Such Men Are Dangerous"—Fox.

Elinor Glyn's brain child filmed, showing effect of plastic surgery on a man's face, voice, and general appeal. Complicated supertriangle plot, with millions and spurned love. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen, Albert Conti, Hedda Hopper.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

"Puttin' On the Ritz"—United Artists. Technicolor sequence. Story of vaudeville singer who makes good as night-club proprietor. Some clever staging, routine story of man who atones for sins by alcoholic blindness. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, James Gleason steal show from nominal star, Harry Richman.

"Son of the Gods"—First National. Well-directed story, with Richard Barthelmess as foster son of Chinaman, believed Chinese himself. Society woman—everybody meets the Four Hundred in films—horsewhips him and then loves him. Then he turns out to be white. Constance Bennett, Frank Albertson.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Winifred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all doing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Technicolor. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Redemption"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tolstoi's "Living Corpse," without philosophy and analysis of character, is thin remnant, not compensated by John Gilbert's acting. Hero falls in love with fiancée of friend, marries her, later pretends suicide so wife can marry his friend. Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adorée.

"Ship from Shanghai, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. It carries a cargo of ranting. Steward gains control of ship, starves the men, "leers" at the leading lady. Just before the great sacrifice, heroine cries, "You're mad!" and the poor nut leaps overboard to death, and the girl is saved from a "fate worse than death." Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Carmel Myers.

"Captain of the Guard"—Universal. Bombastic and dull, yet pretentious story of French Revolution. Laura La Plante as leader of rebel group. John Boles pleasing singer but inadequate actor. One big scene not enough to lift childish operetta.

"Alias French Gertie"—RKO. Modest, dull crook melodrama in which Bebe Daniels is a safe robber posing as a maid. Ben Lyon makes up for

performance in "Lummox." Creditable performance by Miss Daniels.

"Cock o' the Walk"—Sono-Art. Effort gone wrong, recalling foreign pictures of decade ago. Man lives on money wheedled from women. Overdone drama gives Joseph Schildkraut rare chance to display affectations. Myrna Loy appealing. Curious film.

"Lilies of the Field"—First National. Corinne Griffith does a tap dance on a piano, and joins a rowdy show after a divorce on fraudulent grounds. Only tepidly interesting. John Loder, Ralph Forbes, Freeman Wood.

"Lord Byron of Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Technicolor sequences. Indifferent picture that may have had a good idea at the start. Philandering song writer played by Charles Kaley, a

newcomer. Marion Shilling refreshing—in appearance. Ethelred Terry, Cliff Edwards, Benny Rubin, the latter funny at times.

"Cameo Kirby"—Fox. Steamboat-gambler picture that echoes "Show Boat." Trite story about a plantation lost at cards, the lovely daughter of the colonel, and gallant card sharp. Norma Terris, J. Harold Murray, Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Charles Morton, Robert Edeson.

"No, No, Nanette"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. Mildly amusing old-fashioned farce that goes musical at the finish. Exposure of Bible publisher's innocuous love life. Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MISS WATERBURY.—I'm sorry I haven't yet got together the information you wish about some of your favorites. Alexander Gray was born in Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, about thirty years ago; Edna Murphy peeped out on New York, November 17, 1905; Jack Mulhall began life in Wappingers Falls, New York, October 7, 1892. Fred Mackaye was born in Hackettstown, New Jersey—date unknown, at least to me. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, in 1901, but doesn't say whether in summer or winter.

HARUO INOHARA.—I'm really delighted to get a letter from Japan. It just goes to show that it isn't all a waste of time, my answering questions. Barry Norton, after months of idleness, has been engaged for Spanish versions of American pictures, but I don't know in what he will be seen next. Write him at the Paramount studio, address at the end of The Oracle. Larry Kent has not been working much lately, but he is now engaged in "Around the Corner," for Columbia. As he is not under contract, I don't know where to suggest your writing him, unless "Hollywood, California, U. S. A.," would reach him. That address reaches most stars. Ufa studio is located at Neubabelsburg, Berlin, Germany. And you don't need to apologize for your very excellent English.

M. HALL.—Arlene Sandberg, who has charge of a fan club for Leatrice Joy, lives at 3439 Fulton Road, Cleveland. As Leatrice has been touring in vaudeville for some months, I don't know just where to suggest your writing her. But Hollywood, California, would probably reach her.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—Those triplets again! In "Haliway to Heaven," the aerbat who fell to death in the beginning is not listed in the cast—that was only a bit, of course. Bill Haines' brother, in "The Girl Said No," was William Janney. In "Son of the Gods" that young man, Spud, whom you liked, was Jimmy Eagle. Cornelius Keefe hasn't been making pictures lately—which is why PICTURE PLAY has no new photographs to publish. Jason Richards appeared recently in "The Last Dance" and "Sisters." Richard Dix is making "Hawk Island." William Boyd is still making films—"Crashing Through" and "The Painted Desert" are new ones. Ben Lyon is working in "Come Easy." John Mack Brown used to be a football star, but whether he played in the Tournament of Roses I

don't know. Am I supposed to know every game he played in?

COWBOY VIC.—Somehow, the idea of sending you a letter in the mail addressed to "Cowboy Vic" is just too much for this old dignity. Anita Page has two clubs; the one nearest you is under the wing of Miss Kay Witmer, 39 South Summit Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Anita Pomares, now Anita Page, was born in Flushing, Long Island, August 4, 1910, and is still single. She gives her height as five feet three—and causes much dispute. Her weight is 118.

JUST BLONDIE.—If I laughed at every fan who has a crush on a star and then tells me about it, I'd laugh myself to death. Carl Mudge—otherwise Charles Morton—was born in 1906. He's six feet tall. He married Lola Medona in 1927. If Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were ever engaged, they forgot to tell me about it. Charles is a bachelor of twenty-eight; he's six feet two, with brown hair and eyes. Only a few stars read fan mail personally—John Boles reads a lot of his.

A CONFIRMED READER OF PICTURE PLAY.—And a good habit to be confirmed in, is what I say! Yes, Rudy Vallée's marriage to Mrs. Leonia McCoy was annulled and Rudy has not remarried. Whether

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FIND THE TWINS! Be careful. Don't lose your chance. Study the eight heads shown here. They all appear different, but two are exactly alike—TWINS! Look at the hat crowns, hatbands. The under side of some hats are part black, some all white. Each girl has a name. If you find the twins, send me the names on post card or letter. If you have the right twins, you will be qualified for this opportunity and may receive prize or cash. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No more puzzles. No obligation. Send no money, but HURRY!

J. F. LARSON, Room 80, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

he makes more films will doubtless depend on the financial returns of his "Vagabond Lover." Alexander Gray is in his early thirties and is a widower.

FRENCHY FANNY.—So you want your curiosity satisfied, do you? Just cutting out my life's work for me, that's all! And I thought I had said over and over that almost none of the screen stars makes a home address public. They all move every two months in Hollywood, anyhow, Gary Cooper was born May 7, 1901.

DILYS OWEN.—Go on, hurl bouquets of all shapes and sizes at me, as you say, and in my old age I can retire into a flower garden. In "Cobra," Valentino's chief supporting players were Nita Naldi, Casson Ferguson, and Gertrude Olmsted. Wanda Hawley played opposite Rudy, in "The Young Rajah," with Charles Ogle, Fanny Midgley, and Robert Ober prominent in the cast also. *Pendleton*, in "For Love of Mike," was played by Skets Gallagher. Aileen Pringle was leading lady in "The Great Deception." In "The Night of Love," *Dame Beatriz* was played by Natalie Kingston. Lars Hansen, I fear, has concluded his American movie career. He went home in great disgust at the kind of rôles he had been obliged to play. Richard Walling is the son of William Walling, character actor. He was formerly a camera man who was given a chance in films and made good, although he hasn't done much lately.

BEE.—There, there, Bee, don't be so impatient. May PICTURE PLAY was already on the presses when your letter was written, so how could I publish your answers in that issue? Chester Morris is twenty-eight years old and married. Janet Gaynor's husband, Lydell Peck, might be a little annoyed at your suggestion that Janet and Charlie Farrell are in love with each other. Janet is twenty-three. Buddy Rogers is still single. And Alice White began life as a blonde—though I should hardly call her a natural blonde, at that!

H. F.—The picture you describe, in which you think Rod La Rocque played, sounds like a slightly inaccurate description of "Resurrection." Is that the one?

Dolores del Rio was the heroine. Dolores is 25 years old. Lupc Velez was first starred about a year ago. She is 21.

KIT AND KAT.—I hope you pay up your bets, because you lose! Unless you crawl out by a technicality. Joan Crawford is not five years older than Doug, Jr., but she is four and two thirds years older. She was born March 23, 1906, and Doug, Jr., was born December 9, 1910. In "The Forward Pass," *Ed* was played by Allen Lane. Elliott Nugent was born in Dover, Ohio, September 20, 1901. He is about six feet tall. Stanley Smith was born January 6, 1907. I don't know who Robert Montgomery's girl friend is, if any.

MRS. R. W. MCKAY.—The birthdays you ask for—if the players give them—are as follows: Carol Lombard, October 6th; Natalie Kingston, May 19th; Lilyan Tashman, October 23rd; none of them gives the year.

CHARMAINE.—You needn't apologize in this department for being inquisitive. If no one were, where would I be? Renée Adorée was born in Lille, France, September 1, about 1901; Jean Arthur, Plattsburg, New York, October 17th; Eleanor Boardman, Philadelphia, August 19, 1899; Evelyn Brent, Tampa, Florida, 1899; John Miljan, Lead City, South Dakota, November 9th; Roland Drew, Elmhurst, Long Island, about 1901; Douglas Fairbanks, Denver, May 23, 1883; Gilbert Roland, Juarez, Mexico, December 11, 1905; Lilyan Tashman, New York City. John Miljan is married to Victoria Hale.

MISS B. E.—Probably the reason you have never seen answers to your questions is that you failed to allow time. It takes at least three months for an answer to appear in print. Also, the questions you ask are vague. I don't know of any film called "The Passing Show."

A. F.—If my department is an "information counter," does that make me a "counter jumper," as the slang expression goes? I'm sorry to report that I don't know of any stars with birthdays on November 3rd. Don Alvarado comes nearest, with a birthday on the 4th.

DULCE HAMLET.—Whoever starts all these dreadful rumors about stars must be my secret enemy, trying to make me work. As to Clara Bow being found dead in the Thames River—I doubt if she ever saw the Thames. And if Buddy Rogers and Dick Arlen had been killed in a motor accident—plus Clara Bow's drowning—you can bet it wouldn't be a rumor. There'd be headlines an inch high in the newspapers. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He has black hair and eyes and gives his height as five feet ten. He can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, Hollywood. I do not know his home address. Technicolor films are taken on panchromatic film, for which players must use a special kind of make-up.

JOSEPH SULLO, JR.—I'd be glad to include your fan club in my list, except that you give me no address. Write again.

FORTY ARLEN FANS.—Yes, it is true that Dick was in an automobile accident, but evidently his injuries were not serious, as he returns to work in "The Sea God."

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—Nobody can last that long, not even Bill Boyd. He has made "Crashing Through" and "Painted Desert" since "Officer O'Brien," but he doesn't seem to be as active lately in films as his admirers would like. I don't know Bill, but those who do, consider him a nice fellow.

SLY MISS.—How's my rheumatism! With so many letters around, who's got room for rheumatism! Aren't you a bit late getting all steamed up over Edmund Burns? He's played in only about three films in the past year—"Hard to Get," "Tanned Legs," and "After the Fog." Eddie was born in Philadelphia, September 27, 1892. He is six feet two, weighs 170, and has black hair and blue eyes. I never heard of a Mrs. Burns.

MRS. D. E. KLINE.—I'm glad to see Leatrice Joy still has her public. She's a charming woman. Leatrice was born in New Orleans in 1897, so is, of course, American. Her real name is Leatrice Joy Zeigler. Leatrice has black hair, brown eyes, is five feet three, and weighs 125.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Ray Francis, David Newell, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Lella Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Joan Bennett, Dolores del Rio, and Mona Rico at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackall, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Jan Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Merna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schild-

kraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Alene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryen, 5959 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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Volume XXXIII

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GET A LOAD OF THIS!



LUPE VELEZ says that if she is engaged to Gary Cooper, she wishes some one would tell her.

Norma Talmadge says that Gilbert Roland is a charming, attentive chap, but that her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, is the most wonderful of men, and that she married him because she loved him.

John Garrick, who gave such a good account of himself in "The Sky Hawk" and "Song o' My Heart," admits that he was born Reginald Dandy.

Marlene Dietrich says that she doesn't understand why she must not let any one know she has a baby, because, to her, having a baby is the most romantic thing in the world.

Lilyan Tashman, in defining the word "sophisticate" and explaining how she became one, admits that for years she read every book of etiquette that she could find, because she didn't know the proper thing to do and the right thing to say.

Janet Gaynor, though content with her husband, is destined to have two more, and she will always have a string of suitors pining to touch her hand.

Ginger Rogers likes a name with plenty of spice. She's Mrs. Jack Pepper.

Follow Up These Enticing Clews

IN PICTURE PLAY for November you will find all these bits of surprising information supplemented by a great deal more about Lupe Velez, Norma Talmadge, John Garrick, Marlene Dietrich, Lilyan Tashman, Janet Gaynor, and Ginger Rogers, for each of them is the subject of an unusual interview or article by Madeline Glass, Edwin Schallert, William H. McKegg, Margaret Reid, Samuel Richard Mook, and Monica Andrea Shenston, whose reading of Janet Gaynor's character, as well as her past, present and future, entirely from the letters of her name, has unusual significance at this time. It is something that no Gaynor fan can afford to miss.

There is also the third installment of Inez Sabastian's novelette "Babes in Hollywood," which everybody is talking about, and countless other items to indicate to our readers that PICTURE PLAY continues to maintain its unflagging zest for what is new and what is true in the world of motion pictures—a zest shared by every one who reads the honest magazine of the screen.



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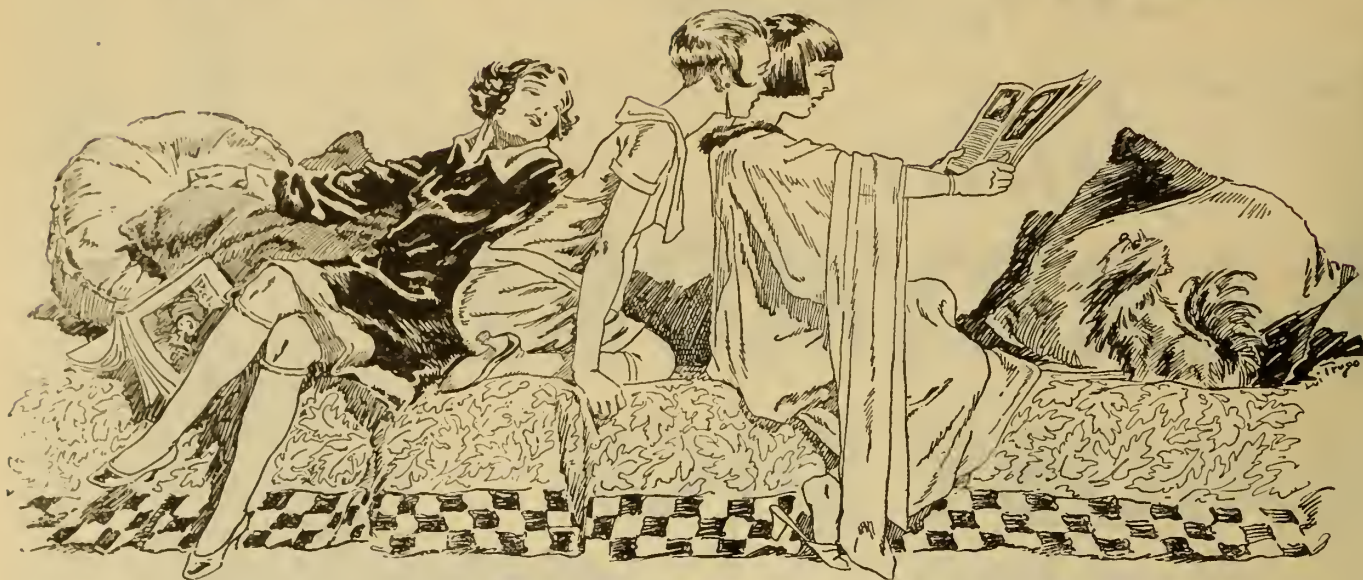


Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander.
Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

What the Fans Think



Have a Heart, Emma!

I AM fed up with all the hero worship shown in the fan letters, for I live in Hollywood—which explains a lot. Also the letter written by Louise Bryan Buckholz telling about publishing her experiences is, to me, a joke. I know too many who have tried to get the truth to the public—and failed.

I've worked with the stars and for the stars, so I know my Hollywood. Letters the fans write are written with the best of intentions and with real sincerity back of them, and it is a crime the way they are talked about and treated. Some are dumped into the incinerator without even being opened. Some of the players open them hoping there might be money in them, and some condescend to answer those which contain money. Very few look at their mail, leaving it all to secretaries.

As for the players, once in a coon's age we find one who is different, but on a whole they are all alike—selfish to the core. As long as they believe you can be of service to them, they will be lovely to you, providing you always agree with them.

One female star I know is noted for her kindness and generosity through good press work, yet she refuses even to see her old friends. I can name many more, but I simply quote this as an example.

Another, a male star, is a bachelor with ten years of screen work to his credit. This man thinks that every one adores him for his good fellowship and generosity. While in reality this, too, is all due to a good press agent. The man is all bluff, a coward at heart, simply afraid of what people might say and thereby incurring the contempt which he would wish to avoid. His good deeds are performed by a secretary.

I read about the stars leading normal lives. Normal? Good heavens!

They act off screen as well as on screen, and the larger the audience the more important they act, and the more they clown or pose as the good fellow.

The players complain about the fickleness of the fans. The most fickle people in the world are the players themselves. They are your friends to-day—and do not even know you to-morrow.

Yes, Mrs. Buckholz, come to Hollywood, and be disillusioned for life—and just *try* to get the truth printed. It cannot be done. Every writer who came here in the last ten years has tried—and failed. EMMA SMITH.

Hollywood, California.

Little Chats with Stars.

I have at last recovered from the shock of learning that some of the players *do* read these effusions, so I am taking the opportunity of saving a few postage stamps and at the same time sending my messages to the actors. Throwing two stones at one bird, you know!

Ramon Novarro: Ramon, will you please do me a favor? I want you to do something frightfully wicked, such as saying "No!" to a supervisor, or eloping with another actor's wife. You don't know of an actor's wife with whom you would care to elope? Dear me, haven't you seen M'sieur Chevalier's? Why should you do this? Well, I want you to bring some of your fans down to earth again. Some time ago I was grinding my teeth because of the way some fans cast slurs upon you, but now I am feeling the same way about some of your admirers. The way they rave about you is positively sickening. Why, they even talk about your soul! Doesn't that make you squirm? You are not a saint, are you, Ramon? No, you are just a man—a lot better than most, maybe, but you are still human, aren't you? Oh, I remember quite well how you looked in "Ben-Hur" when you were face to face with *Christ*, but I also remember a naughty twinkle in your eyes on other occasions, and if saints look like that, well, I'm a pink elephant! Ramon, I admire you, and I'm bursting with excitement at the prospect of hearing you sing for the first time, but I'm hanged if I'll join those fans who worship you. Please do something to bring them to their senses, even if it is only making a "long nose" at your leading lady!

Beryl Mercer: I went to see "Three Live Ghosts" because of two other players in it, but I came away an ardent Mercer fan. I have read that actors and actresses welcome criticism, and I'd like to oblige you, but what can I do when I didn't notice anything wrong? The way you echoed "Trying?" when the detective asked if you were trying to make a fool of him, the way you sounded the aitch in "honor," the way you tried to hang on to the jewels, and, best of all, the way you eagerly followed the liquid refreshment—all were perfect. You spoke easily and naturally, yet every word came clearly to me. Oh, you were great, Miss Mercer; I can hardly wait to see "Seven Days' Leave."

Charles Farrell: Charlie, what on earth has come over you? When I saw you in your last silent picture, "The

Continued on page 10

**WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE
IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!**

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence . . . in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance . . . Fiery Drama . . . Bouncing Comedy . . . Revelry . . . Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men . . . and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame . . . amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

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AND

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DOROTHY LEE

JOSEPH CAWTHORN

RALF HAROLDE

JOBYNA HOWLAND and

BILL ROBINSON

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Directed by LUTHER REED . . . Supervised by
WM. LE BARON

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River," I thought you gave the best performance of your career and I vowed I would be faithful forever, but when I saw you in "Sunny Side Up" I was disappointed. You were supposed to be in society. I think I am right in saying that people in society usually have poise, if nothing else, yet you acted bashful, awkward, and kiddish. But that wasn't the worst. You would persist in singing and, well, I'm trying to blame the result upon defective apparatus at the local theater, but I can't close my eyes to the fact that critics in London made rude remarks about it, too. Oh, I still like you, but if you don't cut out singing, well, I shall just shrug my shoulders and go to hear John Boles instead.

BERT H. KING.

36 Court Street, Woodville,
Near Burton-on-Trent, England.

Children Will Argue.

And she still remains the best bet on the talkie screen to-day. Newer stars may appear every day, but none can yet compare with Ruth Chatterton. Each picture in which she appears is a masterpiece. The story may be trite and pointless, as witness "Sarah and Son," but with Ruth Chatterton taking the leading part, one forgets the plot and revels only in the fact that here is an actress who can really act. Her voice is marvelous. I defy any one to cite any other voice as good on the screen to-day. And this voice, coupled with rare histrionic ability, a pleasing appearance, and a magnetic personality, will, if aided by good stories, make Miss Chatterton the queen of the talkie world. Here's hoping she gets good stories!

I was never so surprised as when I unwittingly attended a picture starring Olive Borden. I do not hesitate to say that in the past I always shunned pictures in which she appeared. She had always seemed to me to be too highly artificial, constantly posing and grimacing. But when I saw "Hello, Sister," I received a delightful shock. Miss Borden can act. She has a lovely voice, and uses it well. She has discarded her artificialities, and in this picture she displays marked talent. She has been hiding her light under a bushel, or else it took the talkies to bring it forth. The girl is good.

It makes me laugh every time I read a scathing indictment of some favorite star in "What the Fans Think." Any one with half a brain cell can tell that the writer is one of these smart Alecks who like to start a fight, verbal or otherwise. And all the indignant fans who immediately fall into the trap and make fiery retorts—it is to laugh! Why don't they grow up and act like mature, rational beings? If they would only hold their tongues—or pens, I should say—these children would get tired of trying to start an argument, and would write really intelligent criticisms. Be your age, fans, and write your letters accordingly. We're all adults who read this department, and we would like literary fare suited to the adult palate.

UNA S. ADLER.

335 Grant Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Do Secretaries Annex Quarters?

There seems to be a great deal of difference in the opinions of fans as to whether they should receive photos upon payment of twenty-five cents to the stars. Take Billie Townley's letter in April PICTURE PLAY. She seems to think that the rest of us should take pleasure in losing our money, as long as she continues to be favored by the stars.

What the Fans Think

Billie says that none of us would send a photo out if some one were to write in for it, and inclose a quarter to cover cost. She's absolutely right. Neither would we send one if the request were not accompanied by money. There is a distinct difference between our lives and those of the stars, and such a procedure would be entirely out of order. We do not play up to the public for our means of living, and are therefore not bound to such courtesies.

On the other hand, it is an understood fact that the star is expected to send his photograph to admirers. It has been the practice in the past, and will continue to be in the future—even though money is now requested. Personally, I believe that in many instances the star's secretary is to blame when a photo does not come in return for twenty-five cents.

And now for Richard McGinnis' letter in the same issue of PICTURE PLAY. He claims that none of us would think of writing to any one outside the movie industry for an autographed photo. I have collected autographs for the past eight years, and most of them have come to me on photos. Of these eight years, only two have been spent in an effort to secure those of screen stars. These people outside the movie world have to pay a great deal more for their pictures, because they are not printed in lots like those of the stars. Yet these famous men and women respond to letters in a manner that puts our movie idols to shame.

This photo business is a problem, and here's hoping that some clear-minded executive will present a satisfactory solution of it in the near future.

BILL BATTY.

74 Mill Street,
Middletown, Connecticut.

Fickle! Fickle!

You cannot blame the players for not getting excited over their fan mail. They know that public opinion is "for" them one day and "against" them the next, with very little reason for the change.

A player may be ever so good, but give him or her an unsuitable rôle, and right away he has lost half his following. I am beginning to think that the success of any player depends upon getting just the right story, direction, et cetera. There are thousands of players who could be hits under the right circumstances.

Take John Gilbert and "The Big Parade." How many remember? Very few. Most of his fans are knocking him because his last picture wasn't up to standard. Yet if he did it once, he can do it again, under the right circumstances—yes, voice and all!

Perhaps stars would appreciate their fan mail more if fans would be a little more constant and do less unnecessary knocking. It never did any one any good, and life is hard enough for us all without making it harder by unkind criticism.

MRS. E. ROBERTS.

195 University Avenue,
Rochester, New York.

Diluted Admiration.

What's the matter with Ramon Novarro? Is he afraid to play opposite a good actress for fear she'll steal the picture?

The reason for this outburst is Dorothy Jordan, who played with him in "Devil-May-Care." If she's an actress, I'm Sarah Bernhardt! She is completely negative—no more personality than a sheet of white paper. Furthermore, she isn't even good looking. In other words, she's absolutely nil! Marion Harris was

a little better, though she'll certainly never set the screen on fire.

I was disappointed in "Devil-May-Care." Novarro was good, but no player is capable of being the whole show, and Novarro, as good as he is, is no exception. With a real leading woman, that picture would have been excellent, rather than ordinary.

I am, however, very much pleased with Novarro's voice. When I heard him sing in "The Pagan" I was disappointed, as I had heard so much about his operatic training, but, of course, "Devil-May-Care" gave him a much better opportunity to show what he could do as a singer, and he has quite come up to expectations, although you must admit that he's no opera singer.

Now, hold on, Novarro fans, I am not panning the beloved Ramon. I'm as devoted a fan as any, and for that reason I don't like to see him make a mistake. I don't suppose we'll ever have another "Ben-Hur," but I do think he should have good stories and capable supporting casts, and he certainly didn't this time. Why, oh, why, doesn't M.-G.-M. let Renée Adorée play opposite him? They'd be wonderful together!

M. SHOREY.

Casper, Wyoming.

Corresponding With Joan.

So much has been written about Joan Crawford's indifference to fan mail, I think it time some of her admirers came to her defense. If one is a devotee of Miss Crawford, it rankles to hear her spoken of as high-hat and aloof. Knowing Miss Crawford as I do, such attributes could not be further from her nature.

It all began, my friendship with Joan Crawford, in March, 1926. I saw her for the first time in "Sally, Irene, and Mary," and she had the most fascinating face I'd seen in the movies. She was wearing a long bob then, and had her hair parted in the center. She danced like one possessed and smiled like a nun. I thought the combination of sophistication and innocence irresistible and wrote and told her so. Two weeks later she answered me in this fashion: "Miss Juliette, I do so wish to thank you for your lovely letter. Letters like yours are the most marvelous thing in the world to help me along in my work, to give me the confidence I need. Love, Joan Crawford."

The letter went straight to my fifteen-year-old heart. I was hers for the asking, and since that time I doubt if Miss Crawford has had a more persistent press agent. Accompanying the letter was an autographed photograph. A worshipful attitude was inevitable. I was so grateful to her for liking me for being fond of her.

A few months later she wrote me again, only a note telling me she appreciated my letters and wanted me to write as often as I could and not be grieved if she neglected me occasionally! Grieved? I was entirely too thrilled to be upset by anything she might do.

The correspondence flourished, though it was a one-sided affair. I wrote about six letters to her one, but I enjoyed it. Everywhere I read that Joan Crawford was the coming star and that she was as indifferent to her fan mail as Greta Garbo seems to be. I felt exalted that she still wrote to me, but I disliked the fans thinking her aloof, so I wrote my first letter to "What the Fans Think." I had hundreds of answers to that letter, asking how one got in touch with Miss Crawford.

Continued on page 12

"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"



'This'll be Funny' they shouted as she sat down to play — but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all liked Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello, everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting. "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano?" I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't let me have any idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was good-natured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, any one could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners

couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately, brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher?" John asked. "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it... except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement, so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. What pleased me most was that I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and most all the popular music. And just think—the cost averaged only a few cents a day!"

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| | |
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| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
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| Guitar | Cello |
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Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in her set. And we don't need to tell you that she and John are now engaged!

The story is typical. The amazing success of the men, women and children who take the U. S. School of Music course is largely due to a newly perfected method that really makes reading and playing music as easy as A-B-C.

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What the Fans Think

ford, if I had her home address, if I was simple enough to believe she really wrote the letters I got, and what magic formula I used to extract any sort of attention from the unapproachable Miss Crawford.

I don't know why she writes to me, for she still does every few months, but I have my own ideas on the matter. I think she has a loyal nature, and because I loved her from the first she has been grateful and tried to be as loyal to me. From her letters I know her to be a sympathetic and charming person, with a heart as big as she is. When I praised her she wrote: "How on earth can I ever live up to all the ideals you have built for me? You had better stop, 'cause I expect to meet you some day and I'd hate to ruin everything. I have, oh! so many freckles, little, tiny ones, across my nose. Now, do you still like me?" Another time she wrote: "I do hope you will excuse this writing, as I am ill with tonsilitis, which is dreadful. Have been in bed for three days with it and expect to be in some time yet. But every one has been so marvelous to me. People coming in all the time, flowers, candy, books—well, after all, it's sorta nice to be kinda sick sometimes." Once, when I didn't hear from her for several months, she wrote a beautiful letter. Part of it read: "Poor, darling Juliette, I've neglected you dreadfully lately, haven't I? Please believe me when I say I've been working dreadfully hard, dear, on 'The Taxi Dancer.' It will be finished in another week."

Time went on and I felt myself enthroned in the affections of Joan Crawford. I grew up a little bit and fell in love so badly I wrote Joan about it. At the time she was getting a lot of publicity about Mike Cudahy. She wrote: "Happiness, dear Juliette, comes to us so seldom, so if you've a chance to find it, grasp it with everything you possess and don't ever release it. It's the most wonderful thing in all the world. It's a pity we can't have it always. I've never had it, and probably never shall. But thank goodness for my work—it occupies my mind. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. It's all in a lifetime, they say. They're calling me on the set, so I must run along. Write soon again one of your sweet letters. Love, Joan." If I had needed proof that she was human like the rest of us, and lived and loved and regretted the inevitability of life and love, that would have provided it. She was then the toast of Hollywood, the hey-hey girl of film-dom, but it didn't make her happy.

When she wrote me about Douglas, Jr., before they were married, I wished her lasting happiness and fervently hoped that Douglas was worthy of her. "Silly child! You say you wish Douglas were worthy of me. My main ambition at present, dear Juliette, is to try to be worthy of him. You will never know what a fine, gentle person he is—tender, sweet, adoring, and adored." And after she was married she wrote me this: "Yesterday was the anniversary of our fourth heavenly wedded month. We are so happy that it seems like a dream. And if it were a dream, and I awoke to find it gone—well, I'd rather think how happy we are and take a chance on not waking."

Frankly, I think she is the most appreciative actress on the screen. She says: "It's grand to read one of your letters and feel some one who doesn't even know me can have such utter confidence. It's—well, it's thrilling, truly it is. I do so hope I can always merit your praise. Don't forget to write often, and, also, don't be afraid to criticize me, for I love honesty." I think the keynote of her character is honesty. She liked my de-

votion and wasn't afraid to admit it. She is certain I idealize her too greatly and she is big enough to tell me so. She is too elemental ever to be superficial. The day when she thought material pleasures were all that mattered has passed. Douglas, her work, and her friends mean more to her now than the frivolous things of life. I adore her, and if I didn't admire and respect her I never could do that.

JULIETTE BROWN.

Erie, Pennsylvania.

Just Ask Them.

Bunty d'Alton of South America can't see how we girls can support a "hick" like Neil Hamilton. Of course you can't, Bunty, but any American with the least bit of sense can. Mr. Hamilton typifies the young man of to-day, with fresh charm, nice looks, and keen sense of humor. There are others just like him—Richard Arlen, Lloyd Hughes, Grant Withers—young American men that any girl can be proud to claim as a husband or sweetheart. Just ask Jobyna, Gloria Hope, or Loretta Young.

Will some one please tell Alice White to pack her trunk and take the first train North? Her place on the screen has been taken by charming and sparkling Helen Kane. From now on Helen is my pet flapper, baby voice and all. She's got more "It" in her little finger than Alice has all over her body. Clara Bow is safe, however. With a little reducing and a hair cut she'll be our same old Clara, peppy and lovable, getting her man and making him like it.

"DIMMY."
312 Read Street,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A Marine Reports.

We are having an epidemic of the worst pictures that I have ever seen. It is a rare occasion now to go into a theater and see a good picture. In choosing a picture I consider the title, the star, and then the producer. If they appeal to me I go in. There are so many new stars, the title means more than anything else. But titles are misleading. True in the case of "The Love Parade." That is the finest comedy I have seen in a long time. It is great in that it brings to moving pictures three actors who should please the majority—Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Lillian Roth. Lupino Lane and his slapstick acting appeals to some, no doubt. Why wasn't a more suggestive title given to the picture? I wouldn't have gone a step to see it, but a friend talked me into going with him. I would have missed a great picture if I hadn't gone.

Now, a word about Marion Davies. They should have kept her silent; she was fair then, but now that she talks! Terrible! In "Marianne" she tries to talk with a French accent and fails, and in "Not So Dumb" she is absolutely silly. Two wasted efforts. I hope she tries something new; I can stand only one more.

NOBEL S. LA FOND.

Receiving Station, Marine Barracks,
Puget Sound Navy Yard,
Bremerton, Washington.

Irene Rich Acclaimed.

What a lot of new fans Irene Rich must be making by her vaudeville appearances! She is a fan's dream come true, with her exquisite face and figure, her beautiful, expertly used voice, and her warm and vibrant personality. In the hard-to-please New York Palace, she stopped the show, and each time I have seen her act she is riotously received.

Why do producers rush to sign stage stars of far less charm, beauty, and ability,

with no camera technique and no following, while they submerge the lovely Irene in stupid, too mature rôles. We are still hoping that Miss Rich and Ernst Lubitsch will soon be reunited for our delectation. What a fine vehicle for their combined talents would be "The First Mrs. Fraser," now current in New York!

Irene Rich should be coming to her greatest popularity, now that the talkies have brought more sophisticated drama to the fore. We fans—and, judging by Irene's reception, we are numerous—want to see her more often and in rôles suited to her beauty and ability.

CLAIRE FERGUSON.

218-19 139th Avenue,
Springfield Gardens, New York.

What Is Success?

If Mr. Novarro is a failure, then is there such a thing as success? When I read that interview, I was tempted to write a caustic letter, but decided to wait until I had cooled off.

It seems that producers have to be jolted out of their groove every so often, but they insist upon slipping back into it. It is crime pictures for a steady diet until the public hollers for mercy, and then they change to a steady diet of something else. It is easier to keep giving stars the same type of rôles, for it saves thought and effort.

Although adolescent rôles do happen to fit Mr. Novarro, they could give him characters that are deeper. Young people have the same intense emotions that older people have, and I see no reason why adolescent rôles could not be fused with deeper meaning, without losing the dash and charm of youth. The rôles that Mr. Novarro plays are usually of a light and shallow character. When I say shallow I do not mean dumb; I mean they skim the surface of life. Mr. Novarro's characterizations are never dumb; in fact, his portrayal of them is what makes the picture. This is not a criticism of Mr. Novarro, but of the producers. I think the stars ought to be more temperamental and demanding.

As for the critics who say his voice is not of operatic caliber, I will say this: When I saw "The Pagan" there was a short feature a few days before in which Tito Schipa sang. Of all the people I heard comparing the two voices, they all preferred Novarro's. It has a sweeter, mellower tone; it is never harsh or shrill and ear-splitting.

PEARL O'MOORE.

864 Colorado Avenue,
Grand Junction, Colorado.

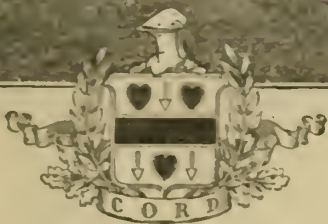
A Gift for Crocella.

I had a grand time reading the letters in June PICTURE PLAY. The palm should go to Gordon Mackay for the most adult contribution, and the booby prize to Crocella Mullen for the most naïve.

All hail to Mr. Mackay and Florence Bogarte for attacking the Gish myth. Says Mackay, "Lillian Gish could never act, and some time the people were bound to find it out." This sums it all up very nicely, I think.

In the early days of motion pictures there was a saying, "Posing for the movies." This is just what *la* Gish always has done. She has one set of mannerisms which she uses in all her rôles. If this is her much-flaunted screen technique we hear so much about, the least said of it the better. Surely this is not dramatic art. Quinn Martin, in the New York *World*, wrote that having missed "The Wind," he made a special trip to an outlying cinema house to view it. He ends

Continued on page 105



Some of the advantages of the Cord, which we claim actual driving convincingly demonstrates, are: It is the easiest car to handle because it steers easier and turns shorter. It is without equal in riding comfort due to the high ratio of sprung to unsprung weight. The absence of any tendency to tip or lean on turns is very noticeable. The inherent qualities of its design enable it to travel in a straight line better than other cars. There is no inclination to side sway on cobble stones and chuck holes. Its scientific seating comfort is unobtainable in any other car. And, you sense when driving it, a security found only in the Cord.

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and a roarin' riot comes

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*"I make ze love to you myself—personal . . .
What? Because you are marry you do not
wish to spik of love! Leesen Lady — eef
Pancho Lopez want woman, he take her,
dam queek!"*

* * *

Listen to him! The perfect lover with a
broken accent to mend broken hearts! —
L'il old Cupid with a six shooter—the Robin
Hood of the deserts—The greatest character
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**Walter
HUSTON**

Assisted by Dorothy Revier, Sidney Blackmer,
James Rennie
DIRECTED BY CLARENCE BADGER from
Porter Emerson Browne's melodramatic uproar.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.



"Way For a Sailor" promises to bring about John Gilbert's vocal rejuvenation, which should mean his restoration to favor as a star. Certainly it is a lusty hero he plays—one shorn of the refinements of the sophisticated adventurer in "One Glorious Night" or the introspective futilities of "Redemption." Here he is *Jack*, whose playground is the freighter on which he ships as a sailor and whose green pastures are the docks and the dives, and the women who frequent them, among whom is *Flossie*, played by the versatile and interesting Doris Lloyd.

While Talent

Producers raise a cry for new faces, or waste acting, leaving often more versatile actors to cool answer? You

By Samuel

Right on the same lot with Mr. Farrell was another Charlie—last name Morton—who looks enough like Farrell to be his twin brother. Morton played a typical Farrell rôle in "Christina," opposite Gaynor, and was highly praised for his work. He played a part that might have been written for William Haines, in "None But the Brave," and played it so well it got him a contract with Fox.

And he plays dramatic parts with equal facility, as witness "Four Sons" and "The Four Devils." And, if that is not enough, he really can sing, as witness his work in "Caught Short," with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

Yet Farrell, who gets a large salary, goes from option to option while Morton, who commands about a fifth the salary Farrell receives, and who is certainly the cleverer of the two, was let out by Fox and finds difficulty in persuading producers to give him a chance.

Take the other half of the famous duo, little Janet Gaynor. The same

Fred Kohler's name is never in electrics—but George Bancroft won't play with him.

Photo by Bruno

Nancy Drexel, of Janet Gaynor's type, has done good work with little reward.

WHAT with all the hubbub that's raised from time to time by producers about not being able to find new faces for the screen, with sufficient talent to warrant giving them a chance, it's hard to reconcile oneself to the idea that right here in Hollywood are people capable of playing the same sort of rôles that our favorites are playing.

And not only that, but in many cases they are capable of playing them better than they are being played at present.

A year ago Farrell and Gaynor were probably the biggest box-office attractions in the business. And only recently, in a poll conducted by several newspapers, they were elected King and Queen of the Movies—though what Doug and Mary will say to that, I don't know.

Anyhow, Charlie is one of the very nicest boys in Hollywood. But he isn't an actor. He has a certain wistfulness that happened to fit his rôles in "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," and "Lucky Star," and that is what put him across. Cast him in another type of rôle and see what happens—"Fazil," "The Red Dance," "City Girl," and "The River."

You tell 'em—or maybe it would be more charitable to forget 'em.

On the other hand, suppose you had a chap who could play the same type of rôles that put Charlie across and who, in addition, was versatile enough to play those other rôles that Charlie was not capable of portraying convincingly. You'd think the producers would go for him hook, line, and sinker, wouldn't you? But they don't.



Photo by Hurrell

Gwen Lee's ability to play hard-boiled girls is too often ignored.

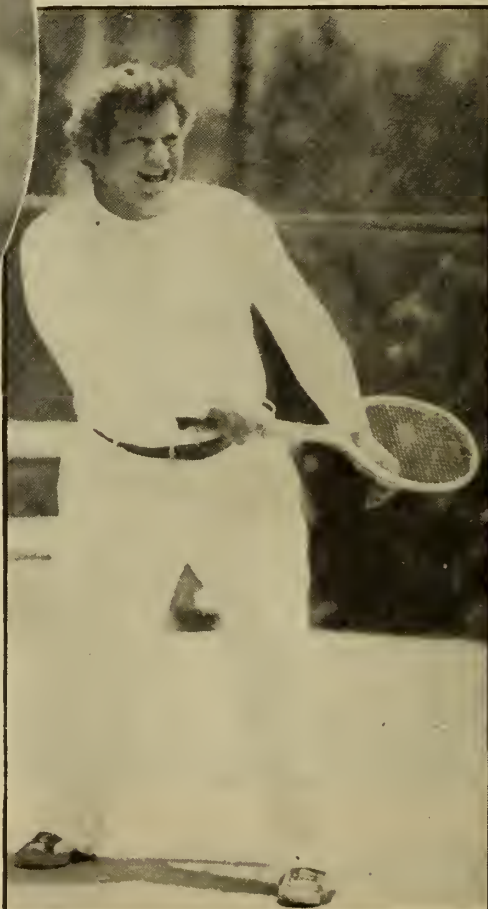


Photo by Longworth

Goes Begging

months wheedling a temperamental player into their heels on the waiting lists. What's the figure it out!

Richard Mook

remarks concerning Farrell's wistfulness apply to Miss Gaynor.

I don't mind admitting that she can start my tear ducts overflowing with little or no effort, but it's more because of an appealing, helpless look she manages than because of any great histrionic ability.

When she appeared in "Sunny Side Up" and "Happy Days" as a song-and-dance girl, I wasn't the only one who wept real tears over the spectacle she made of herself.

Imagine my surprise when, in answer to my outburst of rage at the studio for having cast Janet in such parts, the young lady accompanying me, who was also under contract to Fox, said "Why, that wasn't their fault. Janet insisted upon singing!"

That statement was hard to swallow, but it was not long after that that Miss Gaynor announced that she was all through playing parts like *Christina* and *Nina*.

The studio had planned to co-star her with Farrell, in "Devil With Women," known on the stage as "Liliom."

Sally Starr is Clara Bow's double—in certain poses.

Photo by Thomas



Photo by Dyar

The blond beauty of Virginia Bruce is kept in small parts.



Charles Morton has the same appeal as Charles Farrell, and is more versatile.

I regard Farrell as totally unsuited to the swaggering crook he portrays in the picture—created on the stage in this country by Joseph Schildkraut—but the girl's part was made to order for Miss Gaynor.

Eva Le Gallienne, one of the best actresses on the New York stage, jumped at it when it was offered to her, but Miss Gaynor did not consider it sufficiently big for her talents.

She announced in no uncertain tones that either she would play the part in "Common Clay" which Jane Cowl created on the stage, and for which Fox had borrowed Constance Bennett, or she would play nothing.

Fortunately, Fox declined to let her dictate and proceeded with the

picture as planned. To date Janet has kept her word and has not made a picture in months.

On the same lot with the temperamental Gaynor was another little girl named Nancy Drexel. She looks almost as much like Gaynor as Morton looks like Farrell, except that she is prettier. Where Janet is decidedly limited in what she can do, Nancy's possibilities seem almost unlimited.

She was playing leads in comedies and Westerns when she was discovered and cast in a heavy dramatic part in "The Escape." She emoted so well that she was given a long-term contract and cast in "The Four Devils." And she succeeded in making a small, colorless part stand out in a picture that boasted Gaynor, Mary Duncan, Charles Morton, and Barry Norton in the cast.

Following that she played a prep-school belle in "Prep and Pep."



Photo by Freulich

Glenn Tryon is a veteran player of Jack Oakie's type of rôle, but where is he?

with David Rollins and Frank Albertson, and played it in a manner that made you believe in her as one, as contrasted to Helen Chandler's work in a similar rôle in "Salute."

Yet Fox still wheedles Miss Gaynor in an effort to persuade her to go back to work, while Miss Drexel languishes in undeserved neglect.

Nor is it only the boys and girls playing leads who find it hard work gaining the recognition to which they are entitled. Character people sometimes find the sledding just as rough.

The life of the Paramount officials has not been one long sweet song where George Bancroft is concerned. Mr. Bancroft is good, and he is not at all backward about telling any and every one just how good an actor he is.

On the other hand, Fred Kohler is equally as good or better. In proof of which statement, I offer his work in "Underworld" and "The Showdown," two pictures starring Bancroft. In fact he was so good he told me that George refused to play in any more pictures with him. But you don't find Kohler's name in electric lights.

Evelyn Brent has made crook girls a pleasure and a joy forever. Few of us would mind being fleeced, if a woman like Miss Brent did the fleecing, and you can't say more than that.

But, too, Gwen Lee knows a couple of tricks about playing hard-boiled characters in a way that makes you like 'em.

Equally as capable as *la* Brent, Gwen pursues her lonely way from bit to bit, a living rebuke to the lack of discern-

ment on the part of producers who permit her talent to go unused.

The greater pity is that Gwen seems to be losing heart in the long struggle, for she hasn't the trim look any more that used to distinguish her.

On the same lot with Gwen are the boisterous William Haines, who wisecracks to the delight of the great American public, and young Eddie Nugent who is quite capable of topping Mr. Haines' bon mots, if given an opportunity.

Eddie photographs more handsomely than Billy, he is younger, and fully as clever. That his reputation—which is no small one—has been built on nothing more spectacular than bits, is a tribute to his outstanding ability. He has never had a leading rôle.

Discouraged and disgruntled over the lack of attention paid to him, he has repeatedly asked to be released from his contract. But his employers find it cheaper to keep him at the small salary he gets, and use him when they need him, than to let him go, and take a chance on some other company developing him.

Occasionally a player lands solidly and then, through some freak of circumstance, finds himself displaced.

Glenn Tryon scored a smashing hit a few years ago in "Painting the Town." He was immediately signed to a starring contract. In my humble opinion he is one of the outstanding comedians in pictures, but few people remember him now, while Jack Oakie, who plays the same type of rôles, rides the band wagon.

Glenn's grin is just as infectious, he dances equally as well, he is better looking, and is without Oakie's conceit.

But Jack gets the stories, and you'd have a

J. Harold Murray does not get the breaks that John Boles does.

Photo by Autrey



hard time finding one of Tryon's pictures in a first-run house.

Occasionally producers do what they can for a player and yet, for one reason or another, the public doesn't take to him.

Following his screen work in "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita," John Boles became one of the current hits of the cinema.

J. Harold Murray, who sang the lead in "Rio Rita" on the New York stage, is fully as handsome and sings just as well or better.

Mr. Boles goes blithely from picture to picture, delighting an ever-increasing public, while Mr. Murray, who is one of the best-liked men on the Fox lot, has failed, for some reason, to strike the popular appeal of the public at large.

Another case in point is that of Baclanova and Marlene Dietrich.

The fiery Russian swept the country like a white flame. Reviews of her work were seldom couched in terms less than superlative, but she was let out by her studio and little has been heard of her since.

She recently played small parts in "Cheer Up and Smile" and "Are You There?" but the glamour that was once attached to her name is gone. And through no fault of her own.

Yet the same company who found no use for her services, brings over an unknown in Marlene Dietrich and spends time and money in an effort to groom her for the same type of rôles that Baclanova was already playing to the entire satisfaction of a large and growing public.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but there's always a large and ready market for first-class cuticle—or

Eddie Nugent's reputation built on only small parts attests his ability for greater ones.

Photo by Archer



Photo by Louise

Leila Hyams dethroned Anita Page as the reigning blond ingénue.

maybe I should say there *usually* is—and if there isn't, there should be.

Anita Page came West with hair as golden as a Tintex ad and a smile as brilliant as any seen in tooth-paste advertisements.

Certain captious critics were not entirely pleased with her acting, but one can't have everything, and most of us were satisfied just to look at her. Her photos greeted you in great profusion in every magazine you picked up.

But suddenly one began reading announcements of Anita being cast in supporting rôles and parts of small consequence while Leila Hyams, a blonde of equal pulchritude, but no greater histrionic ability, got the rôles that had erstwhile been handed to Anita. You figure it out.

And while on the subject of beauty and brains—pardon me, we were only talking of beauty, weren't we?—there's the strange case of Catherine Dale Owen.

There's no gainsaying her looks, but her impersonations are never of a kind to cause Bernhardt or Duse to roll over in their graves. In fact, if a collection of worse notices has ever been garnered by one actress, I have never seen them.

Yet she goes from part to part, from studio to studio, essaying rôles for which most actresses would give ten years of their lives. Her salary is out of all proportion to either her looks or her ability.

Virginia Bruce, a blonde equally exquisite and pictorial, drawing probably a tenth of the salary Miss Owen commands, passes unnoticed in bits and mob scenes.

When Clara Bow burst like a forest fire on the landscape, predictions were rife that there would never be another like her. There wasn't for a long time.

Continued on page 117

The Smart

Since clothes are the *sin qua non* of feminine well-simple than to follow the example of the ladies on

Sumptuously Fay Perre, right, displays a gown so gorgeous that it has a name—"Wildflower." This is because it is of geranium hue and measures fifteen yards around the bottom, with seed pearls strewn here and there and glistening among the huge cluster of simulated flowers at the side.

Girlish grace is the keynote of the costume worn by Marion Shilling, below, right, of aquamarine flat crape, embroidered Swiss collar and linen shoes. Sweet!


Elinor Barton, above, is perfectly satisfied to wear an afternoon ensemble of brown Elizabeth crape trimmed with beige fox, in which the new bell-shaped sleeves are conspicuous and guaranteed not to get mixed up with the tea things, if one is careful.

Hylah Slocum, right, is quite happy, too, in her simple, but oh, so smart, trifle of black-and-white checked silk, with blouse of white crape and suspender skirt. It is all seductively simple, but try to copy it!



Thing to Do

being, peace of mind, happiness and success, what more this page, all of whom are seen in "On Your Back"?



Peggy Stanley, left, is all aflame in red panne velvet, and she's a blonde! Can't you imagine the combination when she appears in natural colors in the film?

Janet Chandler, above, is one of those garden-party girls who float over the lawn and transform a warm afternoon into a cool shower of roses. Her airy, fairy gown is of pink net over orchid transparent velvet.

Irene Rich, left, star of "On Your Back," plays the rôle of a famous modiste whose creations are in reality the work of Sophie Wachner, one of Hollywood's leaders among the designers.

Sharon Lynn, left, is beautiful enough not to need any such finery as she wears, but as this is a competition of modes as well as personalities, she does her bit in this ravishing titbit of pale-pink *soufflé de soie* at which handfuls of rhinestones were thrown, to fall where they might.

Fifteen Hats at Once

Lillian Roth is all youthful enthusiasm, finding a thrill in buying *chapeaux* in wholesale lots, worshipping at the shrine of Lillian Gish and bemoaning the fate that causes her to irritate unintentionally those she wishes to please.

By Helen Klumph



Photo by Richee

YES," a warm, lush voice assured me over the phone when I asked if I were speaking to Lillian Roth, "I'd love to be interviewed. But I have a much better idea. Let's go to see Lillian Gish's play. I can get tickets for to-morrow night."

Oh, well, the world is full of surprises.

I could easily imagine interviewing the blues-singing diminutive Roth while a phonograph blared jazz tunes, or chatting with her in Sardi's or the Algonquin, while a parade of song writers, press agents, and revue producers paused to inquire "What's new? What do you know?"

Or pausing at her table in a night club, while she reminisced from the vantage point of nineteen years about the good old days when she was fifteen and hey-hey-ing with the rest of the sun dodgers. But Roth at the most delicate and finely wrought play of the season? And from choice? What was this?

It was a simple case of a fan sitting at the feet of her idol. And two personalities more utterly unlike each other you cannot imagine. Lillian Gish, the exquisite and gentle; Lillian Roth, a dynamo of nervous energy and youth.

If you take a hasty glance at the career of Lillian Roth, you will get all sorts of ideas about what she ought to be like. On the dramatic stage at the age of five; Broadway engagements in such successes as "Shavings"; vaudeville tours where she picked up blues singing, and for a while played straight for her precocious little sister Ann; a formidable night-club entertainer at fifteen; her name in lights as a featured player in the "Vanies"; then musical films; a hit in "The Love Parade"; a fine dramatic part in "The Vagabond King," and on to bigger and better rôles.

My guess about her was wrong. I thought she would be brittle, weary, and given to wisecracks. And I found her just young—young with all the appeal of fresh enthusiasms.

She gets equally thrilled over playing with Chevalier, buying fifteen hats at once, looking forward to living in a house with a real yard for the first time in her life, and dodging through New York traffic on foot.

"Mamma's afraid to live in a house. She has always lived in hotels and apartment buildings. She likes to hear cars driving up all night and know that there are lots of people around her. California is getting me, though. I want one of those cute houses up in the hills, with gardens all around."

As we sat in the theater waiting for the curtain to go up, our talk got nowhere. She wanted to talk about Lillian Gish. I was probing for the individuality of this Roth girl.

"I was so glad when the reviewers raved about her." The throaty, mature voice on my right was a strange contrast to her eager eyes.

"If this audience isn't enthusiastic, I'll go crazy. I guess I've read every line about her that was ever printed. She is so different. I wish we were sitting right on the edge of the stage. Movies have spoiled me. I want to see, every flicker of an eyelash."

When Lillian Gish drifted on the stage and exited, merely trailing behind the old professor who is her husband in

Though Lillian Roth is only nineteen, all but four of her years have been lived on the stage.

"Uncle Vanya," my companion gasped, "They didn't build up an entrance for her. The audience didn't know she was coming. That isn't right."

As the play went on, her tenseness relaxed. Chekhov, with the aid of an expert group of players who were content to merge their identities in a humdrum but gripping drama of dullness, was weaving his spell. A scene came where Miss Gish is raised to ecstatic happiness only to wilt in a moment. The Lillian at my side gasped. When the lights went on, she was close to tears.

"Oh, why don't the audience *do* something? It isn't fair. They'll never see anything as marvelous as that again in their lives. She didn't have to move or make a sound, and it was like a thunderbolt.

"It isn't fair at all," she went on a little more composedly. "Some girl like me comes out and stamps her feet and yells 'Hey! hey!' and people think she's good. They can't miss you when you're throwing everything in their faces. But look at her. She doesn't have to use a single stage trick, and you can't take your eyes off her.

"She shouldn't be playing such a small part. She ought to have a play written around her and have all the big scenes. She's a real star."

Indignation was growing and it reached its height when we paused outside and glanced at the billing. The name of Gish was no bigger than the others.

"She shouldn't stand for that——"

"It's what she wanted," I ventured. "She didn't want to be exploited."

Roth shook her head in bewilderment.

"It makes me sick. Maybe she doesn't like brass bands, but it is about the only measure of success in the show business."

She was subdued as she rode home with me, trying to puzzle out the choice of quiet esteem, rather than blaring success.

"Maybe I'll go back on the stage some time," she told me. "I'd *rather* be a success in pictures, but it's all so confusing. I don't know where I am getting. Sometimes at the studio they act as if they liked me, but most of the time I am in bad and I don't know why.

"My first part—in 'The Love Parade'—came near breaking my heart. I wanted to be a dramatic actress, and I was a cross-eyed comic. Then I had a part I loved in 'The Vagabond King,' and while I got some good notices, some reviewers ignored me and the rest dismissed me lightly as a blues singer. And I wanted to be liked in that picture.

Broadway night clubs were in an uproar over Lillian when she was fifteen.



An artistic triumph fills Miss Roth with awe, but she prefers the more obvious rewards for herself.

"The studio sent me on a personal-appearance tour when I needed a rest. Told me I would do two shows a day, and I had to do six and some radio appearances. But did any one thank me for being a good sport about it? They did not.

"Just before I came East, I was under a big black cloud. The people at the studio accused me of temperament. Is this temperament?

"They wanted me to sing over the radio one night. I'd been working for DeMille, and when you work for him you work until you're almost ready to drop. I got to the radio station an hour ahead of time to rehearse, and there was no one there. They arrived just five minutes before I was to go on the air, handed me a new song and expected me to sing it. They wouldn't give me a room to rehearse in, until I threat-

ened to walk out. What else could I do?

"I'm trying hard to please them at the studio, but I don't know how. I've gathered that it isn't my work in pictures, but something about me that irritates them. What do you suppose it is?"

I had only a faint idea and I didn't know how to explain it. It has always been a miracle to me that young girls sensitive enough to be players can also be tough enough to stand the runaround they get in a studio. Studio executives seem always braced ready to leap on any show of self-importance or willfulness in a new player, particularly one from the stage. They are so ready to detect a lack of coöperation that they crack the whip in many instances before the player has balked.

Chevalier wanted Lillian for the lead in his new picture. But she was sent East to be lost among the four frolicking Marx Brothers. It looks to me like harsh discipline.

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Razzberries for Our Hero

Hollywood people are likely to give the haw-haw to Ferdinand Frimple, the virile adventurer of the South Sea film, when he is known off-screen as a timid neighbor who trembles at his wife's frown.

By Carroll Graham

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THERE'S a certain amount of entertainment connected with attending a movie in a neighborhood theater in Hollywood not to be found in the rest of the world.

To the outer world, the faces of the many hundreds of actors—excepting, of course, the Gilberts, Bows, Bancrofts, and other famous stars—are familiar, but their identity is unknown. Exterior scenes, too, are entirely strange to those millions outside Hollywood.

But all that is different when one goes to the movies in the picture city itself.

The random conversation one is likely to hear floating up in the dark as the film unrolls itself is very often engaging, humorous, and revealing. For the audiences are full of actors, cameramen, assistant directors, secretaries, electricians, and all the hundred and one varieties of studio workers. Present, too, in those audiences, are neighbors of the players and of the workers behind the screen. They see them every day, see the stars, see the exterior scenes being filmed on the streets.

They are familiar with every favorite location spot of the studios in the Hollywood area—Lasky Ranch, which is the scene of many a Western drama, Calabasas, which can readily become prairie, Chatsworth Lake, secluded nooks in Griffith Park, and the Hollywood hills.

Then, too, they have been hearing gossip about these pictures during the months of their preparation and filming. They know the difficulties and peculiarities of the labor of producing canned entertainment.

Let us examine a typical evening in a movie theater in Hollywood, the Iris, for instance, near Hollywood Boulevard and Caluenga, the Granada, on Sunset near Gardner Junction, or any one of a dozen others.

"Fluttering Hearts" is the title of the picture to be shown. After enduring news reel and comedy, the audience settles back to await developments, with a critical eye. The credit titles start to reel off.

"ORIGINAL STORY BY HENRY WINCHETT."

"Can you imagine that?" comes a voice from behind us. "Winchett didn't write that story at all. It was Joe Beamish who really started it. Winchett stole the idea and ran and sold it first."

"ADAPTED BY GEORGE FISHLEY."

"Well, well, so old George is working again," comments a man in the next row. "He's been broke for months. Wonder how he managed to crash in on that job."

"I know," says the woman sitting next to him. "He owed the studio manager about six hundred dollars, and he had to give him a job in self-defense."

"PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM WILLY."

"I didn't know he worked for that studio," the man next to us whispers to his companion. "I thought he was over at Stupendous Pictures."

"Yeah, he *was*," is the reply, "but he got tight one night and didn't show up for two days, so they canned him."

The picture begins.

It is a drama of the South Seas, mayhap, with that virile he-man of the screen, Ferdinand Frimple, in the starring rôle of a rough-and-ready sailor. The opening scene shows him standing on the bridge of his freighter, looking as virile and he-mannish as it is possible for a timid and henpecked husband, whose main delight is working in his garden, to do.

"He lives next door to me," whispers a stout housewife to her neighbor. "You'd never know he was an actor. So quiet and well-behaved. But that wife of his!"

"Get a load of Ferdie being a he-man," snickers an assistant cameraman. "My seven-year-old son could lick him."

They come to a rock-bound coast. The ship does, that is to say.

"Deserted island my eye," says some one in the dark. "That's taken just off Laguna Beach. I drove down past there last Sunday."

A forlorn and lonely beach comes into view.



One overhears sadly disillusioning tales of the players' home life in the neighborhood cinemas.

"That's a rotten piece of photography," the cameraman comments. "Willy must have been seasick when he shot that."

What ho! A shipwrecked party! Virile Ferdinand cries out to his hearties to tie up, or whatever you do to a ship. The hearties launch a rowboat, and in so doing expose themselves to the audience's scrutiny.

"There's that big ham that lives in the apartment next to mine," says a flapper. "Lord, you should hear the parties!"

"Yes, and get that other guy with the beard. He's always at the club," says an actor. "He's owed me twenty bucks for the last eight months."

The rescuers are in the nick of time, it appears. The shipwrecked party has run out of provisions, and, in addition, the villain is being extremely unpleasant toward the captain's daughter, a beautiful lady.

"Who is that girl?" asks a voice.

"That's Molly Mastbaum," he is answered.

"Aw, you're crazy. Molly's a brunette."

"She's wearing a wig, you dope. The studio makes her wear one, because it makes her look younger."

"That reminds me," says some one else, "I saw Molly on the Boulevard the other day with that young actor Stupendous brought out from New York. Is she running around with him now?"

"Sure. They go everywhere together."

"What does her husband think about that?"

"Aw! she gave him the air. He's playing around with that little dame, that red-headed one who lives at the Studio Club."

Back to the picture. Virile Ferdinand Frimple, standing in the prow of the longboat, à la George Washington on the Delaware, leaps onto the sands. He is quite welcome. The captain, an elderly gentleman who runs a hat store on Hollywood Boulevard when he is not acting, is having quite a time making the villain keep his hands off the ingénue.



"He's owed me twenty bucks for the last eight months," somebody says of the villain.



The ferocious cannibals that thrill the kids in Iowa are only shoe-shine boys to Hollywood folk.

Ferdinand darts toward the villain as menacingly as possible.

"Don't tell me," groans a scenario writer down in front, "that they're going to stage a fight between poor Ferdie and that big moose."

"Ain't it a pip?" says his escort. "And Bull Hagerty, that heavy, used to be a prize fighter, too."

They do intend to stage it, however, and just as you may have guessed, Ferdie triumphs temporarily, knocking his adversary stiff with a faked blow that a mosquito could withstand.

"Well," says the scenario writer, "I'm ready for anything now. I won't be surprised if Baby Peggy plays *Hamlet* any day."

The plot begins to develop complications. Savages appear. At least they are savages to the world at large. But not to the discerning eye of Hollywood.

"There are those three Hawaiians who play ukuleles at that restaurant on Sunset Boulevard," we are informed by an unidentified voice.

"Yes, and that fourth one is the bootblack in the barber shop on Vine Street," some one else adds.

The three Hawaiians and the bootblack, looking very ferocious, wave beckoning hands to a horde of respectable colored residents of Central Avenue, the Harlem of Los Angeles. The cannibals charge, but fearless Ferdie halts them by firing three blank cartridges into their midst from an automatic he providentially has with him. The savages retreat, and the party of forlorn whites start running to the ship. But a storm comes up, and for some inexplicable reason they decide to stay on the island, probably so the plot will not bog down while the picture is but half over. They take shelter in an abandoned grass hut.

"That's that old set down in the river bottom on the Lasky Ranch," a voice announces. "That thing was built five years ago, and they're still using it."

"Yes," his friend agrees, "Willy'd better be careful with his camera angles, or he'll get the First National studio in the background."

"I wouldn't be surprised," he is answered. "How Willy ever gets a job is beyond me."

Aha! On the screen there is villainy afoot. In the dead of night, the bewhiskered heavy who owes the actor in the audience twenty dollars, plots devilment. Apparently he doesn't like being so easily vanquished by the timid Ferdinand, and prepares to steal the goil and beat it back to the boat. In fact he does so. But the elderly captain, who had inexplicably managed to remain

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Synopsis of Preceding Installment.

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her a rôle in a film, but she must pose as Spanish. She is named Carmen Valencia, and is fêted by the studio when she arrives in New York. She studies to improve her Spanish and murder her English, and is putting the deception across. A director invites her to his apartment, and his wife appears unexpectedly, creating a scene that causes Jane to forget her accent. She goes to the Coast under the guidance of a woman from the Eastern office, and her reception overwhelms her. She hopes Larry will come from abroad to see her, though.

PART II

JANE stepped off the train, cast a horrified glance at the mob awaiting her, and wished that she were anywhere but in Los Angeles, California. Oh, why hadn't she had sense enough to stay in Majorca, dull though it was?

Trembling, she faced a battery of cameras, three laconic newspaper men, a press agent, an interpreter, and a disgusted crowd who had thought they were about to see either the result of a frightful accident or Mary Pickford.

The interpreter, a greasy little man, leaped forward, clutched her arm, leaned his face close to hers, and smiled into the cameras. The newspaper men looked her over approvingly and asked a few questions, which she was too frightened to answer. The press agent, Tim Bowen, of Superba, thrust a thorny bouquet into her arms, and said they'd better get going.

Jane wrenched herself from the clutches of the interpreter and let herself be led to a limousine, trying not to hear the murmurs of the crowd. People pressed close about her; somebody said she was Dolores del Rio and somebody else said she wasn't, that she was that woman who'd bumped off her husband the other day and escaped to Mexico. It was an October day, so hot that Jane felt as if the air were burning her lungs every time she breathed. She was carrying the mink coat she had bought in New York under the impression that no star is complete without one. She was also carrying a leather case which she hoped people would believe contained jewels, but which really contained the large quantity of chewing gum which was to compensate her for her years without that delicacy.

"Why don't you boys come along up for a drink?" Bowen hospitably asked the reporters. "Then you can talk to Miss Valencia—Señorita, I mean—in peace. We—go—home," he added to Jane, speaking loudly and distinctly. "Understand?"



"We've had too many Spanish now—public's tired of 'em,"

Babes in

Whisked out of a quiet Spanish island retreat, in the dizzy whirl that is Hollywood, where she

By Inez Sabastian

The interpreter promptly burst into explanations in Spanish. Jane pushed him aside, all but overwhelmed by the scent of garlic and cheap perfume which tainted the immediate atmosphere.

"Of course I understand," she exclaimed. "I speak your language, señor; I am taught that it is polite to speak ze language of ze country where one visits."

"Thank Heaven!" Bowen ejaculated fervently.

Jane got into the limousine, reflecting that she should have said "onnerstan'." She'd have to practice mangling her English as well as brushing up on her Spanish. And Miss Burt had tried to give her English lessons on the train!

"And—I no need interpreter," she told Bowen when she was crowded into the car with the newspaper men, Miss Burt, and him. The greasy little man was riding in front with the chauffeur, much to his disgust. "I speak myself to all."

"I'm afraid you'll have to pay him just the same."



declared Mrs. Markham, by way of dispelling Jane's hopes of success.

Hollywood

Jane Haggerty, a girl from Nebraska, finds herself is heralded as a star and neglected the same day.

Illustrated by Xena Wright

Bowen told her. "He was engaged for six weeks. Now, what do you think of Los Angeles, señorita?"

Jane couldn't remember what Larry had told her to say. Oh, why hadn't he come with her! It wasn't fair for him to hurl her headlong into the midst of these pitfalls, and then remain serenely on the other side of the Atlantic!

She was appalled by her first sight of her new home. It was of pink stucco, and looked as if the architect had changed his mind several times while designing it. It erupted into balconies and gables, it sprawled over the ground as if made of jelly that hadn't quite congealed.

"This house belongs to one of our directors," Bowen explained. "He felt that you would be happier in a Spanish home, so he's giving it up for you while you're here."

"At a good, fat rental. I'll bet," one reporter remarked. Jane turned cold with fear. After all, four hundred dollars a week wasn't such a lot of money, and if she

had to pay that awful interpreter and buy more clothes and entertain, it wouldn't go far.

Inside, the house was even worse than without. The plaster walls of the dining room were marked with niches, from each of which gazed a tinted plaster statue. "Saints," announced Bowen, but Jane did not believe him. They looked more like cartoons of the famous and infamous personages of the screen.

The unusually large living room, two stories high, had cathedral windows, with trailing curtains of red velvet. There were high, carved chairs, and low carved chairs and tables and benches and a piano, also carved. There were wrought-iron gates, opening into the hall, that clanged behind one with all the cheerful sound of prison doors.

Jane sank into what looked like a comfortable chair but wasn't, and tried to think of something to say to

the newspaper men. But they weren't interested. One lifted his arm, elbow crooked, and Bowen took the hint and suggested that they go to the dining room.

The gates clanged behind them, and clanged again behind a new arrival. A huge, lugubrious woman, dour of face, stood gazing mournfully at Jane.

"I'm Tilly Markham," she announced in a voice that made Jane look a second time to be sure she wasn't Zasu Pitts in one of her most plaintive moments. "I'm your chaperon. Not that a chaperon's much good to the kind as needs 'em. But 'tisn't likely you can get into much trouble in six weeks."

Jane straightened up haughtily.

"Superba has an option on my services after that," she said.

Mrs. Markham sniffed.

"Yeah, I know those options," she retorted. "If I had a nickel for every one that hasn't been took up. I c'd hire Chaplin for my butler! Now, we'll have dinner at six——"

"At eight," Jane cut in. "I dine at eight."

Mrs. Markham's face showed no sign that she had heard.

"At six," she repeated. "Spare ribs and sauerkraut. Bet you ain't never et 'em. Do you good to try American food."

Jane rose, smiling; spare ribs and kraut had been her father's favorite dish.

"I'll have a bath now," she announced. "And a nap. Do not allow zat I am disturb."

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Irene Rich, above, ever a doting mother, offers a new playmate to her daughters, Jane, left, and Frances, but the girls look higher than a bullfrog for companionship.

Phyllis Crane, right, grasps a wriggling, clammy frog as if she actually enjoyed it, but surely Phyllis can give her touch to something more akin to her own sweetness.

Polly Ann Young, below, isn't afraid of mice, nor is Carmelita Thaw, upper right, wary of snakes.



Who's Afraid?

Not these dare-devils, with their unusual pets of the moment.



John Mack Brown, above, like a regular cowboy, "adopts" a horned toad from its native habitat, the desert.

A Tintype Heritage

Walter Huston's family used to pose like regular actors for snapshots back when the folks combatted life with the plow and hoe. Take another look at your family album after reading this article.

By Margaret Reid

THEATRICAL lineage is not a question of antecedents on the stage. Walter Huston is the first actor in his family, but he comes of a long line of Thespians—people who, he contends, would have graced the boards to advantage had circumstances been different. Born to the soil, they accepted the plow, the churn, the hoe, as their predestined weapons of combat in life. Had they lived just a bit closer to cities, or had there been movies to furnish contact with the theater, the foot-light fame of the Hustons would have begun long before Walter.

"When I went home for a visit last summer," he said, "I found a tintype of my uncle Tom, a picture taken when he was about twenty. Instead of the frozen, awed rigidity you nearly always find in tintypes, he had obviously posed himself. And with an air. No front view of glazed eyes fastened on the lens, but a profile, his hat tilted just enough to be dashing, chin resting carelessly on graceful hands. The effect was hardly short of a Booth. And in those days, outside of professionals, it took inbred genius to look natural in front of a camera, and in spite of the photographer's stereotyped methods."

With the blood of all the thwarted Uncle Toms of the Huston tree in his veins, it was inevitable that young Walter should actively manifest the theatrical urge when direct contact with the stage finally occurred. He was born in Toronto. His first attendance at a play conclusively decided his career. There followed a purely formal concentration on a course in practical engineering during his presence at the Winchester Street School.

Mr. Huston's *Abraham Lincoln* is expected to be the best record of the Emancipator yet to reach the screen.



Photo by R. L. Hee

The engineering trade almost cheated the theater of Walter Huston.

Practical engineering was second in his interest to hockey and the school team on which he was a crack player. But both these interests were subsidiary to the conviction that he would presently be on the stage.

His conviction was not idle. When he was seventeen, with a school friend of the same age and inclination, he heard of a road company being formed in Toronto. The two optimists applied for jobs. Hired as extras, they were just as well satisfied. They were actors now.

"My mother and father didn't object. Instead, they wished me luck. Only my father had any apprehensions, and those were slightly nervous doubts about the social behavior of actors. When I got that first job and told them of my definite decision on a stage career, father had just returned from a trip. On the same train with him had been a burlesque show, probably road company No. 5, and he was worried for fear all stage people were like that."

The play, starring Rose Coghlan, opened in Toronto. And Huston's debut was accomplished with outward aplomb, to the gratification of that part of the audience



A Tintype Heritage

composed of relatives and friends—the only part of the audience, in fact, to whom his presence on the stage was apparent. With an admirable semblance of careless ease, the extra who could be distinguished from the other extras only by his six feet of adolescent frame, gave the impression of phlegmatic poise. Which was the initial evidence of his instinctive talent because he didn't feel that way at all.

"It was months," Huston reminisces, "before I could overcome a stage fright that was less nervousness than ague. The minute I left the wings and the footlights hit me, my hands would go clammy, my eyes wouldn't focus, my knees would rattle and I'd feel literally ill. But even then, it wasn't because I felt myself in a foreign element. I knew I was in the right place, so I finally licked it."

The company went on tour to the delight of Huston and his pal. When it was stranded their spirits were undamped. New York was obviously the next step. It was midwinter and they lacked railroad fare. But there is more than one way of employing railway facilities.

From Rochester they clung contentedly if not comfortably to the accommodating rods under a freight car en route to New York.

The miracle city attained, they alighted at 125th Street, shivering with cold and hun-

ger and, as it seemed to them, crippled for life. After a half hour of painful exercise to restore flexibility to muscles taut from twining about the rods, they

left the tracks and set out. A little vague as to where to set out for, they knew, however, *what* they were in search of. Their acquaintance with New York was limited to the knowledge that a paper called *The Dramatic Mirror* existed. It was a theatrical sheet, and they reasoned that its offices must be in the theatrical district. Inquiring along the way, they proceeded toward Times Square on foot, saving their fifty-five cents for a hot meal. Fortified with beans and coffee, they found the theater district. To their hurt surprise, immediate applications for engagements met with no success. New York took on a different and faintly ominous aspect.

Lodging for the night consumed the last of their capital. The following morning was breakfastless and, as they continued their attack on stage citadels, they were acutely conscious of the aroma of coffee and bacon drifting from the restaurants they passed. As the morning progressed, they thought less and less about their careers, and more and more about the ecstasies of a well-laden table. Until it was with scarcely a regret, that Huston finally paused decisively before a sign in front of a little restaurant. The sign explained the proprietor's need of a waiter and Huston, after a hasty conference with his friend entered—and got the job.

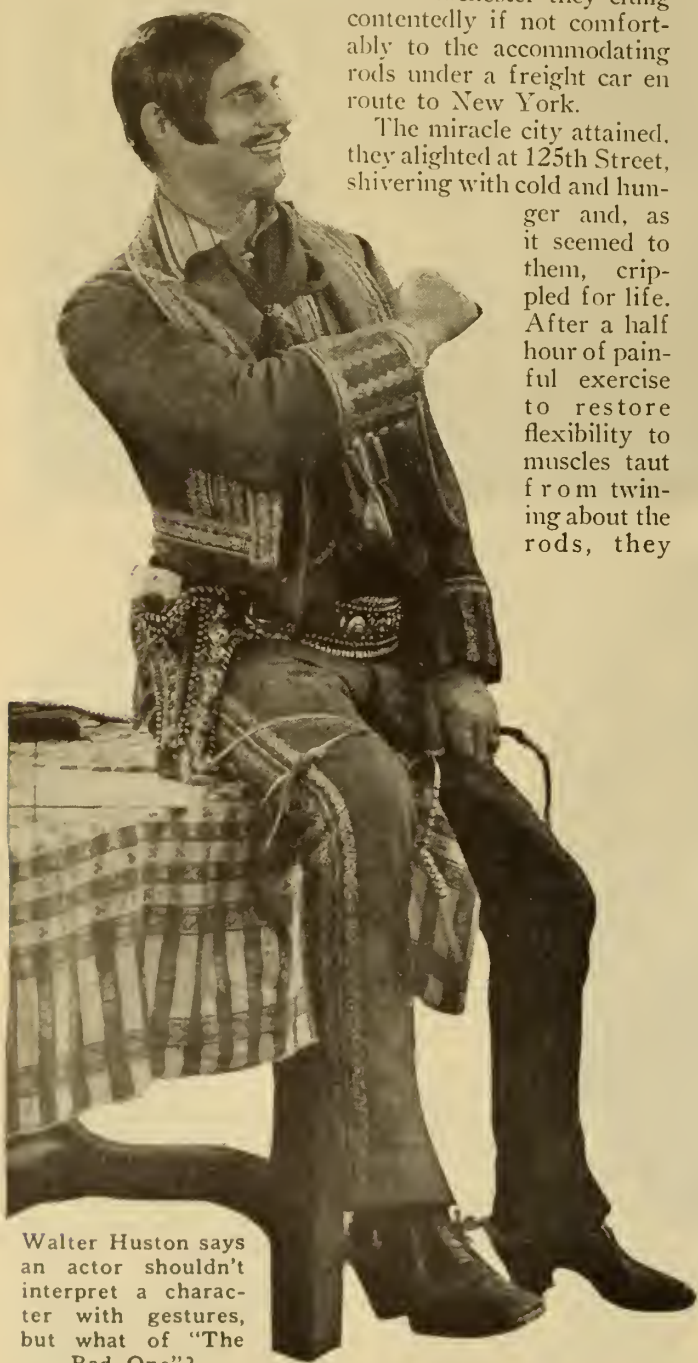
"We were convinced that if we couldn't get food before the end of the day when my wages would be paid we would starve. But we figured that some one would surely leave me a tip and we made our plans. I had hoped for several during the lunch rush hour but I was a very bad waiter. With unerring precision I managed to get every order all wrong. Most of the patrons were cabmen and not exactly patient or forbearing. I got so confused that the boss would have fired me immediately except that he just *had* to have some one.

"Archie was walking up and down the street outside as we had arranged. Every time he passed the door he glanced in waiting for my signal. I got plenty of oaths but no tips. I had sneaked some food for myself, but outside poor Archie was getting hungrier and hungrier. Finally the rush was over. About three o'clock the only one in the restaurant was a woman. With only one order on my mind I could devote my whole attention to it. There were no mistakes this time. I hovered about her solicitously, and when she left there was a dime under the plate. I signaled Archie and he strolled in according to plan. I brought him soup and steak and potatoes and pie and coffee, then gave him a check for ten cents and slipped him the dime to pay the cashier."

Talking the proprietor into keeping him on, Huston continued as a waiter, his wages supporting himself and Archie. When Archie landed a job in a road company, he sent half of every week's salary to Huston, who retired joyously from the restaurant business and set about resuming his interrupted career. Another road company finally offered him professional haven. When the friends returned from touring and were reunited in New York, they found that their resources amounted to nearly three hundred dollars. Impressed and elated, they each bought a new suit and made a hasty trip to Toronto to give the home folks a look at Broadway actors.

On their return to New York, Huston got a small part in "In Convict Stripes," a melodrama by Hal Reid, father of Wallace. This engagement ended, he went on tour with a company playing "The Sign of the Cross." Then followed a period of deviation. After a stretch of idleness, with no prospects in sight, a friend persuaded him to take a real job, as supervisor of the city water and electrical plants in Nevada, Missouri. There his training in engineering served

Continued on page 115



Walter Huston says an actor shouldn't interpret a character with gestures, but what of "The Bad One"?

Lined with Gold

That's the happy condition of these famous dollar-filled throats.



Clara Bow, left, may not be a Jeritza, but her singing is just as remunerative.



Maurice Chevalier, above, sounds a deep note as easily as a high one, his long training in singing in smoke-filled European music halls impairing not at all the range of his voice.

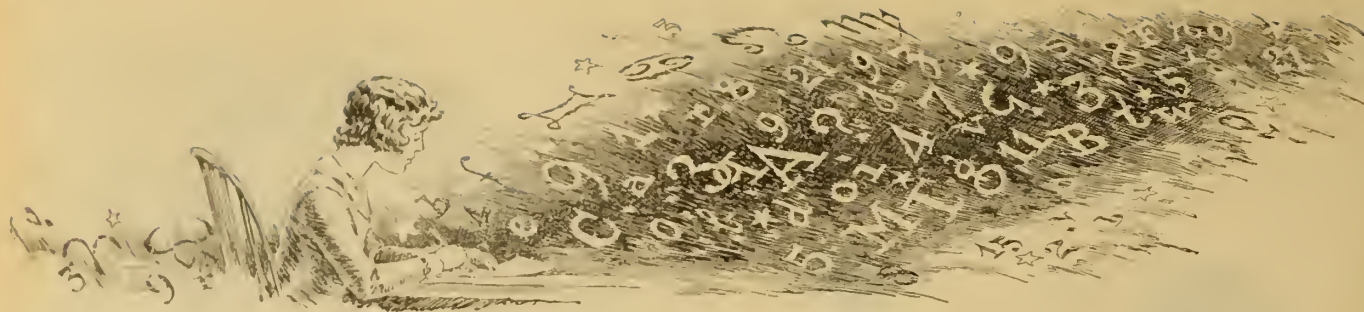
Mitzi Green, left, irrepressible as ever, would have you believe that her golden notes are at their best when accompanied by a cello.



Nino Martini, left, the Italian tenor whom you heard in "Paramount on Parade," opens wide his larynx, thorax, and all the rest of the equipment of a trained singer.

Jeanette MacDonald, right, has the good fortune to look pretty while singing, a valuable asset for the screen vocalist.





LOVE! Love! What is it? Nobody knows, and everybody is at one time or another its slave.

Cynics may rave and philosophers argue, and biologists talk of an inevitable urge and psychologists scoff at emotional reactions, but in the end, as in the beginning, they are one before the law of love.

For love is the power that made them, and how can they escape the vibration of life through which they exist at all? When the wild grasses shiver under the sweep of the winds; when a thrush swings, singing its little throat out, on a branch of dogwood; when a glacier makes its grinding, inexorable way over mountain hamlets; when tiny waves lap upon warm sands and when the high seas roar; all are obeying in their own way the fundamental principle of the universe, and that is love.

Wise men say, and proud men say, and little vain chatterers on the edge of learning say that man is above all these, and is in his true self no slave to the immutable forces that drive all the lower expressions of creation wherever they please. Other wise men insist that man is certainly a slave, the same victim of law as every other bit of conscious or unconscious matter, and equally helpless in the end.

Both sides are right. Love is life, and life is vibration, and the principle of this vibration controls everything from the quivering activity within the electron to the flutter of a girl's eyelashes, and to the light that falls from the stars. The man who knows this principle is the master of all activity, but few men ever do. In the meantime, the rest of mankind is as helpless as ever before the touch of a beloved hand and the sound of a beloved voice, and this is as it should be, or humanity would cease to exist.

Since this law of life is one, and is the law of infinite vibration, existing outside of time and space, but expressing itself through these limitations, it stands to reason that the vibrations mystically expressed through numbers must be of this same law. And experience proves that they certainly are. There is no number, no letter of the alphabet, that does not deal somehow with the expression of life between men and women. A few of these numbers and letters deal with it in a very direct and unquestionable way.

The simple attraction to the other sex, such as young people feel, or that older people express through friendship, is very clear at certain periods of any one's life. You surely know a girl who is "boy crazy," and a man who is for a time always to be seen with a woman at his side, whether he is really in love with her or not.

The vibrations that drive them to such companionship, and the attraction they exert in spite of themselves on their companions, lie in the very rhythm of the universal life pulsating within them at this time, and this is indicated in the numbers of their names.

With the proper combinations in the total digits, this attraction may result in marriage, but often it only means a number of admirers and friends.

There are on the other hand several letters that necessarily bring with them the vibration of love. They express

The Mystery

In this fascinating department will be found an examples of its influence on the lives of the

By Monica

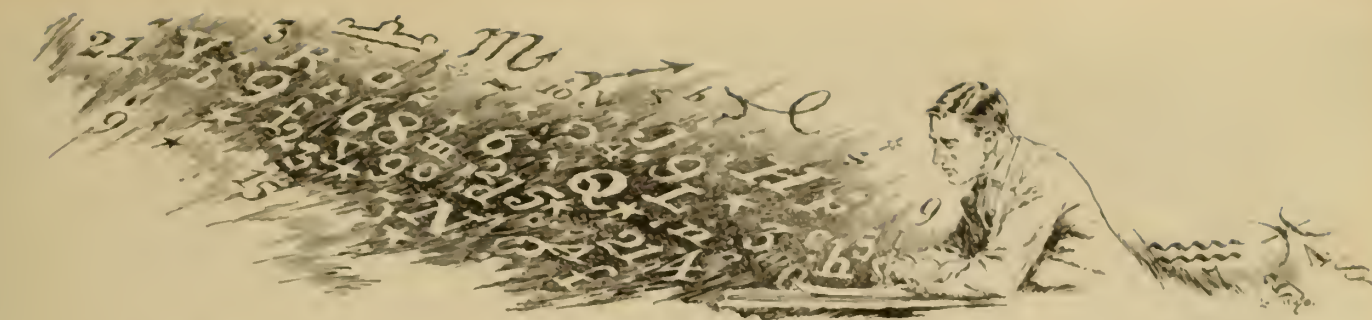
the very pattern of that wonderful duality upon which the world is founded, and that impresses itself on the personality of the bearer of a certain letter and name. Nothing in the world exists without its counterpart, and in love men and women are desperately seeking their very own counterparts, seldom as they do succeed in finding them, it seems.

It is easy for a lion to find his mate, for we have no reason to believe that he looks for more than a desirable female. But into what confusion and misery men and women are thrown by love! The fibers of their beings are entwined with fears and ideals, hopes and dreams, attractions that have nothing to do with physical charm, and reactions that are all tied up with memories that were forgotten long ago. Love is a dream of heaven and a delirium, a couch of downy softness and a bed of thorns.

Unfortunately, marriage, as it is in real life, and as the name also reveals it, has often nothing to do with love. Oh, there must be some attraction, to be sure. Young people among us are never driven into marriage with some one who leaves them utterly cold. But what of the young man who calmly chooses to marry his employer's daughter because he wants a partnership? What of the girl who takes a certain man through vanity, laziness, greed? How can the attraction they feel be dignified with the beautiful name of love? The bitter part of it is that there may indeed be love of a more sincere kind in the other party to the contract, and in that case the disaster is not long in coming to a head. All of this confusion is part of the clear reading of the vibrations that numbers reveal.

Then there is the profound love that never reaches fruition, because of obstacles that the lovers have not the strength or the daring to overcome. Sometimes it is poverty, though that is not often the case. Sometimes it is the heavy burden of others who must be supported, and that is a form of poverty, too. Very, very often one or both lovers are already tied by marriage to some one who was in reality only a passing fancy, a flame meeting a flame, the assurance of a good home. How many young people, and old ones, too, would dare to marry without real love if they knew that they would have finally to break their hearts for some one else? There is not a divorce for every unhappy lover, no matter what the sociologists may say.

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of Your Name

explanation of the science of numbers. Besides stars, the names of readers are also analyzed.

Andrea Shenston

What Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, Name Tells

THE great god Pan found you, dear Douglas, and made of you a pipe on which to blow his tunes.

You would be safe with his simple melodies, for piercing though they are, they run through only a very brief gamut, and when they are finished, the pipe is laid at rest.

The trouble lies with the dryads and the nymphs and the wicked little fauns, who steal the pipe when Pan puts it aside for a moment, and try to play on it a thousand enticing, but noisy and shrill, little tunes of their own. The warm, tender vibrations of the pipe of Pan are jangled and confused in attempting to follow cries and quavers and sophisticated rhythms with which they have nothing to do, and Pan himself is bewildered when he takes up his instrument again.

You are sensitive, dear Douglas, sensitive and proud and kind, and all through your life this combination will torture you. You know at once what others must feel, and you wish to remove their every unhappy feeling, at no matter what cost to yourself. But you hide, with a shy, remote, unexpressive pride, all the winds of emotion that blow through you, and you are hurt, just a little bit foolishly hurt, as you are the first to admit, that those who love you do not see as clearly, respond as quickly as you do.

You will always do too much, and wonder, when

your spirit shrinks before the lack of full appreciation, a lack that you feared, and yet hoped this time would not be, "Did I, after all, do too little?"

Beauty, strange to say, means in itself nothing to you. You are haunted by the spirit of things, and the meaning that must lie even behind the spirit. You respond to beauty, ah, yes, but only as it gives you a glimpse of the divinity beyond.

You have wonderful creative ability, and if left to your own devices you will bring forth the lovely creatures of your dreams, for you have also that gift of expression that clothes its material almost in spite of itself in outward form.

You are fluid as a stream that pours itself with equal ease into a grassy meadow and into the hollows of a rocky mountainside, but you do what the stream cannot do; you become, for the time being, the very softness of the grass, the wind in the meadow, the sharp cutting points of the rocks through which you pass.

This is a superb asset for an actor, but it is too much for him, unless he succeeds in putting up a powerful defense between his own nature and the spirit of what he has for the time being to express. Acting is to you more than the recreation of an emotion. It is a deep spiritual reality, and you live a part out of the depth of what seems to be another nature, knowing as little why you do it as why you are what you are in yourself. Not that you do not reason and analyze, but the most successful scenes come out of you without your knowing how good they are, until you hear it from some one else.

The whole meaning of your life is intuition, spiritual awakening, the sound of the voice of God, and in so far as you listen to that inner voice you will succeed.

This is not conscience, for the spirit is beyond good and evil, and when you have learned this you will be free of the one great fetter that has

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You are sensitive, dear Douglas Fairbanks, sensitive and proud and kind, and all through life this combination will torture you.





Only her intimates know that Billie Dove writes verses and paints in oils and water colors.

SHE is ungodly beautiful. It takes a good while to surmount that fact and recognize the underlying structure. Her face is so unreasonably lovely that the aesthete is loath to look further. Which explains, in part, her relegation to nondescript vehicles on the screen. The general idea seems to have been that a series of close-ups of the Dove, in varying moods, would carry any story, be it ever so puerile. To a certain extent it would, and has. But our civilization is not quite sufficiently Greek in feeling to be entirely satisfied with beauty alone. For which reason Billie has left First National, and is in quest of coöperation more to her liking.

Coincident with the rumor that she will sign with Caddo, the producing company of Howard Hughes, is the probability that she will marry the young millionaire. Hughes, if only for sponsoring the delightful "Two Arabian Knights" of a few seasons past, has indicated his worth as a producer. If Miss Dove does become affiliated with this company, it may be the resuscitation of a meteor previously burned out on weak story selection.

No one knows more thoroughly than Billie how bad her current pictures are. Six pictures made in eight months could not possibly be good, but Billie thinks they needn't have been quite as bad as they were. Yet, contrary to the prerogative of harried stars, she doesn't dwell on the ill treatment accorded her.

Billie, the Dove, has a disposition that must have been molded to her name, so neatly does it fit. She is gentle, warm, tranquil, even in displeasure. Anger arouses her

Billie—As She Is

What lies behind the bisque beauty of Miss Dove is here brought to light.

By Margaret Reid

to no violence, sorrow to no desperation. Experience does not continually model anew the contours of her mind and emotions. She is already too complete a person to be a reed in the wind. Life is, instead, absorbed by her serenity, experiences savored and made a part of her beauty and instinctive calm.

The antithesis of vivid, she is—if a biographer wished to become flossy—a pure sky-blue in emotional color, such being the accepted shade for tranquillity. Yet, recognizing the fine distinction between tranquillity and the less sensitive placidity, she has none of the latter. She is keenly, even if quietly, aware of herself and of things. That she is quiescent does not indicate that she is not alert. She knows, but is serenely unalarmed.

When she was a child her present attitude was unconsciously established. Recently going through a trunk full of old letters, school reports and such, she found a scrap of paper on which she had copied, in careful writing, a maxim that even then appealed to her. "Yesterday is past; do not regret it. To-morrow does not exist; don't worry. To-day is here; use it."

Yet there is no hysteria in her disregard of yesterday and to-morrow, in her prodigal use of to-day. Her life, albeit full, is leisurely. She is repose, undisturbed by the anomaly of a noisy age and a turbulent profession.

The close of her contract with First National saw the beginning of her first real vacation in several years—three months set aside for play. Weary of studios and studio business, she took a large, sprawling Spanish house on the edge of the Toluca Lake district. Set well back from the unpaved road and surrounded by smooth lawns, riotous gardens and fruit trees, the present domicile of the Dove approximates her constant yearning for stillness and peace. There is little traffic beyond the fence protecting her from the road, and the only sounds are from birds and tree toads, and the five Scottish terriers which are her delight.

The good old Scotch family was founded by Lassie, whom Billie has had for several years. Lassie's daughter recently contracted a shocking *mésalliance*, as proved by two children—one an aristocrat, but the other *having white paws*. And Lassie's son has asthma, so what with one thing and another, Miss Dove has plenty of troubles.

She greeted this holiday with almost childlike pleasure. Contrary to the impression she gives of having had a sheltered, comfortable life, she has worked very hard since she was little more than a child. In adolescence she had already shouldered, of necessity, responsibilities that many an adult would have tried to evade. Financial burdens and moral obligations have attended her along the climb from obscurity in the chorus to her present celebrity and wealth. And hers was no lucky break, no accident of fortune. She has worked honestly and valiantly for everything she now has.

With her vacation, she discarded all thought of studios and pictures. Luxuriating in her home, which she had previously seen only in brief snatches, she hates to stir

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Photo by Elmer Fryer

BILLIE DOVE is well named, decides Margaret Reid, opposite, for she is tranquil, neither joy nor sorrow disturbing her calm; but she is aware of more than her own loveliness, for her interests are many, her life full, her future refulgent.



Photo by Otto Dyar

IN Hollywood's garden of girls there stands one whose fair freshness is that of summer's first rose. She is Marion Shilling, whose sensible acting is as refreshing as a cool breeze in a desert of cuties. Her next film, "On Your Back."



Photo by Hurrell

OVERWORK and worry, as she dashed from one picture to another, sent Lila Lee to a sanitarium just at the moment when stardom was bestowed on her. Oh, barren gain and bitter loss! But she will—she must—return.



WHO is better liked than Edmund Lowe? Step forward with your nominees! What—there is dead silence? And no wonder, for Eddie's good performances are too numerous to mention, his hard-boiled characters as ingratiating as his drawing-room heroes.

Photo by Edward Tayer Monroe



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

VICTOR VARCONI banished by the talkies? Not by a syllable! After a year in foreign pictures he returns to claim the reward for his brilliant acting in the silent days, and finds waiting for him his first talkie, "The Gay Caballero."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

A GIRL on a garden wall, and what more delectable girl than Marion Davies to occupy such a becoming perch? Though it might better be a peak, because her reputation as the screen's most scintillant comédienne places her on a true eminence.



Photo by Harrell

EVERY little crease and fold has a meaning all its own when Joan Crawford drops her sewing to become a star, the idol of the younger set, a prima donna of the movies, next to appear in a musical, "The Great Day."



Photo by Autrey

WITHOUT benefit of make-up, lipstick, or false eyelashes, Maureen O'Sullivan shines brightly because she is typical of the Irish girl as she really exists, and in the story, opposite, William H. McKegg brings out her charm and common sense.

Not as Other Children

An Irish tradition puts Maureen O'Sullivan in a special class, and in Hollywood she is quite "different" too, one reason being that she is a star without looking moviesque.

By William H. McKegg

I HAVE met dear young things, oh, so very modern. Others, very shrinking and sweet. Still others, intent on being sophisticated. Yet I never came across one who entirely understood her own self—her outlook on life. With one and all it was a case of words, but not deeds.

When I met Maureen O'Sullivan, I instantly realized that in this young girl it was a case of deeds before words.

Maureen is unique. She is neither simpering innocence nor obvious sophistication; yet she possesses both these qualities, but with the adjectives shot away. She is no raving beauty, neither is she at all plain; yet her features impress themselves on one.

Without benefit of make-up she has beautiful coloring. There seems to be a faint haze before her eyes—in fact, all over her face. Just like the glow radiated by a flame behind white satin.

If it is a silly remark, it is nevertheless true. There is something mystic about Maureen. And this instant impression is not wrong, boys and girls. For she was born at Boyle, between Lake Gara and Lake Key, in the west of Ireland, where fairies attend christenings, and the mystic light mentioned above is placed in the eyes of each newly born creature, and a mystic song is set singing in its heart.

Well, well, and again well! These strange Irish rites cause such children to be not as other children. Men and women grow up, but the song and the light are ever within them, and they know things other persons don't know.

Thus it is with Maureen.

Her home is at Killiney, not far from Dublin. After going to a convent there, Maureen was sent to one in London. Later she finished her schooling in Paris.

Frank Borzage, the director, saw her at a café in Dublin and recognized in her the girl for his picture.

Maureen's father, a retired major, was away in London. Fearing his refusal to let her go to Hollywood, she took it upon herself to agree to go. That's how Maureen is. A deed is done first. Words can follow after.

You have undoubtedly seen her in John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart." She plays in Will Rogers' "So This Is London." She and Frank Albertson are the young lovers.

From now on you will probably see Maureen in many other films. She has surprised many because they expected to hear a rich Irish brogue, not realizing that the educated Irish speak perfect English; only the peasants and those living among them use the brogue.

As it was four o'clock, we went to her apartment where the O'Sullivan gave me some tea and toast, and English marmalade.

She was living alone. We talked about the situation. "I think every one should face life alone for a while," Maureen said. "Experience and truth go together. You cannot learn the truth without knowing the difference between right and wrong. I do not believe in jumping into any new excitement that comes one's way. A person alone, especially a girl, has to follow a set of rules along which to travel. Without rules she will be swept this way and that."

Thus spoke the O'Sullivan, sitting with one foot under her on the settee, while the scribe watched the light play on her brown hair with its coppery glints.

"No," continued Maureen, snapping me back to my senses, "you can't grapple with life haphazardly. If you do, you will find yourself rather bewildered."

"When I came to Hollywood my mother came, too. When she returned to Ireland, I felt that this freedom I suddenly faced was something I had eagerly sought—what I really needed. But as soon as I was left alone I was scared."

"It was as if I had found myself in a dense forest and had to make a pathway through it. It would be of no use to rush pell-mell through it. To see the right way, I'd have to go slowly."

"In Hollywood that is most essential. Especially in pictures. I don't wish to sound as if I were a great actress, but you know what I mean."

"Ah, yes," sighed the hypnotized interviewer.

"When I first arrived I knew scarcely any one. After 'Song o' My Heart,' I met quite a few people. It may sound vain, but it is nevertheless true that when a girl plays in even one picture there are plenty of young men eager to make her acquaintance. Not all may be interested in her personally. Most of them merely wish to add her name to the rest on their list. They like to be able to say, 'Oh, I took So-and-so out to a show last night.'"

"All this may sound conceited, but it's not meant in that way. I'm trying to explain my position. It is very hard for a player to know who will really be a good friend, and who merely wishes to flaunt her name in his conversation. It is only the glamour surrounding a player that attracts the latter."

"I have always wanted to act. Since I was a child—ever since I can remember—I have felt that inside me there was a wonderful message I had to tell every one. What it was I could not say. I don't know now. I only know that acting brings me nearest to what I try to say. And acting helps me to understand humanity." [Continued on page 112]



Photo by K. K. Maureen's "discovery" and her quick success rivals the romantic stories of the screen itself.

Cool and

What greater boon to the overheated star,
into an outdoor pool



Monte Blue, above, displays his brawn as well as a corner of his pool.

Marilyn Miller, outer right, poised with the grace and freedom of a sea gull, may curve into the water below, or soar to the skies, whichever pleases her more.

The Gleasons, right, James, Russell, and Lucile, hark back to childhood's happy hour.



Soberly Buster Keaton, above, gazes into the pool that is a jewel set among the acres of his estate.

John Gilbert, right, finds enjoyment in a pool far from the madding crowd, where trees and shrubs lend their shade to the privacy of Adonis at the bath.



Sequestered

or even us poor mortals, than a plunge adjoining the mansion itself?



Hugh Trevor, above, musing on his ladyloves past, present and to come, looks puzzled—probably because the future holds such unlimited possibilities.

The Lorelei with streaming hair, left, is Ann Harding, and in the far distance is her husband, Harry Bannister.

Charles Mack, the more famous member of Moran and Mack, outer left, with Mrs. Mack.



Harold and Gloria Lloyd, above, on the brink of their pool, the largest in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, could invite every one who has ever played in Harold's pictures without overcrowding, but Gloria thinks that mamma Mildred will be the best company of all.

Father Ralston, left, after a year in vaudeville, decides that there's no place like home, and one doesn't ask why.



Photo by Monroe

Evelyn Laye returned from European triumphs to start her screen career in "Lilli."

FANNY THE FAN was so completely concealed behind the pages of a letter she was reading, that I sat in the lobby of the Warwick for several minutes before I recognized her.

"This is the grandest description of Hollywood," she exclaimed in a homesick tone, tripping over a rug and begging the pardon of a potted palm that she set a-swaying as she walked along, her eyes still intent only on her letter.

"No, I won't tell you who it's from. He's under contract at simply loads and loads of money, and still more than that, so it wouldn't do for him to speak his mind. But his comments are good even if they must be anonymous. 'Half the people out here are simply frantic with worry,' he writes. 'They're worried about their hair getting thin from exposure to studio lights; they're worried about their voices; they're worried about

Over the

By The Bystander

the scenes that are cut out and the scenes that are left in. The other half aren't working and are desperate. There's a high-tension air all around, as if every one expected the executioner any minute and was determined to die with a smile.' Doesn't that make New York seem dull?"

And if Fanny were in Hollywood she would be dissolved in tears over the situation!

"What's the matter with Hollywood, anyway?" I asked, forgetting for the moment that Fanny took such idle questions seriously and probably would answer me, and in great detail. She did.

"It's a vicious circle!"

She spoke with intensity, as if something would have to be done about it at once. "The public is getting so apathetic toward pictures that they are staying away from them in droves. Business has fallen off to such an extent that very few films are good for a two-week run. That means the producers have to make more of them, in order to have enough for a weekly change of bill. And if they can't make even a few good ones, what can you expect of them if they make almost twice as many?"

"When there aren't enough good plays to fill all the legitimate theaters, they just close a few of them," I murmured by way of suggestion.

"I can't argue with you," Fanny retorted petulantly, "if you get reasonable about motion pictures. You don't understand the do-things-in-a-grand-manner policy of the motion-picture industry. Don't you know that when there are too many theaters in a town, they always build a few more bigger ones? And that even though they know the public prefers young players and ones they are familiar with, the studios keep on signing up middle-aged stage actors—and how stogy!—that don't mean a thing to them?"

My answer to that was a questioning sigh, which I still think was as good as any.

"United Artists seems to be in the worst muddle," Fanny continued. "Their

own stars—Pickford and Fairbanks and Chaplin and Norma Talmadge—haven't released a picture in so long, that when we do see them we'll feel that they've been taken out of a glass case and dusted off for the occasion. They tried starring Harry Richman and Fanny Brice, and you see how far that got them. Now they have hopes of developing a following for Joan Bennett and Chester Morris and Una Merkel that will justify starring them. They all have talent, but it takes time to build up a star."



Photo by White

Twenty-five hundred dollars a week broke down Genevieve Tobin's resistance to movies.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan outlines the vicious-circle puzzle that producers are trying to solve, and surveys the passing show of filmdom.

I wished aloud that Jack Oakie were there to laugh that off. It certainly didn't take him long, nor Maurice Chevalier either, for that matter. And Ann Harding and Constance Bennett are doing very, very well at the hands of the public.

Any mention of Ann Harding makes Fanny exclaim.

"Oh, I hope Pathé finds more comedies for her! That is, if you can call anything with as tragic an undertone as 'Holiday' a comedy. I simply adored every moment of that picture. I wonder if the public has taste enough to appreciate her. When I saw the picture the gum-chewing matron next to me kept saying 'Society girls don't act like that.' I was so annoyed at her that in going out I knocked her hat off her lap and trod on her instep."

And that's how film-fan society acts when you have no particular liking for their favorites!

"Constance Bennett has been in town," Fanny announced with a degree of awe that would satisfy even the young lady's press agent, "looking as marvelous as only she can look. I wish she could devote a little spare time to lecturing Hollywood on what to wear and how to wear it."

"By the way, her millionaire ex-husband, Phil Plant, has taken to writing sentimental songs and they are supposedly inspired by Constance."

"Is that a new vice of his?" I asked, all agog. "or is it why she divorced him? Can you imagine anything more terrible than theme songs around the house?"

Fanny never takes a proper interest in my remarks. She always becomes absorbed in looking at the people around her, or picks up a book or a newspaper.

"I suppose you read," she announced, looking at the latest edition of the paper that I couldn't possibly have seen, "that one of Evelyn Laye's

Mary Pickford's plans are shrouded in mystery.



Photo by Bull

Sally Eilers is living a Western thriller now, instead of acting in one.

admirers gave her a race horse and that he won a big race Saturday.

"Maybe I am too optimistic," she went on, "but I do think that Evelyn Laye is one newcomer who will create a sensation in pictures. She is so utterly lovely and so different from any one else. She arrived from London a few days ago and left almost at once for Hollywood. While abroad she sang for Queen Mary, appeared at five charity benefits one night, took two singing lessons a week and learned a lot of Hungarian peasant dances. Aside from that she had just a lovely rest."

"When she reached Hollywood she found that she wasn't such a stranger after all. There on the set with her was Leon Errol, who once tried to teach her knock-about dancing. If she ever gets high-hat with him—which isn't at all like her—he can just remind her that she was awfully slow to learn."

"I'm really not in favor of bringing any more stage stars into pictures," Fanny insisted earnestly, "but sheer curiosity will send me to see some of the newcomers in one film."

There was no need to remark that that would probably be all that she could see them in, if they're like some of the recruits.

"Genevieve Tobin, for instance," Fanny went on. "She and her sister Vivian have





Several companies would like to borrow Ginger Rogers from Paramount.

been two of the most promising young actresses on Broadway for several years, yet they've never quite made the sensation expected of them. Genevieve had lots of offers to go into pictures in the silent days, but she never fell until Universal murmured something about twenty-five hundred dollars a week. She's to appear in a picture based on John Erskine's novel 'Sincerity.'

"And there's Miriam Hopkins, who is glorious on the stage. She's to do a picture for Paramount in the East. She isn't really pretty, but she is interesting looking.

"However, she is likely to be cast in the picture with Carol Lombard and Carol is not only stunning, but camera-wise."

You can't blame me for becoming interested when she brought up the name of our old friend Carol.

"Yes, she's here in town and simply running around in circles trying to take in all New York before she starts work. New York players high-hat the Hollywoodians so terribly about the advantages of the sophisticated metropolis, that when girls who have been working in pictures ever since they left school get here, they expect to find something strange and new. And except for some tall buildings and rowdy, undressed shows, they find the same old bargain sales and talks of hard times and prohibition that they would get anywhere. Just another hick town. They don't realize that they have to come here in winter really to get the feeling of New York.

"Still, New York's been a pretty good town the last few days," Fanny admitted, grudgingly. "Marie Dressler got back from Europe the other day and went to the

Capitol to see herself in 'Let Us Be Gay.' The audience gave her such an ovation as those old walls had never heard. Miss Dressler is such a comfort. She loves Hollywood, she is thrilled over her success, and she doesn't find anything wrong with pictures except this talk of starring her. She is against it. She just wants to go on making a lot of pictures, without the responsibility of a stellar rôle.

"The last picture she and Polly Moran made together is such a hit that Metro-Goldwyn plans to cast them together in another one right away. This one deals with reducing.

"Marion Davies is having a grand vacation in Paris, but she will be back in our midst by September. Norma Talmadge is there, too. Ronald Colman got back from England the other day, and did you hear the story about the dogs?"

Even though I had, it was worth hearing again. It may not be true, but it is amusing to hear of the publicity-shunning Ronald being a party to a hoax like that.

"You know when Ronald arrived in New York after making 'Bulldog Drummond' he had a lot of prize bulldogs with him, supposedly his own pets. And now that he has made 'Raffles' he hove into town with a flock of Dobermann-Pinschers. To my mind it would have been more significant if he had brought police dogs. Well, anyway, the story is that they aren't Ronald's dogs at all. They are just atmosphere borrowed for the occasion. After he makes his entrance and is suitably photographed, so the story goes, the dogs are sent back to the kennel from which they were borrowed."

That's all right with me. It's the boys who exploit themselves saying "Hello, everybody" over the radio and making personal appearances with their pictures, and talking about their ideal girl, that I cannot bear. But Fanny is so maudlin about dogs that she can't forgive any one who can give up a dog after playing with him five minutes. Half her admiration. "Evelyn Laye, I am convinced, comes from the fact that Miss Laye used to take her English sheep dog walking in Central Park even on the most blizzardy days last winter.



Some one ought to write another "Holiday" for Ann Harding.

"Did you hear about Sally Eilers' wedding?" Fanny asked eagerly, as if any one could have picked up a newspaper in the last few weeks without reading about it. "I do hope she will be happy and I can't imagine why she shouldn't be. Hoot Gibson has finished his contract with Universal and won't make any more pictures for a while. He and Sally will be living this Western stuff instead of merely acting it. He plans to stage some big rodeos at his ranch, and

they want to tour the West in his airplane. He owns property in many places and Sally will be kept busy making a home at whichever place he decides to alight for a while. I'm sorry Sally didn't make one good picture before she quit, though "Forward March" hasn't been released yet. I like her voice. Still, she's young. She could retire for ten years and still come back and be in the running.

"Ginger Rogers is about the only terribly young girl to make a success lately. Most of the others are dangerously near thirty, if not a bit over. A lot of companies have been trying to borrow Ginger from Paramount, but they're planning big things for her themselves.

"Don't stare at that girl so hard. I know you've seen her somewhere. If you're so full of curiosity I'll arrange for you to meet her, but judging from the way you snorted all through her last picture you should be ashamed to face her.

"Yes, it's Bernice Claire," Fanny went on. "And a nicer, more wholesome-appearing girl you never saw. If they'd given her some nice, homespun rôles instead of making her out a high-powered siren, she might still be in pictures. Maybe she will make some more. You can't ever tell. At the moment she is angling for a vaudeville engagement.

"A girl I admire is Dorothy Burgess. When the studios insisted on classifying her as a wild, primitive type, she didn't meekly take the parts and she didn't whine or argue with them about it, either. She studied the part she wanted to play, a romantic lead in Pathé's 'Painted Desert,' paid for making a test and showed what she could do. She got the job. And she ought to get a round of applause from the producers for being so ingenious about getting her way.

"I should think the girls in Hollywood would be getting pretty tired of these all-men pictures like 'Men Without Women,' 'The Dawn Patrol,' and 'All Quiet.' Some one should tell them to cheer up, though. A play will be produced in New York this season with an all-feminine cast. The action takes place in a working girl's hotel and it's supposed to be funny and pathetic and full of 'fat' dramatic rôles. If it makes the hit it is expected to, some one will buy the picture rights, and then the girls will have an inning of their very own.

"Speaking of picture rights! I warned you that you would hear a lot about the Hollywood novel 'Queer People.' Well, even though it flays Hollywood, Howard Hughes has bought the picture rights. There are many people out there who won't even speak to him. People who think that they are satirized in the book won't even speak to any one who admits they like it. But they all chuckle over it in secret.

"I think it is much nicer to take

Carol Lombard is in a whirl on her first visit to New York.



Bernice Claire may return to musical comedy, or try vaudeville.



public recognition of your fame graciously, the way John Barrymore did when 'The Royal Family' kidded him unmercifully. And that reminds me, Ruth Chatterton isn't to play in the picture of 'The Royal Family' after all. Ina Claire will have the leading rôle, which suits me better. She has so much more temperament, whatever that is. There is only one person I would rather see do it, and that is Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan is doing very well, of course, playing hard-boiled rôles, but I'm sure she would do something with more depth just as well. If Fifi Dorsay were in any danger of getting self-important, the impulse was squelched when 'On the Level' was released. Lilyan simply romped away with the picture."

On and on Fanny rambled, with a bouquet for this one, a funeral wreath for that one. "The Dawn Patrol" pleased her as a picture, particularly the work of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but as a de luxe opening she insisted it was nothing to impress an out-of-town guest. The audience, she maintained, looked like wilted lettuce.

"Gloria Swanson is on her way to New York," she brightened up perceptibly at the prospect. "Her husband's on his way home from Paris and she is coming East to meet him. They will stay here for a while, probably until Gloria's picture opens. Maybe they will open the house at Harmon on the Hudson. I drove past there the other day and Gloria's garden looked lovely in spite of her long absence.

Continued on page 109

Rest for the Weary

"Op upon my knee," say gallant gentlemen, and any number of fair ones seize the opportunity for a good look at the camera.

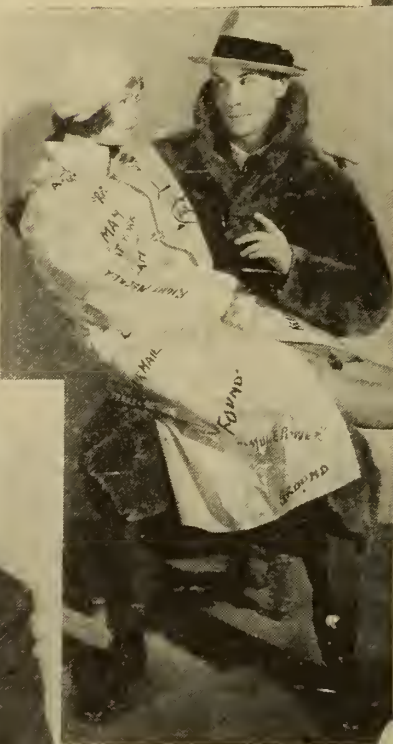


Gene Morgan, above, seems to get no pleasure out of affording Marion Byron a resting place, though the little girl who is called "Peanuts" certainly isn't a heavyweight.

Bessie Love, right, will do anything for a funny dance, and she finds Gus Shy a willing partner in "Good News."



Robert Montgomery, below, instructs Sally Starr in the rudiments of petting from an advantageous position.



Marjorie White, below, whose gifts include an India-rubber face, gets unsteady support from Richard Keene, but she won't mind if he lets her fall, for Marjorie has lots of rubber about her.



Once Polly Moran, left, is settled on the knee of William Haines, her buddy, she decides to be a ventriloquist's dummy, and it's safe to say it won't be long before she squeaks some wisecracks.



A Prophet with Honor

He is Edward Everett Horton, whose service to the stage means as much to the stars as his comedy on the screen does to the fans.

By Margaret Reid

LOS ANGELES, any pacer of the boards will tell you, is just about the toughest town to play in all these United States. Among the movie-making residents of Hollywood, the golfing winterers, and the theater-unconscious retired farmers, there is an appallingly small trade for stage plays. And when a legitimate production is patronized, the consensus of opinion is either that there's nothing like a good movie, or cries of "Mediocre! Inferior!" from visiting New Yorkers, or "What is it all about?" and "Where is the nearest revival meeting?"

In this community, filled with churches presided over by such belligerent evangelists as Aimee Semple McPherson and "Fighting Bob" Shuler, such refinements of entertainment as O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" pale by comparison. The O'Neill opus, for example, died a quick, painful death at its Los Angeles presentation. An attempt to produce a repertoire of Theater Guild plays suffered a similar fate. Any producer, with the possible exception of Henry Duffy, who presents "good, clean American comedies" to a delighted clientele from Iowa and Long Beach, vows periodically never to try to bring decent theater to Los Angeles.

All of which draws a most depressing picture of night life in God's country. For the minority who like their theater well done, particularly the exiles from New York, the local stage condition would cause more than one possible householder to slip through the fingers of the Chamber of Commerce.

Lois Wilson's stage experience with Mr. Horton prepared her for talkies.



For ten years Edward Everett Horton has held first place in the hearts of Hollywood theatergoers.

Would, that is, were it not for one factor. A factor, name of Edward Everett Horton, who produces plays for his own pleasure primarily, and to his own taste. His taste happens to be good, yet flying in the face of all precedents, he gets away with it. Murmurs of "Thank God" from those of us surfeited with the "good, clean American" tripe so dear to California's heart. The Horton company forms an oasis of intelligent entertainment in the arid desert of theatrical Los Angeles.

There is an Edward Everett Horton whose whimsical face and droll humor are familiar to the moving-picture public. Even the bad pictures he appears in do not give you the impression that he is a bad actor. His is that very rare quality, possessed by the chosen few, for which "class" is as good a word as any. In the environment of a decent production, like his film version of "Beggars on Horseback," which was on a par with his own capacities, his personality blends with the whole. In, on the other hand, the environment of such mediocrities as "Sonny Boy" and "The Sap," his performances seem divorced from the picture itself, standing alone as an independent vignette of skill and craftsmanship.

The Horton, however, known to picture fans is a faint, adulterated shadow of the Horton who reigns over the Majestic Theater at Ninth and Broadway in Los Angeles. Ours, the Horton of "Arms and the Man," "The Swan," et cetera, is a rather superlative artist of deft and utterly delightful productions. He is to our village what Alfred Linet is to New York. "From an actor to an institution" might well be his subtitle.

Exactly ten years ago, Horton made his *début* at the Majestic Theater. He had been brought here, a stock player of renown, for a six-weeks' engagement. At the end of the six weeks, civic interests would probably have had the trains and highways watched had he made an attempt to leave. Los Angeles took him to her capricious bosom, in a firm grip she has never relinquished since.

Until about two years ago the star of the Majestic Theater stock group, he branched out as an independent actor-producer. Although in the past there had been few exceptions to the high standard of offerings in which he appeared, with the new régime he was able to make his selections in complete freedom. Since becoming his own master, he has not presented one play which was in any way a compromise with local taste. Every Horton vehicle has been a play sound of construction, skillful of execution, and intelligent of subject matter. And the production given them on his stage is always evident of meticulous care and knowledge.

Drawn under his spell by the "Nervous Wrecks" and "Hottentots" of his earlier days, audiences still continued to patronize him when he slyly began to put more important material over on them. Only Horton has ever been able to make Los Angeles turn out for Shaw. This feat was accomplished when he presented "Arms and the Man" to his usual crowded houses.

When he first opened as an independent producer at the Vine Street Theater in Hollywood, his avowed intention of ignoring the local clamor for the mediocre, and doing only the best of available plays, was met with grave head shakings along the boulevards. He would learn his lesson. Optimistic producers, with stubborn faith in the survival of the best, had learned it before him. He would turn either to "Mother's Millions" and "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," or to bankruptcy.

The joke, so it developed, was on the doubters. The Horton personality, so charming and intimately a possession of Los Angeles, not to mention the suave Horton acting, drew his followers to the only adult entertainment tolerated around these here parts. He gives them sophisticated theater and makes them love it. He is unique.

At the Majestic Theater, whither he returned in response to a flood of letters urging it as the most central location accessible from Pasadena and other suburbs, business is conducted in an amiable, casual fashion. The personnel of the company, retained almost intact by Horton when he branched out for himself, has been the same for years. There is a conspicuous lack of bustle or tension. They present plays, in their various capacities from stage hand to Horton himself, because they enjoy it. The work is exactly well done, yet with no apparent hint of strain.

The Horton audience is almost a definite class

—patrons who have followed his work for years and usually attend a play at least twice. On an opening night, the ticket seller knows just who will attend, and in what seats they will sit. Those of the picture people who discriminate in theatrical fare are regular attendants. In particular, Gloria Swanson is a rabid fan, always present at openings and two or three times thereafter. It is her ambition to do a play with him. The possibility of this has been rumored frequently, but picture demands have interfered. It is probable, however, that her first opportunity will see the ambition fulfilled.

Surrounded by an organization sharing his own inclinations, Horton is, nevertheless and of necessity, checked from proceeding too far in his dramatic desires. He has a gnawing yearning for "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Richard III," which his brother, who is also the company manager, has to guard against. But since his confrères give him no trouble on other selections, Horton gracefully accedes to their advice on these two issues. Even the business faction of his little group share his enthusiasm for the "Beggars on Horseback," "Dover Roads," and "Serena Blandishes."

Plans in this company are never made ahead. When they decide that they have had enough of one play they select another, rehearse casually before the evening performance of the current one. If they decide it is not sufficiently interesting they look about, without haste, until a satisfactory one is found. Sometimes the selection provides Horton with almost a minor rôle; his personal preëminence is not the standard by which he chooses plays.

This star of, variously, "The Sap" and "The Swan," has a ranch far out on Ventura Boulevard where he goes for week-ends among the four dogs, four cats, two canaries, four hundred chickens, and uncounted gophers peopling it. His house in town is a sedate and conservative structure in one of Los Angeles' more quiet neighborhoods. On *matinée* days, Horton gathers together his cast and, without the wearisome task of doffing costumes, they drive to his house, slip into lounging pajamas, rest on a spacious sun balcony fitted with ten or twelve couches, eat dinner, and return to the theater in comparative leisure.

Small wonder that Horton, coming, as he does, from a Scotch-American stock inclined toward the more graceful, unhurried ways of life, finds here his happiest *métier*. The pictures he tosses off intermittently, aside from the fact that their quality often offends him, entail also the noisy confusion and politics of the studio.

"Talking pictures," he thinks, "are fine stuff, great entertainment, now that the process is improving so rapidly. They are, of course, knocking an awful hole in the legitimate theater."

Not, one must interject, in the Horton theater.

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Mr. Horton explains a droll situation to Florence Eldridge, left, and Mary Astor.

Such Babies

Who wants to be grown up all the time? Certainly not the stars.



The Sisters G, above, possessed of mothering hearts as well as a wholesome yen for the camera, lavish maternal care upon Frank McHugh, who seems slightly delirious—probably because he hopes the bottle contains a kick.



Helen Kane, upper right, is right at home in a bassinet, her plumpness notwithstanding.



Lowell Sherman, above, illustrates what Hollywood will do to break down one's resistance. A Broadway sophisticate *par excellence*, he clammers into a crib to receive Norma Shearer's reminder that it's time for nourishment and Robert Z. Leonard's admonition to take it while he can.



Janet Gaynor, left, in "Happy Days," has the unmistakable look of a grown-up actress who is about to sing a baby song, when she should know better than to try.



Photo by Fryer

A glimpse into the home life of Louise and her mother—and neighbor.

La Fazenda Tops the Waves

Although quite unpretentious, Louise Fazenda is one of the most successful of players, holding her steady course undisturbed by the dazzling careers that have come and gone since her Sennett days.

By Myrtle Gebhart

AN unpainted boat, mingled likeness of scow and yawl and tug, scuttles about the harbor of Hollywood. Battered by the sea, scratched by the sleek, trim yachts, the motor boats, and the myriad of bright pleasure craft that skim the waters until wrecked by the gale, the plain worker plows the waves with stubborn nose. It has grit and determination; it is highly respected. It bears the name of Fazenda.

Though she never has been a leading lady, Louise is known and loved wherever movies are shown.

Courageous in facing physical danger, and draining herself in constant, thoughtful service of others, she is vanquished completely by the slightest glance of the pretty little dumb-bells which she might interpret as disdain. Often she is in misery over her fancied lack of charm. Much of her worldly goods and attainments, yes, much of her own fine character, would she give in exchange for beauty!

She admires those who are impressed by her own unlimited beauty of mind and character. That their intuitive perception should be greater than her own balanced intellect is constantly a source of wonder to me. Among the pretty girls, she has an air of obeisance. They and all Hollywood pay tribute to her splendid qualities.

"Because they needn't fear me, I'm not good looking enough to be a potential rival, professionally or personally," is her own explanation, but it is deeper than that. Instinctively they recognize her greatness.

Fear of not being popular results from an early exaggeration of her plainness. Knowing that her precious independence, the armor behind which she scurries be-

fore the beauty brigade, depends upon the success of her oddness, she prefaces each scene with a prayer, "Make this funny, please!"

"People might laugh," she once said, "but God understands. It means my bread and butter, and spreading a bit of happiness. I go cold with fear that I won't be funny. Then, intent on my prayer, I look up sometimes to catch a wondering glance. I get so embarrassed. Did they catch on that I was praying? Do they think I'm silly?"

What can you do with her? I've given up. You just smile at her ridiculous notions, and love her.

"A shifting personality," a fan friend, Mary Woodson, once described her. "Yet those very contradictions, and the feeling one has of a margin beyond, always another corner to be turned, make her so fascinating."

During her Sennett capers, she taught a Sunday-school class. Even

Miss Fazenda in real life is a serious-minded person.

Photo by Fryer



as a youngster she got up at a revival, very unexpectedly, and delivered a confession of her sins, most of which were imaginary. There are mystic reaches to her; in somnolent moods her thoughts travel into spheres of light beyond our understanding.

"You've gained poise this year," I remarked recently.

"I'm just more adept at 'cover-up,'" she insisted.

However, assurance of her professional position has increased her confidence. She used to throw an elaborate bluster over her uneasiness; now, realizing more the unimportance of social attentions, she smiles at them quizzically from the shadowy corners; and eventually the magnetic power of her draws them to her. She has learned to wait, instead of seeking.

Because she has trained herself to concentrate upon a wide range of interests, she recovers quickly from personal hurts, and harbors few, if any, regrets. Like Strindberg, her manner is beginning to say, "Wipe out—and pass on." With recognition and financial independence, she is somewhat less ill at ease. At premières and Embassy Club parties, she is retiring until sought out; then she entertains with her wit and ironic comment on social shams.

The Sennetteers' parties were trying. Gentle, harassed eyes watched the dainty charm of Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Vera Steadman. Louise wall-flowered. She made the fudge and cakes. What girl ever lived who sincerely wanted to be called a good sport? Clowning was her "cover-up." Committing a faux pas, she had the faculty of turning it into a joke at her own expense. The boys thought her good fun—but courted the other girls.

Then she saw the loophole of escape. She

How many actresses would cheerfully disguise their good looks, as you see Louise now?



Miss Fazenda is so "comfortable" she is one of the favorites of the film colony.

acquired a snooty reputation. In the darkest corner, where her size would seem less conspicuous among the delicate, pastel prettiness, the job of hiding her feet, which she thought unduly big, was an ordeal. When the party became unendurable, she bolted. Thus a Hollywood saying was coined, "The party had better be interesting, or Fazenda will walk out!"

Though often hurt in comedy stunts, her one attack of physical fear occurred prior to "Tillie's Punctured Romance," scenes of which required that she be dragged by chariots pulled by runaway horses. Harried by a melancholy intuition, she foresaw injury: in her methodical way, she prepared for her future in advance, to spare others worry. She increased her life insurance. If she were made an invalid, she would disappear, living in Europe at a seashore village, under an assumed name with a paid attendant. Financial matters were arranged. She would not burden family or friends with her helpless self. She did sustain injuries to her back that trouble her still when work is rather strenuous.

Louise is always nervous over something that is likely to happen, but never does. Working with a ceaseless rush of energy. Diving into the kitchen for an orgy of baking—turning up at a première that evening, in a flurry of silk and lace. To each occupation, she gives an intensive personal interest. The marvel is that she accomplishes so much, that never is her energy wasteful. She does things, in blunt and busy fashion, amid a mêlée threaded with an animated discussion of varied topics slipping about in the area of her mental circumference.



In her pigtail days, Louise suffered from the ugly-duckling complex.

And there is something unfinished about Louise. Many people look complete, go in grooves. Besides her innate restlessness, a spiritual quest is continuous, though passive, rather than obvious. It underlies all that she says and does and is.

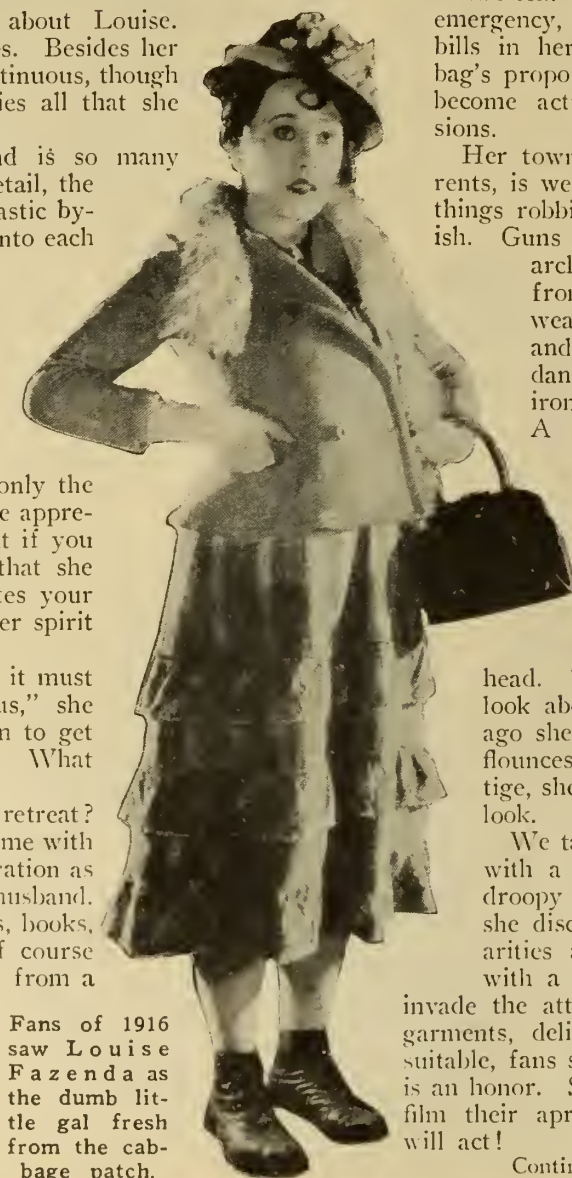
This Topsy of a modern wonderland is so many things: the actor-technician, devoted to detail, the careful housewife, the roamer along fantastic byways, the humble child—selves that melt into each other. Always she asks the pleasure of serving. You dare not do much for her; it touches her too poignantly. Her surprised gratitude over some inconsequential act embarrasses both of you, making each feel silly and your words awkward.

She showers upon others the frail beauty that she craves. Those who see only the surface give her practical things, which she appreciates beyond all ordinary sentiment. But if you give her a small bottle of the perfume that she loves and denies herself, while she berates your extravagance incoherently the whole of her spirit wells into a great, choked tear.

She likes me to write about her, when it must be done. "I don't try to be mysterious," she argues, "but there is a wall; I can't seem to get through to most writers, nor they to me. What they write is accurate, but incomplete."

How can I take you into that hedged retreat? I can only show you a lot of Louises. Come with us to the beach house, in process of renovation as a birthday surprise for Hal Wallis, her husband. The car is a clutter of yardage for drapes, books, an umbrella—it hardly ever rains, but of course it *might*!—blue-gray rocks brought home from a trip to Oregon, old oil lamps, shades—a switch of brown hair, "combing" sent her by a fan, to be worn in a picture!

A roadside hawker is selling strawberries. Jam! She puts up her own preserves. A quick swerve and stop.



Fans of 1916 saw Louise Fazenda as the dumb little gal fresh from the cabbage patch.

A wonder she isn't killed! At Malibu its ocean frontage nestling in the curving arm of purplish hills; climbing ladders, checking specifications, measuring for curtains, matching colors. I just stand around, with Louise, and feel an occasional twinge of conscience; she won't let me do things, nor could I half as well. Displaying odd knickknacks: twisted iron standards, trick boxes, modernistic ash trays, old brass kettles, a homely motto that reflects herself, something about sanctifying common sense.

Will you join us for an evening's entertainment? Our itinerary is indefinite. We may dine at her home, or a popular restaurant, or sample a plentiful Swedish *smörgåsbord*, or Jewish *gefüllterfisch*, or Mexican *enchiladas* and *quesadillos*, according to whim. We may end up at an all-night, main-street, Mexican movie in Sonoratown, at a fortune teller's, or at the Ambassador. You never can tell. She is prepared for any emergency, with a rumpled wad of bills in her purse of an overnight bag's proportions. Fantastic dreams become actualities on these excursions.

Her town flat, half of which she rents, is well appointed, old and odd things robbing it of a too-fresh polish. Guns along the walls form an arch over the stairs, firearms from flintlocks to modern weapons. Italian paintings, and one of Lola Montez, the dancer whose dramatic and ironic story intrigues Louise. A framed Venetian fan.

Bronze clocks. Comfortable armchairs and divans.

Louise is dressed, for our dinner at home, in black silk pajamas. Her hair is brushed back, off her high, tanned forehead. There is a sleek, modish look about her. A year or two ago she was all bulged out with flounces. With professional prestige, she has acquired a smoother look.

We talk in a droning murmur, with a snappy Sealyham and a droopy Scotty at our feet. Or she discusses the species, peculiarities and intentions of cactus with a like-minded friend. We invade the attic. Friends unearth old garments, delighted if she finds them suitable, fans send her things to use; it is an honor. She advises them in what film their apron, bag, or hair switch will act!

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Men About Town

The high-hat chappies of the evening are burlesqued in a knowing way.



Virginia Sale, upper left, impersonates Beatrice Lillie giving an impersonation of somebody or other.

Lotti Loder, upper right, sings a little song as she goes.

The littlest girl, Mitzl Green, center, would have the biggest hat.

Dorothy Mackaill, left, in "Bright Lights," sings "I'm Just a Man About Town"

In "Going Wild," Laura Lee, right, is the gay old daddy.



All photos by Fryer

Walter Pidgeon says he does not like romance—but read what happened in Vienna.

HERE is a player who declares that he does not know why he is acting.

Here is a man who swears he entered pictures only because he lost his money playing the stock market.

Here is a movie actor who insists upon being ordinary, without benefit of romance, or glitter, or love-making.

Here is Walter Pidgeon.

Where I ask, is the glamour so noticeable in the average player? Where the dash and pose? Where a message to his public? Where, most important of all, the great lover? If Mr. Pidgeon is as casual as he insists he is, one wonders why his eyes are not ordinary. Where they should be dull, they possess a constant glitter—almost a glazed look. And be it duly known, Walter does not drink. This is as well known in film circles as the existence of the talkies. Therefore, one is left to ponder again why Walter's eyes shine so fixedly.

Of course he is always laughing. He's bright and cheerful. He always has some humorous comment to make, especially at his own expense.

The funny part of it is that although his work in pictures during the past five years has been brief

Driven to an

Walter Pidgeon became an actor only because he traditional rights of a Thespian — romance, to his dear

By William

and scattered the Pidgeon personality has remained in the minds of many fans who chanced to see the few pictures in which he played.

He was born in New Brunswick, Canada, one of several sons. All the Pidgeon clan were made to study music. Yet, strangely enough, all have become doctors, lawyers, and brokers. Only Walter received the divine fire from Apollo and chose a romantic profession. He swears that he did not choose it for this reason. He chose it he insists, because it pays well. He was left a widower in his early twenties. To recover from the shock of losing his wife he traveled in Europe visiting Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna. The Pidgeon also took some vocal lessons in Italy to occupy his time.

It was when he came back to New York, after a year's absence, that he played the stock market. He soon learned that a chap who has been taking singing lessons in Europe should never dabble in Wall Street. He lost his all.

Perhaps it was a good break of bad luck, for it drove Walter to the stage. At least he uses the word "drove" when mentioning this episode.

Somehow after a few concerts he got a chance in an Elsie Janis revue, and thus entered the theatrical world. In the latter part of 1925 Walter was signed by Joseph Schenck and sent to Hollywood to play opposite Constance Talmadge in what was to be "East of the Setting Sun." The film was never made. Erich von Stroheim could not carry through his plans as scenario

writer, director, and leading heavy, the man you love to hate.

All these Hollywood complications bothered Walter not one bit. He continued to draw his salary for six months, without working a day for it.

Floundering about, he finally got the rôle of the young reporter in Dolores Costello's "Mannequin." In "The Desert Healer" he was cast as the heavy. And good work he did too. There was another picture with Anna Q. Nilsson then "The Gateway of the Moon" in which he was mixed up with Dolores del Rio and Leslie Fenton not forgetting the tropical climate.



Walter lost his money in a stock gamble, so he turned to the stage.

Actor's Life

needed a job, and he does not care a rap for the glamour and the delivery of weighty messages public.

H. McKegg

On the strength of "Mannequin," the fans desired, nay clamored, for all the details about this handsome stranger.

Accordingly in the early part of 1926, PICTURE PLAY assigned my penetrating fellow-scribe, Margaret Reid, to interview this Pidgeon fellow. *La Marguerite* did so, and was duly impressed. With maidenly modesty, said she in part, "He is quite the handsomest player that the colony has greeted in some time. Over six feet of athletic build. His eyes are blue and humorous. Healthy, tanned complexion, black hair, nice hands, contagious smile. In fact, my dears, he is very good looking."

I quote this from *la Marguerite's* rhapsody, as she does the descriptive stuff where males are concerned better than I.

In spite of the commotion he was causing, Walter Pidgeon disappeared from the movies as suddenly as he had entered them.

This year Walter has reentered them. Already he has played and sung in two operettas, "Bride of the Regiment" and "Toast of the Legion." Corinne Griffith made them both in dumb films several years ago. Now with Victor Herbert's music and Singer Pidgeon's voice we ought to be entertained. For unlike many screen singers, Walter can also act.

It was seemingly proper that I get hold of Mr. Pidgeon and try to ascertain what he had been doing—or rather why he had not been doing something during the two years of his absence.

On a very wet day I joined him for lunch at the first National restaurant. Expecting a long-winded story, "What do you think of your lucky break?" I asked.

Smiling intimately at a passing extra girl Mr. Pidgeon said, "To be truthful, Mac, I never gave it a thought."

Walter refused to unbend. No hosh about art and self-expression from him.

Young Marilyn Morgan trailed into the dining room looking like a golden wraith. Of course Walter had to converse with her.

Suddenly I got an inspiration. No romance, no love interest from this hard-boiled chap for the

Mr. Pidgeon is difficult to interview, because he insists upon being sanely ordinary.



In spite of his brief appearances, Walter Pidgeon is remembered by the fans.

fans. It would be a businesslike story. Blunt. Hard. "Pidge" had lost his money gambling. A gambling yarn we'd make it. There was my angle. Gambling. A gamble on the stage after loss of money. A gamble coming to Hollywood and the movies. A gamble while in them. A gamble while out of them.

"Quick, Pidgeon! Tell me what you did during the two years you were off the screen."

"Having X rays taken of my insides."

Insides! I push aside my halibut. "I suffered from strange pains in my chest. No one could find out the cause. I spent over six hundred dollars on X rays before the doctors realized that I had to have my gall bladder removed."

"You had too much gall. It had to be removed. The most natural thing in the world."

But Walter continued, ignoring all slaps at humor.

"Naturally it took me a long time to recover. I had to give up various offers in pictures. To regain my strength I traveled about the country. Went up to Canada."

"And now you're back."

"Now I'm back."

Lunch was over and no story. Not even a hard-boiled one.

Continued on page 108





The hardships of the artist's life: Barbara Kent and Harold Lloyd in a scene for "Feet First" aboard a Honolulu steamer.

GRETA GARBO'S first real rival is about to glow upon the screen. Marlene Dietrich, we prophesy, will challenge the dazzling Swedish star's undisputed reign of popularity. We have seen only a test of her in the films, but it is enough to convince us of her approaching destiny. She is beautiful, magnetic, mysterious, and as lethal-eyed as her Scandinavian rival.

Garbo we glimpsed, too, in "Romance," and with somewhat diminished enthusiasm. The picture will never, we believe, win her followers as did "Anna Christie." The Garbo sway may even be over after it is shown. It was a little too much to ask of her to speak with an Italian accent, and though she is radiant pictorially as she has always been, the natural attractions of her voice are not displayed as they were in the rôle of the embittered Swedish girl in her first talkie. The Garbo illusion must of necessity therefore evanesce, even more than it did in the Eugene O'Neill play.

Dietrich also has an accent, but it is not obtrusive. She possesses a sirenic charm comparable to Garbo's, and so there is no telling what an upset she may cause in that fascinating Lorelei's destiny.

Hollywood

Visioning and verbalizing the news
and gossip of a merry studio world.

Devotion of Motherhood.

Miss Dietrich, we learn, is the mother of a four-year-old daughter, who is still in Europe. Her husband and she separated about two years ago.

She loves the child devotedly, and even long-distances her occasionally to Berlin.

When she played on the stage in Berlin she would always hasten home around supper time in order to tuck her little girl in bed, between matinées and evening performances, or during rehearsals. This was despite a considerable distance from the theater to her home.

Hail and Return!

Emil Jannings will star in a Hollywood picture. It is called "The Idol" and will be filmed by Warner Brothers.

We knew when Emil left Hollywood that he would never be happy until he returned. He exhibited the air of one going into exile when he left the film colony.

Deep down in Emil's heart, doubtless, lurks the sentiment that he was, after all, born in America, and he feels that he wants to achieve complete success here.

It is probable that a second picture will be made by him following "The Idol." He will also do German versions.

Varconi Caballeros.

Victor Varconi is another *revanchant*—meaning "returner." Attired in very ornate Mexican costumes and sombrero, he is to be seen in "The Gay Caballero." Victor plays the romantic lead, and Frank Fay, originally scheduled for that rôle, is to be the comedian. It was felt that Fay might cause a romantic character to be altogether too amusing, whereas Victor is generally serious.

We know Varconi is still popular, because one fan writes us a letter a week regarding him, and we have heard many other people inquire as to when he would likely rejoin the Hollywoodians.

Ruth the Champion.

The first lady of movieland is Ruth Chatterton. An English vote on the voices of stars has decided this. Ruth was the overwhelming favorite in this poll, among the women, with Norma Shearer her only near rival.

Ruth looked pale and interesting the last time we saw her at a beach party given by Director Wesley Ruggles. Her illness from influenza and much hard work left her a bit wan, but she is more attractive than ever because of this.

Ruth came to the party for only a few minutes, and was attired in the smartest green-velvet beach pajamas that we have seen this season.

Guests at the Ruggles party, which was given in honor of Wesley's brother Charlie, also included Colleen Moore, William Haines, Marie Prevost, Richard Dix, Carlotta King, Robert Woolsey, Bert Wheeler, Phillips Holmes, Kathryn Crawford—who was hostess—Robert Chisholm, and others. Among this group we noted that young Holmes shone forth as a most unusual personality. He has a definite spiritual quality. The cut-ups of the affair were Charlie Ruggles, Haines, and Miss Prevost. Beach parties always manage to be especially merry.

High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Colman Also Victorious.

In the English contest that gave Miss Chatterton first feminine honors, the leader among the men was Ronald Colman, with Clive Brook and George Arliss as the runners-up. Colman is more than holding his place in the talkies, as this evidences.

This popular star has returned from his trip to England, where he spent most of the time with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, and William Powell. We'll venture it was a congenial and easy-going holiday when these four got together, though we haven't yet had a chance to check up with Colman on how he spent his vacation.

Family Not Augmented.

No, Zasu Pitts hasn't adopted five children. It's all a mere rumor, notwithstanding the newspaper reports. We learned this upon inquiry.

Zasu has her own youngster and Barbara La Marr's adopted child under her wing, of course, but she hasn't assumed the responsibility for her deceased sister's three youngsters, as reported. She declares it is very unfair to her brother-in-law, who is undertaking their care.

The way the rumor started was that Zasu's brother-in-law was taken ill after his wife's death, and she lent him some aid during this particular time in looking out for the welfare of his offspring. Zasu has always been most devoted to her relatives.

Maureen Verses Janet.

What an ironic thing this is! The very songs that exerted a disappointing influence on Janet Gaynor's career in "Sunny Side Up" are the ones that enabled Maureen O'Sullivan to win her big chance in "Just Imagine." When it came time for a song test for this picture, Maureen was asked if she would warble "I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?" So well did she sing the song that she was a hit immediately.

Janet doesn't want to do any more musical pictures, we hear. Also she hopes that she won't have to play any more sad-eyed and weepy rôles for a long time. It is very probable, we learn, too, that she will be granted her wish.

There are four pictures that she is to do in the next few months, and Charlie Farrell will be her leading man in only one of them. John Garrick, Kenneth MacKenna, and Humphrey Bogart are to play opposite her in the others. The titles don't sound exactly momentous, but then they may be changed. With Garrick she is to star in "Alone With You"; with MacKenna, in "One Night in Paris"; with Bogart, in "Barcelona"; and with Farrell, in "Oh, for a Man!"

Josephine Velez Début.

Lupe Velez now has a sister in the movies. Her name is Josephine Velez. They look enough alike to be twins, although Josephine is a year and two months older. Like Lupe she was on the stage in Mexico, and besides, she is an expert horsewoman, swimmer, and dancer.



Maureen O'Sullivan is up in the air because she is chosen for the heroine of "Just Imagine," a flight into the realms of fantasy.

Josephine will be seen as a Cuban cigarette girl in "Her Man," which features Helen Twelvetrees, Marjorie Rambeau, Phillips Holmes, and Ricardo Cortez. Maybe she will break the hoodoo that seems to hang over so many a star's relatives when they attempt the screen.

The Hoodoo Rampant.

Two players in Hollywood are suffering from jinxes. One is the tempestuous Mary Duncan; the other the stoical George O'Brien.

Mary's jinxes entered her life when she left for the East. She was to be starred in a stage play, but the producer lost heavily in the stock market. Then she was taken ill, and right in the midst of these two unfortunate events occurred the sorrow of her father's death. She has come back to the movies, though, to essay one of the very best rôles she has ever played, in "Kismet." So the rainbow shines again.

O'Brien's griefs are all connected with pictures, and a real Jonah seems to pursue him. Some time ago he broke a bone in his foot during a fight scene. He caught his foot in a knot-hole in a cabin floor and twisted it, thus causing the fracture.

Later a microphone fell on his head, and all but dislocated a vertebrae. Nurses had to work with him for an hour or so to relieve the pain from which he suffered.

Still more recently George was dodging the fire of a sharpshooter behind a tree. Blanks were used in the gun, but the wadding of the cartridge happened to strike the bark of the tree and chipped off a piece which hit O'Brien in the lip, and resulted in a laceration. This had just finished healing when we last saw him.

George said that of the three casualties, the bump on the head was the most satisfactory in the long run. "If



Marguerite Churchill has acquired a "new" personality, even lovelier than her former one, and this is it.

I ever happen to forget to keep an appointment, or do anything else that I should remember," he said, "I can always blame it on the after effect of that thump from the microphone."

Tearle Seeks Respect.

Everybody seems to be coming to Hollywood rather than going elsewhere this summer, but Conway Tearle, in his very individual way, has decided to be different. He is sojourning in England, and may fill a stage engagement there. "I'm going back to a place where age is respected," he told us on the eve of his departure, "and where every man who has reached maturity isn't treated as if he were going around in a wheel chair."

Conway expressed himself facetiously, of course, but he is disgusted with his luck of late in movieland. His performances in talking pictures have, incidentally, been excellent.

Ladies Will Live.

Ladies will not be left out in club life, and actresses have just as much right to organize as actors.

For which reason we now announce the existence of a new social group that is called the Domino. This is a rival of the men's club, the Masquers, and glories in a very large membership and a lovely old Hollywood home where the meetings are held.

We saw the Dominos' first entertainment, and were much amused by the burlesque ballet, in which Patsy Ruth Miller and Inez Courtney were starring comédiennes. Patsy and Inez travestied an adagio dance. Inez would catch Patsy on the leaps and then promptly drop her on the floor. Finally

Patsy had her revenge at the climax, when she applied her foot gracefully but efficaciously in a kick that all but sent Inez sprawling.

Miss Courtney, with her unusual sense of humor, was probably the cleverest girl of the evening, though entered in the competition were Carmel Myers, singing "Ten Cents a Dance," Adele Rowland—Mrs. Conway Tearle—Irene Delroy, and others.

We learned for the first time, too, at this affair that Anita Page and Mary Brian are very great friends, having known each other since they were in New York together. Anita rushed over to Mary as soon as she arrived, and they sat beside each other throughout the entertainment.

Eisenstein Observes.

The advent of Sergei Eisenstein, the Russian director who made "Potemkin," was celebrated with a studio luncheon. He is considered the most important personage concerned in the making of pictures to arrive in a long time. He is to the Russian films what Ernst Lubitsch was to Germany.

Eisenstein has gained a reputation for clever speeches, which he gives in very good English. His attitude toward Hollywood is one of mild amusement, for he finds it a very fantastic place.

"The symbol of Hollywood is the miniature golf course," he told us. "People throng there and putt a little ball around the course, and all the time they do this they wear a most serious expression on their faces, as if it were something most important that they were doing."

We suspect that Eisenstein is just a trifle ironic about the film metropolis.

A Jinxy Wedding.

Unlucky to be a bridesmaid? Who ever thought of such a thing? But what is one to say to this?

When Sally Eilers was wedding Hoot Gibson she chose for her attendants "Bubbles" Steiffel, Reginald Denny's wife, and Jeanette Loff. Both girls were delighted with the prospect of taking part in Sally's wedding, but when the eventful day came it found both of them in the hospital, recovering from appendicitis operations.

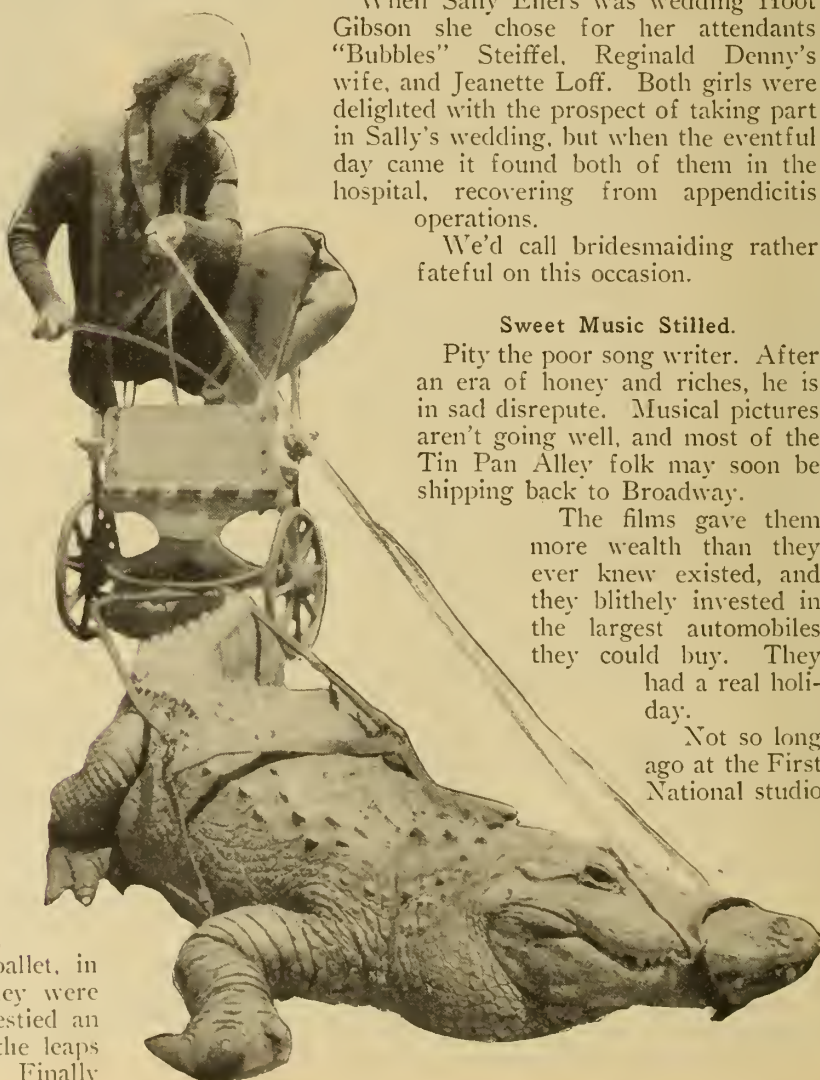
We'd call bridesmaiding rather fateful on this occasion.

Sweet Music Stilled.

Pity the poor song writer. After an era of honey and riches, he is in sad disrepute. Musical pictures aren't going well, and most of the Tin Pan Alley folk may soon be shipping back to Broadway.

The films gave them more wealth than they ever knew existed, and they blithely invested in the largest automobiles they could buy. They had a real holiday.

Not so long ago at the First National studio



Indefatigable Raquel Torres, ever ready to pose with a handkerchief or a load of brick, tries her luck with a giant saurian.

somebody observed a man trundling a wheelbarrow, in which three or four dummies, such as are thrown over cliffs in the place of stars, were being carried.

"Well, what's that?" a friend asked.

"Oh," replied the other, "just a few composers on their way home to New York."

Songbirds Warble On.

The singers don't seem to suffer as much as the writers just now. Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore are appearing together in "The New Moon," and at the Fox studio a new production is scheduled for José Mojica.

Those who have seen Mojica's first picture, "One Mad Kiss," say that it is exceptionally good.

There were troubles in the filming of this picture, and Mojica had an unhappy time of it at the studio. But he has apparently received the approval that cheers. He is a good-looking young man, and though he hasn't a large voice, it records most satisfactorily.

Bill Hart the Hero.

One thing that will be talked about for a long time was the ovation for Bill Hart, when he did some recitations recently on the stage of the Chinese Theater. Bill came out of his hermitage on a Saturday evening to entertain the crowd at Sid Grauman's behest, and the famous Hollywood showhouse shook with applause. Bill not only recited but reminisced. The audience was delighted, and cheered him when he said that some time soon he hoped to play in another picture. Roscoe Arbuckle shared in the big tribute, too, when he introduced Hart.

It seems that George Bancroft was in the audience, and after Hart had finished on the stage he joined the erstwhile idol, and the two had a talk together that lasted fully an hour. Bancroft and Hart entertain a strong admiration for each other's work.

Misunderstood Slang.

Filmland has a new expression for "Go Jump in the river." It's "Walk West till your hat floats." The inference being that whoever would do this would gradually be submerged in the Pacific Ocean.

"But what," queried one of Hollywood's prettiest dumb belles, "would happen if he didn't have a hat?"

Whereupon Jimmy Gleason, who happened to be listening in, choked on his coca cola.

Stork Flies Again.

And here's a bit of news that we simply must relay. The rumor is going around that Florence Vidor and her husband, Jascha Heifetz, are expecting the stork and very soon.

The Kindly Deed.

Is there loyalty among film players? The answer is, decidedly. And it is shown by the manner in which picture folk recently came to the front to assure proper burial for Earl Williams, a favorite of the old days.

Williams left a considerable fortune when he died, but his wife was badly advised and got into financial difficulties, which have already been described in newspaper accounts.

It looked for a time as if the remains of Williams would be

Renée Adorée's long illness ended, she will soon let her charming accent be heard again.

removed from a vault that was their temporary resting place, and disposed of by burial quite inadequate to his prominence.

Friends, however, got together and arranged for his interment in a permanent vault in one of the larger cemeteries, just as soon as they heard of the proposed disposal of the body.

Character Actor Passes.

Anders Randolph, noted Danish character actor, who was a familiar heavy of the old silent days and had played in talkies, too, recently passed away. He had been in pictures for many years, and doubtless not a few fans will recall his convincingly dour appearance in many clever portrayals.

Randolph was a painter as well as an actor—indeed a singularly gifted man.

Radio Idols Arrive.

And now we know Amos 'n' Andy—in person, not a pair of radio voices.

We met Freeman Gosden, party of the first part, and Charles Correll, party of the second part, at a reception given in their honor by the RKO studio at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. They had just arrived in town to make their first starring picture.

They are a couple of very pleasant chaps, who spent their time entertaining a throng of writers with information about—how they "check and double check," and approval was voiced everywhere of their amiability. Amos was the most enjoyed for his wit and his Southern drawl. Andy is apparently the business head of the partnership, and figures very largely in the writing of the skits which the pair give on the air.

Both are married and were accompanied by their wives to the Coast. Amos has two youngsters, a boy of three years, Freeman, Jr., and a daughter of three or four months, Virginia Marie.

Strangely enough, their wives have never been in the radio room when the two have broadcast. The entertainers like to feel that they are appealing to an invisible audience.

When Amos was asked whether Andy had any children, he smilingly replied, "No, though we're both in the Fresh Air Taxi Company together, I'm the only one that's in the baby business as yet."

A Millionaire Chief.

Amos 'n' Andy were not the only celebrated recent arrivals. With considerable éclat there came into town none other than Chief Bacon Rind. And in case you don't know who he is, let us remark with due trumpeting that he is a millionaire Osage Indian from Oklahoma. He made his money in oil royalties.

Chief Bacon Rind was accompanied by fifty other millionaire Indians, all of whom are lending atmosphere to "Cimmaron," starring Richard Dix.

Money wasn't the thing that appealed to this novel assemblage. They desired to portray their own people in the proper light.

Roll Call Colorful.

The movie roster is richer by three more startling names. At least, they are odd if not startling. View them, at any rate.

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Kid Sisters

The stars help the little girls along.



Terry Carroll, right, Nancy's sister, will surely add to the honors of the LaHiff family, starting with a short, "The Home Edition."



Lois Wilson, above, presents her younger sister, Connie Lewis, right, to movie fans. She has appeared in several films, including "No, No, Nanette."



Florence Lake, below, whose brother Arthur you know, is seen in "The Rogue Song" and "Romance."



Ann Roth, above, is introduced by Lillian, right, who played with her in "Madame Satan." The younger Roth could double for Lillian.



Lola Vendrell, above, sister of Armida, has a small bit in "King of Jazz."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Caught Short"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as rival boarding-house keepers. One makes a haul on Wall Street and goes haywire. A son of one loves the daughter of the other. Enough said. Excellent support from Anita Page, Charles Morton, T. Roy Barnes, Herbert Prior.

"Shadow of the Law"—Paramount. Capital melodrama, with William Powell a persecuted hero whose adventures cause him to be innocently convicted of murder, an escape, blackmail, and a gripping ending. Marion Shilling, Natalie Moorhead, Paul Hurst, excellent support.

"Social Lion, The"—Paramount. Jack Oakie's debut as star, in story of conceited youth given country-club membership as joke, and he goes haywire. Situations funny, players make most of humor. Mary Brian, Richard Gallagher, Olive Borden contribute generously.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summerville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"King of Jazz, The"—Universal. All Technicolor. Spectacular revue, with intimate touch, starring Paul Whiteman, with not quite enough of him. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy. Many more seen flittingly.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old hokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Paramount on Parade"—Paramount. Technicolor sequence. Best of revues, with intimate entertainment before spectacle, although latter is not neglected. Genial, glittering show includes many stars, with Maurice Chevalier, Evelyn Brent, Harry Green, Kay Francis, Nancy Carroll, Helen Kane probably heading list.

"Benson Murder Case, The"—Paramount. Best of the *Philo Vance* cinemas, absorbing, thrilling, with all intelligence detective stories will bear. William Powell at his best, excellently supported by Natalie Moorhead, Paul Lukas, Eugene Pallette, E. H. Calvert, Richard Tucker.

"Free and Easy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Low comedy at its best, with Buster Keaton escorting a beauty-contest winner, Anita Page, to Hollywood. Old idea with new treatment, with glimpses of many screen notables at the studios.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John

McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Sarah and Son"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton at her best as poor German girl who rises to the top as prima donna, in touching mother-love story. Difficult characterization perfectly done. Philippe de Lacy, Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Kenneth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Anna Christie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormack, Leslie Fenton.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Safety in Numbers"—Paramount. Buddy Rogers lives with three chorus girls and remains pure and innocent, even though the girls' conversations could not be printed. Even so he does right by little Nell and marries the coyest. Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn.

"So This Is London"—Fox. Amusing caricatures of the Englishman and American, as imagined by ignorant on opposite shores. Love affair brings families together, enmity of fathers separate them for a while. Will Rogers irresistible. Lumsden Hare leaves nothing undone. Maureen O'Sullivan sweetly real; Frank Albertson, Irene Rich.

"Beau Bandit"—RKO. Pleasant entertainment, with Rod La Rocque as gaudily clothed bad man, with a clever sense of justice. A villain hires the bandit to murder his rival in love. George Duryea, Doris Kenyon, Mitchell Lewis, Charles B. Middleton.

"Rough Romance"—Fox. Superb scenery is background of ordinary lumber-camp yarn. George O'Brien proves that he is excellent in talkies, as lumberjack in love with storekeeper's daughter. Some shady deals brew trouble. Heroine is Helen Chandler. Antonio Moreno, Noel Francis, Eddie Borden.

"Florodora Girl, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much-heralded film is disappointing, if you expect too much. Supposed to be life in gay '90s, but incorrect as to details. Marion Davies excellent as vapid show girl of past. Lawrence Gray all right as leading man.

"Lady of Scandal, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drawing-room drama with the old, reliable plot of show girl and gentleman of birth, and hostility of gentleman's family. English accent rampant. Ruth Chatterton wasting her talent, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Forbes, Nance O'Neil.

"Born Reckless"—Fox. Gunman glorified in underworld film, well directed and acted. Catherine Dale Owen as society queen, Edmund Lowe as hard-boiled hero, though miscast. Excellent rôles by Paul Page, Lee Tracy, Ben Bard, Warren Hymer.

"Ladies of Leisure"—Columbia. A party girl falls in love with an artist, who, like most screen artists, has a grand dame of a mother whose objections make the plot go round. Barbara Stanwyck good. Ralph Graves, Lowell Sherman, Marie Prevost, Nance O'Neil. Humor saves it.

"True to the Navy"—Paramount. Clara Bow leads the Pacific fleet on so she can sell them soda water, until *Gunner McCoy*—Fredric March—comes along. Lively times when the various boy friends happen to meet. Clara still the comely little flirt. Harry Green fine as her boss.

"Song of the Flame"—First National. Technicolor. Beautiful scenes in the

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Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Richard Barthelmess, and Neil Hamilton share stellar honors in "The Dawn Patrol," a magnificent flight in the air.

HAIL "The Dawn Patrol" as an exceptional picture! Overlook it and you will miss the best of all the aviation films. But you will do no such thing, for on all sides you will hear it praised and the mounting volume will be impossible to resist. It is true the picture challenges comparison with "Journey's End," because some of the characters are very similar. But it has the advantage of far greater movement, variety of scenes, and the presence of favorite players such as Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

For this too has a cast made up entirely of men and no love story is even implied, as there was in "Journey's End," and the finale is likewise tragic. Rather than a formulated story, you will find a cross-section of life among the Royal Flying Corps, with clash of character instead of a dovetailed plot, all tending to show the reaction of youth to the hideous actuality of war.

Through this pattern moves Mr. Barthelmess, as *Dick Courtney*, in his best performance in years. That it is not a starring rôle, judged by the usual standards of stars, is all the more to his credit. He visioned a picture of greater scope than his own part in it. Not any major star has ever done that or, so far as I know, even considered it. In fact Mr. Barthelmess gives Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Hamilton greater opportunities than himself.

Because of the manner in which young Fairbanks takes advantage of his, he has been elevated to stardom by First National. As much could happen to Mr. Hamilton without occasioning surprise, for he is

Screen The *Norbert Lusk*

superb as the youthful *Major Brand*, who resorts to whisky to deaden the anguish of sending his men to death. It is the most mature and mental character he has ever played and it establishes him among the leaders.

In Durance Vile.

Whether "The Big House" has the elements of great popularity, time alone will tell. But whether it has or hasn't, it is a magnificently savage picture of life behind prison walls. Devoid of prettiness or romanticizing, it may not please the larger public, although a love story has been pressed into service to supply this need. However, it is so subordinated to the grimly realistic record of men's lives in *durance vile* that it may count for nothing with women who, we are told, support the movies and who demand entertainment in which the woman is dominant in love. Be that as it may, "The Big House" is a delight to those of us who see almost every picture released. It stands out in a flame of honesty, of finely wrought drama, of humanness. It is rare.

Like many other current successes, this is without a plotted story. Instead, it is a study of character and concerns chiefly three prisoners. First there is *Butch*, the bully of the prison, convicted of murder; *Morgan*, his mental superior, a forger; and *Kent*, in for ten years because of running down a man in his automobile. Each of the men is different in type, in antecedents, in his reactions to imprisonment. This difference is emphasized with a score of details, delicate, sharp, subtle, brutal.

Wallace Beery is sly, cruel, the experienced criminal, but withal a likable fellow. His performance is beyond superlatives. It is great acting and surpasses any of his efforts in silence. Chester Morris is ideally cast as *Morgan*, the slick forger, though enough of a fighter to hold his own among the prisoners and sufficiently ingratiating to win the sister of one of the men, when he escapes and goes to the town where the girl lives. Equal in every respect to his fellows is Robert Montgomery, as the freshman among the convicts. Last seen as the flippant philanderer in "The Divorcée," his new rôle offers as great a contrast as could be imagined. The breaking down of his morale until he turns "yellow" is superbly delineated and further confirms the belief that, of all newcomers from the stage, Mr. Montgomery is the most versatile. Judging from the letters that come to PICTURE PLAY, I know there isn't a fan who will challenge me.

The picture comes to a climax with a revolt of the prisoners in which the dogs of war are unleashed to subdue them—army tractors, hand grenades, stench bombs, machine guns are employed in battle more thrilling than ever was fought in the trenches on the screen.

Pity the Millionaires.

"Holiday" is unusual at least. Whether it has elements of popular appeal remains for you to say. I found it interesting, without being wholly enjoyable. Interesting,

inReview

Now comes the dawn, bringing with it outstanding pictures of the new season, with hope of more.

because it is a well-known stage play brought to the screen, with interesting persons playing the leading rôles. Whether this interest will be shared by fans at large remains to be seen. Between ourselves, I think it is a critic's picture rather than a fan's holiday. Which is to say that it is finely acted and out of the ordinary so far as story goes, but not precisely sympathetic according to our standards. For example, are you prepared to shed a tear for a girl who mopes over having too much money? Can you believe her unhappiness when you realize that she is foot-loose and can do as she pleases, yet prefers to say how miserable she is, how hampered, how cursed? She talks a great deal about the burden of wealth, but so far as I could see, hasn't a care in the world. One doesn't even see her shouldering the burden of telling the chef how many guests there will be for dinner. Yet, to hear her talk, she bears the weight of the world on her fair shoulders. *Pourquoi?* A little trip to Hollywood, or the South Sea Islands, both equally fabulous, would have made her glad to get back to the old homestead on Park Avenue. However, one mustn't ask questions of even the nicest heroines, but must let them act to their hearts' content, exulting in sorrow, if they portray it prettily, or abandoning themselves to grief, if they do it gracefully. You've no idea how tolerant, how compassionate, the critic becomes at the end of the month!

Well, at any rate, here we have *Linda Seton*, complaining of her riches, when her sister, *Julia*, brings home a young man, *Johnny Case*, whom she has met without benefit of a chaperon and whom she proposes to marry. *Mr. Case* belongs to what some people call the lower orders, if you get what I mean. His intrinsic worth impresses the father of the sisters, who proposes that *Johnny* achieve social grace by entering his stock brokerage firm. But *Johnny* has other ideas. He doesn't want to be tied down. He prefers to frolic while he's young and work afterward. He wants his holiday. This is not the idea of Park Avenue, so there's a clash between him and *Julia*, who is entirely her father's daughter, and sympathy from *Linda*, who is a rebel in theory. After a lot of talk—oh, heaps—*Johnny* decides to break with *Julia*, who is willing to sacrifice her love to money, and *Linda*, in a flurry of inhibitions broken down at last, rushes from the house to join *Johnny* on his European holiday.

This is all right with me. Anything that makes for an interesting picture, say I. But it doesn't bear analysis any more than the veriest Hollywood hokum. It's earnest, it's clever, it's epigrammatic, but it's the frosting on the cake after all.

Ann Harding, as *Linda*, is striking as the society girl who drops tough wisecracks in a dulcet voice. Mary Astor, elegantly beautiful, becomes a real actress as *Julia*, and Robert Ames, as *Johnny Case*, is entirely natural. To me the outstanding portrayal is that contributed by Monroe Owsley, as the brother of the girls. I really sensed his dissatisfaction with life among the millionaires more acutely than from Miss Harding's musical whinings. There are also in the cast Edward



So powerful is the acting of Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, in "The Big House," that the spectator shares their prison sentence with them.

Everett Horton, whose rôle is frantically whimsical, Hedda Hopper, Hallem Cooley, and Creighton Hale. Yes, "Holiday" is a picture to see by all means, but you won't cry over the sorrows of the rich.

So Speaks Mr. Chaney.

Lon Chaney's first incursion into speech is rather a momentous affair because, next to Charlie Chaplin, he has held out longest against breaking the spell. But he doesn't break it at all in "The Unholy Three," though he speaks constantly. Mr. Chaney's voice is hard boiled and sympathetic, too. It isn't the case of the man with a thousand faces talking like a tailor's dummy come to life. Mr. Chaney sounds as Mr. Chaney should.

If you remember your movies as far back as 1925 you will recall "The Unholy Three" in silence—a stirring, *macabre* work, as thrilling a glimpse of the underworld as the screen has ever afforded. There was *Echo*, ventriloquist in a side show, *Hercules*, the strong man, and *The Midget*, all partners in crime, with *Rosie* as their accomplice. Led by *Echo* they escaped from the circus and, again with *Echo* as the ringleader, a private corporation is organized. You found *Echo* masquerading as an old woman, proprietor of a bird shop, using his ventriloquial talent to make parrots irresistible to purchasers, his object being to deliver birds to homes which he and his confederates would later rob. All went swimmingly until *Rosie*, whom he loved, became enamored of a young man employed by *Echo* to assist in the shop. You will perhaps remember the big robbery and how *Echo* jealously fastened suspicion on the young man, only to break down at the trial, save him from conviction, and sacrifice his love for *Rosie*—all true to Mr. Chaney's tradition of relinquishing the woman he loves to a more worthy man.

All this occurs in the audible version, but with a difference. In silence the grim horror of the proceedings



"Holiday."



"Lawful Larceny."



"Let Us Be Gay."



"The Unholy Three."

held the spectator spellbound. But with the addition of dialogue the story acquires a light touch. Moments that yielded terror in the silent version are made amusing, even funny, in the talking one. True, Mr. Chaney is magnificent, and Harry Earles, who played the midget in the silent as well as the audible revival, is amazingly perverse. Ivan Linow, who replaces Victor McLaglen, is likewise vividly eloquent, and the ape is properly menacing and vengeful. But for some reason the picture becomes lighter and less Poesque than the first presentation. It remains, however, one of the outstanding documents of the screen and melodrama in its purest and most inspired form. Lila Lee and Elliott Nugent are excellent as the young couple.

Better Than Ever.

Gary Cooper is not yet so familiar as a star that his pictures can be dismissed as a repetition of his personality. There is indeed no player among the newer group who gains more in sureness and subtlety, without giving evidence of conscious technique. So it is that one looks back upon Mr. Cooper in "The Shopworn Angel," when his voice was first heard, and compares him in "A Man From Wyoming," to realize how fully he has matured as an artist. His effortless acting, his complete naturalness, will always disguise his skill to the extent of causing him to be rated as an actor who plays himself rather than one who is adept at disguises. But to those he reaches most clearly, his voice conveys more of the character he is playing than the obvious efforts of his competitors to achieve what is called versatility.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the foregoing is by way of saying that Mr. Cooper, is at his best in "A Man From Wyoming," which offers him a part almost equal in appeal to *Kenneth* in "Seven Days' Leave," and exceeds even that extraordinarily congenial rôle in the skill he has since acquired.

It is a war picture and not a Western, nor is it the greatest picture of war ever produced. But it is eloquent, rather gripping, and is splendidly acted not only by Mr. Cooper, but June Collyer, for whom it is a triumph; Regis Toomey, E. H. Calvert, and other stand-bys. Acting and direction invest it with values that would be reduced to nothingness in hands less capable. Because, when all is said, here is merely the story of a captain of engineers who falls in love with a war nurse, marries her, is reported killed in action and reappears when his supposed widow is trying to forget her sorrow by turning the family villa into a house of revelry. The husband misunderstands, the wife resents his suspicions, they part and are finally reconciled. The first half is more credible than the sequences that begin in the villa. Then one feels that matters are needlessly drawn out. But even so the entertainment is above the average and leaves nothing to be desired, so far as Mr. Cooper's part in it is concerned.

For Ladies Especially.

Ring up another hit for Norma Shearer, in "Let Us Be Gay." It's popularity is sure-fire, especially with women, because it is a new version of that reliable stand-by—the dowdy wife who turns the tables on her husband and becomes a triumphant bird of paradise. This happens in life so rarely, and is desired so often, that its realization in fiction is a soothing delight to ladies who have lost out with men.

Here we have a plain wife, who divorces her husband when she catches him philandering, and after an interval turns up at a swell Long Island house party where he is a guest. From then on every minute brings a new victory for the erstwhile ugly duckling, now a laughing, worldly beauty whose presence devastates every male and humbles her ex-husband to the dust, until in queenly mercy she restores him to favor. It's quite obvious that the poor fellow's future will be that of a sovereign's consort, the ideal of the American wife.

No, the story of "Let Us Be Gay," which ran for more than a year on the stage in New York, is not a happy accident. It is motivated by a profound knowledge of psychology and is glossed over with clever characterizations, bright dialogue and pleasant uncertainty of the outcome. It could hardly fail even in hands less adroit than those of Miss Shearer and her associates, all of whom rise to the occasion of supporting a gifted star in her best picture.

Chief among these is Marie Dressler, as an eighty-year-old society woman, who invites the fascinating divorcee to her home to steal away the man with whom her granddaughter is infatuated. This is an unusual rôle for Miss Dressler, but it imposes no handicap on the veteran actress, because she all but runs away with the picture. Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett, Tyrrell Davis, and Sally Eilers enliven the house party with first-rate acting.

Salute Mr. Albertson!

Frank Albertson, who attracted attention on his appearance two years ago in "Prep and Pep," comes through with a performance in "Wild Company" that leaves no doubt of his importance. The opinion is shared by every one who sees him and it will be yours, too. For he has the ability to wisecrack with the best of them and become moving, poignant, and very real. In this unusual blend of moods is the additional virtue of likableness. His youthful exuberance is unchecked. His impudence is irrepressible, his self-confidence unshakable, yet withal one has no desire to throttle him. It is when he becomes serious, however, that Mr. Albertson's talent is impressive. Simple, artless, his sincerity is unquestioned, his naturalness disarming, his emotional depth amazing. Easily he is one of the elect among that small company of juveniles who can act to the point of commanding respect.

He has the advantage of appearing in an excellent picture, in which his part is not the only interesting one. Though it is a preachment against the father who gives his son liberty without responsibility and money instead of guidance, it is well calculated for dramatic values. Its "lesson" is obvious, but it remains interesting and even gripping. The son goes his own way until he falls into bad company, is arrested for complicity in a holdup and murder, and is sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

H. B. Warner plays the father sympathetically and Claire McDowell is the mother. Kenneth Thomson is believable as the racketeer villain. Sharon Lynn is effective as his accomplice, and Joyce Compton, Richard Keene, George Fawcett, and Mildred van Dorn are others who lend capable aid to a picture that you can't fail to enjoy.

A Wife's Stratagem.

You all know how fully Bebe Daniels realized herself as a singing actress in "Rio Rita." She does even more in "Lawful Larceny," for she proves herself to be a capital dramatic actress in a rôle worthy of the best talent. As the young wife who, finding her husband in the toils of an adventuress, enters her employ as a secretary and steals both her lover and her money, Miss Daniels gives a performance that is nothing short of brilliant. Scene after scene is beautifully played, beginning with the emotional one of her husband's confession and ending when the two women confront each other. Miss Daniels' sureness, her complete naturalness and her easy capture of sympathy all bespeak the skill of a veteran player who has at last come into her own.

The picture is interesting on several counts. Lowell Sherman makes his début as a director and plays a leading rôle in a melodrama that was one of his successes on the stage. It is an entertaining specimen of theatric values shrewdly calculated to maintain suspense and trickiness, with an appeal to women—especially married ones bent on getting even with the "other woman." Surely there never was one of the latter more completely worsted by a noble wife.

Olive Tell, as the adventuress who is victimized by Miss Daniels, is conspicuously clever and Mr. Sherman, both as director and actor, wrings the utmost from every scene. Excellent also are Kenneth Thomson, Purnell Pratt, and Helene Millard.

The Trapeze Again.

Circus days of fifty years ago are supposed to be what "Swing High" is about, but the incidents might just as well comprise a circus story of to-day, for it is like many other tales of the sawdust ring and has, in fact, no least novelty of plot or narration. One realizes dimly that Maryann, a trapeze performer, daughter of the proprietor, is in love with Gerry, a barker with a banjo, and that

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"A Man from Wyoming."



"On the Level."



"Swing High."



"She's My Weakness."



This is the historic sign that dimmed all Neil Hamilton's struggles and spelled triumph for him.

I Stop to Look Back

In this installment of a leading man's autobiography, the boy who once tended pigs sees his name in electric lights on the Great White Way.

By Neil Hamilton

PART V.

THE "White Rose" opened at the Lyric Theater in New York and, needless to say, it was one of the big moments of my life. Mother and father came down from New Haven to see me for the first time in a real part. It was the first time they had ever been able to look at a program secure in the knowledge that all in a flash, I would not have come and gone.

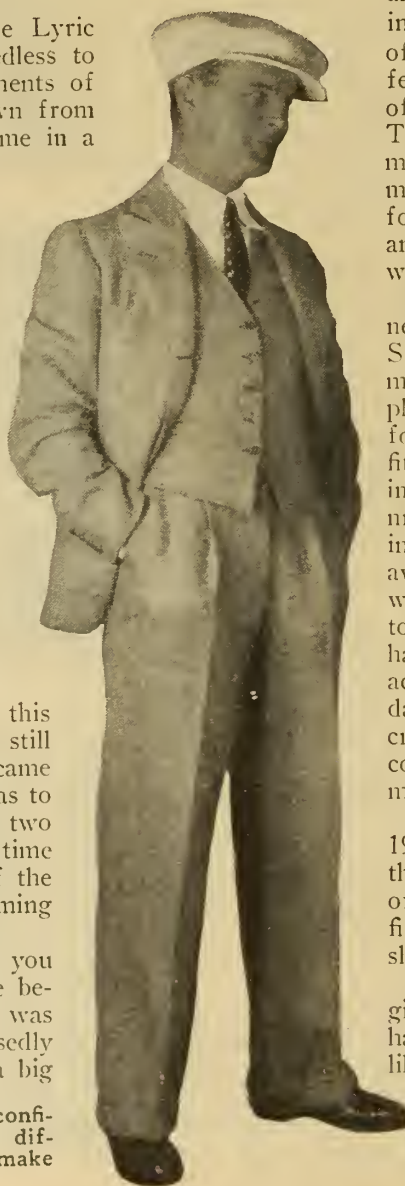
After the performance I introduced them to Mr. Griffith, who was very kind to them. There has never been the same thrill since at seeing myself on the screen, even though it was a relatively small part.

Then followed "The Fourth Commandment," directed by Christy Cabanne. Incidentally, Charles Emmett Mack was borrowed for the same picture. We had by this time become very good friends.

For six weeks we rehearsed "America," but I was not sure of playing the rôle. There were vague rumors floating about that Mr. Griffith was after this actor and that one to play the part, but still I was kept rehearsing. Finally there came the big thrill when I was told that I was to play *Nathan Holden*. Then followed two hectic weeks of costuming. During this time I met Robert W. Chambers, author of the story. He proved to be a very charming man and a patient critic.

During the early part of the picture, you may remember, there was a love scene between Miss Dempster and myself which was played at a second-story window, supposedly at the Boston Tavern. I rode in on a big plow horse, so big that I could hardly straddle him. I stopped beneath her window

Success, self-confidence—what a difference they make in Neil!



and stood on the saddle. During the taking of one of the scenes I acquired a fear of horses that has persisted to this day. I fell off backwards, but had the presence of mind to remain prone on my stomach. The horse shot out one of his hind legs, missing me only by inches. If I had raised my head, I should have received the full force of the blow on the back of my skull, and it is a safe bet that I should not be writing this now.

We took many of the scenes at Mamaronck, and also for weeks we camped up-State. We also went to Boston, Richmond, and Salem, and everything was completed, except the Valley Forge sequence, for which snow was necessary. Mr. Griffith wanted the picture to open on Washington's Birthday, and very little time remained for its completion. Each morning we assembled at the studio, eagerly awaiting the fall of the first snow. Days went by, and then we woke one morning to find that during the night a heavy snow had fallen. The studio was a beehive of activity. I traipsed around barefoot all day long, and much to the surprise of the crew who were heavily bundled in overcoats, mufflers, and overshoes, I didn't mind it in the least.

The picture opened on February 22, 1924. The reviewers were unanimous in their approval of the picture and the work of all the members of the cast; and for the first time I felt that I had made some slight impression.

After all the retakes were made, I was given permission to have my hair cut. It had been growing for months, and I looked like nothing more than a Scottish sheepdog. It had become so long that it was really embarrassing, and I hated to be seen in public.

By this time I had become the proud

possessor of a Ford sedan, my first car, and I doubt if any automobile I ever own will give me as much pleasure as it did. During the next two years, before going West, we roved over 30,000 miles, most pleasant ones indeed. Boy, that car could climb barn doors! I slept in it the first night. We used to wash it twice a day in order to keep it shiny.

Immediately following "America," I was lent to Paramount to do a picture with Richard Dix, "Man and Woman," in which for the first time I played a heavy. It was also the first time I was actively engaged in a studio where four companies were working at once, and I felt very insignificant. It was also the means of meeting a very splendid couple, William DeMille and Clara Beranger. As I write this he has just passed the window of my dressing room. He is once more on the Paramount lot in charge of dialogue effects.

When "Man and Woman" ended, it was my good fortune to meet a man who some three years later was to direct me in one of the finest scenes it will ever be my lot to play. I refer to Herbert Brenon, then about to start "The Side Show of Life," with Ernest Torrence and Anna Q. Nilsson, and who chose me for the brother. On completion of this he started "The Street of Forgotten Men," with Percy Marmont, in which Mary Brian and I played the romantic leads.

And then back to Mr. Griffith—and the thrill of thrills. He was about to start another picture, though what it was to be he did not know himself. So day after day we rehearsed three stories, and finally, on the stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theater, some six months after the opening of "America," before the assembled Griffith forces, Miss Dempster, Marcia Harris, Erville Alderson, a few extras and I put on the three stories for approval. One of the three was "Isn't Life Wonderful?" It was the shortest and the simplest.

One look at Mr. Griffith's face was enough to convince the onlookers that that was the one he wanted; while strange to say, it was thought the least of by the assembled staff. The thrill of thrills I mentioned came when we learned that the locale was Germany, and that we were to go there for the exteriors. Up to this time I had never been on an ocean liner, and the prospect of crossing the Atlantic took toll of my sleep for nights.

On the Fourth of July we sailed on the *George Washington*, and it goes without saying that this event ranks away up front in the thrills of my life.

When we pulled into the harbor of Plymouth and could see the shores of England I almost wept with delight. Later we arrived at Bremen, Germany, and the next

Neil touched the heights in "Beau Geste."



It was in the course of "Desert Gold" that William Powell drawled something to Neil Hamilton that electrified him.



morning we landed. We stayed six weeks, during which time we worked continuously in many spots within a radius of one hundred miles of Berlin. Many times we left before daybreak, and had the most gorgeous breakfasts at some wayside inn where they dispensed the world's most glorious beer. Of course, we saw everything of interest in Berlin and environs. One of our big thrills was going through the ex-kaiser's palace.

During our first few days in Berlin we spent hours at the costumers, in order to get the correct clothes. Dressed in mine, I instructed the chauffeur to stop a few blocks from my hotel in order that I might walk there to see if the uniform was one that would not attract attention. The old boots had seen service in the trenches; a rough pair of trousers and a jacket were woven out of paper, relics of the war; and a cap which was produced after a long session at the German haberdashers to get not only the correct kind of headgear, but also a cheap one, completed this wardrobe.

The assistant director had evidently informed Mr. Griffith of my intention, for as I passed the hotel I heard a coin fall on the sidewalk. It was one mark. I looked up and saw Mr. Griffith, Miss Dempster, and other members of the company leaning out of the windows. I doffed my hat in thanks. This action was noticed by only a few of the passers-by, and I continued my stroll up the famous thoroughfare, until I reached the Brandenburg Tor, the famous archway over the Linden, with the great bronze horses on top, which has figured so dramatically in German history.

I turned around there to walk back to the hotel and to my surprise found that Mr. Griffith had been

following me. We exchanged no words. He followed me back to the hotel.

The day for our departure for home finally arrived. As Mr. Griffith had not been to England in quite some time and was desirous of paying a visit to London, it was the privilege of the company to go along with him, so that we had a week in London before actually starting for home. While there I had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of Ivor Novello, with whom I had worked in "The White Rose," a most charming man with an inexhaustible supply of humor.

We arrived in New York after an uneventful voyage on the *Sythia*, and started the interiors, as during our stay abroad we had made only exteriors. The picture was finally finished, previewed at the Town Hall in New York, later released at the Rialto, and was acclaimed by all the critics as one of the master's major achievements. I mention this, not because of my reflected glory, but because I sincerely consider it one of the very few great motion pictures.

I have neglected to mention until now Richard Barthelmess. He sat next to me at the preview of "Isn't Life Wonderful?" This was the second time I had ever conversed with him, the first being the opening night of "America," when I found myself shaking hands with him. I thought he was most kind and sincere in his congratulations—to me a wonderful courtesy, for all during the making of "America" I had felt he should have played *Nathan Holden*. He was just as generous at the preview of "Isn't Life Wonderful?" and I am indeed proud to number him among my best friends. What is more, if I may have a favorite actor, he is mine to this day.

Shortly afterward I was again borrowed by Paramount and again by Mr. Brenon for "The Little French Girl," with Mary Brian, Alice Joyce, and Esther Ralston. Again a lovely location—lovely for the rest of the company only after they arrived, for every one on the boat except me was dreadfully sick on our way to Bermuda, our location. We were there three weeks, and the beauty and quiet of the place will live long in my memory. It was the favorite retreat of Mark Twain, I have since learned.

On our return to New York we found that Mr. Griffith had decided to give up being an independent producer, as I imagine he was tired of the many details necessary to the successful management of an organization, and had resolved to devote his entire time to direction alone. Fate continued to be kind to me, for when Mr. Griffith joined Paramount, I also went with that organization, the realization of my youthful dream.

Upon completion of "The Little French Girl," I was sent West for the first starring vehicle of Betty Bronson, "The Golden Princess," directed by Clarence Badger.

With Mrs. Hamilton and one of our friends, Norvin Gable, I started for California. The Ford sedan by this time had outlived its usefulness, and it had been traded in for a more sumptuous car which bore us nobly and

comfortably across the continent. On the way I made personal appearances in many of the principal cities, and needless to say, had a glorious time. We arrived in California in June, 1925.

For two weeks after our arrival it poured rain, which it was not supposed to do at that time. Our reaction was that if this is California, they ought to take it out in the backyard and set fire to it. But we changed our opinion.

The barrenness of the California hills, coupled with the aloofness of the picture colony, made us homesick for New York.

Finally I was cast in "Desert Gold," directed by George Seitz, with Bob Frazer, Shirley Mason, and Bill Powell. Much to my horror, I was again forced to ride a horse through many sequences.

While we were on location in the desert, into my tent one night came Bill Powell. I have thought of this visit many times afterward. It was a turning point. He said, helping himself to my cigarettes, "Hello, Neil." To which I replied, "Hello, Bill." We talked on of one thing and another, and then he asked, "Heard from Herbert Brenon?" "No," was my answer. "Well, you will," was his reply.

Why? It developed that Bill had recently been in the East, and had run into Mr. Brenon at the Lambs Club. Mr. Brenon was preparing the script of "Beau Geste," and had decided that Bill was the only one to play *Boldini*, which he afterward did so well, and that I was to have the rôle of *Digby*. I hadn't read "Beau Geste," so I asked Bill, "Have you read the book?" "Yes. Pretty good. A mystery yarn." He then started to tell me the story. He got as far as where *Digby* goes over the wall, but he wouldn't tell who stole the famous diamond, or who burned the fort, or even how the dead soldiers were propped against the wall. I didn't sleep a wink that night, for he had made me mad by refusing to tell these details.

Little did I think then how great the picture was to be, and how fortunate I would be to be in it.

Well, production of "Beau Geste" was about to begin. By this time nearly a year had gone by, and the appearance of the Hollywood hills was no longer an eyesore but a thing of real beauty, particularly at evening when the sun sets so gloriously behind them, making a gorgeous jagged line from Hollywood to the ocean, shading from deep purple to palest lavender. I had made many friends, had succeeded in battering down the wall of aloofness, and by now had been won over, still, however, slightly desirous of returning to New York.

Finally "Beau Geste" was started, and I never shall forget walking out on the set to see, standing there before me in the flesh, Ronald Colman! I was so impressed by Ronnie—Mr. Colman at the time—that never had I been so stupid in playing scenes. As a matter of fact, I nearly lost the part. He developed into a friendly cuss, along with Ralph Forbes.

Continued on page 108



Neil Hamilton made his first impression on the fans in D. W. Griffith's "America."

Synchronization

That is what these sisters strive for and achieve in singing and dancing, and that's why musical films are their pie.

The Dodge Sisters, right, are favorites of the European music halls brought back to their native land to appear in the revue "The March of Time."

Bo Sing and Bo Ching, below—no, we don't know which is which—are the only Chinese sister team in movies.



Charlotte and Arlene Aber, right, are twins, so there's a reason for their sister act. The Sisters G, below, who have a corner on the feather fans in Hollywood, promise to redeem themselves in "Toast of the Legion."



Minnehaha Diminuendo

The only Indian flapper in the movies is one of the tiniest of actresses—Dorothy Janis—but she makes up for her lack of inches in pep and determination.

By Madeline Glass

FOUR of the five great races of the earth are plentifully represented in American films. The fifth race, contrarily enough, comprises the original Americans, yet it is very poorly represented in an industry that attracts people of every race and clime. Caucasians lead in numbers; the Ethiopians are fairly numerous, as witness Stepin Fetchit and Farina; and there are a few Mongolians and Malays. Yet of pure Indian blood there is none.

A number of famous stars including Will Rogers, Tom Mix, and Monte Blue boast a small strain of Indian blood, yet their heritage is not sufficiently strong to influence their appearance or characteristics.

Dorothy Janis is at present the chief Indian representative on the screen, although she is only a quarter blood. However, that one quarter is Cherokee, one of the most important of all the tribes, so it is a matter of moment.

On finding that Dorothy was being assigned increasingly important rôles, I decided to hunt her up and get her Indian reactions to fame and fortune. After meeting explosive foreigners from every quarter of the globe it would be, I thought, very restful to meet a quiet, domesticated little Cherokee.

The little Cherokee turned out to be domesticated, as per expectations, but I don't recommend her as a nerve tonic. I do, however, recommend her as a joyous, enthusiastic little pal for any one who can keep up with her. For all her Indian pigmentation, Dorothy has the soul of a white girl, a sprightly, laughing, bubbling white girl. Her favorite recreations are dancing and driving and partying. Pocahontas rescued John Smith from danger, and diminutive Dorothy rescues men from boredom.

After waiting half an hour for her, I got up to go home. Then out from behind a pillar popped Dorothy looking as cute as a spotted pup and not much larger. This 1930 version of Minnehaha is just four feet, eleven inches in her French heels, and weighs ninety-four pounds in clothes and make-up. When I walk along the street with her I feel as if I should have her on a leash to keep from losing her.

"Several times," she told me, "I have lost leading rôles in pictures because of my size. When I stand beside a tall star I come only to his waist. I wish I were like Greta Garbo, so tall and willowy. Then I could wear clothes."

That, of course, is a rhetorical remark and shouldn't be taken literally.

Besides clothes Dorothy also likes to wear jewelry. Heavy, barbaric pieces. Earrings that fall to her tiny shoulders, and bracelets like napkin rings. This ten-

dency is, so far as I have been able to detect, her only Indian characteristic.

"I got into pictures by a fluke," she tells you readily, the Texas intonation of her speech increasing with her enthusiastic recital. "I went with my cousin to the Fox studio to have her costumes fitted. A woman in the fitting room said they were looking for a girl to play the lead in 'Fleet Wing.' One hundred and fifty girls had been considered for the part. This woman asked if I could do a Natch dance. I didn't know exactly what she meant, but I said I had studied dancing a great deal. So I was taken to the casting director and got the part.

"I'm telling you, when I heard I was chosen to play a lead I was nearly thrilled to pieces. But as you probably know, the picture turned out to be a horse opera in disguise. We went out on the burning, passionate desert

sands to make it and I nearly froze to death. I wore enough metal jewelry to anchor a yacht, and the metal being cold all the time helped to keep me cold.

"After that I made a picture with Fred Thompson. He was an awfully nice man.

"Lummox" was the first talking picture I made. In that the very first scene we did was the one where I, as the maid, am drying the dishes. I'm telling you, I was so scared that when I put the dishes on the table they rattled as if I had the palsy. The scene had to be remade because of it.

"You know, I don't like make-up men. They all have a crazy habit of wanting to experiment with my face. On one of the first pictures I made the make-up man was drunk all the time, and he used to fix up my face like a sunset. He put the men's mustaches on upside down, too. Now, I make the experts stay away and fix my own face. I can do it better than they can.

"When we went to the South Seas to make 'The Pagan,' I put olive oil on my face every day and sat in the sun on the upper deck. When we arrived I had such a tan that I didn't have to wear dark make-up."

Who says the little Cherokee isn't serious about her art?

I commented on the diamond which she wears on the "engagement" finger.

"My father gave it to me when I was a child," she explained, "because I didn't cry when the doctor took the nail off that finger. My father is dead and I still wear it in memory of him."

Taking a powder puff from her bag, she dabbed at her nose and poked at the dusky

Dorothy is only four feet eleven in French heels, and weighs ninety-four pounds in clothes and make-up.

loops of hair which curved gracefully from under her felt hat. Her eyelashes, Continued on page 106





Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Though Dorothy Janis is part Cherokee Indian, she is very much a Hollywood flapper, her high spirits and characteristic chatter being neatly captured by Madeline Glass in the story opposite, which further describes some of Dorothy's adventures after dark.



Jack Oakie, left, as *Littleton Looney*, the Syracuse golf caddy, in a serious moment realizes what a wonderful girl is Ginger Rogers, as *Eileen Saunders*.

Mr. Oakie and Miss Rogers, below, illustrate a sentimental moment of the kind that is expected to occur in any film of Mr. Oakie's.

Mr. Oakie, lower left, boards the steamer for a European trip and finds himself pursued as a celebrity, not knowing that the reason for the fuss made over him comes from a batch of telegrams sent by his friends and signed with famous names.

Mr. Easy Mark

Jack Oakie lives up to the title of his starring picture, "The Sap From Syracuse," with songs, wisecracks, and the right girl in his arms at the end.



Lila Lee, right, as *Ellen*, the Italian princess disguised as a seamstress, learns to know Ben Lyon, as *Phil*, her old sweetheart, as she never did before.



Lucien Littlefield, below, as *Uncle Joe Boyd*, and Louise Fazenda, as *Aunt Kate*, into whose home comes *Ellen* and creates a scandal, because of *Uncle Joe's* attentions to her.

Miss Lee, lower right, satisfies the longing of the townspeople by appearing in a costume such as they think a princess should wear.

In Royal Regalia

"Queen of Main Street" amusingly pictures the farcical complications when the American widow of a foreign nobleman returns to her home town.





Clive Brook, above, as *Neil Dunlap*, a lawyer, introduces Huntly Gordon, as *Grant Crosby*, his friend, to Ruth Chatterton, as *Pansy*.

Up from

Ruth Chatterton makes the ascent in the rôle of a girl with no reputation man only to find herself worse off solution of her problem promises to finest



Paul Lukas, above, as *Gustav Saxon*, a guest and client of *Pansy's* husband, takes advantage of her unsavory reputation to thrust his attentions upon her.



Miss Chatterton, left, and Mr. Brook realize the folly of their marriage, but see no way out of it because he will not stoop to the dishonor of casting her off, and she loves him too much to offer a divorce.

the Depths

"Anybody's Woman," for she plays at all, who marries a distinguished man than if she were no wife. Her yield one of the brilliant favorite's performances.



Miss Chatterton, above, as the chorus girl who marries in haste, is startled to learn that Mr. Brook has no recollection of the ceremony the morning after.



Ruth Chatterton, above, though only a chorus girl in a cheap show, causes Clive Brook to buckle down to work after their marriage.

Miss Chatterton, right, finds that Mr. Brook, as her husband, is neglecting his business for drink and succeeds in obtaining his promise to reform and justify his position as a leading lawyer.



Margaret Breen, right, Buddy's new leading lady from the stage, is properly impressed with the hero's boyish shyness.



Buddy at Annapolis

In that locale does the popular Mr. Rogers begin his musical adventures in "Heads Up," filmed from a big Broadway success.



Mr. Rogers, above, as *Jack Mason*, discovers that the yacht on which he is a guest carries contraband liquor, so he is all for law and order.

Mr. Rogers, right, faces the problem of maintaining his rights as the star when such comics as Helen Kane and Victor Moore are aboard.





Sin

Its consequences are shown in "The Eyes of the World."

Harold B. Wright's most famous story naturally finds its way to the talking screen, where it is expected to repeat the success of the silent version.

The well-known characters are played by Nance O'Neil, as *Myra*, at top of page, with Una Merkel, as *Sybil*.

Fern Andra, left, as *Gertrude Taine*, is seen with John Holland, as *Aaron King*.

Miss Merkel, right, with Hugh Huntley, as *James Rutledge*.





Kara, the Firefly

She is Myrna Loy, whose spell is cast upon *The Imp*, in "When We Were Twenty-one," and it takes the combined efforts of his three guardians to break the evil enchantment.

Loretta Young, as *Phyllis*, at top of page, with David Manners, as *The Imp*, play at cross-purposes. Though they are engaged, he has become infatuated with *Kara* and *Phyllis* loves *Richard Carewe*, one of his guardians. They emerge from this tangle only when *Richard Carewe* sacrifices his reputation to save the young man from the loss of *Phyllis'* respect, and succeeds so well that he is free to claim the young girl as his own.

Myrna Loy, left, as *Kara*, with Yola d'Avril, as her maid, hears a knock on her door that means trouble.

The Boulevard Directory

The Hollywood Book Store, second in a series of glimpses of places where stars shop and reveal their personal tastes.

By Margaret Reid

IN the old days, the palmy days of art for art's sake and such, there was nothing a star liked better than to curl up in front of the camera with a good book. No cinema castle was complete without a tidy shelf of the dear classics in swell bindings. The library was second only to the Russian wolfhound in popularity. For press purposes the two were essential to success.

In these modern times, you don't see any more pictures of stars with their Schopenhauer. You may think, consequently, that they have given up reading. But that's because you haven't cast an eye over the accounts at the Hollywood Book Store. Far from giving up literature, the film colony has *taken* it up. Dinner parties are now sustained as much by literary discussion as by studio gossip.

The Hollywood Book Store has been flourishing for over eight years. On the Boulevard at Highland Avenue, directly opposite the famous old Hotel Hollywood, a shallow cloister separates its door from the sidewalk. No architectural fancies distinguish it—it is just a shop. But it knows more about the inner star than any other shop in town. Taste in literature is a pretty infallible indication of character, and Hollywood has few secrets that are not known to the analytical walls of this store.

Even his best friends would probably be startled to know that a certain juvenile of considerable box-office appeal entered one day and asked nervously for a copy of "What Every Young Man Should Know." Then there is the character actress who wears smart clothes and a sophisticated demeanor in drawing-room drama, and who buys every James Oliver Curwood opus as soon as it appears. And dear indeed to the hearts of the Hollywood Book Store is the famous ingénue who fluttered in to ask for Havelock Ellis' latest murder mystery.

But those are exceptions to the general rule of local intelligence. This store caters principally to a moving-picture clientele, yet their stock is as varied as the best in New York, and their standard of selection and sale just about the finest in Los Angeles.

Jean Hersholt is an omniverous collector, with a connoisseur's discrimination. He is not attracted to the moderns. Dickens is his favorite and any old edition the store finds is immediately added to the Hersholt library.

John Barrymore has a leaning toward morbidity and eroticism, but abominates anything unless it is masterful of construction and in good taste. Every few days he comes in. Hat pulled down over his eyes, he asks for his book, spells his name out to the clerk through the corner of his mouth and makes a break for the door. Barrymore never browses.

Frankly aware of the limitations of her literary



Photo by Brown

Dorothy Sebastian's taste in books centers on plays, which she reads as soon as they are published.

knowledge, Joan Crawford seldom shops independently. Usually she asks the clerk's advice. She wants to know what is good and why it is considered so. And then buys it. She recently disclosed a little-known passion of her husband. Douglas, Jr., is doing some illustrating, perhaps for his own writing, and Joan bought the finest examples of Harry Clarke's and Alastair's drawings for him. They are two of Doug's favorites and Joan surrounds him with an atmosphere in keeping with his own venture.

Louis Wolheim is the delight of the shop. What he doesn't know about literature just isn't to be known. A brilliant wit, his frequent visits are keenly enjoyed by the clerks, even aside from the prodigious purchases he makes.

Lois Moran is not to be taken in by the "faërie intellectuals." She likes vitality and a sure power between the covers of the books she buys. And the covers themselves mean nothing to her. Special editions, signed copies,

Continued on page 116

Sauce for

Press-agent stories used to be served until the choice concoctions began to publicity kitchens are grinding out

By Elsi

temple in some far-off jungle. A still more fantastic version was that she herself knew nothing of her parentage or antecedents. She just miraculously "happened," a little accident wandering amnesially through strange bypaths, until the movies fortuitously discovered and adopted her, and sent her soaring to fame on vampire wings.

This sort of thing worked to perfection for quite a long time. The Bara name was one of the first to gain wide notice outside the then meager and amateurish fan publications. It flashed through the daily press like a flame. The siren Theda's comings and goings were deemed worthy of considerable newspaper space, and the

Photo by Fryer

producers who had her under contract grinned fat, satisfied grins.

Reporters trailed her. Ushered into "the presence," they found themselves in an atmosphere so dense with mystery that it well-nigh choked them. Dim lights, dark, somber draperies, heavy incense transformed even the most garish hotel suite into an abracadabra shrine. Enthroned therein, surrounded by hushed, worshipful attendants, the veiled sorceress of screendom received favored representatives of the fourth estate. Weird and cabalistic jewels adorned her frail fingers; guarded, cryptic utterances fell from her scarlet lips.

But in spite of the carefully planned effect, some of the reporters seemed to find it rather more amusing than im-

The chill perfection of Corinne Griffith's work is the strawberry mousse of the film menu.



Photo by Chidnoff

Lupe Velez, the Mexican *tamale*, is served up with chili sauce on all occasions.

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and publicity is stranger than either of them. It is the sauce with which stellar personalities are garnished to intrigue the world's fickle palate. Served hot or cold, spiced or bland, according to the nature of the foundation dish, it must, in some cases, enhance a rare, original flavor, and in others act as a disguise. But always it must be expertly concocted and meticulously timed, or the result is apt to be soggy failure.

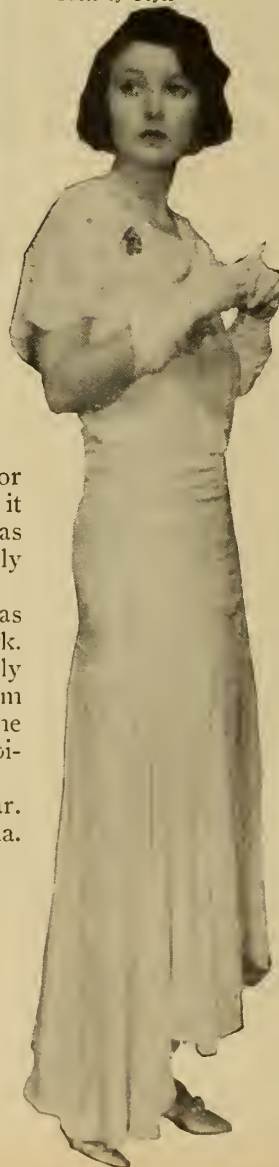
The modern tendency among publicity chefs is to preserve, so far as possible, the true character of the raw materials with which they work. Hamburger by any other name is still hamburger, and the day is happily past when it came out of the publicity kitchen smothered in mushroom sauce, or some other arty gravy. Such a procedure only spoiled the humble comestible for its rightful consumers, and never deceived epicurean fans.

No longer is an altogether fictitious background built up around a star. It has been found that the public reacts unfavorably to false propaganda. In other words, deception doesn't pay, unless it can be carried on indefinitely. The saying that murder will out didn't originate with S. S. Van Dine.

Take the case of Theda Bara, to go back to the dark ages when the public was not only more gullible than at present, but innocently pleased to have its collective leg pulled.

Theda originated the veils-of-Isis school of press-agenting. She was the first great mystery of the movies. One tale credited her with having the blood of the Pharaohs in her veins. She was an Egyptian princess, born in the shadow of the Sphinx, and smuggled out of a harem by an enamored Englishman.

Another story proclaimed her a dancing girl escaped from a heathen



the Public

piping hot, smothered with hot air, turn soggy. Now the boys in the plainer and saner fare for hungry fans.

Que

pressive. With the marked irreverence for pomp and circumstance which characterizes their breed, the ladies and gentlemen of the press went away and wrote funny stories about Theda. They snooped around and found that she wasn't a princess after all, nor even a mysterious foundling, but just one of the progeny born to poor but respectable parents in Ohio. Ohio, of all places!

So collapsed the Bara myth, and with it the traditional screen vampire. Maybe the public was already a bit wearied with the elaborate trappings of synthetic sin; perhaps its taste for voluptuous menaces was



Photo by Ball

Greta Garbo had many of the ingredients for a sizzling mystery, but the public's appetite had become a bit jaded.

satiated. Anyway, Theda's goose was cooked, professionally. She became almost overnight the symbol of a rather ridiculous phase of the movies—a phase they have been trying to live down ever since. They made her the goat of that side-show ballyhoo era, a living sacrifice to the grinning god of ridicule.

Once or twice she attempted to come back, to prove her worth as an actress. But the effort was fruitless. She married a famous director, became the chatelaine of one of Hollywood's most charming homes, and was seemingly content with retirement. Then came talking pictures. With her indisputable talent, excellent voice, and fine presence, she may yet have a chance to blot out her vampirical past. Many more seemingly improbable come-backs have been recorded, and Theda still has hosts of loyal fans who would be glad to have her return.

At the present time, Jetta Goudal is the only example of the Bara school still holding her own in Hollywood, the reason probably being that Jetta really is a mystery—with modern improvements. She is "the cat that walks alone." Unlike her predecessor, she has from the first managed her own campaign.

It takes genius of a sort to create and maintain such an

The masterpiece of all tantalizing mysteries was spun around a little gel from Ohio—Theda Bara.



The sole survivor of the great enigmas, Jetta Goudal warms her story over frequently and serves it with a tricky sartorial garnish.

that such a baffling personality would naturally be temperamental in the accepted Hollywood sense, so stories were given out describing her tantrums on the set, her unwillingness to work, unless conditions were exactly to her liking, her quarrels with scenario writers and costumers. All were myths, according to Jetta.

During the now-famous suit which grew out of a broken contract—broken by Cecil DeMille, because, he asserted, she was impossible to handle—Miss Goudal's testimony threw a lurid light on the publicity racket. She admitted that she frequently disagreed with the director, but always politely. No evidence was produced to show that she had ever indulged in those volatile symptoms fabricated for public consumption by the publicity department.

"They told that lie so many times that they finally came to believe it themselves," is the way she dismisses the subject.

But not so lightly can the after-effects be dismissed. She won the suit and was awarded back pay amounting to about \$30,000. A doubtful victory, as it has turned out. For a long time producers did not avail themselves of her free-lance services. It was whispered that she was being deliberately frozen out of pictures because of her display of lese majesty toward DeMille. Finally she made a talking short, "China Lady," for Warner, and more recently she played in the French version of "The Unholy Night" for Metro-Goldwyn. But her future is still in doubt.

Greta Garbo came perilously near being launched as a mystery during her first year in this country. She has so many qualities utterly at variance with what Hollywood has come to regard as typical of a star, that she bewildered those whose duty it was to publicize her. Was she really a recluse, as cold and unapproachable as an iceberg? If so, was it safe to let the public know, or was she merely a dumb Swede? This was the question that baffled Metro-Goldwyn in its first efforts to stereotype the Nordic enigma.

Greta seems to have settled it for them by being completely herself on all occasions. When she feels in the mood, she goes out with the "hands" from her set and eats Irish stew at a counter. When she craves to be alone—and who of us does not, at times?—she hies herself to the beach and spends long, solitary hours gazing at the ocean. She abhors ostentation and display, but she is quite normally feminine in her enjoyment of beautiful clothes when the occasion, on the set or off, calls for them. To her must go credit for having accomplished a feat rare in the annals of stardom—in being accepted as a "regular" person, without becoming in the least standardized.

Corinne Griffith's garnishment has always been whipped cream. And how perfectly it suits her! One would as soon expect a gross display of histrionics from Corinne as from a strawberry *mousse*. The chill perfection of her art is the dessert of picture fare. She is at her best in some such magnificent confection as "The Divine Lady," and even such a rôle as the street girl in "Outcast" she invests with a quality that quite relieves it of sordid realism. The imagination of press agent and interviewer is put to no strain in creating the desired background for her. She is the personification of luxurious elegance.

Continued on page 117

aura of exoticism as constantly surrounds *la Goudal*. Her remarkable deviations from current fashions keep the film town gasping, as when recently she appeared at a social function wearing a bracelet of fresh gardenias, which extended from the wrist to above the elbow of her left arm. When very short skirts were in vogue, she wore hers trailing on the ground. When sleek, smooth, small heads were the mode, she built up her long, black hair into truly stupendous edifices. Her home reflects this same indomitable determination to be different at any cost, and she never permits an effect to become stale.

She says little and looks much. Stories are rife concerning her origin, but she neither affirms nor denies them. There was the one, for instance, that she is a daughter of the famous Dutch-Japanese spy, Matahari, who died with sealed lips before a French firing squad, during the World War. In many of her poses, Jetta strongly suggests a Javanese dancing girl, and, according to certain disgruntled directors, her stubborn self-will is typically Dutch. But, however this may be, the woman is sufficiently unusual in everything she does to pique curiosity and encourage speculation.

Her publicity was carefully tailored. It was assumed

Please, Mister!

Stop being mean to these girls.



Lenore Ulric and Charles Bickford, above, had their troubles in "South Sea Rose," and their better moments, too.



Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, above, in "Lucky Star," could not possibly be fighting—the idea!



Mae Clarke, center, is causing Robert Ames to break that resolution in "Nix on Dames" through her wheedling looks.



The late Fuller Mellish, Jr., left, and Helen Morgan had one continuous fight in "Applause," with only an occasional half truce.



Margaret Livingston, right, begs Richard Dix, in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," to help her, but he has that novel to write, and work first, always.



Pola Negri subtly changed her appearance by the white wig she wore in "Three Sinners."

OUR screen favorites have brought to us in celluloid the great sirens of history—Lucrezia Borgia, Camille, Helen of Troy, Lady Hamilton, Circe, and Madame Pompadour. These and other fascinating figures of the past, who tinted history and legend with their charm and intrigue, have found brilliant prototypes on the screen in which to display their individual caprices.

I mention these ladies because they, perhaps more than any others, demand perfect characterization to bring out their eccentricities, and a diligent regard for settings, costumes, mannerisms, and gestures—an entire departure from self and from the present.

Every actress who lives up to the name is given, from time to time, rôles which demand the utmost in talent, which stand out from her other work, and which linger in memory as associated with her name. Into these rôles the actress must mold herself or, as it more often happens, blend her own personality with predominant traits of the character she is representing.

Just how does an actress catch the mood of her part? By studying the character, by adapting herself to the atmosphere of the story, by gestures, by dress, and by make-up. Of course, in the end, the character is the personal interpretation of the actress, or director.

Say It With

The stars live up to this slogan by proving that they wear as how they act. This article recalls

By Willard

If Jetta Goudal were enacting the part, it would be her very own portrayal, you may be sure. Interpretations vary in authenticity, it is true, but usually where this quality is lacking, a charming pictorial quality more than makes up the loss.

It is interesting to note how some of the players groom themselves for their usual rôles which, through the very effectiveness they reach, will be remembered for months and perhaps years to come.

Clothes! What a great deal they had to do with Gloria Swanson's rôle in "Sadie Thompson"! Her one costume, in tragically poor taste, was perhaps more striking than any of the elaborate creations Gloria has worn. How Florence Vidor dressed for her part in "The Magnificent Flirt," a rôle gayly modern, with ensembles smartly modernistic! How different, but just as effective, were Renée Adorée's charming peasant clothes in "The Cossacks," and Marion Davies' quaint Dutch costumes in "The Red Mill."

How well we remember the gowns Greta Garbo wore in "Love," and Dolores del Rio, in "Ramona." When we think of Mae Murray, in "The Merry Widow," it is always as *Sonia*, in the clinging gown, dancing the "Merry Widow Waltz." That one costume suggests the very essence of Viennese life which the picture presented. That costume and Roy d'Arcy's *Crown Prince*, which we shall never forget! It is his dental masterpiece!

Perhaps Pola Negri never looked more beautiful than she did in "Three Sinners." In the scenes in which she portrayed a woman of the world, she wore a white wig which, aside from being chic and complementary, framed her face with a smart sophistication which was not ordinarily hers. Her deep, brooding eyes, which are naturally large and somewhat prominent, were softened into a lovely, heavy-lidded enchantment.

When Estelle Taylor essayed the rôle of *Madame de Sylva*, the voluptuous Eurasian siren in "Where East Is East," she successfully characterized a difficult and unsympathetic woman, who, like *Nubi*, in "The Squall," dangerously ap-



Carmel Myers was perfect as the shallow widow in "The Demi-bride."

Corinne Griffith seldom has looked lovelier than in "The Divine Lady."



Clothes

characterizing their rôles depends as much on what some striking successes in sartorial characterization.

Chamberlin

proached the comic. Estelle stepped into the rôle of the slant-eyed charmer with the assurance of a true daughter of Cathay. She expressed everything through her hands and her eyes. Those half-shut, wicked eyes—can you ever forget the strange spell Estelle cast with them? Or her hands, covered with rings, curling with a slow, gliding sinuousness around whatever they touched? Add to this a hair cut purposely barbaric, lips carmined to sensuous fullness, costumes vividly of the East—oddly cut gowns, long jeweled combs, and the varicolored sarongs of Indo-China. Miss Taylor achieved in her Oriental woman a picture so strikingly cruel that one could not help but admire her.

Carmel Myers has a delightful way of emphasizing the philanthropic ladies she does so well. She wears amusing costumes.



Estelle Taylor achieved perfect costuming in "Where East Is East."

Lily Damita, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," luxuriated in fantastic costumes to match the character.



Only Jetta Goudal has the courage to shun other people's fashions and create styles all her own.

You would not see, even in the most bohemian of Parisian drawing-rooms, gowns such as Carmel wears—gowns falling off one shoulder and topped with huge bows and tipsy flowers.

Neither would you ever meet a lady quite so captivatingly silly as some of the flirts Carmel portrays. Nowhere could a woman have such a honey-sweet face and so few brains. The Parisian mesdames and society gamines of Carmel's repertoire are nearly all politely inane, having no more solidity than a bubble. Miss Myers, therefore, brings out the nonsensical personalities of her shadow ladies by clothing them in creations both startling and naïve, as ridiculous as their wearers. How perfect were the two gay impossibilities Carmel flaunted in "Dream of Love," what oddly suitable gowns for the shallow-brained countess who wore them! Or the fanciful things worn by the equally insipid widows in "The Demi-bride," "The Gay Deceiver," and "A Certain Young Man." And Carmel covers the heads of these absurd ones with white wigs which she finds most effective.

Lily Damita's *La Perichole*, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," was a rôle as unreal as could be imagined. It seems as though Damita could have worn anything of a bizarre nature for her rôle of the willful dancer. But the film was highly pictorial, and careful attention was given to detail in settings and costumes. Some really charming Spanish interiors were conceived. The costumes

worn by Ernest Torrence, Don Alvarado, and Paul Ellis were picturesque; Jane Winton wore a lovely bridal gown of Spanish lace and satin; Emily Fitzroy emphasized her somewhat weird *Marquesa* by wearing mantillas of faded, old lace, crackling taffeta which dragged behind her, and a rosary. So this boisterous, impetuous *Camila* solved the matter

Say It With Clothes

of dainty charm which pervaded the film with a loveliness reminiscent of the pink-and-mauve ladies of Gainsborough's paintings. She carried out this same quaint charm in the exquisite costumes she wore throughout the picture. Miss Griffith has seldom looked lovelier than in "The Divine Lady."

Alice White carried out the personality of the saucy, piquant *Dixie Dugan*, in "Show Girl," by appearing in costumes with a personality. These were not just ordinary, abbreviated chorus-girl skirts, but delightfully individual creations designed to emphasize the atmosphere which pervaded the ultra-modern revues in which *Dixie* danced. There was a colonial costume of black lace, with tight sleeves, high neck, and postillion hat, made properly modern by eliminating the skirt. This costume was perfect in its dash and gay nonchalance.

Leave it to Jetta Goudal to interpret any part to its utmost. In "Her Cardboard Lover," she outdid herself in her delightful caricature of the sophisticated *Mademoiselle Simone*. How this haughty, temperamental creature flounced about! The combined efforts of the Rue de la Paix could never have brought forth such absurdly stunning things as graced the marvelous Goudal. Dresses with gayly flowered skirts, tightly swathed robes, odd capes of taffeta, an evening cap of brilliants, with a band of brilliants under the chin, surmounted by a flaring hat of horse hair! All were so fantastic that only the Goudal could have designed them.

Equally expressive, but less subtle, were the gowns worn by Maria Corda in "Love and the Devil." Designed to emphasize the Venetian opera singer Madame Corda played, they perfectly expressed the dignified yet naughty lady she was. In the Venetian scenes, Maria wore a gondola costume of white coq feathers, very scant.

Continued on page 116



Alice White always expresses gay nonchalance in her costumes.

of authenticity versus absurdity by letting her hair fall down and wearing giddy Spanish costumes.

The seductive beauty of Evelyn Brent has been framed, of late, in striking evening caps. Miss Brent wears them with splendid effect, for they complement her profile. Some of feathers, some of silver leaves, some beaded, they intensify Miss Brent's characterization of worldly women, the sullen, catlike creatures for which she is famous. Her costumes, many of them evening gowns and negligees, are set off exquisitely by these caps. In "The Dragnet," she wore one of black feathers, and one of white feathers; in "His Tiger Lady," she donned one of sparkling, beaded leaves, another of tightly wound silver cloth. In "Broadway," she wore a feather ensemble which included a tight cap of caressing plumes.

Corinne Griffith fashioned her *Emma Hamilton*, in "The Divine Lady," into a Dresden-china beauty, from a Victorian drawing-room. She created the air

Emily Fitzroy's melancholy *Marquesa*, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," was a triumph of costuming.

Carmel Myers, in "Dream of Love," registered frivolity.



Evelyn Brent's evening caps enhance her sophisticated rôles.



WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything"

twice the "IT"

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* is alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blue eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky, sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or gingham! "Twice the 'it,'" you'll say, when Technicolor brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of Technicolor!



Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North"

in [★]Technicolor

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); KING OF JAZZ, starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); THE TOAST OF THE LEGION, with Bernice Claire (First National); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); THE CUCKOOS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; THE MARCH OF TIME, all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); WOMAN HUNGRY, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); VIENNESE NIGHTS, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

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"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Tom Thumb Sport

Hollywood started miniature golf courses and now they're the vogue everywhere.



Marcia Manners, above, faces the problem of driving her ball through one of those things that look like old-fashioned croquet wickets.

Even more difficult is the task that Jean Arthur, below, sets out to accomplish. For her ball must travel up through the hollow log and land on the green near the cup on the other side. Good luck, Jeanie!



Of the three hundred miniature golf courses in and near Hollywood, Phillips Holmes, right, finds this his favorite. He is about to roll his ball up and over the little bridge and into the hole. Maybe!



Rosita Moreno, left, is undaunted by the chance of failing to make the hole, but that may only be because she is new to the game as well as a newcomer in pictures.



Phillips Holmes, below, is puzzled—and who wouldn't be? His ball must go straight between the sticks, swerving neither to right nor left. Now do you understand why this game isn't for kiddies?



Babes in Hollywood

"You're goin' to be 'disturb' before you commence," Mrs. Markham replied dryly. "Right now there's a gang of men waitin' to see you. So many cars out front it looks like a funeral."

The gates slammed behind the first of them at that instant. A lean, alert young man hurried across the room, glancing back nervously over his shoulder, as if he expected pursuit.

"I'm Tom Olsen, of Crandall & Son," he exclaimed breezily, thrusting a card into Jane's hand. "Now, of course, Miss Valencia, you'll want to own a house of your own in this wonderful California, and I'm ready to show you some. There's a charming place at Hermosa Beach——"

"That dump!" ejaculated Mrs. Markham scornfully.

He glared, and continued, "And the most delightful cabin at Arrowhead Lake——"

"Snowbound a good part of the year, and you need wings to get there," gloomily commented Jane's chaperon.

Jane turned away, only to find herself facing his counterpart.

"Ready to pick out your car, señorita?" demanded this new tormenter. "I've got the biggest bargain in town out here, a gorgeous Rolls, upholstered in pale blue——"

Mrs. Markham turned her attention to him.

"That old bus that Nita Parker drove for five years?" she inquired significantly. "And Bill Dewar had it before her, till he got too fat to act."

Undaunted, the salesman hurried on.

"I just wanted to take you down to the showroom in it," he told Jane. "There's a roadster there, an English car——"

This time Mrs. Markham's voice showed real interest.

"Say, is that for sale again?" she demanded. "Couldn't Marian James finish the payments? I heard her contract wasn't renewed."

Before he could speak, a languid youth claimed Jane's attention. He wanted to show her some really exquisite tapestries, just precious, they were; they'd belonged to the czar, and been smuggled in from China. Hard on his heels came a dignified, white-haired woman, bearing a jewel case; forced to sell her treasures, she had felt when she saw Jane's picture that this lovely creature was the one person who could wear them.

"Hoocy!" remarked Mrs. Markham forcefully.

A tall young man in flying togs burst in. There was a new plane, especially designed, all ready for Jane, and he would pilot her.

"I do not fly," Jane told him distractedly.

"But you will, of course," he insisted. "Such good publicity—all the stars do it—Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller——"

"I am not going to fly!" stormed Jane, suddenly recalling that she was Spanish and could be temperamental if she liked. "I do not fly! I do not buy ze car, ze house, ze nozzing! I retire for ze siesta!" And she stalked from the room, while Mrs. Markham chuckled maliciously.

She found a red-and-gold bathroom, with lop-sided cherubs leering from the ceiling, took a shower, and settled down on a chaise longue in the adjacent bedroom. She felt lonely and desolate. If only Larry were here! He might have sent a cable for her to find on arriving. After all, she'd never have come if he hadn't begged her to, to get him out of a jam!

She was just dozing off into a delicious sleep when Mrs. Markham hammered on the door with one hand and turned the knob with the other.

"Cablegram for you," she announced. "Maybe somebody's dead."

Jane opened it and read it, with Mrs. Markham gazing over her shoulder.

"Look up Polly Barker," it said; "good luck. Larry."

He hadn't said "love." Even if he didn't mean it, he might have said it. He'd acted as if he cared for her, when they said good-by. Maybe he'd met some other girl he liked better. Probably he had. Probably he was sorry he'd met her. Probably—

"That Polly Barker, she's a script girl," offered Mrs. Markham, settling herself comfortably on the foot of the huge bed. "Won't get anywhere, though—speaks her mind. Takes Garbo to do that; nobody else gets away with it."

Gone was the chance to rest, even to think. Mrs. Markham started on the saga of Hollywood that was to last through her association with Jane. Tales of double crossing, scandal, disaster, were woven into that endless recital. She had worked in all the studios, had known every one, according to her story. She had predicted Norma Shearer's marriage, young Fairbanks' success, the coming of the talkies. She knew things so intimate that Jane doubted whether the persons most concerned knew them themselves.

At nine o'clock, in self-defense, Jane announced that she was going to bed.

"I guess you'd better," Mrs. Markham agreed. "They'll make tests of

you to-morrow; that is, unless they've decided not to use you after all. Wouldn't surprise me if they didn't. We've had too many Spanish now—public's tired of 'em. Too bad you ain't Bulgarian or somethin' novel."

She was all set to go to the studio with Jane the following morning; they were arguing about it when Tim Bowen arrived, thrust a bouquet into Jane's arms, and urged her to hurry.

"Me'n the Old Man are just like that," Mrs. Markham insisted, crossing her thick fingers. "I got more influence——"

Jane ran out to the car.

"I cannot stand zat woman!" she cried to Bowen. "She drive me mad!"

"Too bad," Bowen answered. "But you'd better keep her; she's a bad enemy, and you'll have to pay her anyway."

Jane sank back limply. She wondered how many more people the studio had engaged in advance for her to pay.

Bowen spread out a bundle of newspapers.

"Seen the papers this morning?" he demanded proudly. "We got a swell spread on you, all right."

Jane read them. She was a typical Spanish beauty, she discovered, of pure Castilian blood, a member of a famous old family. She spoke no English. In another paper, she was not Spanish at all, but Mexican, as any one could see at a glance. She had flown into a passion and slapped the interpreter provided for her, because, being Mexican, she could not understand him. He was going to sue her.

She was interesting, but not pretty, and probably would never appear on the screen, Hollywood being plentifully provided with Mexican beauties who were both beautiful and talented.

"That guy's crazy about Lupe Velez," Bowen explained. "Besides, he was mad because there wasn't any Scotch at the house yesterday. I sent him a bottle this morning, and he's promised to do an interview with you for Sunday and mix things up."

"I'll never speak to him again!" cried Jane.

"Sure you will," Bowen corrected her. "Offend the press and you might as well be picking tulips in Amsterdam."

"Sometimes I wish that's where I was," Jane replied, beneath her breath.

"The Old Man," as every one called the president of Superba, was not in when she reached the studio. His secretary was rather vague about when he would arrive. She was even more vague about Jane, Jane's pic-

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Their Uneasy Glory

When one is a star one never knows when fate may change a crown for overalls, or a maid's cap and apron.

Claudia Dell, left, was *Guinevere* in the pageant that was made for "Glorifying the American Girl," but not even the oldest inhabitant remembers whether it was cut out or not.

Bebe Daniels and Joel McCrea, right, are royal rulers of Mardi Gras in "Dixiana," but who knows how long their reign will last?

Jeanette MacDonald, below, wears her crown askew in "Let's Go Native."



Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray, lower left, tempted fate as sovereigns in "Married in Hollywood," and Miss Terris abdicated.

Richard Keene, below, parodies a king of Ireland, which seems to us a dangerous thing to do.



Babes in Hollywood

ture, and everything connected with it. Bowen gave her a suspicious glance and muttered, "Say, what's the low-down?" and went into a huddle with her at the other side of the office.

Jane sat down and engaged in gloomy reflection. Perhaps Mrs. Markham had been right, after all.

Bowen returned to her presently; his manner was more brisk than usual, and he seemed less concerned about her.

"You might look around the studio while you're waiting," he suggested. "I'll see if I can run down this Polly Barker you mentioned, whoever she is, and perhaps she'll take you in charge."

So Jane waited some more. People who came in to see the Old Man and remained to confer with Miss Bowles, his secretary, stared at her curiously, and quite obviously asked about her. One or two smiled.

Would it be safe, she wondered, to stage a fit of temperament and walk out? After all, she was supposed to be Spanish. Yet she didn't quite dare leave. It was humiliating to sit here, as if she were applying for work, but perhaps she'd better endure it.

Half an hour passed. She was about ready to storm out of the office when a girl rushed in, a lovely, fragile-looking blonde, with orchids cascading down the lapel of her lavender coat.

"Where's J. G.?" she demanded. "I want to see him! Look at this"—waving a newspaper whose reporter had been kind to Jane. "Who is this spigoty, to get all this space? I'm the biggest star this company has, and I'll walk out if——"

Miss Bowles tried to quiet her, but she shook off the restraining hand.

"In the first place, that's my story they're talking about giving her," she raved. "What if she is Spanish? I can wear a black wig, can't I? I've got a public, haven't I? Who's ever heard of this girl? Who'll go to see her? What'll the exhibitors say? Remember, it's the box office that counts. Larry just sent her over here to annoy me—she'll be a bust——"

Jane sat quiet, trying to look as if she did not understand. She was both frightened and furious.

"Anyway, the Old Man's not going to Spain, he's headed for Japan," the blonde continued. "And this girl——"

Jane was relieved to see Tim Bowen's face in the doorway. Catching sight of the blonde, he advanced no farther, but merely beckoned, and Jane obediently joined him.

"Paula been shootin' the works?" he inquired, as he closed the door

softly. "I mean—has she been raving?"

"Zat girl, I do not onnerstan' all she say," Jane told him. "She seem ver' angry."

"Ver' angry is right," he laughed. "Better keep out of her way all you can. Now, this Barker female—she's a script girl, and she'll show you around. Here she is."

Polly Barker was little and pert looking, and the smile with which she greeted her was so genuinely friendly that Jane almost wept on her shoulder.

"Glad to meet you," she exclaimed. "Mr. Bowen says you understand English, and Larry Bishop cabled me that you're a grand person, so we ought to get along. Want to see the animals perform?"

Jane nodded. And as she and Polly walked down the corridor she began to ask questions.

"Why is it zat zese people send for me, and when I come to-day nobody seem to know what I am to do?" she inquired.

Polly chuckled.

"Don't let that discourage you. Nobody knows whether the picture you're to do is heavy dramatic stuff or just musical, or maybe farce, and they don't want to commit themselves. Yesterday they were calling it 'Hot Tamale,' and the day before it was 'A Spanish Love Song.' You see, there are two factions here, the men who play tennis and those who play golf. They never agree on anything. Some days one crowd is in, some days the other's running things. The tennis men are quick and jumpy, make snappy decisions——" she snapped her fingers so loudly that Jane jumped. "The others go in for dignity."

"And zis Ole Man, what do he play?" asked Jane.

Polly laughed again.

"Oh, he plays pinochle," she answered. "That's what's the trouble with the movie business. Can't have any real competition because the heads of the companies all play pinochle, and they can't get up a real game without the other big men. If they cut each other's throats in business their favorite sport is gone."

"And my picture?" Jane reminded her.

"Well, your picture's in a bad way right now, but by afternoon things will be all washed up—I mean all fixed," she explained. "You see, somebody in New York had a brain-storm and signed up a female impersonator, a big guy, for six weeks. They're paying him four grand—four thousand—a week, and they've got to do something with him quick. So now they're teaming you two, see?"

"But why they sign him, if they do not want him?"

Polly sighed, and opened the door to the main studio.

"That's movie business," she answered. "Maybe they'll make one with him first, and farm you out to some one for experience. Somebody said they might rent you out for Clara Bow's next."

"Oh, not with Clara Bow!" cried Jane. "I'll be so afraid——"

"Listen, Clara would treat you like her favorite sister," Polly assured her. "She's grand. It's the sweet ones who tear you to pieces. Like our darling Paula Wilding, right here. Paula's after your scalp, after that stuff in the papers. She goes goofy if anybody else's name is mentioned, except in an obit, and they say she was frightfully jealous of Valentino's publicity when he died."

"She has power?" asked Jane thoughtfully.

"Married to one of the bosses," Polly answered laconically. "She was through five years ago, but nobody dares fire her."

"And you—what do you do here?" Jane wanted to know.

"Script girl," Polly replied. "You'll see one in action soon, so I won't try to tell you. Temporarily I'm at large. I was on Hugh Gilson's picture—he's a director—and when he asked what I thought was wrong with it so far, I told him. The Old Man sent for me, wanted to know what I'd said. 'I just repeated the suggestions you made in the cutting room the other day,' I told him—not that he'd made any! But they were good ones, so he was pleased, and now Gilson's off the picture and I'm to work on it, no matter who directs it. Incidentally, Gilson's the guy who owns that house you've rented."

"Does every one in this place know all about my business?" demanded Jane, aghast.

"Just about," Polly answered, and patted her on the shoulder. "But don't you worry. What people don't know, they make up, in this town. What do you hear from Larry?"

"Nothing, except to find you," Jane told her, forgetting to be Spanish.

"Well, that's like him. He was due back here this week, but he got them to send him somewhere else after he started you home." She glanced at Jane, speculatively. When she went on her voice was casual, but her blue eyes were still keen. "Paula made it pretty hot for him when he walked out on her, and—oh, hullo, Mr. Gilson."

The man to whom she spoke exclaimed enthusiastically, "Hullo, dar-

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"Soup Men"

That's the gangster term for safe robbers.



Eddie Gribbon, Edmund Lowe, and Mike Donlin, above, are tough hombres in "Born Reckless."



Ben Lyon, above, in "Alias French Gertie," is "signing his name" to a safe.



In "Slightly Scarlet," Evelyn Brent, above, is out for a haul.



Stuart Erwin, left, pokes fun at the safe robbers.



Just one more strange event in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is the rifling of the safe by Alan Roscoe, below.

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Trixie, a newcomer to the aggregation of talent, cuts her out by as obvious means as ever were employed by an overacting vamp of the ancient school. Whisky and cards and eye rolling, all part of a plot to get the box-office receipts of which *Gerry* is the custodian. *Gerry* retards matters by singing now and then, and Fred Scott, who plays him, has a pleasant tenor voice, but nothing else that makes the hero a man of any one's dreams. Helen Twelvetrees is *Maryan*, properly wistful as a good actress should be under the circumstances, but though she does her stuff in an orderly manner and registers heartbreak with Bernhardt overtones—proving that she knows how to act—still, she is not strong enough in her emoting to evoke a tear, or cute enough in her girlishness to make one care whether she dies in a fall from the trapeze or not.

Yes, there's that to contend with—an accident at the crucial moment, managed so much better in "The Four Devils" that one wonders at the hardihood of any one in copying it.

There you have "Swing High," and there isn't any more, except that Dorothy Burgess, as *Trixie*, carries on to such an extent that you wish to add your mite toward sending her to a sanitarium to recuperate from overexertion and George Fawcett, John Sheehan, Bryant Washburn, and Little Billy, the midget, give good performances. There are also Nick Stuart, Sally Starr, Daphne Pollard, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Stepin Fetchit, and Robert Edeson in economical bits.

Puppy Love.

Light, oh, very light, is "She's My Weakness," but it is not negligible, if you are not looking for something great and big. For one thing, Arthur Lake contributes a fine performance, and there is also Sue Carol, who has her place in the scheme of cinematic things, I suppose, as long as there is a demand for pouting prettiness. There always has been, so why cavil?

They are engaged in a story about callow love, its frustrations and ultimate triumph. It is intimately set forth, with much homely detail, and centers about the youthful suitor who ingratiates himself with the parents of the girl he likes instead of with the girl herself, a box of drug-store candy being, in this instance, the lover's ammunition. Until he is put wise to himself by the girl's uncle, a character beautifully played by William Collier, stepfather of Buster.

Perhaps it means nothing to the younger generation, but ye gods! it is pure joy to an old-timer to hear lines

read as Mr. Collier reads them. Such quiet eloquence isn't born of the studios; it is the heritage of a lifetime on the stage. Mr. Collier was a star in light comedy for years, with such individuality and success that wisecracks—only we didn't call them that then—came to be known as Collierisms. Well, at any rate, Mr. Lake is the star nowadays and his performance is such as Mr. Collier would, I am sure, commend. Helen Ware and Lucien Littlefield are Miss Carol's fussy parents, and the rival suitor is—without wishing to be unkind—forgotten.

Below the Level.

Heaven knows "On the Level" isn't important, and it's only mildly interesting, but it has arresting personalities to redeem it—Victor McLaglen, William Harrigan, Fifi Dorsay and, last but by no means least, Lilyan the Tashman. I don't know how you feel about it, but no picture that boasts the presence of *la Tash* is lost to me. Remember "Puttin' on the Ritz" and how you resented Harry Richman as the star? And would have walked out, except for Madame Tashman? Well, I felt the same way about it. And do about "On the Level" only, between ourselves, it really is a more amusing offering. It's all about a big-hearted steel worker who becomes enamored of a lady member of a gang of real-estate crooks, how he plays into the hands of the conspirators and how the savings of his fellow workers entrusted to him are saved from the predatory gang. It isn't believable one moment. You can't tell me that there exists a man who looks forty years old, as Mr. McLaglen does, who could be so guileless; and you can't tell me there exists a gold digger who smiles so broadly and exerts her lure so unashamedly as Miss Tashman does, without causing doubt of her sincerity. However, as it's all a movie anything goes. Miss Dorsay appears as the discarded or forgotten sweetheart—these distinctions are so very fine—of Mr. McLaglen and it is she, I believe, who stirs his sleeping mind into a realization that Miss Tashman is not the ingénue she pretends to be. Still I insist that Miss Tashman dominates the picture. Her husky voice, her air of knowing *more* than what it's all about—I may be maudlin, but, to me, Miss Tashman is the star.

Minus Rhyme or Reason.

Neither Alice White's ability as an actress nor the shapeliness of her legs is sufficiently arresting to mitigate the tedium of "Sweet Mamma," in which she is starred, and it is

doubtful if Garbo herself could do more. So this report of it must not be construed as a criticism of Miss White's limitations. Called *Goldie*, she is the heroine of a crook story without a whisper of originality. A jumble of night-club stuff, counterfeit money, a pent-house party, gangsters and such, the incidents which involve them are not worth recounting. But the photography is good, even if the acting isn't, and some of the gyrations of girls on a revolving stage are attractively pictured. Kenneth Thomson, as the lecherous gangster, is a nice business man, and David Manners, as the nominal hero, is somehow literary. Rita Flynn suggests possibilities in a small rôle and Robert Elliott is his usual phlegmatic detective.

Mais Non, Madame.

Billie Dove in another picture that doesn't quite make the grade, "Sweethearts and Wives," a medley of drawing-room farce and mystery, with jewels and a murder. For the first part of the picture Miss Dove appears as a French maid in cap and apron, but the exigencies of the plot cause her to discard such humdrum habiliments for trailing gowns that show her figure to better advantage, if not her art. The display is only mildly interesting and Miss Dove remains a good amateur actress, though she negotiates her French speech rather well and she is, as always, grateful to the eye, a sort of feminized Julian Eltinge, if you remember him. One finds Sidney Blackmer and Leila Hyams eloping. Accident brings them to an inn, where Miss Hyams quarrels with her lover and they find themselves enmeshed in a murder mystery under the scrutiny of a detective. For the sake of a spicy situation Miss Dove, as the maid, changes places with Miss Hyams that the detective may be deceived, and there is, of course, considerable parading in and out of the bedroom. It all turns out that Miss Dove isn't a servant at all, but a British noblewoman intent on recovering a diamond necklace belonging to her sister.

I found it quite tedious and somewhat confused, though the production is handsome and the photography good. As much cannot, however, be said of the acting. But see, if you care to, for yourself. Clive Brook and John Loder are among those present.

Stale Pepper.

"Pepper, you're the salt of the earth," says Stanley Smith. "Salt, pepper, baloney!" is Clara Bow's

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"Monday, Washday——"

Even the players have their laundry problems.



Bernice Claire, above, shines up her puppy and adds a frill or two to set him off properly.



Cameras are such tricky things in Hollywood that even a cute pup may pop his head out through the view finder, as this one does to greet Raquel Torres, above.



Louise Fazenda, below, is not too sophisticated to sing, "Where, oh, where has my little dog gone?" just by way of kidding the little pooch, you know.



A fan gave this Pekingese to Loretta Young, above, by way of expressing his—or her?—admiration for the little girl.

It takes a big line to swing four such huskies out to dry, but Billie Dove, left, sees to it that the rascals are not sacrificed to the—great publicity.



begun, just to the age of seven, and began to show some of this intuition I speak of, behaving more like a boy of fifteen than a little child, although the emotional pressure upon you must have almost made you ill. By the age of nine you were a very handsome, warm-hearted boy, and I am sure that little girls admired you immensely, when you were not too shy to give them a chance.

You were already trying to put some of the creative urge within into expression when you were fourteen, writing imaginative stuff and then hiding it away. It was very good, too, and during your high-school years it was even better. You began to analyze and understand yourself to some extent, and to use reason and intelligence more clearly to guide your steps, but the struggle between reason and intuition became very strong, a struggle that will never leave you.

You developed spiritual self-consciousness as few young men do, and it led you at about eighteen to real self-assertion and independence. This independence was tied up with the fine fire of youth and the creative urge that burns in you like a pure flame.

You have idealized it, kept it sheltered, kept it to express only as the expression accorded with your dreams. It is your blessing and it may become your curse. It has led you into a happy marriage, and it will keep you there if you learn to keep your sympathetic imagination in check.

Never, never respond to any sympathy away from home. You are too honest to seek it, and of course right now you do not believe that you could ever need any at all. But how-

The Mystery of Your Name

ever much you hope that love has changed you, you know that in essence you have not changed at all. There will be soft words to flatter you and soft hands to flutter over yours, and in one of your dark moods you will be tempted to listen, just because listening will be comforting and sweet. If you do, you will be inviting chaos.

Your love is very idealistic and very fiery at the same time, but the least little lack of harmony, often imaginary, will drive you into miserable self-condemnation. At such times you feel that you are bitterly misunderstood and not worth anybody's trouble, anyway, as far as their trying to understand you is concerned. After that you turn cynic for a while. Understand you, indeed? Who ever understood anybody, and who cares? But when you look up just long enough to be aware of sorrow in a pair of beloved eyes, you open your heart to happiness again, grieving this time that you should ever cause grief.

You have up to the age of at least forty-five a wonderfully successful name. It contains from now on great mental and creative activity. You will be very successful in a material way between twenty-eight and thirty, and at thirty-five you will be independent, masterful, dictating your own terms, hampered by one thing only, your fatal willingness to please. Don't you know that it is a crime against your own soul to give in just for the sake of giving in? Never mind what anybody thinks, as long as you are harming no one. Be yourself.

By the age of forty you will be the master of a fortune of your own

making. After that you will continue to earn a great deal, but will somehow get into entanglements that will rob you of much of your wealth. You will never, however, have to worry seriously about your income, no matter how much you may worry needlessly just the same. Fight shy, I repeat, of gold diggers, young and old. They will seek you more consistently after fifty than before.

All your activity is the activity of great nervous energy, a very storehouse of it that can easily run wild if there is no firm hand to control the dynamo. You have two beautiful switches to serve as releases for your true power. One is creative imagination, which you must put to work. Make something definitely your purpose in life, and pour your whole soul into it, for it will ruin you to pick up one rôle and then another and another, with no separate, detached, complete, objective creation that you can call entirely yours.

The other switch to guide your power is your spiritual, divine appreciation of life, your insight into meanings to which others are blind. Your emotional nature will respond electrically to everything that develops this intuitive self within you, and with it as a guide you can never go wrong.

You are very, very easily controlled in every way. This makes you an artist, but it is sure to conquer you if you do not conquer it, especially in the realm of love and desire, where acquiescence seems so beautiful until it has led to the grave.

Be the master of yourself and you can master the world. Be at the beck and call of no one, or you will be enslaved.

The Mystery of Your Name

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Girls marry in haste when they are thirty, regardless of the supposed benefits of self-support, in terror of being left without another chance, when, if they only knew it, there are intense love affairs revealed in the readings of names of men and women long past forty. It may seem a long time to wait, but how infinitely better than spending all that time with a man or woman one does not really love!

It quite often happens that a boy will be desperately in love more than once, without being able to arouse anything more than a mild interest in the girl he loves. We all think we express what we feel, but this is a great misconception.

Or again, we may be afraid to express anything at all. In either case,

the helpless victim wonders what is the matter, that he cannot awaken any interest in the opposite sex, which always means an unresponsive woman!

The matter lies in those feeble wave lengths I spoke of, the measure of the vibrations of life as he expresses them at the time. And of course it may also be that there is positively no vibration for love in her within a certain period, in which case all his sighing is but wasted effort!

Eager lovers would cry out in protest at being blamed for indifference, but there is a kind of indifference that consists in being unwilling to fight for what one greatly desires. The woman afflicted with this ailment will beautify it with the names of dignity and self-confidence

and a willingness to make the best of things, but it is an indifference, a reluctance just the same.

Love should be a fire, a passion, an intense activity that will not endure refusal, to be worthy of its name.

It is a great pity that so many circumstances and relationships must dampen the ardor of its true nature, but the conditions we live in are spiritually a part of our own creation and are the negation we must learn to overcome, in another life, if not in the one we are living in now.

Just as some are brutal or stupid or narrow-minded in love, so others prove by their behavior that they have gone through innumerable experiences and have profited by them for

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Cap and Clown

Who doesn't like to do like Jack Oakie?



The plug hats of the '70s give him left, a soulful look in the eyes.



Back when Henry VIII was a popular idol, members of the court wore nice velvet hats with plumes and doodads, as above.



"Fetch on the Duke of Wellington," growls the Oakie version of Napoleon, above.

Here, at our left, is Oakie impersonating a Hun out looking for Romans. Those things on the cap are teeth. In the unspeakable '90s all gay dogs turned out with gray toppers, right.



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Conchita Montenegro, acting in the Spanish version of Buster Keaton's "Forward March."

Gus Shy, a comedian in "Good News."

Walter Hasenclever, European dramatist, now writing for M.-G.-M.

Montenegro—Shy—Hasenclever! What would we do without such variety in the movie world?

Skinner a Grandpa.

Otis Skinner as *Haji*! To old-timers of the theater this may mean much, for "Kismet" was considered this star's greatest play.

We saw Skinner on the set a few days after he had drowned the *Wazir Mansur* in the plunge of the Turkish bath—the biggest event in the play, since the *Wazir* was his enemy. All who saw the stage version will recall this famous scene.

Skinner, in the midst of terrific midsummer heat, was having a time keeping cool. His head was covered with a moist chamois skin, and each wrist was circled with a piece of wet absorbent cotton. And despite the heat and his seventy-one years he was in high spirits.

We learned that a new arrival is anticipated in the home of his daughter.

Dolores Practices Spanish.

Curious thing this—Dolores del Rio is learning to speak with a Spanish accent.

It seems that she worked so hard to perfect herself in English, that it was thought her inflection would not be proper for her rôle in "The Dove." So Willard Mack, the playwright, she tells us, was engaged to coach her for the rôle—that of a Latin-American.

Studio Has Elevator.

The first elevator in a studio now is the glory of a new building on the Paramount lot. It is a small self-operating affair—that is, if you press the button. There isn't another one in all of pictureland. Most studio buildings are only a story or two in height. But the new structure is all of four stories. It is the place where directors and writers work.

Langdon's Rabbit Foot.

Harry Langdon is a lucky boy again. Not only did he recently win a lawsuit with a "love-balm" angle, but he is doing his first feature picture in several years. He shares honors with Slim Summerville, hit of the comedy in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and it is a good part that he enacts. Langdon has been working only in short films for many months, and not too often at that.

Hollywood High Lights

Disappointing this, for one of the screen's best comedians.

Universal is producing the new Langdon-Summerville production. It is called "See America Thirst."

Norma, the Courageous.

Norma Shearer amazes us. We see her often at the theater, at this writing. She looks radiant, and is always exquisitely attired, generally in white. If anything, she is more beautiful than ever, her smile is more charming, and there is a new light about her face.

The arrival in the home of the Thalbergs is, of course, expected not later than September. Irving and Norma are already planning what Norma shall do upon her return to the screen.

Ee-velyn's Eventful Arrival.

Perfectly timed! That was the reaction of movieland to the news of Evelyn Laye's divorce. She had only just arrived in Hollywood, when the dispatches made known the news of her legal separation from her husband.

And so that her introduction to the film capital might be appropriate in all respects, she was required, we hear, to deny an engagement the very next day after the announcement of her divorce. Nobody so attractive could remain unattached, it would seem, for more than a few hours, according to the viewpoint of the movie reporters.

Miss Laye lived in retirement for the first week or so after her arrival, and finally made her début at a press party, given immediately after a showing of Ronald Colman's "Raffles." This was her official introduction to the colony. Meanwhile she had become pretty well acquainted with it through the many English friends of hers who dwell there, and who fêted her from the first day.

Evelyn Laye's first name, by the way, is pronounced Ee-velyn.

In the Business World.

A tea room where one is served by the stars, and a shop that is operated under their management, are two new acquisitions of the thriving cinema city.

Both these enterprises are conducted for charitable purposes. One is sponsored by the Assistance League, the other is for the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

At the thrift shop the cast-off gowns of the stars are disposed of. Many of these beautiful garments are used only a few times, either in pictures or socially. And it's a place therefore for very snappy bargains, all for sweet charity's sake.

The Odd, Odd Colony.

If you don't think Hollywood is a funny place, note that:

Cliff Edwards, seeking a divorce, asked for the custody of his dog.

An actress, recently divorced, gave a "bachelor party" to celebrate her freedom.

A dog—King Tut—originally purchased for thirty cents, has made his master fifty thousand dollars.

Gorilla impersonators will go on a strike unless they get higher wages.

Mutia and Riano, natives imported from Africa for "Trader Horn," declare the movies are "cuckoo," and get away with it merrily.

Press agents have sworn to tell the real truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help 'em!

An Industrious Personage.

We're beginning to suspect that the stork is, after all, not such an unfaithful bird in his visitations. He keeps away altogether at intervals, but when he *does* return he is a busy flutterer.

This is all incidental to the news that Olga Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin are at this writing expecting his arrival, in addition to Miss Shearer, Miss Vidor, and the Richard Gallaghers.

Louise Is Rogers' Lead.

Louise Dresser, who was among the discouraged, is happy again. She is playing opposite Will Rogers, in "Lightnin'," and it isn't a "weepy mother," such as she detests, that she is impersonating. Louise was all but ready to leave Hollywood and go back to the stage, but there is a possibility of her staying on now.

Another Veteran Passes.

Rudolph Schildkraut, the elderly character actor, father of Joseph Schildkraut, recently passed away. He was best known for his portrayal of the *High Priest Caiaphas*, in "The King of Kings," and for "The Country Doctor," in which he starred. One of his earlier pictures was "His People."

The Schildkrauts, father and son, were very much attached to each other, and Rudolph was recognized as one of the most lovable personalities throughout the colony.

Another death that struck deep at a devoted relationship was the passing of Elsie Janis' mother. Miss Janis was on the stage from the age of four years under the guidance of her parent, and the two had never ceased to be constant companions.

Too Many Marys.

Two Mary Pickfords would be one too many. Consequently the name

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Fortitude

Being the observed of all observers is no strain on stars when they occupy boxes at the theater.



Richard Keene and Charles E. Evans, below, view the minstrel show in "Happy Days" with interest, more or less.



Russ Powell, above, impersonates "Diamond Jim" Brady surrounded by beauties in "The March of Time."

Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook, upper right, show how to attend the play with becoming nonchalance in "The Laughing Lady."

Miriam Seegar, below, illustrates how to fall in love and show it in the privacy of a stage box in "Fashions In Love."

Lilyan Tashman and Louise Fazenda, lower right, view the performance in "No, No, Nanette," in their respective ways.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

H. M. B.—You hope I don't fall asleep over your questions—those questions are enough to keep me awake for days. Loretta Young played in her first film as a child. She supported Mae Murray and played Mae as a little girl—I don't know the name of the picture. At the beginning of her real career, however, she played a small rôle in "The Whip Woman," made late in 1927. Loretta is seventeen; she eloped with Grant Withers last January 26th. She is with First National. Jack Holt was born May 13, 1888, and began his film career in 1914. His wife's name is Imogene; I don't know what her last name was. John Boles was born October 27, 1899, and made his first film in 1926. Mrs. Boles was Marcelite Dobbs. Neil Hamilton was born September 9, 1899. He is married to Elsa Whitmer, a non-professional. Mary Astor is about twenty-four. Her husband, Kenneth Hawks, the director, was killed last February in an airplane accident. Mary Brian is twenty-two and unmarried. Her film career dates from 1924. Dolores Costello is twenty-five and is Mrs. John Barrymore; yes, the baby is a girl. Addresses may be found in the list at the end of The Oracle.

B. B. G.—What is my opinion of Greta Garbo's voice? In my opinion, everything about that girl is perfect! Her new film is "Romance," with a newcomer named Gavin Gordon playing opposite her. I think the reason her teaming with John Gilbert was broken up is that they were both too big box-office draws to be cast in one film. John is learning to talk—screenically speaking—and will soon appear in "Way For a Sailor." Yes, "The Border Legion," is now current, with Dick Arlen as the hero.

BILL BOYD FOREVER.—It certainly begins to look that way; I answer your questions about him every month. "Wolves of the Air" was released—in New York, at least—in April, 1927; "Thumbs Down," three months later. Lois Boyd was the girl in both pictures, and Bill Boyd was not in them at all. Bill was once a football player, so I think he is athletically inclined. I agree with you that Fred Kohler is an excellent actor, but it's very seldom that a heavy becomes popular enough to be starred.

3-S. M.—So Robert Montgomery doesn't look like a married man? Is a man supposed to turn gray upon marriage, or

grow whiskers, or what? Robert married Elizabeth Allen in 1928. If the other fan magazines all said he was single, as you state, that merely proves what an accurate guy I am. In fact, one answer man recently came right out and owned up that he had been mistaken in thinking Robert Montgomery single. So there, you lose your bet.

F. TULLY.—*Duke Francis*, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," was played by our old friend, William Powell.

FRANCES.—I am sorry to hear that Dorothy Seastrom died a few months ago in Dallas. She had dropped out of the screen world to such an extent that I missed all notices of her death. Yes, the talkies have deprived us of a lot of well-liked players. I understand that Nils Asther is vigorously studying English, so he'll be back with us yet. Meanwhile, he's been playing in the German version of "Anna Christie." He and Vivian Duncan are not married—unless they are before this gets into print.

AN ARDENT FAN.—You just rake it ardor and ardor for me. (Ouch, what a pun!) Edna Murphy is twenty-four years old and weighs 101. Raquel Torres is now playing in "The Sea Bat." Lillian Roth is an American. Dixie Lee is almost twenty-one; her new film is "Cheer Up and Smile." Molly O'Day is not in pictures at present; as to how much she weighs, I haven't the latest bulletin of what she ate last week. Josephine Dunn is twenty-three and weighs 112. Her latest picture is "Safety in Numbers." Gilda Gray weighs 122; her only film work recently was in a short for Paramount. Jeanette MacDonald hasn't revealed her age as yet. Her new film is "The Lottery Bride." Lenore Ulric is not making any more pictures at present, nor is Nancy Welford. Carol Lombard's new film is "The Best People."

DOROTHY FLEER.—I hate to shatter your hopes, but answers in the next issue are impossible. The next issue is being printed while you're reading the current one. Irene Bordoni was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, and achieved fame as a Broadway star in New York about a dozen years ago. She is divorced from E. Ray Goetz, Broadway producer. Jack Buchanan is an English revue favorite who came to America about five years ago with "Charlot's Revue," and became a sensation.

Clive Brook's newest release is "Sweethearts and Wives," opposite Billie Dove. Clive was born in London, June 1, 1891. He was educated at Dulwich College, in England, went to war, and then went on the stage. In 1921 he began his film work, and came to Hollywood three years later. In September, 1920, he married Mildred Evelyn, of the English stage, and they have two children. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris; Gloria, in Chicago; Norma Shearer, in Montreal; Chevalier, in Menilmontant, a Parisian suburb; Fredric March, in Racine, Wisconsin; Evelyn Brent, in Tampa; Ronald Colman, in Richmond, Surrey, England.

DOLORES ZAPH.—What does a fan club mean? It means a lot of work for me, although I have nothing to do with them officially. To start one, get together a group of fans who adore the same favorite you do; then, I take it, you all write one another letters about him or her. William J. Frank, 2271 West Philadelphia Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, has the Buddy Rogers club nearest you. Buddy's playing *Abie*, in "Abie's Irish Rose," gave rise to the untruth that he was Jewish. Chester Morris is twenty-eight; his wife's name was Kilborn. I haven't space to list all his pictures; his new ones are "The Divorcée," "The Big House," "The Bat Whispers." Dick Arlen played opposite Clara in "Dangerous Curves." I do not give home addresses.

RUTH.—Am I prepared for an avalanche of questions? Always! I know just how the postman feels in the Christmas rush. Ben Lyon has just signed a contract with Warner; Lois Wilson is with First National. Belle Bennett is also with Warner. Hope Hampton has been touring Europe all summer. Elinor Fair, Charles Ray, and Sidney Chaplin are no longer in pictures. Ben Bard is not very busy; he played recently in "Born Reckless." Sally Blane is with Universal. Louise Fazenda, busy as ever, has played recently in "High Society Blues," "Bride of the Regiment," "Spring Is Here," "Rain or Shine."

MILDRED KELLY.—Yours was a very gracious letter. See DOLORES ZAPH, two letters above. To join the Gaynor-Farrell club, write to Caroline S. Krohn, 2005 Grand Avenue, New York City. Yes, Janet uses her real name.

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Hard Hit

Ten to one they'll recover—if they're heroes in the film.



Conrad Nagel, above, as *Charlie Steele*, in "The Right of Way," though thrown into the river by a gang of ruffians, shows signs of improvement when Loretta Young and George Pearce visit him. And it's safe to say he will recover in time to hurry to another studio to do a picture.

Phillips Holmes, below, after a fight in "Grumpy," finds solace in Frances Dade.



Ralph Graves, above, injured in an airplane accident in "Flight," responds to the sentimental stimulus of Lila Lee's nursing sufficiently to marry her in the end.



No such happy fate is in store for Lewis Ayres, center, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," though he derives artistic relief from the ministrations of Bertha Mann, an excellent actress.

Gary Cooper, below, in "A Man from Wyoming," is suspicious of Alice Rand's touch, though it is strictly that of a professional war nurse.



ling!" and hurried on. Jane stared in amazement. He and Polly had fought only recently—and he called her "darling"! Well, probably Larry had used it just as meaninglessly. And he'd been mixed up with that Paula woman before he left! Her heart sank.

Sadly she followed Polly about, from set to set, listening to explanations. Her thoughts were far across the seas.

Bowen suddenly appeared, announcing that the Old Man wanted to see her. Prepared to face a doddering graybeard, Jane was startled when a rather nice-looking, perfectly groomed man of well under fifty rose behind his desk to welcome her.

"So sorry not to see you yesterday," he said. "I was called to San Francisco—flew back this morning. You must excuse my not speaking Spanish—I know only a few words of—"

"We must have you practice wiz me," said Jane, with her best smile. "I am zo happy zat I am to work in zeese place, with zeese charmeeng peoples."

Would he say that she wasn't to work here, after all? But he beamed on her as he replied.

"We'll make some tests of you this afternoon," he promised. "And you'll be at work soon. You see, you're not known by movie fans, so we've persuaded a famous actor, a

Babes in Hollywood

female impersonator, to appear in this production with you. Just audience value—but you probably don't know what that means," with a fatherly smile. "And to-morrow evening I'm giving a dinner for you; the Spanish consul will be present—be sure to look your prettiest."

Jane never knew quite how she got out of that office. The Spanish consul! Could she pretend to have a cold, to have lost her voice? Could she be too ill to go? Her Spanish would never stand the strain!

Bowen, who was waiting for her, announced that the man who was to have made the tests was in conference. Later Jane learned that he was one of the tennis moguls, and had an important match scheduled for that afternoon. She went home, trying to be cheerful, but wishing for Polly's comforting presence. If things were so difficult for her, when she had really been sent for, how on earth did girls ever get along if they just tackled this place cold?

Mrs. Markham met her at the door, waving a cablegram.

"I opened this, in case it was something important," she announced.

Jane glared, and retired to her own room before reading it.

"Arriving Hollywood the fifth," it read. "Love, Larry."

Her heart leaped. "Love." Oh, surely, this wasn't like that hateful "darling" that enemies used to each

other! Surely he meant something by it! What if he had walked out on Paula Wilding? What if Polly had looked queer when she talked about him? He'd be here soon, they'd discuss everything together, and perhaps—

Mrs. Markham sighed and cleared her throat.

"Make your tests to-day?" she asked. "Well, I thought you wouldn't. Listen, dearie, if you don't look out they'll give you a runaround, like they've given so many others. And if it's that Larry Bishop who's cabling you, all I've got to say is, I knew his first wife. And if I was you, I'd lay off where he's concerned!"

"You may go!" exclaimed Jane furiously. "You pack your things and get out of here! I won't have you around me!"

Mrs. Markham shook her head dolorously.

"I'll go, but don't forget I got a contract!" she announced, ominously. "And it seems to me that f'r a Spaniard you've learned plenty of English in a mighty short time!"

Jane stared after her retreating back. Had she made an enemy, a dangerous one? Probably! Oh, but that didn't matter! Larry was coming home; he'd take care of everything for her! Surely he would!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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witty retort. And this is the essence of "Love Among the Millionaires," a threadbare yarn which presents Miss Bow as a star. It also puts her forth as a songstress, perhaps as ill advised a step as was ever taken to show the limitations of a star. For Miss Bow and music are utter strangers. Unfortunately, the story which makes her a prima donna has not the least element of strangeness. It is about the girl of lowly antecedents who, in love with the millionaire's son, disillusion him in a tipsy scene just to show how great her love is. At which his hostile father then knows that she is a pearl of great price and worthy of his honored name.

This *romanza* begins in a hash house near the railroad tracks, where *Pepper* reigns as queen and where comes a young man wearing overalls and a musical-comedy manner. He's the son of the railroad president "studying" the business, but *Pepper* is unsuspecting. There's really no

The Screen in Review

need to go on except to say that Stuart Erwin, Richard Gallagher, and Mitzi Green lend first aid for all they're worth, but even they cannot rescue the picture from banality.

The Law Takes Its Toll.

Count that month lost that doesn't roll up a fine performance by William Powell. Sometimes his pictures vary in interest, naturally, but never does Mr. Powell's skill veer from perfection. In fact his acting improves. And in "For the Defense" he is at his brilliant best. Interesting though the picture is, I found it not quite as good melodrama as "Shadow of the Law" or "Streets of Chance," though it yields moments of inspired storytelling. It has for its chief character a criminal lawyer whose success in trickily defending crooks builds up a reputation for him that suddenly crumbles when he bribes a juror to save his rival from conviction.

William Foster, the character

played by Mr. Powell, is in love with Kay Francis, who has secretly agreed to marry his rival. When the latter's car runs down a man and kills him, Miss Francis begs her lawyer friend to defend him. With everything pointing to a sentence for manslaughter, *Foster* chooses his own means to save the man he hates for the woman he loves, and loses out. However, as he faces five years' confinement, Miss Francis promises to wait for him; but she is not sufficiently skilled to make the spectator believe that she will be faithful. So *Foster* gets a rather bad break.

The virtue of the picture lies in the way character is established at the outset by means of expert direction, lifelike dialogue, and good acting. It isn't a sympathetic story, nor is any character one whose fate really matters. It is more a cleverly constructed melodrama which enables Mr. Powell to underscore his reputation as a star among stars.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

his review by stating, "I had missed practically nothing." Lillian is on the stage now, playing in Chekov's "Uncle Vanya."

I hope Jim Tully, of the Hollywood Tullys, will take a good sock at Buddy Rogers for me. Buddy is a pet aversion.

It is stated on good authority that while playing a scene he was requested by his director to smoke a cigarette. Says Bud, "Really, I couldn't; my public wouldn't understand. They know I don't smoke; therefore, they would be disillusioned." Or words to that effect. If Buddy could only forget himself and his public once in a while and break training, he might in time learn to change from those plaited trousers, and in time develop into rather a pleasant screen personality. But I seriously doubt if such a transformation will ever take place.

In answer to the wail of Lea McAlister, let me call her attention to the following data. Douglas Fairbanks was a stage player before coming to pictures. So were Mary Pickford, John and Lionel Barrymore, Mae Murray, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Lon Chaney, Buster Keaton, Charles Chaplin, and many more of the older favorites. The stage has always been used as a recruiting ground for screen talent. It's nothing new, so why the hue and cry at this late date?

Give these silly schoolgirls an arresting thought-provoking entertainment and they don't know what it's all about. Show them a profile, a tooth-paste smile, and a mop of glossy hair, and they start flooding the mails with fan letters and requests for photos. And now will some one kindly send a picture of Barry Norton, whoever he is, engraved in tutti-frutti ice cream to Crocella Mullen, so she can die happy?

FRANK TULLY.

20 Yew Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

Prove Your Case, Lea.

I agree with Dale Atholstan when he states that people like Ruth Chatterton make us feel that we are being educated, but I resent the statement "Compare them with the pitiful efforts of our old-time silent favorites."

I am a fan of the speaking stage, but to me there is no finer actor in the world to-day than Richard Dix.

Also I resent the question which Lea Drake McAlister asks when she includes Alexander Gray, Kay Johnson, Dennis King, Joe E. Brown, and Lenore Ulric in her tirade against stage people asking why we have them. To me they are perfect.

This person shows her ignorance of things theatrical when she states they are from stock companies and vaudeville, and wonders who is interested in them. Does she never read the theatrical papers and magazines? Does she not know these people have won their spurs, and that millions of people are interested in seeing them and hearing them? She admits she never heard of them, so on what authority does she base her remarks?

J. UTHE.

Hollywood, California.

What's All the Raving for?

Why do all American fans rave so about Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford? Neither of them is in any way nice to look at, and knowing what beautiful girls there are on the screen, it seems strange that these two should be so popular. I saw Joan Crawford in "Four Walls," and

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Sanitary Protection *must* be inconspicuous that's why most women prefer Kotex

Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

THERE are times when you hesitate to enjoy sports to the fullest... unless you know about Kotex.

Kotex is the sanitary pad that is designed for *inconspicuous* protection. The corners are rounded and tapered. Sides, too, are rounded. It gives you complete security and ease of mind.

Wear Kotex without a worry, then, under any frock you possess. Wear it for sports or with filmiest evening things—and retain the cool poise so essential to charm.

Light, cool, comfortable

There's another way in which this careful shaping brings wonderful relief. There's no unneeded bulk to pack and chafe. No awkward bulges to grow terribly uncomfortable.

Kotex is always light, always cool, always comfortable. This is largely due to its remarkable filler—Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than cotton. This means your Kotex pad can be *five times lighter* than any

cotton pad, with the same absorbency and protection.

America's leading hospitals—85% of them—choose this same absorbent for important surgical work.

Kotex deodorizes... keeps you dainty and immaculate at times when that is particularly essential. It is so easily disposed of.

You owe it to your comfort and good health to use this modern, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex is available everywhere. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

- 1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
- 2 *Kotex is soft*... not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
- 3 *Safe, secure*... keeps your mind at ease
- 4 *Deodorizes*... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Billie—As She Is

out of her own grounds. She is learning to play tennis. She swims. She walks, accompanied by the brigade of Scotties, through the rural fields adjacent. She lies in the cool patio and reads. She writes.

Because Billie is so sheepish about her verse, it must be mentioned only briefly. It is, she says, a purely personal thing, a safety valve for random thoughts. Few people know of its existence. Which is a pity, because it is good poetry. It has no amateur ring of sentimentality or sugar. It is, rather, warm but sophisticated in feeling and deft in meter.

She paints, less expertly than she writes, but still with none of the effulgence of the novice. In oils, water colors, and crayons she understands

her medium. She would rather paint dogs than anything. One of her best pictures is a pastel of a wire-haired terrier that is really excellent.

She has a passion for first editions, having nearly completed a set of Hergesheimer. She is avid for a first of "Sister Carrie," to complete her collection of Dreiser, who is first among her favorite authors. Her taste in literature is instinctively good. She shies away from vulgarity and poor craftsmanship. She leans slightly toward the realistic in prose.

She seldom goes to restaurants, having a complex about public places.

Her dark hair, cut short now and brushed in a soft wave behind her ears, is threaded with premature gray.

Even when she is not working she rises early, liking the morning and reluctant to miss any of it.

She doesn't like to talk movies and can't be inveigled into making conversation about her own.

She is singularly lacking in conceit, but will listen sympathetically to other people's exposition of ego. This is partly because she shrinks from hurting any one's feelings, and partly because she thinks that almost any one is really smarter than she is.

Good breeding is very evident in her manners, her dignity and her congenial delicacy. A gentlewoman born, one would say, out of her time. But a welcome decoration in a day of flappers forever in a hurry.

Minnehaha Diminuendo

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incidentally, are so luxuriant that fans write to ask if they are false.

"Not long ago," she continued, "a stranger back East wrote that he was coming out here to marry me. Imagine! I'm telling you, I get some of the strangest letters from fans, particularly men. But then men are strange, aren't they?"

"A few weeks ago I had an unusual experience. A friend introduced me to a nice-looking man who seemed to have about all the money there is. He was very pleasant and when we had become fairly well acquainted, he asked to take me out one evening. I accepted and we had a good time dining and dancing and meeting people that we both knew.

"It was rather late when we started home, and as we were driving along he suddenly turned the car and began

driving in the wrong direction. I asked him where we were going, but he didn't say anything—just smiled and kept on driving. When we got out near Inglewood he stopped the car."

"Sure. He was out of gas," I interrupted.

"No, he didn't pull that old line. He just stopped and sat and looked at me with that amused smile. I'm telling you, I began to get nervous. Finally I asked him if he was taking a rest cure. He still didn't say anything. After ten minutes of nibbling at my finger nails, my nervousness turned to anger. It was a cold night and late. What did he think I was—an owl? I told him that if he didn't take me home I would smash the speedometer with the sharp heel of my shoe. He didn't think I would, and dared me to. So I went ahead

and smashed it. But even then he wouldn't take me home, but just smiled more and more. So then I poked my heel through the clock in the car, and he began laughing his head off.

"I told him my mother would be anxious about me, but he just wouldn't be serious. Finally I said, 'If you don't start the car I will smash the windshield.' But he wouldn't go, so I put both feet together and pressed with all my might against the glass. It gave way with a crash and my giggling escort thought it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. Later, I found out that he just wanted to see what I would do in such a situation. Well, he saw!"

You'll have to admit that diminutive Dorothy is some papoose.

Long Shots

Metro-Goldwyn wants to remake "Blood and Sand," with Ramon Novarro in the lead. The Gene Charteris wing of fans will write in that it's Ramon's press agent who throws the bull.

The East will never steal Hollywood's place as center of the movie racket, on account of the extras. The winters are too rough for park-bench sitting in New York.

One report has it that Mary Miles Minter has reduced thirty-five pounds for a film comeback, and another says twenty-five. Somebody's been trusting those penny scales.

"Ben-Hur" has been banned in China on the ground that the film is

"propaganda of superstitious beliefs, namely, Christianity." All good Novarro fans should stop reading those jingles on Chinese laundry tickets.

Warners gave a movie party for the nuns of New York, and after seeing her first movie, a speaker urged that all present pray for the producers. And the fans get peeved at weary reviewers.

Lon Chaney burst a blood vessel while imitating a parrot in "The Unholy Three." Better send for his autograph right now. He may be cast as an ostrich next.

Will Rogers went around for a few days with his head down in shame.

He couldn't look his wife in the eye. Finally it came out, as all secrets will. In a scene for "So This Is London," Will had to wear a pair of yellow spats.

"Art is hell," whined Will, doing a Stan Laurel on his wife's shoulder.

When Helen Morgan buys a new dress she has to ask herself, "Does it look well on a piano?" Now, *Philo*, old deah, either of you screen *Philos*, please find out what piece of Grand Rapids furniture harmonizes with those shoulder-waisted, plaited trousers sported by the Hollywood boys.

Warners couldn't find a horse big enough to use for publicity photos of Arthur Caesar playing polo. Let him shift engines in a railway yard.

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 98

the rest of eternity. The generous-minded can never grow mean again, nor can the lover who is gentle and patient ever return, no matter what later experiences may force him to endure, to the ancient rudeness of many lives ago.

The spirit of life is one, but the expression of it is everlastingly dual in the world that our human personalities know. Even within the infinitely tiny elements of matter the same principle of attraction and repulsion holds. Are we superior to the law that holds every cell of our body in its proper place? Do we not live and breathe attraction of one kind or another daily, like living magnets?

This rate of vibration must have its peaks and its valleys, quite unknown to us, and yet we laid it out from the beginning of this particular mortal life when we attracted to ourselves the letters that form our name.

By seeking out the secrets of this name we can learn something of our own rate of vibration, year by year, and the more we know ourselves, the more happily and successfully we can deal with the inevitable mystery of love.

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W. E. L. L., October 19, 1904—You have great force and independence, and

Continued on page 111



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Driven to an Actor's Life

Continued from page 59

"You lost your money in Wall Street six years ago. You took a gamble and lost." I was losing breath. This idea had to be got out. "Entering pictures—acting. All this sort of thing has been a gamble. Isn't everything—Pidgie—listen to this closely—isn't everything in life a gamble?"

Walter gave me a penetrating glance, and lifted a slice of fruit out of my salad. "So that's what you want me to talk about!" he said in a shattering tone, and refused to answer my question.

We dropped interviewing as a hopeless job. The talk rambled on to Europe. Mr. Pidgeon, it seems, is crazy about the Continent. Especially Vienna. He stayed there several months.

There was a reason—a romantic one, believe it or not.

"I was seated under an awning outside a shop in the Graben," Walter related, unconscious of my lurking suspicions. "A beautiful girl came along. With her was a little boy of about four. The girl was selling flowers. But you could tell she was not used to that sort of life. She was refined, aristocratic looking. And so beautiful—"

The romance-seeking scribe became intent. Mr. Pidgeon, leaning on the table, recalled fond memories of his Viennese interlude. The California winter rain came down in torrents as if all the gods of Olympus were crying for the loss of real romance.

The handsome young American of-

fered the boy some money. The girl refused to allow him to take so much, unless the giver would accept some flowers. This argument led to a pleasant conversation.

Her husband had been killed in the World War. She, her mother, and a young sister were living in a loft over a stable in the city.

During the rest of Herr Pidgeon's stay in the Austrian capital, all his time was spent with this family. Even when he returned to New York and lost his money, he sent ten dollars a week to them. After two years the old *gräfin* wrote to say that they had finally retrieved some of their lands—that the youngest girl was earning money with her dancing and they could get along nicely without Walter's donation.

Thus the beginning and the end of his Viennese episode.

I might have persuaded him to confide more, but just then the call came for all players to return to the "Toast of the Legion" set. Mr. Pidgeon got into his overcoat and, leaving instructions with the slow-eating interviewer to follow when he was ready, encountered the extra girl—one of the chorus dancers in the operetta.

I wonder now, as I wondered then, is Walter Pidgeon in the movies for the money only? Does he give a snap of the fingers for romance and love? In turn, I ask you. Your guess is as good as mine.

In the meantime, Mr. Pidgeon, until he reads this, believes he put one over on his pal, the interviewer!

I Stop to Look Back

Continued from page 72

After three weeks on interiors at the studio we left for the desert to do the fort sequence. And now comes a period of rich recollection, but it will have to wait.

When Mr. Griffith ceased production, and he and I went to Paramount, it terminated the best and most pleasant period of my professional life, as it marked the end of an active association with a man to whom I owe all the good things I now have, not to mention the marvelous training I received under his tutelage. It also marked the end of another delightful association with Carol Dempster, certainly one of the most beautiful and charming actresses ever to grace the screen, a girl of sensitive beauty and intelligence. I think it a great pity that she has not

gone on and on, but for her own reasons she has chosen matrimony as a career.

I was heartbroken to find that in Mr. Griffith's first Paramount picture, "The Sorrows of Satan," there was no rôle for me. I could fill many issues of PICTURE PLAY telling you of the wonderful things he did for me while I was with him, and his unfailing consideration.

I know of no more sincere tribute then to say than that he is the most interesting and dominant figure I have met in all my life, and my association with him made a lasting impression on me. Not only is he the greatest figure in motion pictures, but he is also the greatest personality I have ever had the honor of knowing.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 100

of Mary Charlotte Pickford, niece of the famous star, is to be changed to Gwynne Pickford. You may remember that this girl, now fourteen years of age, and daughter of Lottie Pickford, was adopted by Mary's mother some years ago. In that way she acquired the stellar name instead of her own, Rupp.

Gwynne Pickford has been at school in Switzerland, and Mary determined upon her return for a visit, she had grown up so much that the alteration was advisable in case her niece wished in future to have a career of her own.

Clever European Recruit.

We met a clever German actor not

long ago on one of the sets at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. His name is Tio Shall, and we'll venture he'll soon be seen in American versions of pictures.

He knew no English at all before coming to America, but possesses such linguistic ability that he learned to converse with fluency in three weeks. His speech is so free from accent that it is certain he will be kept in this country. He is both young and an excellent actor.

Shall is playing in the German version of "One Glorious Night," which is called "Olympia." French and Spanish versions are also being made of this same feature, in which John Gilbert originally starred.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 49

"And what about Mary Pickford?" I asked.

"Well, if she's here as some of the newspapers insist, no one has been able to prove it. Her actions are shrouded in mystery nowadays. No one knows why she stopped her picture in the midst of production, though it's perfectly reasonable to suppose that she called a halt because she didn't like it. No one knows why Douglas Fairbanks rushed off to England a while ago, their very first separation since their marriage. Of course, a lot of people hazarded

guesses. Maybe they shouldn't have made that picture together. Maybe their troubles are none of our business."

I think that last guess is about the best one. I agree heartily with the New York newspaper reviewer who suggested "Be Kind to Clara Bow" week after Clara's philanderings had been aired in the papers. And I think the general tolerance ought to extend to a week in which the Pickford-Fairbanks family would be spared any divorce rumors.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 105

I thought she was terrible. She isn't even pretty, although I must admit she has a nice figure. I have only seen one good picture of Greta Garbo; in all the rest she looks positively ugly. Neither of those stars seem popular in England.

The best comedian that ever lived is Charlie Chaplin, and, oh, I do wish we could have more of his films. Bessie Love is one of the best comediennes along with Marion Davies.

Blackpool, England.

Proof of the Player.

The unfair criticism of the stage stars in June PICTURE PLAY prompted action in defense of Dennis King. The fact that this remarkable actor played on the stage in "The Vagabond King" for thirty-six weeks in Chicago offers proof of his ability as an actor.

Why object to these players entering pictures? Surely a great number of the Broadway actors are far above such Hollywood high lights as Alice White, for example. I wonder do some of the fans attend a play merely because the hero or

heroine has a ravishingly beautiful face? Please let's not be narrow-minded.

Let me hear three rousing cheers for Dennis King, Lillian Roth, Alexander Gray, Marilyn Miller, Jeanette MacDonald, Bernice Claire, Kay Johnson, and countless others, who perhaps do belong to Broadway, but who also are capturing the interest and respect of all who are not entirely prejudiced.

B. F. Utica, Illinois.

MISS KAY.

The Storm Goes on.

In the March PICTURE PLAY, the letter by Florence Bogarte contained a choice bit of information. She informs us that Lillian Gish is not an artist, that she is the most mediocre actress on the screen, and that she is an egoist.

Like Will Rogers, "all I know is what I read in the papers," since I have never been fortunate enough to meet or see Miss Gish, but I am quite certain she is not guilty of the above imputations.

As to her acting ability, let me quote D. W. Griffith: "No greater actress ever

Continued on page 114

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La Fazenda Tops the Waves

Continued from page 56

Through work days, she finds time to read her mail, and to answer many letters personally. Fans remember her at Christmas and birthdays, though she would rather they didn't, fearful that they deprive themselves. A woman who grows pepper sent her a lot of it. A Scot of Dundee sends a cake at regular intervals. A Sheffield spoon from a resident of the city of silverware. A newfangled can opener.

Externally Louise is ham-and-eggs, gingham, pins and darning, and kitchen pans, geraniums, a sewing basket on a scarred walnut table, under the glow of a rose-shaded lamp.

Her figure is Junoesque. The long, flowing lines of this season's fashion suit its fulsome contours; the short-skirt era was a nightmare.

Spells of depression engulf her, eventually kidded aside by an effort of the will. Her most bitter disappointment was her failure to get a rôle in "The Dark Swan," long desired and of which she was practically assured. That hurt made her, for the only time in her life, seriously contemplate suicide on the boat home from San Francisco. She has learned, since, to be chary of hoping for too much, experience having shown her that compensation waits. Subscribing to no set philosophy, she is all mixed up with impulses over which her practical sense eventually triumphs.

Her parents were past middle age when she was born. It is said that children of older people are the brainiest. Certainly, the viewpoint of her elders was responsible for her early maturity of character. Her first home was an humble cottage, near the old Los Angeles station. The pioneering spirit early manifested itself; once she ran away to see the world, and got locked in a freight car.

Mr. Fazenda was a grocer. The struggle for a living darkened days which should have been unclouded, childish joys. She wore her mother's clothes, made over, and high-necked, long-sleeved monstrosities that her well-meaning but inartistic grandmother fashioned. Cotton underwear, stiffly starched white petticoats. Her clothes bunched always, or something would be showing.

With her acute hypersensitiveness, she saw that she didn't conform to the pattern that walled her life at school. The other girls were pretty; she was plain. They had "manners," she only grand intentions that turned into awkwardness. Her mother had

been known as a beauty in their circle. An old friend's gasp, "Can this be Nellie's child?" locked into Louise's heart constant hurts. In the distant to-morrows her harvest of those pains was to be reaped in an ability to earn blessings a hundred-fold. The ugly duckling was to become a bird in calico comedy, winging its message to hungry souls.

At the age of seven she won a prize for writing a fairy tale; half of that three dollars she saved. Regardless of how trying the times, with characteristic precision, she put aside part of her earnings from each job. There were few sunny playtimes.

She sold papers downtown. Her lungs were as lusty as the boys', her feet as speedy; as fast as they chased her away, she would return. She "chored" for housewives, cleaned house, tended children.

As chocolate dipper in a candy factory, her big, strong hands became numb with the ceaseless routine. More pleasant tasks were those as a dentist's aid, as clerk in the tax collector's office. Summer meant preparation for winter's struggle. College was her high dream—Stanford.

It isn't in her make-up never was, to whine. But one Christmas things crowded, too heavily to be borne. A woman in the boarding house next door heard her crying, and got her work as a movie extra, with Universal, in an Indian picture. Of each day's three dollars she saved half.

Despite its interesting occupation and its princely remuneration that period was not without those personal pains which will agitate her always. One day her hair was curled and she was dressed in lovely clothes: She paraded, exultant. Maybe, if she could walk gracefully, she would look just like the others; but a five-dollar check, for any girl who could make up to look like a Negro mammy, was too tempting. She had experimented with the grease paints. Sadly she took off her grand dress.

Her calico childhood followed her to Sennett's in 1916. Goddess of grotesquerie, she cavorted with the Keystone Kops, chased Teddy, the great Dane, and Pepper, the cat, and geese and ducks, and pitched pies with a hefty right, for thirty-five dollars a week. She was rich! Occasionally she was dressed up; invariably, pride was dethroned by humiliation. While negotiating the stage on teetering heels, she would trip. And they would have her repeat that inadvertent comedy for the camera.

Panic seized her when the screen

went sound. How could she compete with stage actresses skilled in vocal nuance? With innate shrewdness and knowledge of the business she saw that training would develop an artificial voice not compatible with the humanness ever her first aim. To Louise, however, a challenge means a redoubling of effort; from that storehouse of self she excavates her arms of battle.

Her test was a terrific shock. Realizing that making-up the voice was essential, she used an affected, sweet soprano in "The Terror." The entire cast suffered from an inauspicious vocal debut. She began to figure out accents, conscientiously. Then she hit upon an individual note. "A peculiar noise shocks people, but it arrests attention and they begin to listen for its repetition. So I evolve a different noise for each picture, consistent with the character, a chuckle, a giggle, a scream, so on. Each has its own noise note."

In each of her twenty-odd conversational films she has used a different voice, never yet speaking with her own. She "thinks" voice.

A series of comedies for Darmour, on the RKO program, must be sandwiched between featured rôles. The talkies have given her variety, and more often have dressed her up. "Spring Is Here" was endurable only because Louise, well-gowned, and coiffed, displayed so much of her own charm. They have made her happier. A year ago she was despondent, feeling her progress halted. To-day she glows with resilient ambition.

Others can write of her screen skill more deftly than I. They see the artist in her absurd caricatures; I

cannot escape the Louise who shines through her eccentric shadow. To them she is a freak funster; to me the pathos of the world of misfits, twisted into a grimace.

She passes every crisis in this chaotic business, because she has adaptability, stamina, courage, will, brains, and a hardy constitution, all essentials to permanence. Beauty is the least important qualification.

Her voice, like her characterizations, is drawn from life, though exaggerated. You love her because, through the torn and dusty veil, you see your Aunt Arabella's bright eyes peering, or the spinster Suzanna of the shabby grandeur—remember? Once a director remonstrated that *no* woman would choose such a queer dress. It was her own aunt's best black silk!

Hollywood smiles at her yearnings for dramatic work. That reaching for an opposite, usually, is a mere expression of the actor temperament, the ego, the restlessness.

Duse, Bernhardt, Réjane, Terry, Fiske, Rehan—those are her idols. Ridiculous though it may seem to those acquainted only with the farcical Fazenda, I—nor am I alone in this insistence—believe her powers indefinite. Some day a director with an adventurous spirit will cast her in a dramatic rôle of strength, shaded with very human gradations of feeling; then we shall see a new and compelling actress.

"What kind of a nightmare are you having?" she laughs, when I broach the thought. "Nobody is crazy enough to go broke to please my whim. I'm reconciled to being the comedy relief."

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 107

can be very successful indeed as a public speaker of some kind, for yours is the gift of the spoken word, of teaching and, to a certain extent, of acting. Right now, I know, you feel as if you never would amount to anything at all, for everything has been going wrong, in your material and your emotional life, for at least three years. Money is down to next to nothing, and you are very, very anxious to marry, but the only man you are interested in has been married before, and anyway, you can't make up your mind to take him. Don't, my dear, don't. All your wonderful intuition and your spiritual mastership tell you not to, and if you do you will plunge yourself into a sea of trouble. With this name you will always manage quite well, financially, no matter what happens, and as you grow old you will be very well off. You must have had a fever when you were about five, in con-

nection with some abdominal trouble, and at eleven or twelve you had another illness. It may not have been serious, but it was there. You were desperately in love when you were sixteen, and only your age kept you from getting married. At about nineteen you were in a very serious accident, having to do with some kind of transportation or with speed. Were you thrown out of an automobile? I must admit that you will not escape a lot of trouble between thirty and forty, but you have the spiritual insight and the personal power to get the best of it, and I know you will. There is no successful marriage in this name before you are nearly fifty, so get busy and make a real career for yourself until then. At that time you will meet the true love you have longed for and will enjoy it for a few years. Never be unwilling to fight for what ought to be yours.



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Razzberries for Our Hero

Continued from page 25

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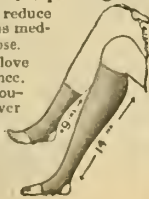


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clean shaven on the deserted isle, despite the fact that the villain is generously bewhiskered, awakens and arouses Ferdinand, who launches out in pursuit.

He gets to the beach just in time to see the longboat pulling out toward the ship. It is a beautiful shot. In fact it is so beautiful that a cameraman recognizes it.

"Why, the dirty bums!" he says. "I made that shot two years ago for an entirely different picture. 'Can you imagine them cheating it in here?'"

Now I ask you, what is Ferdinand to do? He has no boat. He can swim, but that necessitates leaving the elderly, feeble captain ashore to the none-too-tender mercies of the cannibals from Central Avenue. Ferdinand undoubtedly could vanquish whole hordes of them himself—as the picture indicates—but the old captain is a different matter. He isn't a hero—just a character actor who owns a hat store.

Now the captain-father has his heroic scene, which Ferdie unsuccessfully attempts to steal.

"Go!" he says, beating his breast. "Go and save my daughter. I will gladly sacrifice my life."

He insists upon Ferdie's taking the revolver, for which the hero has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of bullets concealed about his person.

"Heh, heh," croons some one who apparently has done business with the elderly actor, "imagine that old guy being self-sacrificing! He wouldn't lend his own grandmother a plugged penny."

Ferdie goes, all right. He launches out to sea, swimming with prodigious strokes.

"Wonder who that double is there

doing the swimming?" some one speculates.

"The assistant director did it," he is answered.

Ferdie makes it to the boat, as we rather suspected he would, before the villain weighs anchor and departs with the girl, and steals aboard.

"Say," some one ejaculates at this point, "isn't that boat the one we used in that sea picture last year?"

"Naw," is the answer, "that ain't a boat at all. That's only a set they built in the tank at the studio."

It seems that things have been going badly on the boat. Also, there has been mutiny among the crew, and the villain, who apparently is an old pal of all the sailors, takes charge. Things look tough for the ingénue.

But, aha, Ferdie is here. Somehow or other, the automatic revolver didn't get damp in his strenuous swim, and at the psychological moment he pounces into the cabin, where the villain is practicing the laying on of hands, dashes in his skull, carries the goil in his arms to the bridge, intimidates the crew and they start home.

The picture ends in a gorgeous scene at sea, with the hero and heroine in a strangle hold.

"Beautiful shot," some one comments. "Wonder where they made it."

"Didn't make it at all," is the reply. "It's a miniature."

So hero and heroine sail away into the sunset, supremely happy. They have forgotten all about the infirm and aged parent surrounded by cannibals from Central Avenue. But then they probably really didn't eat him. The chances are that he sold them all hats.

Not as Other Children

Continued from page 43

"How?" I whispered, likening this young Irish charmer to Deirdre of the Sorrows.

"Well, to understand life and people you must first learn to understand yourself—your motives and actions. Then you become more tolerant. I think a player gets a better chance to become compassionate than an ordinary person. She portrays various rôles—sees the mistakes different types make in life. It is that taking on of different personalities that gives her an opportunity to feel as other persons feel.

"It is said that actors are a class

unto themselves. It is not that players determinedly cut themselves away from the rest of humanity; it is only that they are more broad-minded. They understand their fellow men. Without hypocrisy they face life and say, 'Well, I understand why that man is as he is.' 'I know why she is like that.'"

Maureen broke off. Somehow I alluded to drunkards. I said I couldn't understand why any one could get drunk.

"I understand," Maureen, murmured. "His one method of brief contentment is drink. Instead of

using other, safer methods he seeks that escape.

"But one must follow a path of rules. It is very easy to give way to emotion. It is ever so easy to jump into the whirlpool of hectic existence and say, 'I am living a free life!'"

"That is not true. A wild life is not a free life, for a person indulging in one has to be a slave to its commands.

"Every one has to go according to law and order, if he wants to understand life correctly."

I felt rebellious. "Always?" I gasped in dismay.

"Always," Maureen insisted firmly. "Bake a cake without following the recipe and see what results you get. An expert cook, who has gone over the directions many times, can make a cake from memory. But no amateur can.

"So it is with life. If we fix proper rules for ourselves we come eventually to follow them subconsciously. We need never fear to get things mixed, to overdo any one thing. Take the cake metaphor again. Too much sugar will spoil everything else in the cake. Too much jazz will spoil the other pleasant things in life. By letting one thing dominate us, we are controlled by it. Instead of being free to study life, we are swept along with the crowd without learning anything.

"To dash into things carelessly, not caring what you do, soon creates an upheaval in your mind. Then you rail against life for being cruel.

"Tradition does help to spoil some lives, but only if the person is weak enough to let it. It only goes against people who are narrow-minded, all closed up inside themselves. Religious fanatics are the worst kind. They kill religion with their hard-heartedness.

"That is why I want to act. That is why I am glad now to be alone for a while. I can study other people and life. Inside me I feel there is something that has to be freed—something with which I can soar to unknown heights."

This strange thing causes Maureen to go crazy over airplanes in the sky.

"They thrill me, because they symbolize something very beautiful," she said, while the hazy glow before her eyes seem to shine brighter.

"I know," almost sobbed the snitten scribe. "We were once all angels. Now we are fallen to earth. At least, so some obscure book informed me. And we are all trying to get back where we came from."

"Maybe that's so," Maureen added,

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actually with a smile. "That is why we always want to jump off high places and fly to great heights."

"And believe in fairies."

"And understand the shortcomings of others."

To this last remark I maintained a dignified silence, wondering if any personal affront was intended. But Maureen's smile banishes all doubts.

In fact, as she smiled me out, I knew I was very right regarding my first allusion to star dust and mystic songs.

"Song o' My Heart" was a prophetic title. It gave Maureen her first chance to express that strange force within her that is battering for freedom. And Maureen will follow her own way. And you may depend on it she will succeed.

A Prophet with Honor

Continued from page 52

"It is becoming difficult to hold the same cast through the entire run of a play. Picture producers come showing contracts under a player's nose. And the contracts are pretty. However, I always tell my cast in advance that they are not to feel bound down by their contracts with me. Picture offers are so remunerative, I never want to stand in the way of one of my players accepting one. Both producers and players have shown great consideration when such an occasion arose.

"Now and then, in the topsy-turvy new order of things, I go stealing from the movies for my talent. When we did 'Serena Blandish,' Sylvia Fields, whom we wanted for our star, was borrowed from Fox."

It is known, incidentally, that although Miss Fields was eager to do the play regardless of salary, the studio, as is customary, demanded her screen salary for the engagement, which Horton paid without a murmur.

"Did you see 'Alibi'?" Horton asked. "What a picture—and what a performance Chester Morris gave!

When I see pictures like that and 'The Trespasser,' in which Gloria Swanson takes a trite story and makes you believe it, and leaves you gasping at the magnificence of her talent, then the last remaining doubt about talkies is swept from my mind. I'm all for them. Until I see one of my own, that is. Then I'm not at all sure."

On one occasion, Horton informed Darryl Zanuck—Warner Brothers' white-headed boy—that he considered the pictures he had appeared in the lowest form of moronic rubbish. Zanuck smiled gently, lifted from the files the box-office receipts on "The Hottentot," "The Sap," et cetera, and pointed complacently to the figures. The returns were tremendous. Horton still thinks the pictures were terrible. However, in "Holiday," with Ann Harding, he finds himself in congenial company—a rare experience. It is the sort of thing with which he is identified on the stage. But one feels that he will continue to live his real life in the Majestic Theater.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 109

lived, of stage or screen, than Lillian Gish." Surely Florence Bogarte will not assail the word of Mr. Griffith.

I am inclined to consider Florence Bogarte herself somewhat of an egotist, since she has assumed the self-appointed task of ridiculing Lillian Gish, America's greatest actress.

Florence Bogarte, I sincerely hope you will soon come to admire and appreciate Lillian Gish as she should be admired and appreciated.

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Straight Talk About Ramon.

"One of Ramon's Fans" found fault with Ramon. I am going to find fault with "One of Ramon's Fans." And because the faultfinder in May PICTURE PLAY seems sincerely fond of Ramon, I do not think that a straight talk from a fellow fan will come amiss.

My friend, you do not seem to realize that, to be at his best, Ramon cannot always look his best. After a particularly

strenuous scene, a slight disorder in his curls and a shine on his nose is permissible, surely? Were he always to present a perfect coiffure and a perfectly powdered proboscis to the camera, he would deserve the charge of self-sufficiency and conceit that was unjustly made against him recently. Maybe Ramon does not always look "nice"; he prefers to look natural—and I like him for it.

The day of the dapper matinée idol is over. A movie male has to be a man, if he wants to get by these days.

I saw "Forbidden Hours," and I cannot understand your reception of the film. The plot was by no means powerful—and it certainly was hackneyed; but the whole thing was well directed, the acting was skillful, and the charm of Ramon was behind every scene—deftly and delicately coloring episodes that might, in other hands, have been drab. The film was not a driveling mess. It was not worthy of its star, but, dash it all, if you do not

Continued on page 117

A Tintype Heritage

Continued from page 30

him so well that he was given a city engineer's license in St. Louis and the management of a power plant. All of which excited Huston not a bit. He stood four years of it, then fled to New York and the theater once more.

After careful consideration and bringing to bear the fruits of his experience and his own theories regarding technique he evolved a one-man vaudeville act of monologue, songs, humorous and dramatic sketches. At a try-out he was immediately signed as a headliner on the Keith and Orpheum circuits. For more than twelve years he was one of vaudeville's prize stars writing and planning his own acts.

On a vacation visit with his sister in Santa Barbara, Huston was asked to appear in "The Boomerang" at the community theater. To oblige his sister's friends, who were interested in the organization, he agreed. And found that he had forgotten the satisfaction of doing three acts, instead of a twenty-minute skit. When he returned to New York it was with the intention of quitting vaudeville for legitimate drama. The title rôle in "Mr. Pitt" served this purpose and to establish him in the front rank of dramatic stars. "Desire Under the Elms," "The Barker," "Congo," and "Elmer the Great" followed.

One of the first stage players recruited for talkies, he did a few short subjects—"The Bishop's Candlesticks," "The Carnival Man" and "Two Americans"—all for Paramount. And for the same company, those excellent pictures "Gentlemen of the Press," "The Lady Lies," and "The Virginian." Then he was chosen by D. W. Griffith for "Abraham Lincoln" followed by "The Bad Man" and "The General."

Unlike most of his contemporaries, Huston is well pleased with California as his new home, so long as he can have the autumn of every year in New York, doing a play.

"There's only one place in the world where you can live all the year round, and that's New York. But California is a good, healthful country and the people are pleasant. Dick Arlen and his wife have been awfully good to me. Such nice youngsters they are. And Dick is a fine actor."

An obvious question to put to a player of the Huston caliber is "What constitutes good acting?"

"A few simple rules are all that is necessary if intelligently observed. The character to be played should be studied, and then studied again, and then a few more times. Until, automatically, you read lines and devise business in his way not your own. But, while the feeling is entirely his, it must be projected from your own mind. You must be two people. The delicate coördination of the two is the goal.

"One of the greatest mistakes is the business of *interpreting* lines for an audience. They shouldn't be accompanied by explanatory gestures and expressions. The lines tell the story and reveal the character. They are the structure of the whole idea, and shouldn't be buried under facial contortions. They can be understood much better without a rolling of the eyes to distract attention that should be centered on the words."

Now will you go home and practice that? Rules are all very good, but there is also that certain motivating force behind them. Unless you were born that way, I defy you to study yourself up to the acting standard of Walter Huston—one of the swiftest performers among stage people.

Fifteen Hats at Once

Continued from page 23

A man at the Long Island studio groaned when I asked about Lillian Roth. "She's a clever kid, but awfully tough to handle." And when I pressed him for details he admitted, "Well, she hasn't pulled any temperaments yet, but word came from the Coast that she was hard to manage."

Maybe she is: I don't know. But I do know that she is trying hard to please and that a little explanation would clear the air and earn her undying gratitude.

Her mother always kept her from mingling with her fellow players very

much. She didn't want her to grow theatrical. Perhaps that is what is the matter. She hasn't that expansive friendliness expected of stage veterans.

But Lillian has learned a lot in her fourteen years of battling for a place in the public eye. Maybe she will learn studio diplomacy, without having all of her individuality crushed in the process.

But even if she doesn't, she will get along all right if only you fans like her well enough and show it.

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Say It With Clothes

Continued from page 90

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Madame Corda played the Grecian charmer in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," a picture whose story was as light and amusing as the backgrounds were magnificent. Some of the settings were as gorgeous as those in "The Thief of Bagdad," and Madame Corda's costumes cleverly combined the historic accuracy which must accompany such a film with its fantastic and flippant qualities.

Mention, too, should be made of Lilyan Tashman's inevitable sartorial perfection. Miss Tashman, always the *svelte* polished siren, never fails to dress her rôle with swanky, unquestionable correctness. Lilyan's sleek, waved coiffure, so much a part of her personality, and her clinging gowns and wraps, never fail to contribute to her sharp-edged characterizations.

The decorative Myrna Loy had three of the biggest rôles of her career recently in "The Desert Song," "The Squall," and "The Black Watch," in which she was, respectively, *Azuri*, *Nubi*, and *Yasmani*. Particularly in the latter rôle did Miss Loy bring out all the lure which is hers. As the strange mystic of the Afghan hills, she fairly languished in the sleepy witchery of the East. Miss Loy, aside from giving an exceptionally good performance, fascinated every one with her beauty. The gypsy garb and disheveled hair strengthened her rôle in "The Squall."

Stars who usually play modern girls like Joan Crawford, Clara Bow, Marie Prevost, Olive Borden, and Anita Page, must dress always a month or two in advance of the styles. They must wear something original

and eye-catching in gowns, hats, and accessories. Their pictures must be as authentic a style forecast as the bulletins from Paris. The last-minute frocks these girls introduce in their films are winning for Hollywood the reputation of becoming a fashion center. Constance Talmadge is credited with originating the *Charlot* necklace, the heavy band which has been worn, in various adaptations, ever since. Connie and Nita Naldi were among the first to sponsor that and the jeweled hat ornaments in bizarre designs which have been consistently popular. Gloria Swanson popularized modernistic costume-jewelry with the striking examples she wore in "The Love of Sunya." The flexible gold-and-wood jewelry, first used by the stars, were introduced a few weeks later in smart shops. The players must always keep one eye open for some novelty to introduce to a waiting following.

So you see what an important effect a star's wardrobe and appearance has to do with a rôle, what power it may add, and the reaction it may have upon the audience. The ladies of films have an innate talent for making themselves as charming as possible in their rôles, adding to appropriateness the bright finishing-touches of ever-piquant Hollywood. Seldom does a rôle leave anything to be desired from a sartorial standpoint; often a star's costumes are remembered after her performance is forgotten. So she looks to her clothes to create the desired impression, and the fan, recalling the exquisite creations she wore, says, "Wasn't Betty Compson wonderful?" or, "Billie Dove was splendid in that picture!"

The Boulevard Directory

Continued from page 83

rare illustrations, are never brought out for Lois. Subject matter is all she cares about. Good books in cheap bindings are her meat.

Another youngster with taste anomalous to her appearance is Lola Lane. Fiction she buys now and then, but usually she pores over the shelves devoted to science, psychology, and astronomy. De Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" is still one of her pet books. Any clerk who ventures into a technical argument with her becomes a very uncomfortable young man. For Lola knows her subjects.

Clara Bow, behind roseate glasses, buys in one visit a hundred dollars' worth of "wicked stories." But she

is so sweet about it that the clerks are convinced she is only a little girl afraid of forgetting her part. Thus the books are a character reinforcement. The Costellos, Helene and Dolores, shop carefully and with taste. Good verse and finely written prose appeal to them. Dorothy Sebastian reads every play that appears in book form, and knows the modern drama intimately, despite her Hollywood exile. Conrad Nagel always knows exactly what he wants and is never "sold."

As you see, the clientele of the Hollywood Book Store is not only the most celebrated in the world. It is also a very discriminating one.

While Talent Goes Begging

Continued from page 10

But those of you who saw "So This Is College" may have noticed a little flapper in the leading rôle, called Sally Starr, who looked like the Clara of four or five years ago. She has "It," she has pep, and she has a fresh prettiness that Clara never had.

But you find Sally playing parts of small moment while Clara, like Ten-nyson's brook, apparently goes on and on forever.

This article is in no way intended

as a reflection on those fortunates who have made the grade. In almost every case they are fully entitled to the success they have achieved.

But it is a sad commentary on the fact that looks and ability are often not enough—and talent frequently goes begging.

Wiser men than I have remarked that this business is not only a sad and funny one, but it is a heartbreaking one at best.

Sauce for the Public

Continued from page 86

There was a time when the publicity copy of two such exuberant spirits as Clara Bow and Lupe Velez would have been severely expurgated by the front office, before being deemed safe for the mails—or more especially, perhaps, for the females.

We are more daring these days. Scarcely an interview with either of these young ladies goes to press that isn't liberally peppered with profanity. Both have a gift for strong, racy language that would make a mule skinner turn blue around the ears from sheer envy. It seems, sometimes, that Clara's blurb writers lean backward in their efforts *not* to whitewash any of the little girl's quaint vulgarities, and the same might be said for Lupe. So different from the lavender-and-old-lace days!

Lupe is appropriately served up

with chili sauce on all occasions. She has been hailed from the first as the Mexican *tamale*, but to some of us familiar with other dishes of the southern republic she seems more like an *enchilada*. The real Mexican *enchilada* bears but slight resemblance to the one-tenth-of-one-per-cent version of it which finds favor in the States.

This toothsome morsel is a fried corn pancake, or *tortilla*, wrapped around a filling of sturdy goat-milk cheese and minced onion. There is nothing retiring about either of the last-named ingredients. Swimming in red-hot chili gravy, the *enchilada* is not a dish for a shy feeder. But once you have acquired a taste for it—and your constitution permits—you hail its appearance on the menu with a sort of shuddering delight.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 114

give him credit for his own polished performance, you are making life a rather heartbreaking affair for Novarro.

I have never seen him looking like a "whipped puppy." For the purposes of a film, he can look wistful and a little hurt. That is very natural, for all men, at times, have that look. There is nothing wrong with Ramon's make-up, facial or mental! And if you must connect him with canines—call him a thoroughbred.

I did not care greatly for "Across to Singapore," but I saw it twice, just for the sake of seeing Ramon in the church scene. The amazed agony and entreaty of his eyes as *Priscilla's* betrothal was made public was a masterpiece of acting that I never shall forget.

MURIEL GRAHAM.

Inglholm, North Berwick,
Scotland.

Traitor to the Hero.

I am not writing to praise the charm of Novarro, the dash of Coleman, nor to argue whether or not *la Gish* is an artist, or Alice just a pretty White package tied with a Bow, or whether "Lupe marry

Gary"—theme-song writers please note. I like them both, I am a movie fan, not a census taker. But I am writing to applaud a villain of a Ruth Roland serial of long ago.

I never told the other youngsters I was secretly a traitor to the hero, never witnessing the last episode because of the certain mine disaster, flood, fire, or famine that would overtake and snuff out the scoundrel's life, and leave the hero and heroine facing a rosy sunset!

In the many years since I have caught glimpses of him—drinking a cocktail in a drawing-room scene, a lawyer, a mounted policeman, a bootlegger, then as an instructor of an Indian reservation in "Red-skin," as the physician in "Moran and Mack," a picture with Sharon Lynn, as an officer in headquarters when Gary Cooper gets his "Seven Days' Leave." Small parts, but capable and intelligently played. Good appearance, charming voice. Oh, won't some director please give Larry Steers a chance?

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The Front-page Girl

By Jack Bechdolt

Now, the city room of a newspaper is about the last place in the world to look for romance. Newspaper men are notoriously hard-boiled, or at least they like to give the impression that they are. They would have you believe that they have seen so much of life that it no longer holds any mysteries for them. When a newspaper man comes in the door, love is popularly supposed to fly out of the window.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, love did somehow manage to assume an all-important rôle in the particular newspaper which is featured in this unusual and fast-paced novel—love and its black shadow, jealousy. Here is a story that moves with the breath-taking rapidity of the news itself. It's the story of a girl, sick of the quiet of a little town, who comes to New York to plunge into the hurly-burly of metropolitan life at its very heart. How she makes good, and what happens in the making are told by Jack Bechdolt, himself an experienced newspaper man, in magnificently moving style. "The Front-page Girl" is a real headliner.

75c 75c



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 65

Russian mood, choruses, mobs, and dances. Dazzling production will compensate for rest that makes a film. Singer moves crowd to riot and pillage. Bernice Claire's pretty singing does it. Alexander Gray, Noah Beery, Alice Gentle, Inez Courtney.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless. Frenchman brought to this country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American's daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and win the girl, too? Voilà! Claudette Colbert good.

"Double Cross Roads"—Fox. Excellent crook picture, finely acted by Lila Lee, Robert Ames, Montagu Love, Ned Sparks. Edythe Chapman. Gripping plot, nicely sustained suspense. Convict tries to reform, falls in love with decoy planted by master criminal. Intelligent throughout.

"Divorcée, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer's performance of the "Ex-wife," as the novel was called, finely capable, yet superficial. Skirts the risqué, but even a child could see through thinly disguised implications. Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, Florence Eldridge, Mary Doran.

"Man from Blankley's, The"—Warner. John Barrymore in broad farce, as nobleman taken for a hired "guest" to fill in, because he becomes drunk and gets into wrong house. Emily Fitzroy, Loretta Young, the latter turning out to be the visitor's old sweetheart.

"High Society Blues"—Fox. Two screen darlings in picture that cannot be taken seriously—nor their singing. Unreal, infantile effort, with none of the old Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Hedda Hopper, William Collier, Sr., Lucien Littlefield, Louise Fazenda.

"Hell Harbor"—United Artists. Lavish display of movie making, but lacking in real interest, making it routine. Moviesque "child of nature," Lupe Velez, about to be bartered bride of reprobate, saved by handsome American, John Holland. Realistic acting by Jean Hersholt, Gibson Gowland.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Case of Sergeant Grischa, The"—RKO. A Russian peasant is ground beneath the German war machine. Earnest story made unconvincing by medley of accents, and Chester Morris too alert for doomed peasant. Betty Compson, Alec B. Francis, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Jean Hersholt.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

"Puttin' On the Ritz"—United Art-

ists. Technicolor sequence. Story of vaudeville singer who makes good as night-club proprietor. Some clever staging, routine story of man who atones for sins by alcoholic blindness. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, James Gleason steal show from nominal star, Harry Richman.

"Son of the Gods"—First National. Well-directed story, with Richard Barthelmess as foster son of Chinaman, believed Chinese himself. Society woman—everybody meets the Four Hundred in films—horsewhips him and then loves him. Then he turns out to be white. Constance Bennett, Frank Albertson.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Winifred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all doing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Bad One, The"—United Artists. Another of those pictures in which the bad girl is really and truly a good little girl just being cute, you know, even though an inmate of a dive. Dolores del Río's début in all-talking film. Edmund Lowe, minus uniform, much himself. There's a murder charge and a flight.

"One Romantic Night"—United Artists. Lillian Gish's long-delayed talkie début adds nothing to the glory of Gish or screen. Reminds one of church theatricals. Incident in life of stuffed royal robes and uniforms. Rod La Rocque, Conrad Nagel, Maric Dressler, O. P. Heggie.

"In Gay Madrid"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither gay nor in Madrid, it is a college-campus film supposed to be a chapter in the life of a gay young chap whose many loves make up his education. Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Jordan, Lottice Howell, and numerous others.

"Redemption"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tolstoi's "Living Corpse," without philosophy and analysis of character, is thin remnant, not compensated by John Gilbert's acting. Hero falls in love with fiancée of friend, marries her, later pretends suicide so wife can marry his friend. Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adorée.

"Ship from Shanghai, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. It carries a cargo of ranting. Steward gains control of ship, starves the men, "leers" at the leading lady. Just before the great sacrifice, heroine cries, "You're mad!" and the poor nut leaps overboard to death, and the girl is saved from a "fate worse than death." Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Carmel Myers.

"Captain of the Guard"—Universal. Bombastic and dull, yet pretentious story of French Revolution. Laura La Plante as leader of rebel group. John Boles pleasing singer but inadequate actor. One big scene not enough to lift childish operetta.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

WEARY RIVER.—I hope you've had a nice long vacation since you wrote, so you won't be so weary now. Hedda Hopper was once married to De Wolf Hopper; her maiden name was Furry. The Count, in "High Society Blues," was played by Gregory Gaye. May McAvoy retired from the screen upon her marriage to Maurice Cleary in June, 1929. Adolphe Menjou's wife is Catherine Carver.

SUNNIE.—So *Beppo*, in "The Devil Dancer," was a monkey? Just making a monkey out of me, I suppose, because he wasn't listed in the cast. See above. Dixie Lee was born in Harriman, Tennessee; she attended school there, and a girls' school in New Orleans. She finished her schooling in Chicago, where her parents moved in 1925. In 1928 she won a singing contest at the Hotel Sherman; then she sang professionally at the College Inn. She joined the road company of "Good News" and later played in the New York production of it. She was discovered by a Fox executive; her first film was a Clark-McCullough short called "Knights Out"; then "Fox Movie-tone Follies of 1929." Most of this I learn from Juliette Sylvain, who, like yourself, corresponds with Dixie. I'm afraid many fan clubs I am asked to record are started quite unofficially, but I have no way of sorting the wheat from the chaff. John Barrymore's film, "The Beloved Rogue," and "The Vagabond King," are both based on the life of François Villon. The two authors merely drew from the same source for their material.

E. N. SILVA, JR.—I'll be glad to record your Barry Norton club. Though they bear different surnames, it must have been David Sharpe who played George O'Brien's brother in "Masked Emotions." I can't tell by my synopsis who played "Larry Kent's brother-in-law to be" in "Spirit of Youth."

NANCY NOONAN.—Your barrage of questions puts me right back in school with an examination paper before me. John and Fay Wray are not related. Lola and Nora Lane are not sisters. Pert Kelton has never been a star. Inez Courtney made a hit on the stage and played on the screen in "Loose Ankles," "Not Damaged," "Song of the Flame," and "Spring Is Here." Gary Cooper is said to be engaged to Lupe Velez. Bessie Love married William Hawks, brother of Kenneth, Mary Astor's husband who was killed. Mary Brian was born in Texas. She won a beauty contest in Los Angeles, which got her an engagement in the stage prologues of feature pictures at the Metropolitan Theater. She attracted attention and was given the rôle of Wendy in "Peter Pan." Esther Ralston and Betty Bronson also rose to prominence in this picture. Greta Garbo is Swedish. Ann Harding is married to Harry Bannister, an actor. You probably read that Norma Shearer was expecting a baby; it had not yet arrived when I was questioned about it some months ago. "Sunny" is Marilyn Miller's next picture after "Sally."

PHILIP GERACI.—Thanks for the information about Dixie Lee; I will record your fan club in her honor.

P. H. M.—You needn't be bashful about writing Robert Montgomery at Metro-Goldwyn for his picture. That office takes care of all their stars' fan mail, and Rob-

ert will not even see it. If you're only sixteen, I suggest that you finish school before trying to get into movies. You're too young for a juvenile and too old for a child actor.

ELIZABETH BLAKE.—Everything I know about Ruth Chatterton that hasn't been published! After the thousands of words on the subject, hasn't it all been said yet? Her parents are still living in New York City. She toured with almost all her later plays in "all the larger cities," her biography states, which probably includes St. Louis. Her last New York play was "The Little Minister." She played "The Devil's Plum Tree" in Los Angeles and was seen by Emil Jannings, who asked for her in his picture "Sins of the Fathers." Thus her screen career began. Ralph Forbes is her first and only husband. She has lived in California about three years. Yes, Arthur Rankin is a nephew of the Barrymores—a great-nephew, I believe. That whole Barrymore-Drew-Rankin-Davenport stage family are all related, but it's all too involved for me to know the exact genealogy. Arthur's real name is Arthur Rankin Davenport. Ethel Barrymore made pictures years ago, but I think her screen days are over now. John Barrymore also had a daughter, Diana, when he was married to Michael Strange.

A ONE-HUNDRED-PER-CENT TALKIE.—I hope you're referring to the movies rather than yourself. I don't know what my job has to do with how-do-you-get-into-the-chorus on the stage. Naturally, New York has better opportunities for that; you don't say what city you live in, so I don't know whether stage companies are ever recruited there. Occasionally a man gets a stage job when some one leaves the cast on the road. As to "who is John Harron?" all I can say is that he's an actor, born in New York City, brother of the more famous Bobby Harron, former Griffith player, who died. Richard Gallagher doesn't give his age.

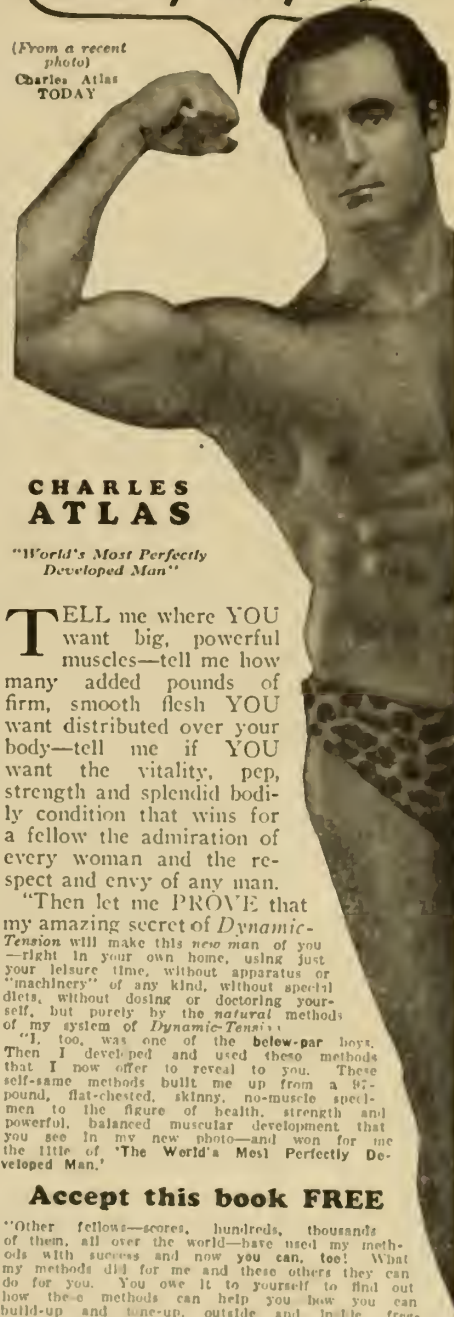
ME, MYSELF, AND I.—Well, you seem to demand three times your share of space for answers. What do you mean, what is Ronald Colman? Shall I call him names, or tell the truth and say he's an excellent English actor? Many of your questions are answered elsewhere on this page. Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. "The Big House" and "Our Blushing Brides" follow "The Divorcée." Chester Morris was born in New York, February 16, 1902. Chevalier is making "The Little Café" to follow "The Big Pond." To join the Robert Montgomery club, write to Jesse Jackson, Jr., 485 Wabash Avenue, Apartment 10, Atlanta, Georgia. Whether Rudy Vallée makes any more pictures depends upon how much money his first one makes—I believe it's not doing too well. Paul Page is twenty-seven and married to Edith Allis. Yes, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are married. He's been married twice before; both wives were named Helen.

PING-PONG.—Dorothy Mackaill's picture, "Hard to Get," was remade from the silent film, "Classified."

MURIEL GRAHAM.—Now, you just stop worrying about Ramon's voice—after you hear it, you won't need to. In the first place, he speaks English practically without accent; in the second, his trained singing voice is excellent for his speaking,

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also. Novarro is not Mexican in the peon sense, but comes of a good Spanish family of Mexico. Rex Ingram is living on the Riviera because he likes it, and Alice Terry has let herself get fat, because she is through with the screen and just wants to be comfortable.

T. E. CLEWS.—Buster Keaton can smile as well as any one. That sour visage is just part of his make-up, like Harold Lloyd's glasses. Eddie Quillan is twenty-three. His films are "Show Folks," "Godless Girl," "Geraldine," "Noisy Neighbors," "The Sophomore," and "Night Work."

G. E. W.—It's a treat to get a few nice, short letters, like yours. Very few stars receive their own fan mail, as it comes in such volume a secretary's entire time is required for it. Dixie Lee writes to her admirers; Ben Lyon and John Boles are both very interested in their fan mail.

THERESA SOAVE.—The movies seem to have talked George Lewis out of his career! George was born December 10, 1904. He has black hair and brown eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs 175. He married Mary Lou Lohman, March 23, 1928.

ANN J. O'SHEA.—Your list of Novarro films is so complete you must have been working at it. The only ones you missed are "Trifling Women," "A Certain Young Man," "Forbidden Hours," and "Devil-May-Care." Since Ramon is the eldest of ten brothers and sisters, it would be quite a feat for me to know all those Mexican names! Yes, two sisters are nuns—no priests in the family as far as I know. His mother's maiden name was Novarro. No, he was not in the World War. Being Mexican, why should he have been? "The Singer of Seville" should be finished by the time this is in print. Articles about Ramon were published in *PICTURE PLAY* for March and August, 1930.

MACKAILL MAD.—But don't get madder if I fail to answer all your questions, which would require enough space for you and three other fans. Dorothy Mackaill has hazel eyes and is five feet four and a half. That's her real name. Since "Hard to Get," she has appeared in "The Great Divide," "Strictly Modern," "A Very Practical Joke." She married Lothar Mendez in New York, in 1926, and was divorced in 1928. Malcolm Oettinger's story about her appeared in an edition now out of print. "The Lotus Eaters" was released about ten years ago. Colleen Moore played in that with John Barrymore. Henrietta Brunson, 59 Illinois Avenue, Dayton, Ohio, has charge of a Norma Shearer club. The Wampas Stars of 1924 were Clara Bow, Elinor Fair, Carmelita Geraghty, Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt, Julianne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Marian Nixon, Alberta Vaughn, and Lucille Ricksen. The principals in "Exit the Vamp" were Ethel Clayton and T. Roy Barnes. *Michael O'Halloran* was played by True Boardman, with Ethelyn Irving as the girl. Irene Rich was *Mrs. Minturn*; Bill Boyd had a small part.

A. J. B.—Alice Joyce was born in October, 1890. She has brown hair. She is Mrs. James Regan and has two children.

E. J. HAYWARD.—I am very grateful for your information.

TINA GORDON.—E. J. Hayward writes that in "The Desert Song," which you asked about, "One Flower That Grows in Your Garden" was sung by Robert Guzman and Otto Hoffman.

FRENCHY.—Jascha Heifetz is a marvelous violinist, but he has nothing to do with movies. However, I believe he and Florence Vidor live at 277 Park Avenue, New York, if that information is of any use to you. Florence has retired from the screen. Her daughter, Suzanne, is about eleven and, I assume, lives with her mother. Miss Zelda Raphael, 128 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, has a fan club in honor of Lila Lee and several other players.

THE Y'S BOYS.—So you're all smitten with Catherine Dale Owen, the heroine of "His Glorious Night"! She was born in Kentucky, but doesn't say when, and was well known on the stage before beginning her screen career. Since that film she has played in "The Rogue Song," "Such Men Are Dangerous," "Born Reckless," and "Strictly Unconventional."

JUST A KID.—That red-headed Charles Bickford is certainly coming along. He's married, but I don't know further particulars about the Mrs. He was on the stage about five years. On the screen, he has played in "Dynamite," "Hell's Heroes," "South Sea Rose," "Anna Christie," and a sea film he is now making for Metro-Goldwyn, to whom he is under contract. For the rest, see M. M.

AMBITIOUS.—Almost too ambitious, expecting an answer in the issue of *PICTURE PLAY* which comes on the stand two weeks after your letter was written. As to auditions for Vitaphone numbers, I think they're usually arranged—when one is unknown—by a friend who has a friend in the studio. That kind of thing. As to where the nearest place to you for an audition is, how can I tell, since your letter gives no clew to where you live? If you broadcast, perhaps some one around your radio station would have a possible movie or recording connection.

MISS DOROTHY ROGERS, 2916 National Avenue, Detroit, who describes herself as a "Crawford maniac," would like to hear from others similarly enthusiastic about Joan—particularly "The Girl Who Worships Joan Crawford," whose letter was answered recently in these columns.

A CRAWFORD MANIAC.—But why take it so hard? Joan was born a Cassin, but took her stepfather's name of Le Seuer. Her birth date was March 23, 1906; she is five feet four, weighs 120, and has blue eyes. Her hair was brown before she started experimenting with color. Her next film is "The Great Day."

J. S. H.—So you're making a huge scrapbook with hundreds of pictures in it? Well, that's more fun than collecting stamps, isn't it? Wampas Baby Stars for 1926 were Mary Astor, Mary Brian, Joyce Compton, Dolores Costello, Joan Crawford, Marceline Day, Janet Gaynor, Sally Long, Edna Marion, Sally O'Neil, Dolores del Rio, Vera Reynolds, and Fay Wray. The Wampas guessed pretty well that year! The 1928 stars were Lina Basquette, Flora Bramley, Sue Carol, Ann Christy, June Collyer, Alice Day, Sally Eilers, Audrey Ferris, Dorothy Gulliver, Gwen Lee, Molly O'Day, Ruth Taylor, and Lúpe Velez. Percentage not so good. Polly Ann Young was born in Denver, Christmas Day, 1908. I haven't yet got all the information about the Bennett sisters. Joan was born in 1911; Barbara is several years older, and Constance, the eldest, doesn't give her age.

LOUISE BROOKS FAN.—May you write again? Why should you suddenly need permission, after all your letters? I'd miss you if you didn't! Louise Brooks was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1909, but doesn't say what month. She is five feet

two, weighs 120, with black hair and brown eyes. Louise has been making films in Germany—"Pandora's Box" and "The Diary of a Lost Soul." Jacqueline Logan was born in Corsicana, Texas, November 30, 1902. She is five feet four, weighs 115, and has auburn hair and gray eyes. "Stark Mad" was the picture in which she appeared with H. B. Warner. Phyllis Haver retired from the screen on her marriage to William Seaman; very few stars can stay retired, so time will have to tell. Mona Maris was born in Buenos Aires in 1910. She has dark hair and blue eyes.

A COLLEEN MOORE FAN.—Colleen may need her fans. She's not doing so well in talking pictures as in the silent ones. Yes, she and John McCormick were divorced in May. They were married in August, 1923, and he was her first husband. Colleen is not related to the Moore brothers; in fact, her real name is Cathleen Morrison. Her hair is auburn and her eyes are slightly different in color, though you can scarcely notice it. Colleen is 28.

PERPLEXED.—The low-down on Harry Richman and Clara Bow! That's a hard one. As I understand it, Harry Richman's movie career was to be launched in a blaze of publicity, so they got him engaged to Clara Bow. Of course, Clara is not married, or how could even a phony engagement be announced? Bill Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and works at the Pathé studio.

JULIETTE.—A thousand, thousand thanks for your very complete biography of Dixie Lee. Maybe some time I can do as much for you.

L. F. L.—You are another Oracle, aren't you? Yes, there are two Roscoes, Alan and Albert. Albert was born in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1887. He isn't active on the screen just now. Alan is somewhat of a newcomer to pictures. I don't know where he can be reached, unless you try him at the Masquers Club in Hollywood, to which most film actors belong, including your friend Francis MacDonald.

A BARRY NORTON FAN.—To join the Barry Norton fan club, write to Dorothy Suter, 2202 Ohio Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

B. GRIFFIN.—L. F. L., above, reports that she sent a quarter for her picture to Marguerite Clark, Patterson, Louisiana, and received a lovely photograph.

CHERRY.—I don't know why Jason Robards has never become prominent on the screen. However, he plays on the stage in Los Angeles frequently, so he works oftener than you might suppose from seeing his few pictures. Perhaps a letter to "What the Fans Think" might help, though I think producers are not easily persuaded.

THREE OF TOMMY MEIGHAN'S FANS.—Perhaps you're the only three left. Evidently "The Argyle Case" did not make much money, or there would have been more Thomas Meighan films.

JOHN B. SNOW.—Of course there can be two opinions as to whether or not Valentino had small eyes. There might even be three—some one might consider them medium-sized eyes. Anyhow, he was a fascinating man; I agree with you perfectly on that.

A PHILADELPHIA SWEETHEART.—Whose sweetheart, Philadelphia's? Chester Morris was born in New York, February 16, 1902. He has gray eyes and dark hair; his wife was once Miss Kilborn. Chester's new film is "The Bat Whispers."

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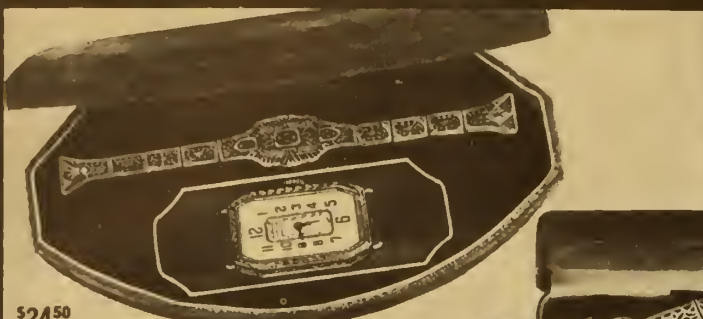
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Volume XXXIII

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WHAT A GIRL NEEDS IN HOLLYWOOD



TO get along she needs talent, you say. That and beauty perhaps, but talent first of all. Well, you're wrong! There are thirteen qualifications for success on the stage and screen, and a girl may have only one of them and yet become famous. Of these, talent is the least essential of all. Charm, personality, ambition, showmanship, sex appeal—any of these qualities may project a girl to the top, and to prove it Samuel Richard Mook submits an article in PICTURE PLAY for December that clinches his surprising argument. Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, Helen Twelvetrees, Marilyn Miller, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, and Olive Borden are some of the stars you know whose predominant quality has put them over in spite of the lack of any other gift in like measure. A most unusual article, you must not miss it.

The Baby Bachelors

THEY are, according to Myrtle Gebhart, the youths who are feeling their oats as players of importance—Arthur Lake, David Rollins, William Jannet, William Bakewell, Frank Albertson, Eddie Quillan, and the like. What do these boys do for diversion? What is their attitude toward work? What girls do they go with, and how do they regard marriage? Miss Gebhart describes them gayly, sympathetically, these juniors who may be the stars of to-morrow, and to meet them through her is to like them. But they are by no means the only featured members of PICTURE PLAY'S cast of favorites for next month. Dolores del Rio's life and character are analyzed by Monica Andrea Shenston; Jean Arthur is interviewed by a newcomer, Edward Nagle, whose visit to Phillips Holmes is recorded in the present issue of PICTURE PLAY; and Ann Sylvester returns to the fold with a most penetrating and unusual contribution on Richard Arlen, who is presented to his fans as he has rarely been. Malcolm H. Oettinger also offers one of his inimitable interviews; with Madeline Glass, Margaret Reid, William H. McKegg and others maintaining that standard which you have long admired in PICTURE PLAY.



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"No, that's just some sheet music I bought on the way over," returned Dick.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing with sheet music? Going to use it as wall-paper?" exclaimed John.

"Why, I'm learning to play the piano. Didn't you know?"

"Oh, boy! Listen to that! You couldn't learn to play in a thousand years."

Dick looked at John with an amused smile on his face.

"What would you give to hear me play?" he asked calmly.

"A ten dollar bill if you'll go up there right now and play that piano. What do you say?" exclaimed John with triumph in his voice.

"You're on," replied Dick, quick as a flash. "I'll take you up on that little dare. But not here—wait 'til we get home tonight."

"No, sir, you'll win or lose that bet right now. Come on, fellows, let's take him right up to the piano and we'll settle it here."

"Don't be foolish, boys, you'll only make us the laughing stock of the place," begged one of the girls.

Heedless of Dick's pleading, they dragged him to the platform and placed him at the piano. By this time the unusual goings on had caught the attention of everyone in the restaurant. Now Dick realized that he had to go through with it. So summing up all his courage, and with a sudden burst of confidence, he broke into the chorus of the latest Broadway hit.

John gasped. He couldn't believe his ears. Everyone at the table sat in open-mouthed amazement as Dick sat there playing one snappy number after another. It wasn't until the regular orchestra returned that they allowed Dick to rise from the piano. Amid the din of applause, he went back to the table, only to be swamped with questions. But Dick refused to tell them

the secret of his new-found musical ability, in spite of all their begging.

Going home that night, John, the most surprised member of the party, insisted stubbornly until Dick finally gave in.

"Well, John, I've put one over on you. I learned to play by myself, without a teacher."

"What? That's impossible! Tell me more."



Dick Tells His Secret

Dick then explained how he had always longed to be able to play some musical instrument. One day he chanced to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement offering a Free Demonstration Lesson. Skeptically he sent in the coupon. But when the Free Demonstration Lesson came and he saw how easy it was, he knew that this was just what he had been looking for. Why, it was just like A-B-C. He sent for the entire course and almost before he knew it, he was playing real tunes and melodies. And the lessons were such fun, too. Almost like playing a game.

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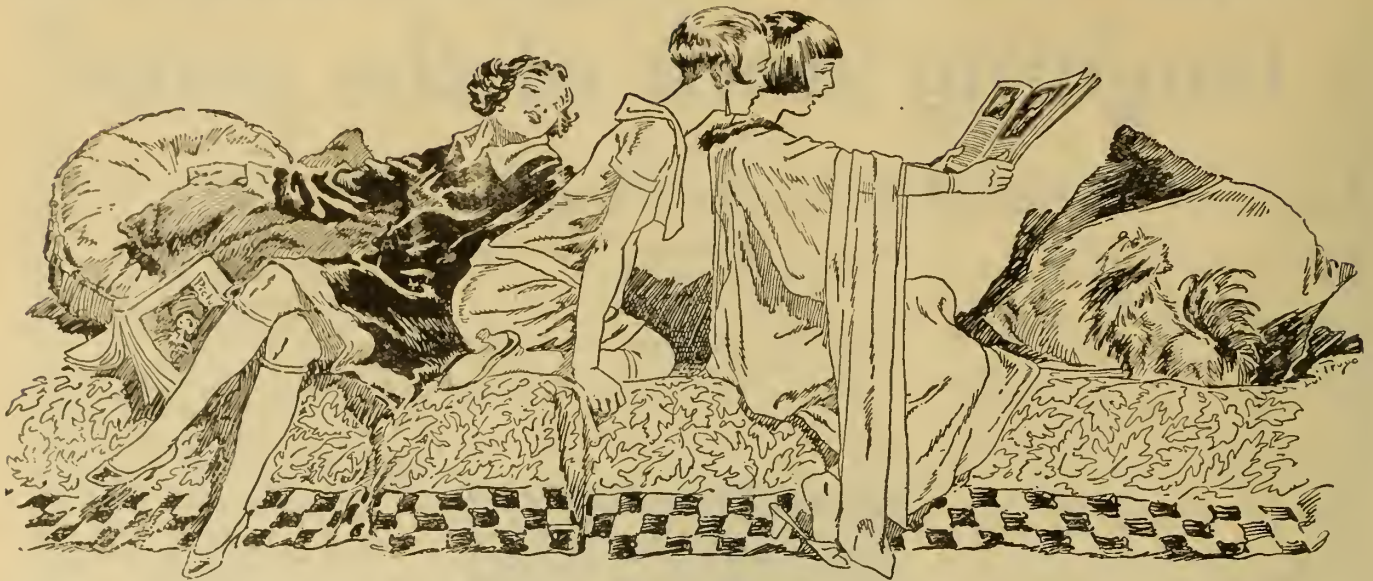
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What the Fans Think



There's Good Where You Find It.

WHY all the excitement about Lupe Velez and Alice White? True, neither one is a Garbo or a Chatterton, but we need variety and color upon the screen, and they certainly give it to us. What if they're not *great* actresses? The screen would seem flat without their vivid, bewitching personalities.

What seems so silly to me is that so many girls say that since Gary Cooper has been in love with Lupe, they have forsaken him as their favorite. After all, the poor man had to fall in love like everybody else, didn't he? Why be so selfish as to try to destroy their romance with so many jealous protests? As long as he gives us his sincere, delightful performances—and most of us will never know him in any other way—why try to run or ruin his life?

What if Miss Velez *does* proclaim to the world she "loves" him? She is an impulsive, vivacious child of nature who even Hollywood hasn't tamed to be genteel and dull! She's a mischievous little wench, and I get a kick out of her pranks.

Alice White is another unjustly criticized star. She should be cheered for her meteoric rise from a studio employee to stardom, not jeered at! She is a courageous person to stand up under all the slams she gets. At least her personality is distinctive upon a screen that is overrun with Jean Arthurs, Mary Brians, Loretta Youngs, and Bernice Claires, all sweetly, tiresomely alike. Alice can claim a cute perkiness that none of these could ever hope to attain.

D. S.

Oakland, California.

Garbo's Army Greater Than Napoleon's!

In reading "What the Fans Think" I ran across a letter by a young intellect from Peoria, Illinois, who flatters herself into thinking she knows a real artist when she sees one. It is small wonder my righteous indignation was greatly aroused. So Garbo is only a passing fancy! Well, Garbo has been over here several years now and instead of her popularity decreasing, it is increasing by leaps and bounds. The public eagerly awaits every new picture of hers and cries for more.

It is undoubtedly true that Greta Garbo cannot be compared with Alice White, Nancy Carroll, Anita Page, Clara Bow, and many others. Who can compare a planet with a star, or even a meteor? Greta Garbo stands out

above every actress in this world. Garbo isn't cute—such a word cannot go hand in hand with as great an artist as Garbo. Imagine saying that George Washington was not cute. To do so would be no more unheard of than to say Garbo is not cute. Alice White, Nancy Carroll, and hundreds of others could vanish from the screen and inside of a month never be missed, because there are thousands of others just as good waiting to step into their places. But should Greta Garbo leave the screen there would never be any one to take her place. Many might try, but there is only one such place and only one person to fill that place and that one person is Greta Garbo. Even Hollywood, full of great artists, looks up to Garbo as one who is above them and who has attained a place they can never reach.

Greta Garbo sits on a throne of achievement. Queen of artists, mistress of all, with an army of fans such as Napoleon and the kaiser never dreamed of.

TERESA WILSON.

Golden City, Missouri.

New Way to Reduce.

No truer words have ever been written than those expressed in Madeline Glass's article "What Is His Mystic Power?" concerning Ramon Novarro.

I have experienced almost everything she mentioned, and more. Ramon exerts a profound influence over my daily life. I go to the Catholic church because it is his, although my family are Protestants. I have learned to speak Spanish and play the Spanish guitar and the piano. Also, I read many deep books on religion and philosophy. I know that I have a better character, because I try to live up to Ramon's ideals.

When I was fortunate enough to see Ramon for the first time, personally, at the premiere of "Devil-May-Care," I was so thrilled that I had a terrible case of heart sickness afterward. I was ill in bed for three days and lost six pounds. Too bad I wasn't trying to reduce, so I could have derived some advantage from it!

BETTY MALONE.

Hollywood, California.

Are Stars Ordinary Beings?

I agree entirely with Jack Jannison. Why make tin gods of the stars? I think it would be just as interesting if the interviewers scattered a few faults among the

Continued on page 10



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What the Fans Think

compliments that make the stars seem superhuman. Although, to be truly frank, it would be very trying to have my private life dipped into! But as the stars must expect it, the articles could at least be made readable by making the actor in question appear human.

And now to disagree with Gladys Stern. She loses sight of the object of this department. There would be no "What the Fans Think" if the "moronic epistles" were not contributed. Remember, Gladys, the writers of these letters have their likes and dislikes, and even if they don't state their views in a way that pleases you, they are fans just the same. I think it is interesting to read the different opinions. They often shed a new light on a subject. Read this over, Gladys, and think again.

PHYLLIS JOHNSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

And Now for a Sob.

On May 10th, on Gregory and Gower Streets, across the street from the RKO studio and, incidentally, across the street from Richard Dix's dressing room, a little child, Ward Bissonette, was run down by an automobile.

This child was a worshiper of Richard Dix. Dix was all that a man should be, and the child wished to be like him, for to him there was no one like Richard Dix, although the child had never been lucky enough to speak to his hero.

When they carried the child into my apartment he was suffering with a crushed leg. He lay there trying to keep from crying out, yet failing, of course. Imagine this seven-year-old child trying to be brave like his hero, and talking about him, too. I told him I would try to get Richard.

After the youngster was taken to the hospital, I tried to find Mr. Dix, but could not do so. Finally I left a note for him at the studio gate, telling him about this boy, so that he would get it when he went on the lot on Monday morning.

Tuesday night the mother asked me if I would like to ride to the hospital with them to see the boy. While we were there a telegram was brought in—a "buck up" type of message, and it was signed "Richard Dix."

The next day Ward's mother came to me and told me that a huge bunch of flowers and a lovely note in Richard's own handwriting was delivered to the boy. And this has been as good as medicine—much better, for it has given the boy something to look forward to, for Richard has told him that he will be there to see him soon.

Now, fans, this is not a press story, and any one who wishes to verify it can write to Mr. Bissonette, 823 North Gower Street, Hollywood.

I know Richard Dix would never want this known, but I am telling you all because I want you all to know him as I do.

E. S. COTTINGHAM.

Hollywood, California.

Plyers Should Talk Like Lydies.

In June PICTURE PLAY there was a letter from Irene Burton asking English fans if a newspaper report concerning Sir Alfred Knox rising in the House of Commons to champion English as it is spoken in England against the "ravages" of American talking pictures, truly reflects the feeling of the average Englishman.

After reading her letter, I am forced to conclude that a small matter has rather disturbed her. If it is reported in our newspapers that "Big Bill" Thompson or Senator Borah do not like us, we do not immediately think that every finger in the United States is derisively pointed against us.

It is true that there are many people in England who deprecate the arrival of the talkies—discharged musicians, Sunday-school teachers, and so forth, who shudder every time they hear a boy or girl, humorously imitating what they have heard on the screen, say "Sez you," or even "Oh yeah?" But the true answer to her question is to be found in the crowded theaters and the long lines waiting to see and hear the latest talking picture.

We have no fear of Clara Bow and a few more flappers Americanizing the English tongue, when there are such men as George Arliss, Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Basil Rathbone, and H. B. Warner teaching the American public that the English of an educated Londoner or New Yorker sounds better than the raucous voices of the cute flappers and the accents of the Middle Western or Southern States, or whatever you have. Pictures like the "Last of Mrs. Cheynce" and "Disraeli" are of more use to us than "The Cock-eyed World."

I admire the spirit in which Miss Burton wrote her letter. She was disturbed over this report, just as I was disturbed over a statement I read a few months ago in an American magazine, not PICTURE PLAY, which said that the first British talkie to be shown in Los Angeles was howled off the screen. I doubt this statement, but if it is true I should like to know the name of this film.

I hope that Miss Burton will reply to this letter and tell me if the statement was true.

R. G. E.

Beech House, Bolton Road,
Pendleton, Manchester, England.

That Makes Lupe a Queen.

My heavens! What's all this breeze about Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez? I read one letter that practically accused Lupe of not being a lady. It makes me laugh and somewhat angry, too, what some people consider a lady. A woman is a lady when she is full of human kindness, considerate toward others, moral, kind to animals, sincere, not catty, et cetera. That's my opinion of a lady. Education is only secondary. I've seen women who are highly educated, yet, in my opinion, are far from being ladies. They are mean, catty, and would injure, morally and physically, some one they were jealous of. It seems to me Lupe Velez is a sweet, kind, lovely little thing and a lady if there ever was one. Wild? No, she is not, only lively, peppy, and why not? Heavens, she's awfully young yet.

Lupe ruining Cooper's career? Silly idea! Gary is ding-dong lucky to get this little beauty. She is a fit wife for a king! And please remember, a lady is one who's heart is full of kindness, not whose head is full of algebra! Any fool can learn from books, but not every one can have a good heart. A lady is one who brings happiness into an already dreary world, not one who considers herself a lady because she has read a few good books and can spell correctly!

Gary Cooper, I congratulate you!

ALYCE CROCKETT.

Care of 20th Infantry,
Fort Francis E. Warren,
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Who's Who in England.

May an English admirer of Betty Compson thank Grace Kelly for her defense of "our adorable Betty"? Because she is undoubtedly once more at one of the recurrent crises of her peculiar career and needs her friends.

A recent popularity contest here, although the total of votes cast, 21,763, is

small, perhaps, to American eyes, as the British public simply will not respond in such matters—I did not vote myself—is generally accepted as an accurate guide to feeling here.

She is fourth to Ruth Chatterton and Norma Shearer, a few votes behind Gloria Swanson.

She has twice as many votes as Greta Garbo, whose talking films, however, have not yet reached the general public, or Evelyn Brent; five times Bebe Daniels, or Bessie Love; six times Lois Moran; eight times Billie Dove; and ten times Dorothy Mackaill.

Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, and Alice White were nowhere at all. Only Brook, Colman, and Arliss of the men had more votes.

Her frantic gadding about the various companies playing poor parts in indifferent films, apart from the damage to her career, appears to have drained her of vitality like a squeezed orange. In "The Case of Sergeant Grischka" this is very evident.

All her weaknesses are apparent, except that her make-up is not as bad as usual, while her power of creative evocation, of giving a distinct personality to each rôle, however worthless and trivial, is in abeyance.

Hopelessly miscast and ill at ease throughout—one fancies that the director resented her presence as a box-office consideration thrust upon him—this is a disaster indeed, and some of the comments in England on her work, such as "a chorus girl masquerading as a chocolate soldier," would please Norbert Lusk to whom she can obviously do nothing right, even in the delightful "Street Girl."

If she will not rest, and cannot or will not discriminate in her rôles, we shall assuredly lose her again.

And for one admires the loss of that eager, gallant, dainty little figure, highly competent, with the vividly expressive face and the soft voice, despite faulty articulation and erratic intonation, rich in emotional color, would leave a blank on the screen none could fill.

M. G. ATKIN.

489 Romford Road, Forest Gate, E 7,
London, England.

A Strange Fate for Barry.

Sometimes I have the patience to read through a movie magazine and sometimes I do not. When I see articles like "Clara Bow Shops for a Baby," I pass them up with a grimace, and say, with Walter Winchell, "of all the sillies!" I can't see why any one is interested whether Clara Bow wants a baby or not. However, I suppose some folks are, or so much good space would not be used in writing about it.

I don't care to read about what quiet lives the stars lead, or about their happy home life, because the next newspaper one picks up, one is likely to read that these same stars are getting a divorce. It disillusiones one, you know.

On the other hand, the article in the June number, "Naughty Girl—Papa Spank," was extremely interesting. Who would think Nancy Carroll was such an unpleasant person on the set? If there ever was a girl with a sweet face, she is one. And about the last person I would suspect of being high-hat. Her face is so pretty and generous looking. But one can never tell what is beneath the exterior, though. Miss Carroll would probably be so much more attractive if she lived up to her looks.

Ordinarily I'm not strong in my likes or dislikes of the stars. They usually suit me, if they are good players. Since the advent of the talkies, I have developed a

fondness for Ramon Novarro because of his singing voice. Ah, how I love beautiful singing! He doesn't seem to be ballyhooed very much. One doesn't see a great deal about him in the magazines. Probably he doesn't care for that sort of thing. I mean—*really* doesn't.

As for Barry Norton, he ought to be shot. Gentlemen, I repeat it! *He ought to be shot.* Why? He is too good-looking. Oh, absolutely! He is more beautiful than June Collyer or Billie Dove, and a man with a face like his has no business to live. At least he should not be an actor; he should take up forest ranging or lumber camping, or something rough to live down those looks.

WILMA THOMPSON,
Hopemont, West Virginia.

There's Room for All.

As I buy all the leading fan magazines, mainly to collect portraits of actors and actresses—I naturally read them, too. And the most abominable thing I have yet discovered is the way the average contributor to "What the Fans Think" rips some one else up the back.

As I glance through the July issue I see such things as Isabel Hatch's "now naughty ol' Mr. Mook, you jus' 'top 'at—so there!" and Jennie Schulman rushing valiantly to the defense of reliable Dick Barthelmess—my! my!

After all, if one is going to take the time to write a letter which may be published, one might write a real letter and not the kind of thing a three-year-old child might think, but can't write.

I certainly can't see how "What the Fans Think" improves PICTURE PLAY. Why not publish sensible letters and weed out these chattering females, for most of them are such. Give us letters that mean something for the stars—to read.

I'm sure if I were in the place of any of the stars who are now at the peak of their careers, I would close PICTURE PLAY in disgust.

However, as there is good in everything, there are some fine things printed in this open forum. I refer to such letters as those written by Elizabeth Winter, J. J. Druge, Clifford Westerneier, and others too numerous to mention or recall.

J. SANDS.

201 West 78th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Richard Barthelmess Upheld.

Are we fans acting fairly toward the stars?

They entertain and delight us, making us forget for a while this workaday world. The account of their doings and their opinions enliven the pages of PICTURE PLAY and afford us further pleasant hours of interest and discussion. They are endlessly photographed and interviewed in their spare time for our pleasure.

Yet how do we treat them in return for all this? Take the case of Richard Barthelmess, who has that quality of reserve which makes it an agony to be always under a microscope.

He goes to Mexico for change and relaxation and is spitefully censured because he does not grant an interview to every group of schoolgirls who demand it.

Then, while taking refuge in the privacy of his yacht, he is hailed by a total stranger who, because he does not recognize her as an old friend, says she will in future avoid his films.

How gracious would she have been in his place? She was probably the nine hundredth and ninth to thrust herself upon his notice that day.

Richard Barthelmess has been my fa-

vorite actor since "Way Down East." Recent letters in PICTURE PLAY have revealed the greatness of his courage and honesty in trying to live a normal life, and the pettiness of his detractors.

E. JONES.

Park View, Weymouth, England.

These Charming Accents.

Sometimes the movie producers act like grown-ups, then again, like one-year-olds. Here's one case where they act like the latter.

When the talkies came along, a number of stars were dispensed with because of accent, a shining example being the incomparable Emil Jannings.

Yet to-day it appears that practically every star feels put out if she or he doesn't show the ability to speak with an accent in at least one picture. Nearly every film has at least one person with an accent. For example, "Marianne," "The Texan," and "Sarah and Son," to mention a few.

What makes the movie heads think that we wouldn't accept a real accent, if we're willing to accept a make-believe one? With a real accent we wouldn't have to fear of the actor forgetting, as happens with acquired speech.

If we accept the accents of Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez, Maurice Chevalier, Paul Lukas, why not Emil Jannings, Nils Asther, Victor Varconi, and Barry Norton?

Anyway, in having Emil Jannings here again, we would be sure of pictures other than revues and musical comedies.

JEAN HAEHNGEN.

1206 Washington Street,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

More About Gish's Art.

In view of the recent discussion of the art of Lillian Gish in "What the Fans Think," Miss Gish's performance in the stage production, "Uncle Vanya," is interesting, and a few comments may not be untimely. Jed Harris' production of "Uncle Vanya" is acknowledged to be the finest staging of Chekov's play ever seen in New York. The critics unite in praising the direction, staging and acting, and no other member of the cast is so highly praised as Lillian Gish.

Florence Bogarte's letter is not so interesting as those in reply. These at least attempted to prove that Miss Gish was or was not an artist. Florence Bogarte merely made statements: "Miss Gish has no appeal;" "Miss Gish knows nothing of dramatic art," et cetera.

Perhaps she expects us to accept her opinion without argument, because she is a teacher of dramatic art, and therefore knows more of acting than the layman. I am never prone to accept without question the opinions of others on acting ability, much less artistry, no matter how much better fitted to judge than I they may appear to be; even if I were, I believe I should be inclined to accept the opinions of the New York critics rather than Miss Bogarte's.

Any one can make statements. Miss Bogarte's letter may be dismissed without anything further being said, since she offers nothing to prove her contentions. Gordon Mackay's letter deserves more attention. He brings forth the somewhat bromidic statement that "the downfall of Gish was impending the instant Hollywood drew real talent from the spoken stage."

I think Miss Gish's performance in "Uncle Vanya," the superlatives lavished upon her by some of New York's sonnet critics, and the ovation she received—though the play has no starring rôle, Miss

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Gish's entrances were always applauded—these facts, it seems to me, should effectually refute that statement.

To compare Lillian Gish with Ruth Chatterton: the difference between the latter and Miss Gish is the difference between the excellent and the supremely great. Ruth Chatterton was an utter failure in the only part requiring acting ability in which I have seen her in—"Sins of the Fathers." She deserves no credit for the success of "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady." Such plays require no acting ability in particular; the dialogue is sure-fire, and needs only to be batted back and forth by the players to be entertaining.

Compare with these Lillian Gish's performances in "Broken Blossoms," in "Orphans of the Storm," and "Romola." Miss Gish lifts one into a rarefied atmosphere in which it is both rapturous and painful to breathe. Yet the emotions she portrays are real and human, else we would not feel them so deeply.

RICHARD E. GRIFFITH, JR.

217 W. Boscowen Street,
Winchester, Virginia.

Dog-in-the-manger Fans.

There is a certain young actor of whom I'm rather fond—Robert Montgomery. He is such a good actor, so good looking, and has such a nice, impudent charm, that I find him well-nigh irresistible. But there is one thing the matter with him. His hair. He has succumbed to the curling iron. And so, playing a lone hand, I petition this nice young actor to stop it. It really sickens me to see ringlets hanging about a rather intelligent face. Thus this silly but utterly sincere request.

One thing more. My favorite actor, Gary Cooper, is married, has married, or is about to be married, to Lupe Velez. Now in these pages I have seen anger and annoyance expressed at this bit of news. Why? Haven't you fans ever heard of publicity? Don't you realize that the chances are Lupe never said in public, "Garee, I lof you," that she's probably charming and lovely and, above all, that he's in love with her?

Maybe I'm wrong. But at least give Gary credit for knowing what he wants. And why do fans object to an actor's being married? You can't have him yourself, so why the dog-in-the-manger attitude?

DIANA LORIS.

Chicago, Illinois.

Influence of Mother Love.

Oscar Wilde wrote that all criticism, whether high or low, is a mode of autobiography. I have been guilty of rather low criticism of a young lady in pictures—I cannot call her an actress—named Alice White, whom I wished to get off the screen if possible. I now realize that my lucubrations printed in "What the Fans Think" were, to say the very least, unkind and, worse yet, unnecessary. I confess to having become stupidly personal, which I had no right to do, not knowing Miss White. I could never tolerate a person who allowed an artist's personal life to influence his opinion of that artist's product. And because little Alice is not an artist should not alter circumstances. So will Miss White kindly forgive me? I have reformed and want to live and let live.

The things most attractive are those which mirror one's own beauty. Behind the admiration any of us have for any artist, be he literary, musical, or dramatic is, first of all, affinity. We love most the art that partakes most of our-

selves—the artist of whom we can say, "If I could only know him!" Technicalities are important—to the connoisseur they are of great importance—but to the casual observer, and even to the majority of observers, conscious pleasure rules. Even the connoisseur cannot help but be influenced by it. How many of them will admit that "the production is excellently done throughout, yet it leaves a bad taste in the mouth."

To become autobiographical, I have a maternity complex and have always wanted more than anything else in the world, to be a mother. Naturally the greatest appeal to my emotions must be through what is to me the sublimest of emotions. Which is probably why I saw "The Case of Lena Smith" many, many times and thought it the most satisfactory and the most artistic film that I have ever seen. And I think that the secret of Barry Norton's tremendous appeal to me is because he, too, appeals to my maternal instinct. Conscious pleasure may rule in the case of him who seems doomed to be called "Mother's Boy," but from a technical standpoint he rates high, for I think that my Barry is potentially the greatest actor on the screen. Thus reasons a maternal soul.

CROCELLA MULLEN.

Hollywood, California.

Alice's Knockers Catty?

I have never written to a fan-magazine before, but I am moved from my lethargy by the constant attacks on Alice White. She certainly seems to be giving some of the fans a pain. I'd like to know why. Alice has a very large public and as they are mostly boys, I can understand why not many of them write to fan magazines. They leave it for these little gee-gaw flappers who strive to be like Alice and, because they fail, can't bear to see Alice succeed.

Alice White is delightful. She is young, and so deliciously slim; she has pep and unbounded personality; she is easy to look at and she can afford to be herself on the screen. I always enjoy her pictures, and I certainly think she can wipe the floor with many ingénues, who pose and do nothing. Anita Page, for instance! If any one else tells me Anita can't move without dad and mum by her side, I'll sock them. There are oh! so many, many more. Alice White starts where all these others finish. She has it on 'em all and jolly good luck to her. I guess she can read these false alarms and then just look at her check book and give the razz to them all. She should worry!

DON ROSS.

Craigmore, Finchley Road, N. W. 11,
London, England.

Love Is Like That.

I have just realized that the world is simply full of morons. How can any one that makes movie-going a habit, not recognize their favorites? Why, I have some five hundred pictures, and not one of them has the name attached, yet I can tell you who they are, without a pause. They are like old friends, and so you can imagine how I felt when I read that Richard Arlen had the lead in "Illusion," that Tom Tyler was *The Virginian*, and that William Powell was *Doctor Fu Manchu*. Not only that, but I also learned that actors are condemned to the outer darkness, because of the lives they lead. Yeah? They have no time for wild life, I can tell you. I have been to parties that most actors would be ashamed to be seen at, and I'm still a nice girl. In fact, the minister of my church has been trying to make a horrible example of me for weeks.

Estelle Tompson has a mistaken impression of R. A. Newcomb. She is one of Gary's most loyal supporters. Perhaps her letter *was* a bit destructive, but I have discovered that she is one grand person. Estelle, be sure what you are raving about. All my life I will be grateful to PICTURE PLAY for giving me such a friend. Three cheers for PICTURE PLAY and Ruth Newcomb, both square shooters.

Naturally, we seekers after the romance that Gary Cooper typifies, don't want him married to any one, but stop and consider. Forget, for a moment that he is an actor, and think of him as one of the gang. He is a man, and perhaps he loves Lupe Velez. Why blame Gary for falling in love with Lupe—if he has—when perhaps he did not want to? One can't fall in and out of love at will. It can't be done—I've tried it—unless you're in love with love. Imagine Gary being the sort that is in love with love. He's not the type.

Lupe is *beautiful*, no doubt, and has the prettiest color. It's like the color of thick, rich cream. I do not want them to marry, most emphatically, but I don't want them to break their hearts just to please me. If you're the kind of fans you ought to be, you will want him to marry her, and be happy.

RUTH WARNER.

1473 South Belmont Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

That Chilling Silence.

Some time ago I wrote a letter to "What the Fans Think" regarding Gary Cooper. There seemed to be some objection to my opinion of Mr. Cooper. At least a few of the loyal admirers of Gary arose in their wrath and denounced me as being catty, or something to that effect. Tut, tut! I still think Gary is a nice boy, but rather blah. Every one else is entitled to his own thoughts, and I offer no arguments on the subject.

Since writing that letter I have gathered a few new ideas about an actor whom I formerly admired very much. I say formerly, because at the present time I no longer care to attend any performance by that well-known flaming lover, John Gilbert. A short time ago scenes were being taken at Los Angeles Harbor for his latest picture, "Way For a Sailor." I happened to view the filming of the scenes, and was greatly impressed by the acting ability of Wallace Beery, who is also in the cast. Mr. Beery is pleasant, agreeable, and a sterling actor. He went through each of his scenes as if he really meant it, as if he were really living the part. He could even make every one forget the cameras, lights, and other studio props with which he was surrounded. It could readily be seen that while his film rôles might sometimes cause him to appear hard-boiled, or even villainous, off the screen he is every inch a gentleman. How could I tell this much about him after such a short time? I can only say that I'm sure all fans would agree with me if they were able to meet him.

I have purposely refrained from mentioning Mr. Gilbert. He may also be a charming person. Perhaps my impression of him is all wrong, he might not really be conceited. Maybe he does not even feel superior to the other people in the cast. The bored indifference with which he spoke his lines may be only the workings of genius. However, since I make no pretense of knowing the answer to these puzzles, I will have to simply say nothing about the glorious Gilbert.

MARIE PRICE.

San Pedro, California.

HELP!! HELP!! **WHO CAN GET** **ME OUT?**



I'LL PAY \$8000.00

Come to my rescue—QUICK! I'm HOPELESSLY LOST in these treacherous, trackless catacombs. I've tried for hours to find the right path to freedom but here I am right back in the middle again.

Can YOU Find the Right Path?

Will you try? A THOUSAND THANKS!—I knew you would. But first, let me warn you that *THERE IS ONLY ONE PATH* to freedom and it's,—Oh! so hard to find. It starts in the middle where I am and, WITHOUT CROSSING ANY OF THE WALLS, it ends somewhere on the outside of these terrible catacombs. I hope YOU can find THE RIGHT PATH to get me out. If you do, mark it plainly with pen or pencil and send it to me quick. IF CORRECT, I'll see that you are qualified at once for an opportunity to win as much as \$2320.00 cash out of the \$8,000.00 IN REWARDS that I'm going to give away.

\$1,000.00 Cash Just For Being Quick!

Yes, I'll positively pay ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS cash to someone, just for being prompt and duplicate prizes in case of ties. IT'S ALL FREE! Anyone may try for nothing, so send YOUR answer today. Rush it!

L. SHULMAN, 37 W. Van Buren Street, Dept. 505, CHICAGO, ILL.



From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY** hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.

WARNER BROTHERS *Present*

"THE LIFE of the PARTY"

with **WINNIE LIGHTNER**

IRENE DELROY JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS

BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY by MELVILLE CROSSMAN
DIALOGUE and ADAPTATION by ARTHUR CAESAR
DIRECTED by ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Grace Moore, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, awaits the applause of filmgoers in her debut in the rôle of *Jenny Lind*, "the Swedish nightingale," who was brought to this country by P. T. Barnum in the middle of the last century and who created a furor that has never been equaled. The picture will tell the story of her early struggles and will record her brilliant triumphs, with Reginald Denny as the hero and Wallace Beery as *Barnum*, a character he has long wanted to bring to the screen.



Gloria Swanson's versatility is too great for posterity to remember her in one rôle.

BUDDY ROGERS is not even a sweet memory!

Greta Garbo can no longer cause box-office lines to form, nor can John Gilbert. No one has heard of either!

Gone forever is the peerless Ramon Novarro!

Clara Bow might never have existed for all her name means!

And where, oh where, are Richard Dix, and Joan Crawford, and their types? All vanished. Not even phantoms.

These imaginary unpleasant remarks become solid facts after one hard, cold question is stated.

Who among the stars will go down in screen history?

To answer, even to suggest this, is likely to cause the majority of players to become nettled at not finding themselves mentioned as figures worthy to be placed in the archives of the screen.

It cannot be helped. Better tell the bitter truth right now and get it over. Up to the present time, not more than six or seven stars stand a chance of being remembered thirty years from now, when movie fans hear traditions of the eighth art.

The stage has changed little in the past fifty years. Opera has hardly altered in one hundred years, except in style of music.

But the movies have continued to change ever since they were invented. Every five years has brought new methods. The mechanism of the camera is improved. Lighting is worked on and brought into higher use. The technique of the players becomes different with each change.

Due to this, reissue of ten-year-old pictures cannot be shown without causing ridicule and amusement. They are interesting only as curios.

Not long ago a reissue of "The Four Horsemen" was shown in Hollywood. A huge crowd flocked to see it. Afterward, I heard many young people say, "Gosh! why all the raving about Valentino? I saw nothing to yell about."

Will History

When the movies have doubled their present age, what forgotten quite? Read this most interesting discussion, for thirty

By William

This famous picture, a sensation nine years ago, is to-day old-fashioned, out of style; and the magnetic personality of Valentino, which caused such world-wide commotion, seems something belonging to a bygone age.

Styles change each year. Tradition had painted Rudy as a superman. Too much was expected.

I was sadly disappointed when I heard the great Melba in "La Bohème" in post-war Europe. The same disillusioning effect was caused at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, when "the divine Sarah" gave a performance of Racine's "Athalie." Instead of a flaming creature, radiating all the passions of the human race, I saw only an old woman carried on and off the stage. Literally a ghost of the fiery personality she had impressed on the public mind for over fifty years.

However, let us consider the screen's historical figures.

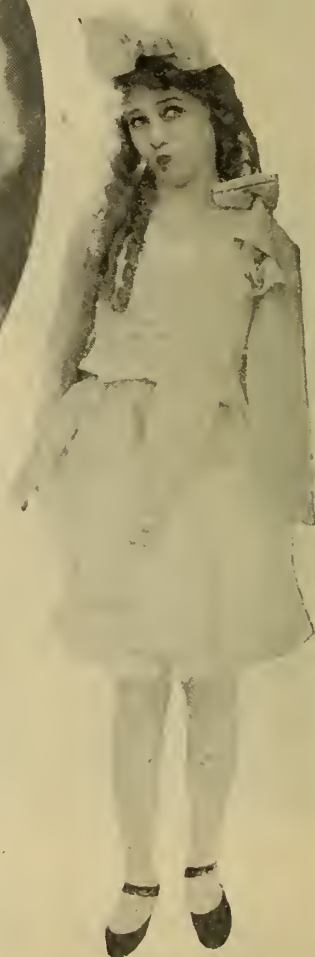
First of all comes Mary Pickford. Long after her pictures and her actual self are forgotten, Mary's personality will live on.

I don't know whether Miss Pickford knew what she was doing

Mary Pickford's "eternal child" will always be a tradition.



Already Pola Negri is no longer in the public eye, yet a few years ago she was its focus.



Remember Them?

stars will be on memory's honor roll and what stars and then decide if loyalty to your favorite will endure years.

H. McKegg

when she created her "eternal child" personality. The fact remains that this personality is world-famous and is always coupled with her name when it crops up in any connection.

Imitators can never aspire to cope with originals. Mary's immortality is reflected in the fact that each country has its own particular "Mary Pickford"—"The Mary Pickford of Sweden," "The Mary Pickford of France," "The Mary Pickford of Venezuela."

But Mary stands alone. The rest are only shadows of her fame.

It has often been rumored that before she deserts the screen for good Miss Pickford will make one great dramatic story. Even if this occurs, her fame will never rest on what success it attains. She will be remembered only as "America's Sweetheart," the eternal child she portrayed for fifteen years.

Will Greta Garbo's seductive personality go down in screen history? By no means. For Garbo is not the first of her type. The original always carries the laurels. In the history of the screen the siren will always be personified by Theda Bara.

Already Thomas Meighan's fans have found other idols.



Rudolph Valentino may live as a great lover, but not as an actor.

Chaplin the man, with his own peculiar manners and mode of living, will be forgotten; but Charlie, the funny little waif of the screen, will live in the history of his art.

Valentino rode to fame because his first important rôle, in "The Four Horsemen," came soon after the war had ended. People were freeing themselves of inhibitions. Freud was read and discussed in public instead of in private. The startling word "sex" was becoming common in conversation.

Poor Rudy's ability as an actor was overclouded by the sensuous personality he quite innocently created. From the first viewing of "The Four Horsemen" Valentino was coupled with sex appeal. Both were acknowledged publicly at the same time.

Valentino's career was tragic at every turn. He hoped to win fame as a real actor. But his acting was eclipsed by the "great lover" impression he had quite



Individual as she is to-day, Greta Garbo must give way to an earlier siren in screen history.

Theda was the first to appear as the fatal woman of the screen—the vampire. Theda, clever girl, also invented weird legends about herself to fit this bizarre personality. She succeeded in creating a phantom of herself—a sort of Frankenstein monster which eventually crushed her.

Already Theda Bara, the real person, is forgotten by the present army of fans. History does recall her as the original vamp. And so Theda can be included in the few who will possibly achieve screen immortality.

Charlie Chaplin will decidedly lead the list.

The screen had had comedians before Chaplin appeared; but no great artists were among them. They were merely funny actors. Chaplin created his famous "little tramp." In him he infused much of the pathos, merriment, and tragedy of humanity. That is why he became world-famous—why he is understood so well in foreign lands, no matter what the language.



Theda Bara's career was short, but she brought the first vampire to the screen.

inadvertently created and to which the public held him.

His most worthy acting was his *Juan Gallardo*, in "Blood and Sand." Yet screen history will forget this to single out his romantic rôle as the young tango-dancing Argentinean in "The Four Horsemen." Only as the great lover does Valentino live.

Great acting alone does not insure imperishable memory.

Pauline Frederick has done some outstanding work since her entry into pictures. But who can name any of her early successes? "Bella Donna" and "The Eternal City" caused a stir when they appeared. "Zaza," too, achieved great notice.

To-day these old pictures, if shown, would be considered absurdities, merely relics to illustrate how literature was filmed years ago, with Pauline Frederick, a famous stage actress.

Admirable as an actress, Norma Talmadge has exerted no influence on the screen.

"Madame X" was Miss Frederick's great triumph. Yet who remembers it now? Ruth Chatterton's recent audible portrayal blots out the old silent version from the public mind—just as some future actress will eclipse Miss Chatterton's present offering.

Therefore, Pauline Frederick, though one of the screen's great players, will not go down in screen history—merely because she has never created a definite personality to imprint on the public mind.

The same can be said of Norma Talmadge.

Miss Talmadge belongs to screen history right enough, but like Miss Frederick, she does not stand out as a type. To-day she has a following, because she is an admirable actress. Yet, if Miss Talmadge stopped making pictures she would soon be forgotten, because the public has no definite impression, no particular individuality, to remember her by.

No, good acting alone does not insure immortality. Only the original personalities of the screen will be remembered. The little girl with golden curls brings Mary Pickford to mind right away. The funny little tramp recalls Charlie Chaplin. The dark-eyed romantic fellow, oozing sex appeal, is instantly compared with the late Valentino. Just as the jumping bean of a player causes us to think of Douglas Fairbanks.

Fairbanks' pictures will never go down in history, but his dynamic ability will keep him in the public mind as the one acrobatic actor.

Recently one of his early pictures, "The Half-breed," was shown in Hollywood. This film was accounted as one of his great successes when it first appeared some fifteen years ago. During its revival the audience howled through every scene.

It is safe to say that Mr. Fairbanks will become an historical figure only through his acrobatic personality and agile tricks which amused little boys. Whatever earnest thought he gave to art will be forgotten.

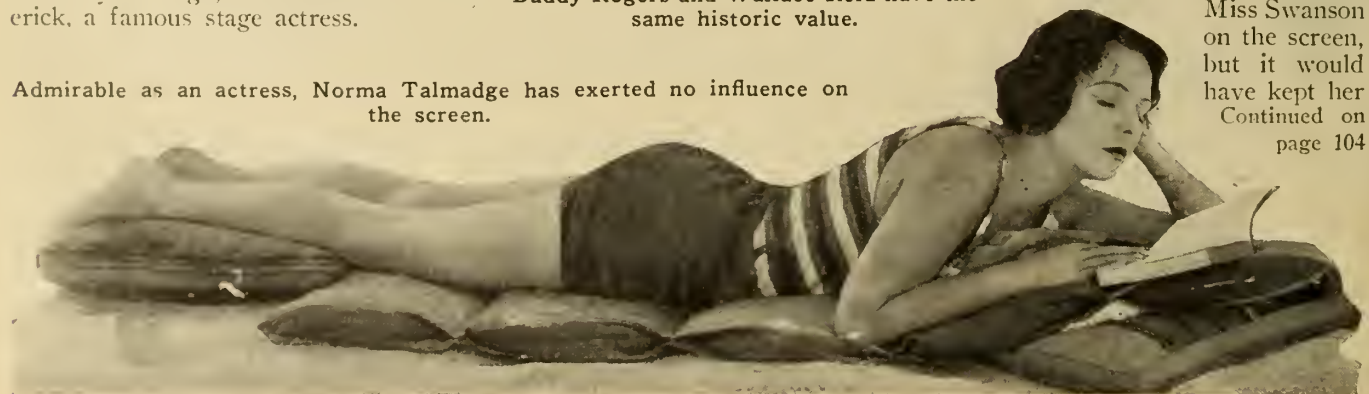
Gloria Swanson first became known to the public as a figure of sartorial splendor. Of acting there was none. Already, Gloria's first impression, created in her old Lasky days, has vanished. Since she became a real actress she has erased all the old conception of herself and her ability. No longer can we say of any one else "She's a regular Gloria Swanson in style." That Gloria Swanson is gone.

This old personality would have killed Miss Swanson on the screen, but it would have kept her

Continued on page 104



Buddy Rogers and Wallace Reid have the same historic value.



At the Turn of the Road

With nearly twenty years of stardom behind her, Norma Talmadge opens the book of experience to reveal what glamour, wealth, and fame have given her: the lessons she has learned, the defense she has built around herself, the compensations she finds to-day.

By Edwin Schallert

ONE must be self-contained. There is no other way. The experiences of life tear us to tatters. Acquiring calm and, above all, poise is our only safeguard—our only defense."

Norma Talmadge, high priestess of the emotional film, thus flung down the gauntlet on emotion in personal life. Strangely contrasting with her words was the feverish intensity of her eyes and manner. She had become fired momentarily with the contemplation of her career and of her life. She was the vibrant personality that has reached a public far and near.

We were in her bungalow at the United Artists studio. It was shortly before her departure for Europe on a long vacation. She had just finished "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," and was waiting restlessly to be off, for her journey was being delayed by the final editing of the picture.

"Things used to break my heart; they don't any more," she went on. "What's the use, I say to myself now, of all this frenzy, this madness to hold onto something, this dread over being disappointed be-

Joseph M. Schenck, her husband, is the most wonderful of men to Norma.

Photo by Phil Hoff



Photo by Alexander

Things used to break her heart, but they don't any more, says Norma Talmadge.



Travel is Norma's great emotion to-day.



cause you want a certain thing and find it is unattainable, or the pain of being deprived of what you cherish?

"People exasperate me when they let themselves go, when they get into a mood of frantic excitement and worry over the things they desire—these fits of temperament and depression, this craze to be in the public eye, this madness and suffering about continuing on with their careers, this bitterness over an unhappy love, this eternal and oftentimes silly attempt to remain youthful when they have passed beyond that stage. It's all fantastic."

Norma had lashed forth as I have seen few stars do in her denunciation of the insanities of ambition, cupidity, Hollywood juvenility, and so-called tragedies of the heart. She was speaking in the midst of a world where individual and separate manias of this sort run riot as they do no-

where else. Where every street corner is a jangle of hurts, oppressions, deflated hopes and ensuing griefs. And where emotion—at the summit—is the scepter that rules a giddy, whirling cinema sphere.

It has often been said that in the tumultuous world of pictures Norma Talmadge, with the possible exception of Garbo, is the one star who dares to be herself. There are others who essay it, but they succeed only with varying degrees of affectation. Norma acts as she feels; not, according to the commonly accepted policy, as she deems expedient.

The philosophy that has enabled her to do this, and that is perhaps



A photo by Miehl

After "Du Barry, Woman of Passion," Norma Talmadge has two more pictures to make, and then she probably will retire.

more and more providing her with the courage to go on with it, has never been fully expressed. Nor has she ever, to my knowledge, told exactly what her own individual attitude is. This time she rent the veil aside.

"In a way, it is easy to adopt the idea of *not caring* when you have worldly riches at your command," she explained. "Perhaps my sentiment would be different were I not assured of the well-being and comfort that money can bring. Perhaps it is unfair for me to challenge others who may not be so secure in this respect. I suppose that in a sense all the bother *is* necessary.

"Nevertheless, I wonder, and always shall, about this. I know I have changed my viewpoint on many things since I started in pictures. There have been compromises not only with people, but with myself. I have had to give in and surrender joys that used to mean much to me, or I have found that the same sources of happiness did not exist any more.

"There was a time when everything used to thrill me. I was completely swept off my feet by anything that I liked very well. It might be a rôle in a picture, or a new stage play in New York. I can remember not sleep-

Norma says that love is a different thing for stars, because they live it on the screen.

ing at night once, because I was going to Coney Island the next day.

"When I was at the old Fine Arts studio everything was a great adventure. We were never serious about anything. Douglas Fairbanks and I both worked there at that time, and I recall that we would dash across the street to a restaurant we called the 'Dirty Spoon,' and get half a dozen malted milks, and drink them, too. We would literally fill up on sweets, but would we dare to do that now in this age of diets?

"We laughed over anything and everything. We didn't care about people, and we didn't care, above all, how we appeared in public. I would look freakish. My face would be covered with white make-up, and my neck and throat would be brown. It would be just as if I were wearing a mask. But nobody seemed to pay any attention to us; we were gay and free. To-day none of us can do that, even if we want to. We have to conform to a certain standard. Try as we will, we can't be fully ourselves. We can't go where we will, and do what we please. Think what it means, for instance, to be deprived of the fun of shopping downtown without being recognized! To be able to go into a store quietly, as if you were nobody at all—to be lost in the throng!"

Norma's desire to be lost in the crowd and to be unnoticed has been borne out on more than one occasion. It has gone to the extent where, while traveling, she has assumed another name than her own.

"The public, naturally, has so often insisted on putting stars on pedestals, but I think sometimes they forget that there is a human side," Norma continued. "They criticize us too readily for what we do, and how we appear before them when we are off the screen. They forget that our lives are so utterly different. Why, even the romance of the screen is bound to shape our actions to a large extent. Association with romance makes it seem often perfectly conventional to us. All our efforts are concentrated on the portrayal of emotion, and it becomes an ordinary part of our lives. We need it and the com-



panionship that goes with it. Love is therefore a different thing to us than it is for most people. Perhaps that is one reason why the romantic side of our lives is so often misunderstood.

"My feeling for Joseph Schenck has often been misinterpreted. There is a deep understanding between us. To me he is, and always will be, the most wonderful of men. He *does* constantly for others. Nobody can know it better than I, nor how big his heart is.

"The understanding between us goes further than mere words. Indeed, we often sit together for hours at a time without exchanging a word. And that"—she smiled—"is not because we are bored with each other.

"Let this fact be stated once and for all, too. I married Mr. Schenck because I loved him. People have inferred that it was because the marriage was a good match, but that was not the case. Joe and I grew up together financially. When we filmed 'Panthea' it was a chance to win or lose. There is no obligation in that sense—financially—and he would be the last person in the world to hold such a thought."

Hollywood, of course, has often been abuzz with rumors of an impending divorce between Norma and Mr. Schenck, but she herself denies that this will ever happen. These rumors have arisen from the fact that she and Gilbert Roland are frequently seen together in public, and that often for long periods Mr. Schenck and she are not seen together at all. However, the significance of this in connection with any recourse to the courts is scouted by both Norma and her husband. Indeed, the latest word given out by Mr. Schenck just after Norma's departure for Europe, was that they are both deeply fond of each other.

There is no doubt that Norma finds a pleasant friendship in the instance of Roland. They go to the opera and shows frequently together, and they both enjoy motoring. "He is a charming and attentive chap," Norma once told me. Roland is also in Europe coincident with her own sojourn there.

Companionship always has meant a lot to Norma, and she has formed friendships that have endured through years. They are the most important thing unquestionably, aside from her devotion to her mother and sisters and the mutual understanding between herself and Mr. Schenck. The

Like all Norma's friendships, her association with Gilbert Roland endures in spite of gossip.



Photo by Miehle

Norma Talmadge is the only star, with the exception of Garbo, who dares to be herself.



circle of friends that she possesses is not a large one, and she disdains parties of the conventional type. What she loves now chiefly is conversation in a small friendly gathering. She delights in travel, too, and the freedom and placidity of a European holiday. "I always meet so many interesting people in Europe, and we have such a good time," she said. "I think most of all I enjoy the picnics that we have over there, and the restfulness and complacent pace at which everything moves. Travel is really my one great emotion to-day," she added.

Norma and Fannie Brice are great friends, and they generally find plenty of reasons to laugh when they are together, as they often are in New York, Paris, and even Hollywood. They are both great cut-ups. There is also a very great feeling of friendship between Norma and Douglas Fairbanks dating back to the beginnings of their work. She likes his democratic spirit, which matches her own.

Continued on page 106

It's Smart

Do as the stars are doing and select a

By Laura

This white evening gown of Kay Johnson's looks as well in January as it does in June.

themselves more readily to all seasons. But the fact remains that I no longer replenish my wardrobe four times a year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

"I go on one big shopping tour in the fall, and select conservative, well-made garments. Then, by adding a few new accessories from time to time, or changing a flower

Several blouses give Edwina Booth's black suit an entirely different appearance.

IN the springtime a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and, just as surely, in the fall a woman's fancy turns to thoughts of new clothes. Especially in Hollywood, where costuming plays such an important part in a girl's life, where many a career has depended on just the right hat.

But there's a big change this year in the way most of the players are selecting their new wardrobes. There's none of the delirious spending of the past, no following the fads of the moment.

Instead, most of the girls are buying with their eyes on the calendar, just as we all should do. They are choosing frocks, hats, and accessories that can be worn all the year round, not just for one season.

"It may be the California climate which enables us to dress almost the same all year," Jean Arthur explains. "Or it may be that nowadays clothes adapt

Ginger Rogers finds her flat crêpe dress equally effective in both the cool and the warm seasons.



to be Thrifty

new fall wardrobe that can be worn the year round.

Benham

on the shoulder, I get a full year's wear from every dress.

"Of course, I have certain rules which I follow in selecting my clothes—rules which every girl can observe, regardless of the section of the country in which she lives.

By adapting wrap and hat to the season, Dorothy Jordan will wear this frock for many months.



Norma Shearer's black evening gown knows no season.

Jean Arthur's printed chiffon is just as effective under a frosty moon as under sultry summer stars.

"For instance, I never choose light-colored sports clothes. If I stay within the medium shades, deep blues, warm hennas, and leafy greens, I can wear my little knitted suits in any season.

"Printed silks are another boon to budgets. Either the vivid wall-paper designs or the smaller Dresden figures can be chosen in not-too-light colorings. And by varying the weight of your wrap, you can live the year round in a printed silk.

"For evening, chiffon is my favorite material, in either solid shades or soft designs. Despite its fragile appearance, chiffon is in reality the hardiest of fabrics and not only does it wear well, but it retains its good looks until it falls into shreds. And a chiffon dress is just as effective in January as in June."

It's worth listening to Jean when she talks about clothes. Though she has never splurged, she has long been recognized as one of the best-dressed of the younger girls in the picture colony. None of the bizarre exoticism [Continued on page 105]

How Lilyan

This is not an easy lesson in "smarting Tashman's story of how she developed the perfect

By Samuel



Photo by Bruno

No trace of the raw girl of ten years ago is found to-day in Miss Tashman, except the name.

THE first time I met Lilyan Tashman she was playing a minor part on the stage in "The Gold Diggers." She had been a showgirl in the Ziegfeld "Follies" for a couple of seasons and had become pretty well known in theatrical circles in New York. But the layman had never heard of her.

Then, all at once, for reasons known only to himself—certainly none of the metropolitan critics ever succeeded in fathoming his motives—David Belasco took her out of the chorus and gave her the part above mentioned.

It was Ina Claire's first starring vehicle. Belasco was the producer, and it was the first play Avery Hopwood had written in several years that stood a ghost of a chance of success. What with all those things, the atmosphere back stage during the try-out performances could hardly have been described as serene. Yet Lilyan moved among the throngs of people with overwrought nerves as calm and unruffled as Coolidge at a hockey game. When the occasion demanded, she exchanged insults with other members of the company without losing her temper—much—and continued the even tenor of her existence.

On meeting her, we swapped a couple of jokes and called it a day.

"The Gold Diggers" finished its Broadway run, toured for a season, and that was that. When it closed, no more rôles were offered to her immediately, and she became something of a joke along the Main Stem as the chorine who had gone dramatic and lost her perspective, for she refused to go back to the chorus. She was going to be a real actress or nothing. And for a long time it looked like nothing.

Sophistication is simply knowing what to do and how to do it, says Lilyan.

Photo by Bruno

The next time I saw her she was playing the menace in a movie. I don't recall the name of the picture, but in one sequence she sailed into the lobby of the Hotel Astor like a battleship under full steam, quite as though she owned the place. Her brashness and individuality were both astounding and amusing. In "The Gold Diggers" she had merely seemed hard boiled, but in the picture there was an attempt at sophistication.

Then the Eastern studios closed down and all activities were transferred to the West Coast. If the West Coast was the place to go, that was where Lilyan was going.

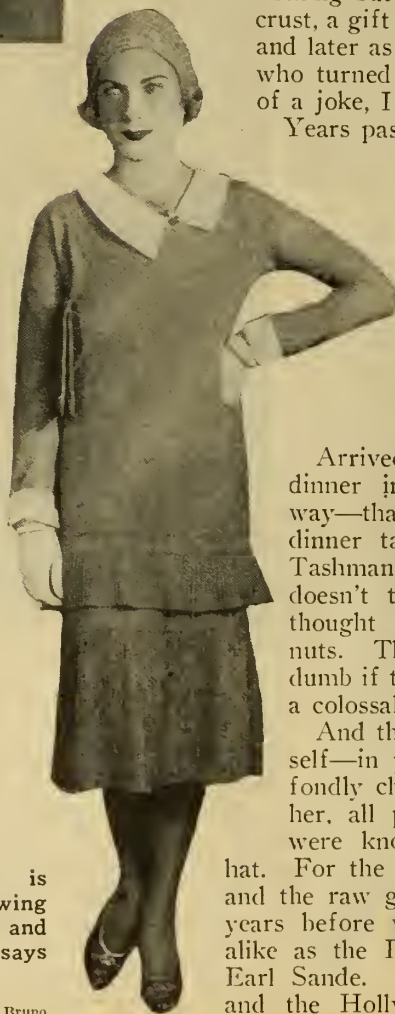
The next I heard of her she was well established in the movie colony and making 'em like it. She was quoted as an authority on clothes. And then on entertaining. And then on books—and furniture—and etiquette—and on almost anything one mentioned.

Remembering her as a chorine who had nothing but a quick wit, a lot of crust, a gift for stinging repartee, and later as an embryonic actress who turned out to be something of a joke, I smiled inwardly.

Years passed and even I came West. We won't go into the matter of why or how. Suffice to say that a park bench at night is very much more comfortable in the balmy California air than in the rigorous New York climate.

Arrived here, an occasional dinner invitation drifted my way—thank God. And at the dinner tables it was "Lilyan Tashman says this," and "Lil doesn't think so," and all I thought was, "These poor nuts. They must be awfully dumb if they can't see through a colossal bluff like that."

And then I met Lilyan herself—in person. And all my fondly cherished memories of her, all preconceived notions, were knocked into a cocked hat. For the poised woman I met and the raw girl I had known ten years before were about as much alike as the Prince of Wales and Earl Sande. The ex-Ziegfeld girl and the Hollywood fashion plate



Went Sophisticated

up," but our girl students will enjoy reading the poise, taste for clothes, and the knack of being hostess or guest.

Richard Mook

had the same name and the same mother, and they were both connected with the theater, but the resemblance ended there. The Prince of Wales and Sande both love horses, but there's a difference in the way they sit them. Lilyan had certainly changed.

And I began to wonder.

"Sure," she agreed readily when I broached the subject to her. "Suppose a kid is studying painting and you look at some of his work. You think, 'Good Heavens! If that poor sap is a painter, I'm a magician.' Years pass and the kid keeps plugging away and finally he has some of his work exhibited. He's a success and you rush up to him, because you always remember the people you knew when—*after* they've arrived—and say, 'Great work, old fellow, I didn't think you had it in you.'"

"But—but—" I stammered. "I don't see—"

"Same thing," she went on. "The kid put in years of grueling work and study between the time you saw his first efforts and the time you saw the finished product. When you first saw me I was so raw and green I didn't know the difference between a *salon* and a *saloon*."

"Well, what is the difference?" I demanded.

"One has an extra 'o,'" she explained briefly, and continued. "All my life I wanted to be a sophisticate. I lived in a small town and didn't know just how to go about it. But I used to take the simple dresses mother bought me, and I'd always do *something* to them to make them plainer and perhaps more severe—something different. I couldn't have defined the person I wanted to be, because I had never heard of a sophisticate, but the urge was there all right, all right."

"All right," I conceded, "so what?"

"Well, I became one."

"Yes, but how? You were a long way from home base when I first met you."

"I studied, just like that boy in the art school I mentioned. I managed to get to a finishing school, and from there I graduated into the 'Follies.' Ziegfeld saw me."

"Yeah, I've heard *that* before, too."

"I don't care whether you believe it or not," she retorted quite unperturbed. "I was having tea with one of the girls from school, when he saw me and sent a man to ask me to come over to his table. I was quite cocky and sent word back that if he wanted to see me he should come over to *my* table—and he did."

"But you'd already left the 'Follies' when I met you and you weren't sophisticated then," I protested.

"You can laugh all you want to, but my idol in those days was Valeska Suratt. I'd seen her in a play, and I'd seen her in pictures with her hair all sleeked back and I thought, 'Oh, to be like *that*!' While I was playing in the 'Follies,' Fannie Brice took me up to Suratt's house to a party one night and that finished me."

"I should say it started you," I interposed, but she paid no attention.

"It came to me that night what being sophisticated really meant. I'd thought it was being worldly-wise, cynical, blasé, and all that sort of thing. But that isn't sophistication at all. Why, right now, when I'm supposed to be ultra-sophisticated, I can get as excited over a dollar handkerchief as I ever could over a ten-thousand-dollar string of pearls. No, sophistication isn't that. It's simply knowing what to do and how to do it. I mean by

that, you have the knowledge and experience to take care of almost any situation that may arise, with the proper poise and tact and self-assurance to back them up.

"For instance, say that when I started out I had a good sense of taste in clothes. I knew the right thing to wear in my home town, but I didn't know the right thing to wear in New York.

"I am naturally shy and timid," says Miss Tashman, who doesn't ask whether you believe it or not.

But I made it my business to get around to every conceivable place and every conceivable kind of gathering, so I could find out. Then when I got there I made a point of studying the women who were most smartly gowned, and I found out where they got their clothes and *why* they wore the things they did. I didn't copy my clothes from them, but I adapted the knowledge to my own use."

"Then you're not a product of Patou, Chanel, Worth, Callot, Lelong, and Poiret!" I exclaimed in mock dismay.

"Only with reservations. I'm a self-made product, whether you like it or not."

"Yeah, I like it all right. Go on," I encouraged her.

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Photo by Monroe

Suppressed

Every star yearns to play a favorite rôle of history or tradition, they dress up for the character and the



Bernice Claire, above, gives her original conception of *Carmen*, the girl who helped put Spain on the map.

Walter Pidgeon, below, aspires to play *Cyrano de Bergerac*, poet, soldier, and lover, who suffered from one of the most disturbing suppressed desires of all time.



Fay Wray, above, makes a pert *Kiki*, the rôle she wants most to play some day.



Loretta Young, left, would have us sympathize with *Joan of Arc* as she visualizes her, but we just can't think of any one inhuman enough to put the torch to so youthful and tender a Maid of Orleans.



Mary Brian, below, sees herself as *Lady Babbie*, in "The Little Minister," and we applaud her already.

Desires

fiction, and instead of suffering the pangs of frustration, the camera relieves their inhibition.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., below, has a yen for the *Duke of Reichstadt*, better known as "*L'Aiglon*," son of Napoleon.



Alice White, below, really suggests *Alice in Wonderland*, so by all means let the little woman play her and get away from hot mammas, showgirls, and the like.



Betty Compson, above, as a Wagnerian prima donna is something to make *Siegfried* throw away his sword and do the Varsity Drag, but Betty insists that she is made up for *Brunhilde*.

Edward Nugent, right, changes his name to Edouardo Nugent when he gets himself up as *Canio*, in "*Pagliacci*," and burlesques opera singers in general.



Patsy Ruth Miller, above, with her wit and sparkle, has every right to play the part of the little girl who made orange selling an art—*Nell Gwyn*.



Synopsis of Previous Installments.

JANE HAGGERTY, an American girl in Spain, is induced to go to Hollywood by Larry Bishop, a cameraman abroad searching for a new screen type. Upon arriving in New York she is fêted by the publicity department, thrilling her but frightening her, lest her pose as a Spanish beauty be shown up. In Hollywood she finds that the studio has no definite plans for her. She cannot see through her difficulties, and wires for the return of Larry. The chaperon tortures her with gossip about Larry.

PART III.

AWAKING the next morning, Jane stretched luxuriously, loving the feeling of the silken coverlet against her bare arms.

Then suddenly she recalled that something unpleasant had to be faced. She tried to go back to sleep and forget it. But Mrs. Markham's lugubrious voice seemed to ring in her ears—"If it's that Larry Bishop who's cabling you, I knew his first wife."

"I don't believe he's ever been married! I won't believe——" But Jane stopped right there. After all, what did she know about Larry? He'd told her nothing about himself, really.

She wanted to be angry with him, wanted to think that he'd been purely selfish in shipping her over here to Hollywood in order to hold his own job. But she just couldn't. She could only remember his deep, thrilling voice, the way he had smiled down into her eyes, the little, delightful shiver that had run through her when he held her hand.

She rang for breakfast, and hastily took a shower while she was waiting for it. The stinging cold water gave her courage for what lay ahead. She'd get rid of that Markham woman right away, contract or no contract! It was a relief to be able to do something definite, at least.

Mrs. Markham brought up the tray herself. She was almost defiantly cheerful, but Jane detected an uneasy look in her eye.

"I went down to the market myself this mornin' for this fruit," she announced, carefully balancing the tray across Jane's knees. "And I picked these roses for you, too."

"An' I have no doubt that the fruit is tasteless, like all the terrible California fruit, and the flower isn't having any smell," Jane replied coldly, with her best Spanish accent.

"Fruit's bigger'n what comes from Florida," replied Mrs. Markham, still a California booster, in spite of her fears that she would be fired.

"We must settle our affairs now," Jane continued, feeling like a brute. "What I have say las' night I mean. You are to go, at once."

She lay back against the pillows, staring at the tray,

Babes in

Drawn into movies as 'a Spanish beauty, Jane directors' wives, encounters some real Spaniards, while the studio

By Inez Sabastian



waiting for an explosion. But none came. After a moment she looked up. Mrs. Markham's whole body had slumped despairingly, and her hands fumbled together, as if they were trying to cling to something in this black moment, but could find nothing substantial.

"Well," she said unsteadily, at last. "Well, I guess it's all right. I been fired so often since I come out here that I'm sort of gettin' used to it. Always when I get somethin' real nice, I lose it." She gulped down a sob. "I come out here from Peoria, Illinois, to act, and I kept almost gettin' jobs—why, it looked as if maybe I'd have a chance at the part Mary Carr had in 'Over the Hill'—a director friend of mine was goin' to put in a word for me, but then she got it before he had a chanct—and—

Hollywood

Haggerty, an American girl, runs the gantlet of and hears dark hints about the man she loves, all delays her work.

Illustrated by Xend Wright



As the music stopped a dark young man appeared before Jane, and at his first syllable her body grew rigid with fear.

well——" She threw out one hand in a pathetic, futile gesture and started abruptly toward the door.

Jane leaped out of bed and ran across the room, her filmy negligee fluttering about her in a rosy cloud. She knew what that desperate haste meant; she had so often hurried from a room, in the old days, hoping to get out of it before she burst into tears.

She threw her arms around Mrs. Markham's bulky figure.

"You're *not* to go!" she cried, her voice choking with sobs. "You must *stay*! I couldn't get along without you! I want you here, I tell you. Oh, don't cry! Forgive me, won't you, and stay?"

She wept on Mrs. Markham's shoulder, and Mrs.

Markham wept on hers. Abandoned to comforting crying, neither heard the telephone's clamor, until a maid popped her head into the room to exclaim "Telephone!" in scandalized accents; she had worked too long in Hollywood not to know the probable importance of early calls.

Mrs. Markham thrust Jane aside and, still sniffing, plodded to the desk.

"Yes?" she exclaimed into the phone, with much dignity. "Yes, this is her residence. Yes. Oh, the studio!" The dignity vanished. "Sure. What time? All right, I'll tell her."

"What is it? What is it?" cried Jane impatiently.

"They want you to work to-day!" Mrs. Markham exclaimed importantly. "Ain't that great? Wear your blue, dearie, and I'll lend you my orange bag. You'd really oughta have a touch of color!"

Jane avoided accepting the bag, but when she finally left she was burdened with a make-up box that Mrs. Markham was sure would bring her luck. She said it had been used by Janet Gaynor when she did "Seventh Heaven," and contained a lipstick that had touched Gloria Swanson's lips, and a stick of grease paint that had once belonged to Rudolph Valentino.

Jane doubted every word of that tale, but took the battered box, nevertheless. Later, when she discovered that the bigger the star, the more battered the candy box used for make-up, she was thankful that she hadn't rushed out and bought a new one, though the tin receptacles sold all over town certainly looked more professional.

At the studio she was turned over to a make-up girl, to her bitter disappointment. She had been diligently practicing with grease paint and eye shadow ever since she left Majorca. A hairdresser took her in hand, and the costume department had a series of shocks for her. She was draped in a Spanish shawl, which left so much of her back bare that she blushed when she saw her reflection.

"Now, listen, honey, if Corinne Griffith was willing to show her legs in pictures, you certainly can't refuse to show yours!" the designer told her. "They ain't bad"—glancing at them—"but you better get a masseuse to take out the lumps. Look what was made out of Alice White's!"

A pretty girl who was being fitted with an evening gown whirled around to face Jane.

"Don't you let them get started making you over!" she warned her. "I was good enough to land in the 'Follies' in New York, but when I came out here—under contract, too—they started in on me. I went to a dentist for weeks, having my teeth straightened. Somebody didn't like the curve of my jaw, and somebody else thought my ankles needed improving, and I had to take voice lessons, and—well, I feel as if they'd taken a lot of parts and assembled them, and I wasn't myself any more."

"And your hair's the wrong shade for Technicolor now!" dispassionately observed the woman who was fitting her.

"Well, I——" Jane began, but a yank at her back hair silenced her. A huge Spanish comb was being fastened to her head. It weighed at least ten pounds, she was sure, and one of the prongs stuck into her.

She tottered away on impossibly high heels, in the wake of a brisk young man who had been sent to act as guide. She expected to walk onto a large set, with an orchestra playing, and mobs of extras awaiting her arrival. Instead, the set was tiny, a mere screened-in corner, and there was no one present but a cameraman

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Photo by Fryer

Dorothy Mackaill skipped off to England, leaving her lawyers to fight with First National.

IT was the day after the long-heralded opening of "Hell's Angels," and all through Sardi's, the Algonquin, and the Ritz one heard people talking about practically anything else. The result of three years of effort and four million dollars expenditure was greeted with almost abysmal indifference.

"Ginger Rogers looked cute, didn't she?" Fanny the Fan remarked when I finally found her in the more subdued quietude of the Warwick Hotel, after trailing her all over town. I had heard her invitation to tea, shouted through the milling crowds in the lobby the night before, but her mention of time and place had been drowned out by Ruth Elder's frantic efforts to hail Ben Lyon.

"And was that *all* that impressed you?" I asked, stunned, I'll admit, because lately Fanny has become such an apostle of sweetness that she can find good in anything.



If you don't rave about Ilka Chase, you aren't one of the select many.

Over the

By The Bystander

"Oh, no, I was tremendously impressed that Ben Lyon rushed all the way from California to be here on the opening night," Fanny hurried to assure me. "Ben must have developed a morbid streak that he should want to see another audience watching that picture. Or maybe he just thought he owed it to Howard Hughes to be present to console him."

"Now, now," I objected, "you know it wasn't that bad."

"Isn't it? And you're the one who said in a loud, coarse voice at the end of the first half of the picture, 'I'll take the rest in cash!'"

"Maybe I was. I felt that some one in the theater ought to be talking about the picture, instead of crabbing because it was a warm night, too warm for Billie Dove to make an appearance in the ermine cape with a long court train that Howard Hughes is said to have given her."

"Of course, the air scenes were marvelous," Fanny granted, as if conferring a favor on some one. "I did get a thrill out of seeing the Zeppelin nosing its way through clouds. But all the magnificent photography in the world couldn't make up for the ham acting. Douglas Gilmore's part stood out like a bit of genuine Barrymore in a large evening of high-school dramatics. And Jane Winton made a lot out of the brief flash she got."

"Was Jane in the audience?" I asked, still more interested in the social aspects of the premiere than the significance, if any, of the picture.

"I didn't see her."

Fanny's tone reeked of disappointment.

"And I wanted to congratulate her on her part. That I could do sincerely. Not that she would care, now that she was retired from the screen. There's fate for you. A long time ago, when Jane acted those scenes, she counted a lot on making a hit in this picture, and having other parts come as a result of it. And during the long wait for the picture's release she got divorced, married again, and retired from the screen. Now that she doesn't want jobs, they will probably be offered to her on all sides."

Before Fanny could break down and cry about it, I sought to distract her attention.

"I thought Jean Harlow rather pretty, didn't you?" I ventured.

"Well, yes," she admitted, "in an alley-orchid sort of way. When she gets camera-wise she will look much better. She will have to stay away from drawing-room rôles with that voice, though."

"Audiences are getting particular about voices. Look at the way they rally around girls who have really good ones. Claudette Colbert and Kay Francis, for instance. Miss Harlow has a beautiful figure, but so have they."

Teacups

Fanny the Fan sees a big year ahead for fans in New York, and important changes in motion pictures' Who's Who.

She has the advantage, of course, of being very young, but after all, Claudette Colbert and Kay Francis aren't exactly doddering.

"And speaking of voices, just wait until Ilka Chase gets a rôle that really gives her a chance. Stop me if I begin to babble about temple bells, and fountains in the moonlight, and string quartets, but I've never heard anything as facile and lovely as her speaking voice. Of course, I adored her in 'Paris Bound.' Her part was hardly more than a bit, but she brought gusto and humor to it. Even though Fox has her under contract, they've blindly lent her around here and there to other companies and let her play inconsequential rôles. I've heard so many people raving about her lately, though, that I think there's hope of seeing her in a really important rôle.

"She is one of those people who are difficult for casting directors to classify. She isn't the shopgirl's-delight type, at all. She just isn't one of the people trying wistfully to be something better. And she isn't the drawing-room-or-die type that they expect of a girl who was brought up in good schools and sophisticated company. She isn't conventionally pretty. She has lots of vitality and uses slang without an apologetic air, and even though casting directors know the best people are really like that, they hesitate to try to convince an audience of it. So they cast her as a good-hearted chorus girl."

Before I could ask, "And when did all this come over you?" she went blithely on.

"Ever since I saw her in 'The Florodora Girl' and 'Paris Bound' I've wanted to meet her. So when I heard she was working at the Paramount studio on Long Island I got a friend of hers to take me over. She was all decked out in acres of apricot-colored tulle waiting to be called on the set, and she had been waiting so long she had fallen asleep sitting bolt upright. And not even a pillow behind her head.

"You would think that in that vast warehouse of a studio, they could at least give a girl a dressing room with a window in it, but all Miss Chase got was a cell with a dressing table and one wicker chair.



Photo by Hurrell

Joan Crawford has another big hit in "Our Blushing Brides."

"She chats hilariously about people and things, being entertaining without getting malicious. And she rates a great big wreath of laurel because she never speaks of the kindness of the dear directors she has worked for, or what a big happy family the studio is.

"Incidentally, she has the most exquisite hands you ever saw. And she wears clothes beautifully."

I decided that it was safe to assume from all this that Fanny liked her.

"Bebe Daniels had sent her a Spanish grammar to study, and I hope Bebe won't hear of it if I mention that that was what she went to sleep over. Miss Chase speaks a little Spanish, but wanted to brush up on it. Bebe inclosed a note with the book, 'Be letter-perfect in this when you come back to California. We want you to play the Spanish version of 'Ten Nights in a Barroom.' Miss Chase is just the sort of girl Bebe would adore, and I can't say more for any one.

"Miss Chase likes California, but she hasn't gone native at all. She doesn't ride, or swim, or get athletic in any large way, and she refuses to get sunburned

for fear of looking like 'Kid Chocolate.' She'll be 'way ahead of all the sunburned tribe next winter when Dolly Varden styles and whitewashed complexions come back into favor.

"The studio is getting ready to start 'The Royal Family,' and they're appointing vigilance committees to get Ina Claire there on time. That is one of the slight



Vilma Banky will appear on the stage after a visit to Hungary.



Ina Claire has arrived in New York to play in "The Royal Family" in films.

Photo by Ball

difficulties of making pictures with Miss Claire. She is marvelous when she works, but just try to get her on the set before the matinée hour! Always gracious and willing, but she just isn't there when called. Or wasn't at the Pathé studio, at least.

"Do you realize," Fanny demanded intently, as if she were taking a straw vote on something or other, "that stage people and film people have become so intermingled lately that you can't get up a good feud any more over which is better? I'm willing to bet that in another year there will be very few performers who don't work both on the stage and screen. Just look at the announcements for this season."

That's about all that the theater-ticket scalpers do give a person a chance to look at!

"Colleen Moore is going on the stage. She's coming East very soon to appear in a play of Benjamin Glazer's. He used to be a playwright before he became a scenario writer. After Colleen is well launched, Vilma Banky and Rod La

Rocque will do a play together. Anita Loos and John Emerson wrote theirs, which is a good break for them. I always said that Vilma should play high comedy."

"You and four thousand others," I reminded her.

"And then Mary Pickford is going on the stage," she went on. "That is, always provided that she can find a play that suits her."

"Vilma passed through New York a few weeks ago on her way to Hungary to visit her family, but she didn't pause here long. Dorothy Mackaill was in town, but only long enough to catch a boat to England. She skipped away from California, leaving her lawyers to fight with First National over her last month's salary. She wouldn't play the part they wanted her to, because she contended that it was secondary to Warner Baxter's, and as she wouldn't go to work, they held up her salary."

"They would really like to get her back under contract, as Dorothy is very popular, but companies hate to give in on a thing like that. If a girl won't do as she's told, they hesitate to shell out thousands of dollars, and sometimes I don't blame them. I haven't seen the part though, so I don't know whether Dorothy was just disagreeable or wise. Having seen some of the rubbish they have put her in, though, I'd hazard a guess that Dorothy was right when she thought the part terrible."

"I felt so sorry for Joan Peers the night 'Rain or Shine' opened. She played the lead, but there just wasn't anything to the rôle. With all her quiet sincerity, she couldn't make anything of it."

"Who ever noticed the leading woman in a comedian's picture, anyway?" I asked. "It should be enough to get a genially mad picture once in a while. Don't show your ingratitude for such great favors by wishing the heroine had had a chance to pat little children on the head, or carry a basket to the poor."

"And I felt terribly sorry for Janet Gaynor when I saw 'Common Clay,'" Fanny went on, ignoring me.

"And just what did Janet have to do with that picture?"

Fanny must be getting feeble-minded when she confuses Janet with Constance Bennett.

"Oh, you don't know anything!" she wailed, despairingly. "Don't you ever read the papers? That's the picture Janet wanted to do, and when Fox wouldn't let her play the part, she walked out. It's a grand old melodrama, and I don't blame her for wanting to play it. Constance Bennett tore into the big scenes and seemed to be having the time of her life acting in the best old ten-twenty-thirty manner."

"Miss Bennett has ironed out her difficulties with Pathé and is starting work on 'Sin Takes a Holiday.'"

"You don't suppose, do you?" I asked, without any thought of raising an unpleasant suspicion in any one's mind, "that the author or producer was at all swayed by the great success of Goulding's 'Devil's Holiday'?"



Photo by Fraker

Joan Peers made the best of a frugal rôle in "Rain or Shine."

"Slightly. But I think that audiences would find the picture more appealing if the title suggested that virtue was taking a holiday rather than sin. Miss Bennett doesn't just impress me as the type to play creatures of sweetness and light. To me she is much more interesting when she is sullen and willful. She is tremendously popular with women, and I think they would rather not have whitewashed heroines."

"Just look at the Roxy theater. Very few pictures last there more than a week, and here's Constance Bennett, in 'Common Clay,' still going strong in the third week. I can hardly wait to see her with Erich von Stroheim, in 'Three Faces East.' If any one can watch her while *he* is on the screen, then I'll know she's good."

"Why doesn't Janet go on the stage?" I asked plaintively, still more interested in my old favorites.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. She's made up with Fox and is returning to make 'The Man Who Came Back,' with Charlie Farrell. I suppose that sheer boredom from doing nothing made her go to the studio and apologize for walking out mad, even though she still felt that she was right. After all, working in silly pictures is more exciting than not working at all. And it can't have been much fun to stand by and see them making ambitious plans for Maureen O'Sullivan."

"Little Sally Phipps, who started at the Fox studio about the same time Janet did, but who never got very far, is rehearsing for her stage debut here in New York. And Diane Ellis, who was another of the Fox junior players with Janet, is working for Paramount, in Nancy Carroll's picture. She may stay here and go on the stage."

"I don't even remember them," I insisted sulkily. "I like to see old, familiar faces when I go to pictures. Familiar, that is; I don't like them particularly old."

"Well," Fanny went on grimly, "you're to have a hard time, even though there are evidently lots of others who feel as you do. The other night when 'Moby Dick' opened, they ran a picture introducing most of the Warner featured players, and one dull or unfamiliar figure after another stalked across the screen. When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Louise Fazenda, and Marian Nixon came on, the audience was so relieved to see some one they knew, they burst into cheers."

Fanny is likely to sound like a whole mob cheering any time she sees Douglas, Jr.

"And last night at 'Hell's Angels,'" Fanny babbled on, "it was all very confusing to the autograph hunters. They wandered around in a daze during the intermission, going up to people and asking, 'Are you some one important?'"

"It isn't like the old days when every fan saw a player dozens of times a year and could spot any picture celebrity on sight. Well, at least, Joan Crawford still makes pictures reg-

Jane Winton divorced, married, and said farewell to her career while waiting to be seen in "Hell's Angels."



Constance Bennett stooped to twenty-three melodrama with success.

ularly and has a big following, though just how long it will last if they keep on putting her in that series of shop-girls' delights is hard to tell. The audience simply howled when they saw the house that was supposed to be built in a tree in 'Our Blushing Brides.' In the exterior scene, it seemed to be just a modest shack, but when the inside was shown the room had cavernous depths. It was an art director's nightmare if I have ever seen one."

"Maybe it's a tribute to Joan's disposition or something that she didn't start a row and walk out when she saw that set," I suggested. "Doesn't she ever fight with the studio about anything?"

Come to think of it, Joan is the only very successful star who doesn't have a good rousing fight with her employers every now and then.

"According to all accounts," Fanny informed me, "she has a perfect studio disposition. She may bristle occasionally, but she takes her disappointments off to a

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Lupe Velez wants to kiss the fans who say nice things of her, she told Madeline Glass.

Lupe Denies All

When the fiery Lupe Velez reads things interviewers write of her, she says, "I will kill that man!" But being a much tamer girl than she is painted, she turns to "What the Fans Think" for something nicer.

By Madeline Glass

ACCORDING to Lupe Velez, many of the magazine writers are direct descendents of the one and only Ananias. Tsh, tsh, tsh! Them's fightin' words, Lupe!

"They come to see me, expecting me to be wild and give them a thrill, and when I disappoint them, they go away and write things I have not said."

Her disillusioned Oriental eyes gazed into space, eloquent shoulders shrugged indifferently, while her slim brown hands spread in philosophical surrender.

"When I read the things people write about me I say to myself, 'I will kill that man!' Then I decide not to kill him. No. I decide to say nothing and let my deeds speak for themselves."

At the very outset I wish to make it clear that I am taking no side in this disagreement. To indict the sacred profession of journalism would be unethical; yet on the other hand it is impossible to turn a deaf ear to Lupe's protests, particularly after she fed me soup right out of her own plate.

To many fans, Miss Velez's denials will be most welcome. Those who accepted her wholeheartedly, after her dazzling success in "The Gaucho," have looked on with increasing dismay as hectic stories described her as having become a vulgar hoyden and publicity hunter. Certainly this picture of her did not fit in with my first impressions, which were gained during a talk with her immediately after her bubbling presence was established in films two years or more ago.

In writing of her at that time I used the description, "frank without being bold, naïve without being affected, and romantic without being spurious." After unbiased consideration I now realize that she has definitely though subtly changed. Lupe is now a bit world-weary, a bit temperamental, and is indulging in moments of bored

and picturesque languor. Yes, I gotta say it, soup or no soup.

For Lupe is going through a period of readjustment, cultivating poise and a better viewpoint, and her present mood is one of the transitory phases. Lupe has no more consistent admirer than I, and for her own charming sake I hope she will totally disarm her critics by a permanent display of prudent conduct. One resents seeing one's favorite held up as an example of primitive womanhood on the loose.

"I have changed," said she, drawing her shoulders up to her ears in solemn reminiscence. "When I first came here I did not know it was wrong to say certain words—I did not know the meaning of them. And I did not know it was not so good to make love in the presence of others. I did these things without thinking about them, but other people thought about them. I like to make every one happy. When people laughed at me it thrilled me all over, for I thought they were having a good time. I think I would break my neck if it would make people laugh. But after they laughed they went away and talked."

Perhaps the charge that Lupe is temperamental requires some substantiation. The opinion is based on no actual proof; it is the child of surmise, fostered by the fact that Lupe seemed reluctant to be interviewed, and by what I gleaned from her studio as-

sociates. If, as she says, she has been misrepresented and misquoted, her reluctance is understandable. Then, too, a man on her set took me aside and assured me that Lupe was the salt of the earth and the adored of all who worked with her. In view of the conflicting reports each fan will have to decide for himself.

Throughout the present transitory period, however, one fact is very evident: Lupe is just as reckless with money as she ever was. Not content with purchasing an architectural colossus in Beverly Hills, which is large enough to accommodate a regiment of cavalry—including the horses—she has in her service a staff of servants which includes a butler. There Lupe lives in solitary grandeur. Imagine a simple child of nature surrounded by all that flumduggery!

"I love my home," says she, "and am working hard to pay for it. I seldom go to parties or visit other people, for why should I go to other homes when I have one of my own?"

Remembering an article I had read which quoted her as saying that she wanted to save a fortune and spend it in Paris making nocturnal whoopee, I asked if this were still her ambition.

"I never said I wanted to live in Paris!" she flashed back. "I want always to live in California. There is no place like Hollywood, and when I was in New York, I told every one about it. They would say to me, 'See our skyscrapers, our Woolworth Building, our shops.' And I would say, 'You should see our Beverly Hills, our Brown Derby, and our Hollywood Boulevard.'"

"Besides, it is too cold in New York. I like to live in a warm climate, the warmer the better. Even here I am cold so much."

Although we were walking in the warm sunshine she

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LUPE VELEZ, long the hoyden of the films, is quieting down in her deportment, but she has by no means lost her fire, though she expends most of it nowadays in denying untruthful stories circulated about her, says Madeline Glass, opposite.



Photo by Hurrell

WITHOUT stooping to pun, we insist that Anita is as winsome a Page of contemporary history as you can find in all Hollywood. What's more, she's a darned good actress who never fails to make her rôle real, if given a chance.



Photo by Dow English

YES, Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston now have their own yacht. It pays, you see, for young couples to economize at the start of their married life, even to the extent of laying tiles in the patio of their home.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

ALL things come to him who waits" might well be Richard Dix's motto, for here he is all ready to play *Yancy Cravat*, in "Cimarron," surely as colorful and strong a character as his admirers have wished for, lo, these several years.



Photo by Hurrell

AS the most promising newcomer at the Metro-Goldwyn studio we nominate Mary Doran, who scintillated briefly but memorably in "The Divorcée" and "Sins of the Children" and who, if the gods are good, will shine brightly within a year. It's a bet!



Photo by Preston Duncan

IT seems years since Russell Gleason attracted attention in those early talkies, "Strange Cargo" and "Shady Lady," but he has made good use of what is really only a short time, as you will see for yourself in "Beyond Victory."



Photo by Bruce

FORMERLY content—or seemingly so—to be a reigning Hollywood beauty, Sharon Lynn decided to act too, and now there's no telling how far she'll go, especially after "Wild Company." The wilder the better, say we, if she is in the title rôle.



ONLY six months in the movies, Ginger Rogers is already well known and liked, not only by fans but by critics too. But she is no novice in capturing public approval, for, though only nineteen, she has been singing and dancing in stage units and musical comedies since she was fourteen. In the story opposite, Ginger's career is recounted by Mabelle Duke, who knew her when she was a kid in Texas, excited over winning a Charleston contest.

Photo by Herman Zerrenner

A Peppy Little Dish

She's Ginger Rogers, who's so spicy that she has to divide her time between the stage and the movies.

By Mabelle Duke

THAT peppy little dish called Ginger is the spice of life at the Paramount studio in New York.

Forgive me, I didn't mean to be punny, as Groucho Marx says, but Miss Rogers, newly recruited from the stage and soon to return there, has become quite a sensation in the audible flickers. In scarcely six months since her first appearance before a camera, she has played leading rôles in three pictures and is beginning a fourth before starting rehearsals for her new stage show this fall.

Ginger is a distinct type—a new sort of flapper. She isn't exactly beautiful, but she has undeniable personality. She's tall and slender, very peppy, though not gushing, and she's always the life of the party, without being loud. That much one gathers at first sight of Ginger.

Furthermore, she has brains. That develops in course of conversation with her, for her slender feet are firmly planted to-day exactly in the spot which she selected as her goal five years ago. Her recent success has been sensational, but she's no skyrocket.

Just nineteen now, she's been working toward a definite end since she was fourteen. She mapped out her career, just as a business man plans a sales campaign, and she has followed it closely. She didn't come to Broadway a novice. She had four years' grueling experience in the sticks before she descended on Broadway last winter and became an overnight success in "Top Speed." After that her motion-picture career was equally meteoric.

Maybe you saw her as the baby vamp in "Young Man of Manhattan." If not, you certainly saw her in "Queen High" or "The Sap from Syracuse." Now she's playing opposite Ed Wynn, in "Manhattan Mary."

Over cups of tea and several sticks of chewing gum, we sat talking the other day in the studio restaurant. I first met Ginger when she was only fourteen and was making her first professional appearance dancing the Charleston at the Majestic Theater in Dallas, Texas. As reporter for a Dallas paper I called on her back stage for her first interview. She was a flighty little scatterbrain, rather impressed with her own importance, but with loads of ambition. Meeting again after so long, we discussed the years between, and I mentally compared the new Ginger with the one I had seen before.

"I can't believe this is all happening to me," laughed Ginger, a poised, charming grown-up Ginger for all her nineteen years, and a far cry from the irresponsible little Charleston dancer. "Even yet when I meet such folks

as Buddy Rogers and others that I used to have fan crushes on, I can't realize that I really belong here with them. I run around getting autographs as if I'd never been inside a studio before."

Not in looks but in manner Ginger bears a resemblance to Constance Talmadge. Also she has that rare talent for comedy which made Constance the foremost comedienne of the screen at one time—and may do the same for Ginger. Furthermore, she has sense enough to realize this—another evidence of brains—and not go hankering after romantic or dramatic rôles.

"I loved 'Queen High' and 'The Sap from Syracuse,'" Ginger said. "That Jack Oakie is such a clown, and Charlie Ruggles and I are buddies. Jack's the star of 'The Sap,' you know, and Charlie's in 'Queen High.' I liked 'Young Man of Manhattan,' too, but I have a horror of being typed as a baby vamp. A vamp's screen life is too short—even a baby one."

It is Mrs. Rogers, Ginger's young mother, who has managed her daughter's career with such businesslike judgment and placed her

where she is to-day. Ginger, whose real name is Virginia, was born in Independence, Missouri. When she was six, Mrs. Rogers, then a widow, took her child to Hollywood and there found work in the scenario department of the Fox studio. Ginger often visited the studio and the casting director wanted her to play child rôles. But Mrs. Rogers objected.

"That kid's going to have a real childhood, if she has nothing else," she would always reply. "She'll have to work for her living some day, but as long as I can earn a dime she'll never become one of these painted, posturing movie children."

So the little girl didn't go in the movies. Instead she went to school,

first in Hollywood and then in Fort Worth, Texas, where Mrs. Rogers worked as dramatic editor of the Fort Worth Record.

Then the Charleston craze arrived. Ginger had never had a dancing lesson in her life, but she began to pick up the Charleston steps. There came a contest which she entered, and her natural flair for comedy began to express itself. While the other contestants performed that haywire dance in all seriousness, Ginger burlesqued it. When she Charlestoned onto the floor, everybody howled

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Photo by Zerkner

As a child Ginger Rogers had plenty of chances to get in pictures, but her mother preferred school for her.



Maybe You Are Famous?

You never can tell until you've tried to get a booth at the Brown Derby, or told your hostess that a drink offered you is hogwash, or fought a director. Your answer is in how much you can get away with.

By Helen Louise Walker

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

HOLLYWOOD is a very confusing place. One is always having to deal with problems and sometimes one gets so worn down and tired of it all—I don't know. It almost seems as if it isn't worth it. However, one must be brave and grit one's teeth and carry on. (The carryings-on in this community are a problem in themselves, but I can't cope with everything at once.)

Take, for instance, the problem which faced a young woman here only a few days ago. She proposed to take a guest to the Brown Derby for lunch. So she telephoned and asked the restaurant to reserve a booth for her. When she arrived at the appointed time, with her guest, there was not even a table for them, let alone one of the coveted booths along the wall.

"But I phoned and reserved one," she protested vehemently.

"Sorry, lady," was the laconic reply. "We reserve booths only for famous people."

Now, do you see the young woman's dilemma? She had imagined that she *was* a little bit famous. After all, her picture was appearing at that very moment in a number of magazines, admitting that she used a certain brand of soap, the manufacturer having the theory that this thrilling fact would influence large numbers of less prominent young women to do likewise.

Moreover, she had been a regular customer of the Brown Derby and had taken people there who were, supposedly, even more famous than she, people whose pictured faces advertised not only soap but cigarettes. Which is still more impressive.

Then to learn that she wasn't even famous enough to reserve a table in a restaurant—you can imagine the poor thing's feelings!

So you see that one of the major problems which harass us is that of how to know whether or not we are famous. Evidently one way to tell is by whether you can get a table at the Brown Derby or not.

It isn't a very accurate way, however. Only a day or two ago I saw a petite girl get a table there by merely raising her voice in a silvery imitation of Benny Rubin's laugh! And even a newspaper man or a magazine writer may sometimes eat there on a dull day.

Obviously we shall have to go more deeply into this matter sometime, if we are to gain any really precise information.

One way of testing the quality of your fame is to note the prices you are asked for things you buy. If you enter a shop, and they instantly double the price on every article you inspect, you may take it for granted that you are considered not only famous, but also wealthy and gullible.

I was in Alice White's dressing room not long ago when a young woman brought in a number of knitted berets for Alice's approval. It so happened that I had priced similar, if not identical ones, at a downtown shop a few hours before and had been told that they sold at \$3.45 each. But when Alice inquired the price of the berets she was told, "Ten dollars each"—and she uncomplainingly ordered three of them! Which just shows you one of the advantages of being a private citizen.

On the other hand, fame also has its commercial advantages. When Richard Barthelmess went abroad last autumn, he said that he had much better accommodations on shipboard than he paid for, and he nearly always had a better suite in any hotel than his bill indicated.

That is another way in which to tell whether or not you are a celebrity. If you are sufficiently important that it is good advertising for an establishment to have you stopping there, then you are *some one*—and a reduced rate on the bridal suite is proof of it.

It is not always so easy to tell, however. If, for instance, you are traveling and the mayor of some city meets you at the station with a large gilt or floral key, don't just take it for granted that this is proof of your fame. It may merely mean that your press agent is possessed of some low-down on the mayor and has used his influence to bring this about.

A press agent can clutter your mind most distressingly about these matters. If you see your name emblazoned here and there, and read little pieces about yourself in the newspapers, it does not necessarily mean anything more than that the aforesaid p. a. is earning his weekly pay.

When a star is overtaken by uncontrollable feelings he takes them out upon a lesser player or prop man.



But—if you find a bona-fide newspaper reporter hiding in your clothes hamper some morning, taking notes upon the little spat you are having with your spouse, it's pretty safe to assume that you are destined to fame and the public is taking an interest in you.

On motion-picture lots unimportant people are told what they may or may not do. And as long as they remain unimportant, they had better obey orders, or they may become even less important. If you find that you can do as you please and still retain your position, then you are a famous motion-picture star, without a doubt.

Take Clara Bow. Some one phoned the Paramount studio not long ago to ask about a picture of her which was to accompany a signed recommendation of a certain brand of cigarettes.

"But we should not *think* of allowing Miss Bow to sign such an advertisement!" declared Mr. Paramount indignantly.

"That's too bad," drawled the inquirer, "because she has already signed it."

Now if Clara has lost her job, I haven't heard anything about it. It seems that she is quite justified in considering herself a very famous star.

Then there is the matter of temperament. A gentleman who has made an extensive scientific study of that peculiar phenomenon explains its workings like this. A star may exhibit temperament of the violent variety on the set. But it is to be observed that if he is a careful star, he does not vent it on a director whose magnitude is equal to his own. When he is overtaken by uncontrollable feelings he takes them out upon a lesser player, a prop man, an electrician, or maybe a valet.

Look what happened to Jetta Goudal when she tried being temperamental with Cecil DeMille! And to Betty Bronson when she attempted it with executives! And it is said that Lupe Velez was taken out of a picture not long ago, when she arrived upon an important director's set two hours late the first day of shooting.

If you are in any doubt about your degree of fame, you can easily test it by aiming a little temperament at a director.

A director may be temperamental at a contract player, or any lesser individual. But he had best not try it on a star. Unless he is Eric von Stroheim, which he seldom is, and even then it has been known to lead toisticuffs.

If visiting ex-presidents, princes, or what not, ask to be photographed with you, it is a pretty sure sign that you are some one or other. But it may only prove that you are the Metro-Goldwyn trade-mark lion.

I gathered that Junior Laemmle was sort of famous the other day when he came into the Embassy Club at lunch time and lots of people burst into instant and spontaneous applause. Junior bridled prettily and said, "Oh, dear! You're making me blush!" He did, too, quite modestly and boyishly. It was all very sweet.

Another swell way to find out is to ask a favor of some one.

I certainly found out whether or not I was famous the other day when I telephoned a mere song

writer to ask him to interview an acquaintance of mine. But I'd rather not talk about that, if you don't mind. It was a very lugubrious occasion.

If you can be rude and get away with it, it is pretty good evidence of your celebrity, too. But you have to be a little careful with this method, or you may have a slight surprise, like a good poke in the nose when you do not expect it, or something like that.

Like John McCormack. You'd think that John would need to have few doubts on this subject—and it seems that this is his opinion, too. So imagine how disconcerted he must have been when this happened.

The story, as it was told to me, is that Mr. McCormack called, late one evening, at the home of a well-known Hollywood actor where a small dinner party was assembled. He looked surly and acknowledged introductions in a somewhat irritated fashion. Suddenly he called loudly and firmly for champagne. His hostess sent for some. John lifted his glass, tasted the wine, swore volubly and tossed it on the floor.

"That's the only thing to do with hogwash like that!" he roared. "Any one who serves native champagne to me may expect it to be treated this way!"

His hostess waited until his rage had died down a little and then she said, "Now, Mr. McCormack, will you please oblige me by getting your hat and coat and leaving my house? It will be nice if I do not see you again."

You see? The drawback of that method is that you may discover that you aren't quite as famous as you thought you were. Which is disappointing and disheartening. So use it with discretion.

It is rather difficult to lay down a set of rules for these things. One method works for one person and may prove an utter failure for another.

Likewise standards that apply to other communities are likely to prove quite misleading in measuring a person's importance in Hollywood.

So if I were you and had any doubts as to the state of my reputation, I should just take up a correspondence course in history or magic tricks or piano playing—concentrate on something and get my mind off this other problem. You're likely to develop some sort of neurosis if you dwell on it!



The real test of fame is to find a reporter in your clothes hamper, taking notes on a domestic row.

You know you are *somebody* when you are photographed with a couple of bilious old nabobs.





Photo by Dyar

The fan appeal of Phillips Holmes is for the lucky few who prefer caviar to cake.

PHILLIPS HOLMES distinctly belongs to the quality group of players. Although he seems destined shortly to achieve tremendous popularity, his greatest appeal will always be to the happy few who prefer caviar to cake.

The flappers, though impressed by his extreme comeliness, will hesitate taking his autographed photo to bed with them. They have never known any one in pictures quite like Phil. For Phil at twenty-three is as suave as William Powell, as poised as Clive Brook, and at the same time as disturbingly genuine as Jack Oakie.

He has a British manner, as well as British accent. He is so handsome, so intelligent, and so witty that he seems to have stepped right out of an English novel.

This was how young Holmes impressed me, despite the fact that the day I met him he was sitting up in a hospital bed with a black eye, a swollen jaw, souvenirs of a motor accident, and with his hair dyed—at a director's insistence, I assure you—that hideous hue known as Hollywood blond.

A nurse hovered around Phil's bedside with what seemed to me to be more than professional solicitude, while his parents fluttered about. The telephone rang constantly, and there was a steady procession of what Phil termed "the Greeks bearing gifts."

A nervous, distraught little woman dashed into the room to thank Phil for having been so kind to her little boy who had been hurt in another motor accident. The child had been disconsolate after his parents' departure the previous night, and Phil had sat up, reading to him, until he had fallen asleep.

Out of an

That is the interviewer's impression of Phillips wildest Hollywood; and he is registering on the look to

By Edward

When we were alone I congratulated Phil on having found so delightful a sanctuary.

"I'm not getting any rest," he wailed. "It's like this all day long, and the night nurse sleeps all night, and I have to keep awake so she won't slip off the chair. I have to be back on the set to-morrow morning, too. I suppose I really shouldn't go looking and feeling as I do, but they're holding up production, and Hollywood heroics are expected of a rising juvenile."

Phil's voice was jaunty, his manner elated. He had found happiness in Hollywood at last. I say at last, because when he first came out here he despised the place. He felt that making faces at a camera and speaking to a microphone was the most stupid job on earth. The town's well-known provincialism irked him considerably. Hollywood has a certain glamour, but it is not the kind of glamour to which a boy of Phil's background could subscribe. A boy who had known the civilized contacts of Continental prep schools, and Cambridge and Princeton Universities, couldn't be entertained for long by Hollywood's madness.

But I'm twenty-two years ahead of my story. Phil's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Holmes, were touring with a stock company, and had stopped off in Grand Rapids, a one-night stand, when Phil was born. They were depressed by the circumstances of their son's birth, and vowed that he would not grow up a trunk child.

When Phil was seven or so, he was placed in a boarding school near New York. When he was fourteen, he went to France to enter a school at Grenoble. "It was the happiest year of my life," Phil says. "I know now that I shall never be so in love with the world again. It was so perfect that it spoiled me for all of life to follow."

There were three other Americans there, and four English boys, and two girls. We formed a group that was the despair of the faculty. We did the maddest things, like dashing off to Paris without leave. I'll never forget that year."

Phil returned to Los Angeles, where his parents had a temporary home. He had lost his taste for the American scene, so his father permitted him to continue his studies at an English prep school. He began his university work at Cambridge, where he became the leading player of the Thespian Society.

There is no other existence in the world as delightful as that of an undergraduate in England. Phil would gladly have continued at Cambridge, but his father thought it best that he finish his education in America. Phil entered Princeton.

He became one of the most popular players of the



Taylor Holmes, Phil's father, is a name in the theatrical world.

English Novel

Holmes, whose cultural influence is likely to be felt in screen, too, in a way that should make other juveniles their laurels.

Nagle

famous Triangle Club of that university. He was the "leading lady" in a play which toured the Eastern States. Phil played the heroine with such charm and success that he developed a fear of being thought effeminate. At the end of the tour, he returned to the campus, and went virile with a vengeance. He swaggered and cussed, and even chewed tobacco, until his sense of humor began to assert itself.

He informed me with pride that his next rôle is to be something in the Edmund Lowe manner, whereupon he proceeded to act out several of the scenes. Although Phil was inordinately proud of his father's theatrical career, he never seriously considered acting as a future for himself. He had an offer from a brokerage firm in Wall Street, and looked forward to spending his life among the sort of people he had known at school.

Then one day Director Frank Tuttle turned up on the Princeton campus to film exteriors for "Varsity," starring Buddy Rogers. They needed a boy to play Buddy's roommate, a good-looking talented boy. Phil was chosen.

Hollywood bored Phillips Holmes, until he was disillusioned about his Eastern friends.



"I took the job as a lark," Phil told me. "I thought it would last only a week or so. But Tuttle told me I'd have to come to Hollywood to finish it. Production continued for several months. When it was finished, I had lost so much school work that to return to Princeton meant repeating a year. I accepted, at my father's request, a contract with Paramount.

"When I signed that contract, I felt that I was signing away my life, exchanging my birthright for a mess of movie pottage. I hungered for the companionship of my friends back East. The social life out here seemed just a farce. The constant babble of shop talk drove me wild. I was the most desolate and despondent person in this sad suburb."

Phil brooded so much that he became ill. Before he was entirely well he began work on "Stairs of Sand," a Western, Paramount's last silent picture. Although his heart was not in it, he turned in an excellent performance and, had the picture played the first-run theaters, Phil would be well on his way to stardom.

After "Stairs of Sand," he played several bits. When he was well again, he insisted upon going back to New York to see his friends. His parents were afraid it would increase his discontent with Hollywood.

"It would have, had my friends proved as delightful as I had remembered them; but having finished school, they had all settled into a rut. The shop talk of New York seemed infinitely more inane than that of Hollywood. I came back entirely cured and eager to get at my movie work."

Upon his return he played on the stage in "The Silver Cord," and the

Phil was recruited from Princeton for Buddy Rogers's roommate in "Varsity."



powers of Paramount realized that this young member of their organization was valuable and worth training. He was given better rôles and played them with such skill that to-day he is one of the most promising juveniles. He likes Hollywood now. It has taught him much. Tolerance, he says, and ambition.

Hollywood likes him, too. That manner of careless arrogance which is learned, though not taught, in English schools, and which Phil used at first toward the picture colony, has melted into one of charm. Those who a year ago dubbed him high-hat and affected are loud now in their insistence that he's a regular guy.

I hope that Phil will never come to take the town too seriously, that he will always remain an epigram among its platitudes, a prince among its peasants.

He takes his work very seriously. At night he spends hours studying his "sides" under the direction of his father. Every line and every bit of business is rehearsed, until his father is completely satisfied that it is perfect. And he's not easily satisfied.

He wants to do *Bunker Bean* which his father played with such great success on the stage. There are many other juveniles in Hollywood after the rôle. Phil named them, disqualifying each. "They haven't the love for the play needed to make it a masterpiece," he said. "I haven't really been presented sympathetically to the fans. In 'Only the Brave' I had the rôle of a heavy, in 'Pointed Heels' a snob, and in 'The Devil's Holiday' a weakling."

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Lift Me!

And the proper thing to do is to help the girls up, without asking how they happened to need aid.

Marion Byron, left, whose nickname is "Peanuts" because of her smallness, finds herself imprisoned in a milk pail, so won't some one please help?

Yola d'Avril, center, appeals to your pity. The French girl's high spirits caused her to make a misstep while on the set of "When We Were Twenty-one," and now the director is bawling her out. Poor Yola!

Loretta Young, below, usually so graceful, lost her balance just once, and this, alas, shows where her dignity went.

Phyllis Crane, above, needs more than a lift—she needs a surgeon. But never fear, she'll be repaired in time to be seen in "College Lovers."

Inez Courtney, left, is terribly upset over something, but surely her distress signal will not go unheeded for long—she's such a cute little piece.



Wanted—Romance

John Garrick says talkies have taken all the glamour out of films, but there's still some in the players, as you will see when you read about his leading lady in Australia.

By William H. McKegg

ON this day and age, when everything and everybody is trying to be literal and businesslike, it is hard to get hold of a romantic soul. On my way to the Fox atelier to see John Garrick, I thought of this, after the manner of a disillusioned interviewer. Say what you like, glamour and romance are glowing things.

But work had to be attended to. So farewell to the prospect. I had to face John Garrick and learn from him what's what in the realities.

Some pleasant chatter ensued with my old pals of the publicity department, in the middle of which Mr. Garrick arrived direct from the set, in make-up and without jacket. A pleasant chap, direct and sincere. You no doubt saw him as the intrepid English aviator in "The Sky Hawk," in which he destroyed a Zeppelin, single-handed, during a London air raid.

The nearest touch to reality in the picture was the fact that John Garrick is really English. He was born in Brighton, the queen of English watering places as the guidebooks describe it. That gay spot on the south coast, where the sunswick kings had a passion in which very merry receptions took place, until Queen Victoria arrived with her rules and regulations.

Of course that has nothing to do with John Garrick. I mention it merely to show that Brighton is a nice place.

When the present John Garrick went to school he was known by his real name, Reginald Dandy, and had the idea that he'd change it. He left college and rather reluctantly entered a bank. But even the reality of the banking business could not quench hidden desires. Reginald is musical. He cast lingering glances toward the stage. In fact he did more than that—he got up an act and negotiated a tour in vaudeville.

This meant bigger and better things in the artistic world. After playing his act throughout the British Isles, Mr. Dandy was given a part in a London revue. This led to his being signed to go out to Australia with a musical stock company. So Reginald Dandy packed and went southeast.

His Australian tour proved lucrative. Our hero sang the lead in "Rose-Marie" for two years, the girl being a sweet young thing from San Francisco.

A little over a year ago Reginald Dandy arrived in



John Garrick's thorough training in England and Australia tells in his films.



More players have been killed by mixing with the public than by poor pictures, says Mr. Garrick.

the Bay City and appeared in a piece called "The Wishing Well." It played there for four weeks, then came down to Los Angeles, where it wished for three nights and dried up.

Nevertheless, Mr. Dandy got hold of a manager, who scouted around in the movie field. Soon the young man was signed by Fox to act, talk, and sing and, if necessary, to dance in their offerings to the world.

The only change his entry into pictures has made in his life is that a new name was bestowed upon him—John Garrick.

"It was no desire of mine," the newly created Mr. Garrick explained. "My real name suggested 'fine and dandy.' Again it sounded too much like Reginald Denny."

Such things as these must be guarded against, even though possessing two names is rather confusing. Friends will hail him with "Hello, Reg!" Acquaintances will shout "Howdy, John!"

At the studio John Garrick is on duty. At home Reginald Dandy holds sway. For Mr. Garrick sees no reason why he must be an actor in both places. In fact he is rather aloof about his private life. Not that he minds telling you where he comes from and how he worked his way up. He said he thought an actor's life should remain unknown to the public.

"To me there's always something glamorous and unreal about acting," John said. "I'm a movie fan myself. I still get a thrill out of pictures. I hope I always will. It gives me a chance to see both viewpoints—the actor's and the fan's. I can understand how the fans regard an actor as a superhuman being."

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The cutest gob aboard the battleship *California* is Loretta Young, who is only safe from the boys when atop the big guns.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

A fresh haul of news, gossip, and other interesting items from the surging sea of studioland.

TRUST Mary Nolan to capture the spotlight. She's the real stormy petrel, and even if she were living the life of a hermitess, she would manage to be in hot water.

Mary blazes into the news headlines once every so often, and the sparks from her latest fiery outburst are still falling. It was fiery, too, because it seems to have been owing chiefly to a sizzling case of sunburn.

There was a terrific pyrotechnic display, at all events, when she went to a hospital for treatment, and two nurses who had attended her at some previous time took occasion to swear to affidavits that she was a narcotic addict.

Investigation failed to prove the charge, and at latest reports the Federal authorities who were looking into the affair weren't even interested. Mary herself stormed denials, indicating that spite inspired her accusers. Everybody in Hollywood got more or less concerned, too, including the guardians of the film industry's morals.

The dust, colorful though it was, took quite a while to settle, and when it did, inquiry determined that the sunburn was really a bona fide gift from Sol's rays, and was acquired while Mary was on vacation at Lake Arrowhead. She took a nap while out in a boat, slept too long, and her back and shoulders were badly scorched. Her bathing suit was cut low, according to the mode, and that was what gave the sunline its advantage.

The best proof that Mary's career will sail on undisturbed is that she has recently worked in several films, and Universal has numerous bright features scheduled

for her. Henceforward, to avert the turmoil which pursued her, she declares she'll take a parasol with her wherever she goes in a bathing suit.

The Song Is Ended.

Will a reconciliation be reached between Gloria Swanson and her marquis?

Answer is "No!" around movieland.

While they have merely talked separation, it is assumed that the break-up will go the way of all others. Separation first, and then divorce—much sooner than expected.

Rumors, of course, also hint that Constance Bennett will be the next marquise. She and "Hank" are seen together from time to time.

A few years ago Gloria told us that she felt that her marriage "simply *must* succeed."

The marquis's long absence in Europe, her own great triumphs recently in pictures, and the enjoyment that she finds now in life in Hollywood, have altered her perspective. The marquis's desire for independence, and a career of his own, probably resigned him to the situation. He didn't want to be just the husband of a famous star, an attitude of mind that is not absolutely unique by any means.

Mickey His Idol.

Herr René Fülöp-Müller has come and seen, and now is back in Europe to write a book about Hollywood. You may know him, if you go in for heavy reading, as the author of "Rasputin," "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," and "The Secrets and Power of the Jesuits."

He came to the film colony after visiting the Island of Athos, near Greece, which is inhabited only by solitaries and penitents. So the cinema world must have been a great contrast.

Herr Fülöp-Miller's greatest interest while he visited was in the comedians, and just why the public should be so insane about Greta Garbo. He admires her, but he couldn't fully understand just why she should be responsible for a mania.

We had the pleasure of accompanying Herr Fülöp-Miller to see Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse. He was more anxious to view the little cardboard star "in person" than any celebrity in the films. And we don't blame him, because whoever doesn't care for Mickey ought to be cut up into cardboard himself.

Again They're Severed.

Only a separation for professional reasons—and Jack and Ina are enduring it as happily as possible. Meaning that when Ina Claire went East to appear in "The Royal Family," Jack Gilbert was unable to accompany her. It also looked doubtful if he would be able to join her even after completing "Way for a Sailor," he was so busy with plans for his next production. You see, because of the delays due to troubles with his voice recording, Jack is behind schedule in his films. And he is ambitious to keep going on, now that he believes he has found the right sort of vehicles. At that, we hear "Way for a Sailor" did not go entirely smoothly. Some retaking and rerecording had to be done.

Ina Claire was a dazzling success in a stage engagement in "Rebound" just prior to her departure. The opening night was almost like a movie premiere, what with the crowd of street onlookers, and the number of stars present. We wondered who would sit beside Jack at the opening, and were struck with mild surprise when it turned out to be Kay Francis. Jack, Ina, Kay, Constance Bennett, Lionel Barrymore, and various others were at a dinner party before the premiere, and attended the theater together.

Lady Beautiful's Nicknames.

Evelyn Laye's nickname is "Boo." Also she is called "Auntie" by chorus girls.

These were two revelations of Samuel Goldwyn's newest star, which she vouchsafed when we met her.

Incidentally, here is a very charming actress, and after a personal glimpse of her we can only hope that "Lilli," her first film, will establish her with the public.

Hers is a very delicate blond beauty, which she sets off attractively in her garb. She wore a summer suit of dove blue, and a hat to match, when we saw her, and the shade tended to emphasize the aquamarine blue of her eyes.

She expressed pleasure over the fact that she was to play a light-comedy rôle. "I am so tired of doing costume parts like *Madame Pompadour*," she said. "I've had my face covered with patches so often that nobody really knows what I look like."

Bruce Rogers is willing to be "America's Boy Friend" just as brother Buddy is.



At the time she was also in dread of microphone fright. The nickname "Boo" was acquired when she was a child, because it was a pet word of hers. "Auntie" was a tribute to her quiet demeanor, we suppose, or else just an idiosyncrasy such as chorines occasionally incline to.

Jackie Coogan returns to the screen to play *Tom Sawyer*.



An Atmosphere in Tune.

Dolores del Rio knows her atmosphere. When it comes to a setting for a wedding she is a stellar chooser. Not only did her marriage to Cedric Gibbons have an old-mission background, but it occurred as a prologue to a big Spanish fiesta.

Santa Barbara was the locale of the nuptial ceremony, and the two were married in the evening by a priest at the mission. Gibbons's divorce was disregarded for the reason that he was reared a Catholic, and the prior marital knot had been tied by a justice of the peace. The necessary dispensations were also secured.

The Gibbons-Del Rio engagement was announced only a week or two in advance of the wedding. The romance was such a brief one that comparatively few people knew of its existence. Only a short time before Dolores had been reported engaged to Ted Joyce, and there were rumors that she might be affianced to John Farrow.

Gibbons has been art director at the Metro-Goldwyn studio for five or six years, and is one of the most competent men in his field.

Rebelling as Actors.

Ramon Novarro is about to realize one of his dreams. He has had a secret ambition to direct, and M.-G.-M. may let him do a Spanish version of one of his pictures for practice. It may be "The Singer of Seville," now known as "The Call of the Flesh."

Ramon isn't the only actor to step over into the bossing end of picture making. Louis Wolheim expects soon to take the helm, and Lowell Sherman has already done so.

It seems that quite a number of able actors really dislike acting.

Music and Fortune Telling.

At a party recently given by Bess Meredyth, the scenario writer, Ramon also demonstrated skill as a fortune teller with playing cards. Every lady present had Ramon to prophesy the future, and emerged from the séance glowing with enthusiasm over his powers of divination, or his luck in dealing out the right cards.

At the same affair Bebe Daniels and Ramon did Spanish singing duets, repeating "La Paloma" several times, "Clavelitos" and "Ai, ai, ai," Ramon playing the accompaniments. Nita Martan and Bebe sang several light-opera numbers, and Sigmund Romberg, of "Blossom Time" fame, presented a medley of grand and comic-opera excerpts. There was a Hungarian chorus by way of climax, which all but tore the roof down. Victor and Nusi Varconi were among those welcomed at this event, and various others from the land of the Magyars were present.

New Dyeing Alibi.

Bleached by the studio lights! That's what happened to my hair!

Here's a brand-new explanation of a change in coiffure coloring.

Natalie Moorhead offered it to us, and it is genuine in her instance, because she actually did lose some of the golden tone of her smart bob, since coming to movie-land. And the lights did fade it.

However, we'll wager that her explanation soon becomes a familiar alibi.

Miss Moorhead is a really stunning person, though, we believe, her frankness occasionally gets her into difficulties. Her line of repartee is capital, and her sincerity delightful. She has also made a brilliant place for herself as the portrayer of dashing vampish ladies terrorizing the sweet homy girls.

Before this is printed, perhaps, she will have become the bride of Alan Crosland, the director.

Braves Sedate Precincts.

Mary Duncan achieves a new distinction. She is a residential pioneer.

"I was the first picture star to invade the suburb of Westwood, and now I have driven the covered wagon into the sacred precincts of Fremont Place."

This may seem pointless to those unacquainted with Los Angeles. Fremont Place has long been regarded as the apex of dignified reserve and respectability. It is a residential park, through which not even the automobiles of tourists are supposed to drive. One can hear a pin drop in the park at midday. And Mary Duncan is the first real invader from movieland, with the exception of Elaine Hammerstein, who has lived there with her husband since she decided upon a retirement from the screen.

Fancy the flamboyant Mary in this sedate environment. But we'll bet she graces it with distinction at that.

Bob's Gayety Crashed.

Robert Montgomery is a tamer, and perhaps also a wiser man. He has ridden a motor cycle once, but never again.

Bob had to kill time between scenes of "War Nurse," and so having nothing better to do, he decided to try high-speed cycle riding.

The motor cycle won the battle, though, and ended by crashing into Martha Sleeper's limousine. Bob was taken to the hospital, and emerged with his right arm bandaged.

"Miss Sleeper didn't give me one bit of sympathy, either," he mourned. "In fact she was terribly mad about the damage to her car. Don't ever say motor cycle to me; it's a sore point with me," as he rubbed his bruised arm.

Now Bob is doing all his riding in a little Austin, from which, he points out, it is not a far jump to the ground.

Films All A-twitter.

Titles for pictures continue to run in cycles. Now, for example, we have "The Bat Whispers" and "The Cat Creeps." At latest reports, we heard that there was a debate on as to whether or not "The Dove" should be called "The Dove Coos."

Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, is right up to the minute, for since he was signed up on a movie contract, it has been announced that he has a new play opening in London called "Some Canaries Sing." You may expect anything now.

Birds of Another Color.

Also we heard the following story told of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, theater owners from the Middle West on a trip to Catalina Island.

Mrs. Cohen espied some sea gulls, the first she had ever seen, and singling out one close by, exclaimed to her husband, "Look at that pigeon!"



The age of innocence: "Please, God, plenty of good breaks," murmurs Leon Janney to the camera after mother's bedtime story.

Mr. Cohen, having been on the sea before, replied, "That's not a pigeon; that's a gull."

"Gull or boy," his wife answered, "it's a pigeon."

Two Thespian Duelists.

The ring has been roped off, and it should be a battle royal. Everybody feels that Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler will stage the greatest scene-stealing contest of all time in "The Dark Star." It is the first time that they have ever been cast together, and both of them are stellar character players.

Miss Dressler has an entirely different rôle from "Caught Short," and others that she has played in lighter comedies. "The Dark Star," as adapted for the screen, presents her in a tragic impersonation, relieved, of course, with comedy. It was a natural step from her much acclaimed interpretation in "Anna Christie." And we fear that Wallie will have to look well to his honors.

Marjorie Rambeau, the stage actress, is cast in this picture, with Dorothy Jordan and Russell Hopton doing the youthful leads.

Other Rivalries Imminent.

There will be rivalry on the hot sands of the Algerian desert, too. Both Warner Baxter and Gary Cooper are doing pictures of the French Foreign Legion. Baxter's opus is "Renegades"; Cooper's is called "Morocco." The beautiful Marlene Dietrich makes her Hollywood debut in the latter, and Adolphe Menjou is also featured.

Good-by, Uke!

Cliff Edwards is getting rid of his ukulele. He's tired of strumming the darned old thing, and besides, he's determined to be a full-fledged actor and not merely a song-and-dance man.

In "Three French Girls" he will probably only carry the contraption around. In "The Doughboy" he succeeded in smashing it.

"And that certainly is progress," he says. "Maybe the name 'Ukulele Uke' will soon be only a memory with me."

Elsie Lures Crowd.

Elsie Ferguson was the heroine of a stage première. She played in "Fata Morgana," and drew the attention of the first nighters.

She was in a nervous frenzy during the first act, but at the close of the play summoned up courage to make a curtain speech, the entire tenor of which was that she had rather appear in the talkies any time than endure the agony of the footlights again.

We still cherish Miss Ferguson as one of our favorite actresses, and in this particular play she was willing to assume only a moderately good rôle.

Tom Douglas, who played the juvenile lead, made a big hit, and probably will be seen on the screen later on. His rôle was outstanding in "Fata Morgana."

What Price Nature?

"These apples have been treated; do not eat! 'Sdeath!"

This sign greeted us on a setting not long ago, and with reason. We were in the midst of an apple orchard for "Children of Dreams," and it looked so tempting that we could imagine the extras and even the stars raiding the branches for their fruit.

It turned out that the apples really had been treated, and would give anybody who ate them a terrible stomach ache. They had to be preserved long enough to look fresh through the entire picture, and consequently were dipped in chemicals.

The apples didn't grow on the trees, either. They were simply attached to the branches. The leaves were of cloth, and the trees themselves dead ones.

It was easier to undertake all this labor rather than to go on location in a real apple orchard for the film. It was a musical picture, and the acoustics had to be just right. The set cost upward of \$50,000.

Tibbett Grows Toupee.

Lawrence Tibbett is the proud possessor of a frontispiece, and he is not bound in vellum, either. It is merely an addition of hair to relieve his high forehead. It will be seen for the first time in "New Moon," and is expected materially to increase his personal glamour.

The studio make-up artists never rest.

Time Out for Anniversary.

Kay Johnson is looking forward to her second wedding anniversary. It comes in October, and she and John Cromwell plan to celebrate elaborately this year.

"The reason is that last year we both forgot," Kay told us. "Can you imagine that on our first wedding anniversary? We were married on the 4th of October, and when it came

round to the 14th, I, poor misguided mortal that I am, thought that that was the day.

"I had a lovely cake baked for the occasion, and then cried properly because John had overlooked the date.

"When I had finished crying, he smiled and shook his head. 'Why dear, don't you remember that we were married on the 4th?' Then I was mad!"

Saying It with Flowers.

A première with gardenias!

Ann Harding made the opening of her new picture "Holiday," memorable by Continued on page 101



Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan give their version of "Love in the Rough."

Oklahoma

Proud of its daughter Kay Francis, the
But the brunette charmer remembers

By Margaret



Photo by Dyar

Miss Francis calls Ronald Colman "a dear" and he returns the compliment with such emphasis that Kay may be his dream girl after all.

ATREAT for numerologists, Kay Francis was born on Friday, January 13th, in the thirteenth month of her parents' marriage. Just what this indicates I have no idea, but it is probably something very complicated. All that the layman can deduce is that the thirteen-ridden infant turned out rather well. Some one has obviously made a grave error in advancing the misfortune theory which tarnishes this number. If a combination of thirteens can produce—together, of course, with the usual and requisite circumstances—a Kay Francis, then fie on your superstitions. (Cries of "Right-o!" and "Fie on *your* superstitions!" from myriad male throats.)

I pondered on the fallacy of numbers as we sat in her dressing room. There was Kay feeling slightly incom-

fortable. She hasn't yet acquired the movie capacity for "giving to her public" through the medium of the press.

"In the theater," she observes, "no one particularly cares where, when, how, or why you were born, what your favorite salad is, or your opinion of the Indian salt strike. And they don't give a whoop about your sex life. You have one or you haven't—it's all the same to them. They have sex lives of their own and would be terribly bored by a recital of any one else's."

When she arrived in Hollywood, via the Paramount studio, she was considerably disconcerted by the almost clinical curiosity manifested in picture players. In the midst of gathering her forces for a big scene, some eager-penned son or daughter of the press would rush up and demand her theories on career versus marriage.

"In the first place, I don't theorize about marriage. It works or it doesn't, depending only on the participants. In the second place, I never have theories of any kind when I'm about to go into a big moment for the camera and posterity. One idea at a time is all I can manage."

She laughed. Most things are, for that matter, very funny to Kay. For which reason, it is almost impossible to annoy her. Even the confusion of studio mechanics doesn't stifle her humor. The possessor of steady nerves and a sense of keen amusement, she indulges in no displays of temperament. Thus making obvious one of the reasons why Hollywood's resentment of stage recruits has dwindled.

But this is getting us nowhere. Miss Francis was born in Oklahoma City on and notwithstanding the date previously mentioned, thus proving that looking like a sketch in *Vogue* has little to do with Park Avenue. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, an actress of note who gave up

her career after marrying Kay's father. When Kay was a year old, her family moved to Santa Barbara, later to Los Angeles, then to Denver.

When the pride of Paramount's dress designers was four years of age, her mother took her to New York. There Miss Clinton returned to the stage and Kay began a school career which included convents in Fort Lee, New York, Garden City, and Massachusetts, and concluded at Miss Fuller's School for Young Ladies at Ossining. After this educational orgy, Kay drew a deep breath and faced the world.

Having too much energy for leisure, she looked about for something to do.

"I hadn't been especially interested in the stage, but since that was my mother's profession, it naturally oc-

Defies Broadway

West challenges the East to excel her in sleek worldliness, four convents and a finishing school somewhere between.

Reid

curred to me as first choice. Mother, however, discouraged it. Parents who are of the theater are always aghast at the possibility of their offspring contracting the virus. They themselves will never definitely leave the stage, but they try to guard their children from becoming drugged with the same love of it, to the extent of cheerfully enduring all the hard work and disappointments that go with it. But if the theater is in your blood, the precautions seldom work.

"Mother was too sensible a person to forbid my going on the stage. But she advised against it and I respected her judgment. So after looking around for something else to do, I decided on a business career, of all things."

Enrolling in a secretarial school, she studied shorthand and typewriting and emerged, at the end of the course, a completely efficient secretary for some lucky financier. And immediately, with blithe inconsistency, she abandoned all thoughts of typewriters and such, and went to Europe! There Kay wandered aimlessly around France, Holland, and England.

"It was an awfully rough crossing and the third day out I was the only woman on deck. Sitting in the rain and wind on the top deck, I had a sudden feeling of tremendous self-confidence. I felt very indomitable. All I could think of to decide about was a career. So I determined to make good. And at nothing so simple as stenography. Mother had impressed me with the difficulties and travail of the theater. That would be the real triumph, I thought. It was the stage or nothing, from then on."

As soon as Kay landed, she announced the momentous decision.

Her mother resignedly agreed that if she must, she must—but it would be without the unfair advantage of parental aid and influence. And it was quite on her own that Kay—then Katherine—a few weeks later obtained the part of the *Player Queen* in a modern-dress version of "Hamlet."

The tall, dark, inviting-looking young player queen was considerably talked about on Broadway. But Kay, who has a head on her shoulders which no amount of pleasantries can inflate, wanted to make sure. When "Hamlet" closed, she joined Stuart Walker's stock company and served a rigid apprenticeship in Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Dayton, after which she returned to New York. Opposite Chester Morris, in "Crime," and Walter Huston, in "Elmer the Great," Kay Francis was a name of importance around Times Square. And national fame, as an adjunct to movies, was imminent.

John Meehan, who had directed Kay on the stage, was codirecting with Milford Webb, Paramount's "Gentlemen of the Press." Meehan and Walter Huston, who was the star of the piece, determined that Kay should crash pictures by means of the siren heavy of this picture. Kay was equally determined that she shouldn't.

"The very thought of movies scared

Kay is humorous, poised, matter of fact.



Photo by Dyar

Kay Francis took a secretarial course when her mother, an actress, advised her against the stage.

me off. D. W. Griffith had made a test of me three years before and it was a notable fiasco. I was convinced that the screen was not for me, and tried to forget it."

Meehan and Huston, however, made life miserable until she satisfied them by going over to the Paramount studio for a test. This one turned out differently and gave her the added advantage of being audible. Less nervous of the camera now that she could use her voice, and

Continued on page 112



The desert location for "Beau Geste" was the scene of many practical jokes peculiar to the actor's point of view.

I Stop to Look Back

The concluding installment of a leading man's autobiography is as lively and authentic as the beginning which found him a small boy in New England who was to endure trials, tribulations, and privations before achieving success in the profession he dignifies to-day.

By Neil Hamilton

PART VI.

THE desert location for "Beau Geste" was near Yuma, Arizona, about eight hours from Hollywood. We arrived early in the morning and were herded into cars and driven across the roughest stretch of road imaginable right into the desert, which turned out to be just what we thought the Sahara must look like.

At this particular spot there was only one main road, built of plank, wide enough for only one car, but at intervals of a quarter of a mile there was an extra width to permit cars to pass one another. We drove seventeen miles over this road, and then made a sharp left-hand turn under a huge sign—"Beau Geste" Location.

In order to reach the camp site we had to travel over a road made of planks, too, across three miles of undulating sand dunes, built by Paramount at a cost of \$17,000 just for this purpose. It ended on the rim of a huge valley, about one and a half miles wide and two and a half long, surrounded on all sides by sheer walls of sand, rising in places six hundred feet.

At one end there was a tent, the largest I have ever seen, which was the extras' dining hall, and this was surrounded by hundreds of smaller ones, the living quarters. On the outskirts were the many corrals necessary for the thousand horses and the hundred camels—a veritable city in itself, with its post office and stores. At the far end, grouped around "Beau Geste" Square, were the tents of the principals.

Ralph Forbes was my tent mate. It was Ralph's first location trip in this country, and he had brought along many revolvers with which he intended to shoot rattlers.

My first night in camp was sufficient to place Ronald Colman at the head of the list of good fellows, and from

then on he was "Ronny." It all happened thus: I was walking around in the brilliant moonlight, by which one could easily read a newspaper, and bumped into him. He asked me what I was doing, and to my negative answer he said, "Let's have some fun!" Like two conspirators we sought out Victor McLaglen's tent, loosened all the ropes, and a few hard pulls on the main rope brought down the whole on the friendly game of cards going on within.

From that night on during the four weeks in camp it was not safe to go to bed without first inspecting one's entire tent. No one's was sacred. Can you wonder that the "Beau Geste" trip has remained so vivid in my recollections?

We lived absolutely according to military regulations. The bugle awakened us at five thirty; called us to breakfast at six; to work at seven; twelve, lunch; at one, to resume work; at five we quit, and ate at six. At sundown a very impressive ceremony was the lowering of the flag, with the thousands of men standing at attention. Taps were sounded at ten thirty, when all were supposed to put out lights.

We were only ten miles from the Mexican border. The camp was at all times patrolled by armed guards to protect the stock and the quarters. I never will forget these armed riders, for one day while walking on a distant sand hill, I was espied by Mr. Brenon, and was pointed out as having the natural gait of one who had spent many years in the desert. He hastily called several of his assistants and the cast around him, and had them observe me through their binoculars. My walk was the natural one caused by trying to pull my feet out of the soft sand. What was my surprise then, to find two horsemen galloping toward me, who wanted to know

who I was. I never heard the end of this story from Mr. Brenon himself, but members of the cast told me that he was much chagrined to find that his solitary rambler was none other than a member of his own company, whose feet dragged because he was tired.

One of the funniest incidents was the night we nailed Bill Powell's shoes to the floor. Next morning, being late, he thrust his feet into his shoes and started to rush away, only to fall flat on his face.

Rattlesnakes were very numerous all around. Never will I forget the night that Ralph Forbes decided he just had to try out his new guns on the reptiles. With the aid of a lantern it was easy to find their tracks on the sand, as they always left a letter S. I carried the lantern, Ralph the guns. We soon found the tracks of one which we trailed to a small clump of sagebrush. Ralph spotted it and let go with both guns, completely forgetting that I was standing right in front of him. I dropped the lantern and ran. I never went out rattlesnake hunting with him again.

Finally came the day when all work was finished at the camp, except for the burning of the fort, in which took place the memorable scene of the Viking's funeral. This was impressive, but not so much so that we forgot to revel in the idea that we were returning to civilization. The next day we entrained for Hollywood, and on returning home I was startled by seeing street cars and hearing a telephone ring. It seemed as though we had been away for years.

Two days after the completion of "Beau Geste" at the studio I started "Diplomacy," in which I had the pleasure of knowing for the first time Earle Williams, whose death a few months later I deeply regretted, as he was one of the finest men I had met. I had worked with him as an extra back in the Vitagraph studio when he was one of the biggest stars, and although he had seen his position occupied by other names he was not envious of them.

I was then sent to New York for "The Great Gatsby"—my first trip East in two years. "The Great Gatsby" was also directed by Mr. Brenon, and during the making of it I met for the first time Warner Baxter and Lois Wilson, both of whom I number among my very good friends now. It was Warner's insistence that prompted me to buy the lot next to his at Malibu Beach, and we both built our houses about the same time.

We returned West, and I was lent to Fox for "Mother Machree," meeting for the first time Belle Bennett; and it was only after working with her some two weeks that I discovered, and only by accident, that she was a young and charming blonde, instead of the old lady she portrayed.

Following it I was again shipped to New York for "The Music Master," with Lois Moran and Alec B.



Neil was the first leading man to sing from the screen, in "Mother Machree."



For sheer charm "The Music Master" was a high light in the careers of Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton.

Francis, and the night we went to see "Beau Geste" at the Criterion Theater, electric lights blazoned "Welcome to Neil Hamilton." It was a great thrill, especially when I remembered that some seven or eight years before I had walked past this theater hundreds of times without a dime in my pockets.

On our return West there were retakes for "Mother Machree," and I was asked if I could sing. It so happens that I use the same tune for "God Save the King," that I have for "Annie Laurie." However, I play the piano well enough to accompany myself. So for three weeks I practiced the song "Mother Machree" and then made a Movietone record which was used in the picture. Though it did not lead to an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, it did earn for me the doubtful honor of being the first

leading man to sing in a picture.

"The Showdown," with George Bancroft, was followed by "The Patriot." And now I come to what I

consider the most interesting period of my whole career—Lubitsch and Jannings. I found Jannings to be one of the finest actors I have ever worked with and also one of the simplest persons. We had a great deal of fun together, as I was able to palm off my very bad German on him.

Mr. Lubitsch, with all due respect to other directors, I think is the possessor of the finest constructive intellect, being not only a fine director and a fiend for detail, but himself a very excellent actor. His method is entirely different from that of any other director, as he is never satisfied and will spend hours on a scene, striving to get it as he knows it should be. To my mind, "The Patriot" was the finest picture I have ever witnessed.

It also brought about my first meeting with Lewis Stone. If he ever could be prevailed upon to make personal appearances, audiences would be in luck, as his gift of story-telling is unique.

I shall always remember "Take Me Home," as it was then that I met that most remarkable of comedians, Joe E. Brown. My story would be incomplete if I failed to give some recognition of Mr. Brown's abilities. In the years I have been in Hollywood I have met a great many ladies and gentlemen whom I have admired, but whose friendship seemed naturally to lapse when we no longer worked together. But my friendship with Mr. Brown is such that I would forgo anything to be in his company. His marked ability as a comedian is at all times apparent, but it never overshadows the fact that he is a perfect gentleman and a devoted father. His two boys, Joe, Jr., and Don, nine and eleven, attend the Urban Military Academy in Hollywood, and he and Mrs. Brown are always with them when they can get away from school. The boys reflect the splendid training they are receiving both at home and at school.

"What a Night" followed. I think it was the first time any leading man made three pictures in a row with Bebe Daniels. This was her last picture for Paramount, and her departure I deeply regretted, because I found her to be one of the most delightful women I had ever worked with.

Then came "Three Week-ends," with that extraordinarily gifted personality, Clara Bow. I had always stood in awe of Miss Bow, but my fears were for naught, for I found her to be a very simple, sweet person, interested in giving every one an equal break, and she always works for the good of the picture as a whole.

Until 1928 I had never played with any of the big names of the business. By big names I mean those who have won a position above twelfth in the exhibitors' poll. This year, however, found me play-

ing with Bebe Daniels, who was number five on the 1927 poll; with Clara Bow, number two then, and now number one; and with Colleen Moore, number one, and now number two.

My last picture in 1928 was with Miss Moore, "Why Be Good," for which purpose I was lent to First National, or as the actors have it, "sold down the river." This engagement with Miss Moore and William Seiter, the director, was a most pleasant one, remembered, if for nothing else, by the succession of delightful and economical lunches that we used to have in a little restaurant in Burbank, which serves the world's most colossal salad creations for fifteen cents. Five of us usually dined together—Miss Moore, the first cameraman, Mr. Hicock, the second, Mr. Freulich, Mr. McKay, my secretary, and myself. Each day one of the five would pay the bill, and whoever drew the honor would be loud in his denunciation of dessert or extra sandwiches.

I cannot forget the treatment accorded me by Mr. Seiter. He is that rare personality in the business who does not believe in working after four thirty. Having

been an actor himself once, he realizes that a day spent in front of the cameras, with one's vitality being slowly consumed by the terrific heat of the lights, is no easy task.

The writing of this story has been a great pleasure to me, and I hope it has not smacked too much of Horatio Alger. I have found it impossible to give due recognition to all those

I have been associated with.

I am proud to be an actor. It is my hope that theatergoers throughout the world, including those who have read this autobiography, will continue to receive me after I have graduated from leading man into a character actor—when in a word, I become a veteran. The life is an arduous one, but nothing would make me happier than to think that when I reach the age of such artists as George Fawcett and Claude Gillingwater, I will still be welcome before you.

It is fitting that I close with a tribute to the person who has dominated by life—my mother. She will continue to occupy a stellar position in my memory, although I suffered her loss while writing this last chapter.

When I began this story it was mostly for her, as she would have derived much from it and would have treasured it as she did every smallest clipping that bore my name. But as she is not here for me to express to her my appreciation of her gentleness of spirit, her beautiful qualities as a mother, and her unswerving belief in my eventual success, I feel that when a certain gentleman finishes this he will know that I think he is the finest dad in the world, to whom I owe an equal amount of love, respect, and appreciation.

THE END.

Pacing the side streets of New York without a dime, Neil Hamilton little dreamed that he would one day sail his yacht in the Pacific.



In a Pinch

Such cloaks of concealment as these may be crude, but they are effective in an emergency.

Alice White, left, is not one to be daunted by unconventionality, so she makes the best of being caught in a predicament that might embarrass a less hardy soul.

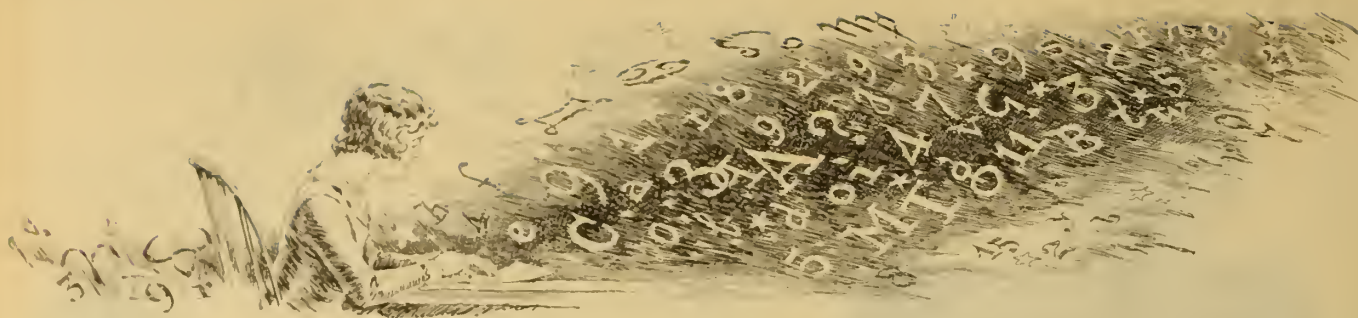


Ona Munson, upper right, a newcomer to pictures from the stage, uses a flour barrel as a place to coquet from rather than to conceal dishabille, but give her time, give her time.

Ronald Colman, above, found good use for a convenient barrel in that travesty on prison life in "Condemned" when he used this place of concealment in his attempted escape from Devil's Island.

Frances Lee, left, sees the boys running away with her clothes and anticipates with dread the long walk back to town from the old swimming hole—unless a kind-hearted motorist rescues her.

Laura Lee, right, another of the Lee contingent in Hollywood, can't see how she can endure to hold up her armor much longer, so let us politely turn our backs on the inevitable.



HE was an artist, but he did not know why. All he knew was that there burned in him a fierce desire to put into form all the patterns that rose into his consciousness. He ached to throw out of himself something that was to him the most important thing in the world.

It rose within him and floated for a time, a sea flower, washed upward from mysterious depths, often to sink again and become barely discernible as a pale shadow beneath the darkness of the waves.

But at last it floated, clean and radiant, in the full light of that inner world of his, and his soul was in a turmoil until he had transferred the image to canvas and thereby in a way invested it with a soul of its own. Sometimes, oh, miracle, it vibrated with a life more brilliant than he had even dreamed!

He knew all about the physical vibrations of light. He knew the laws of harmony. He knew how to place just one little spot of just the right tone in just the right place to make a good composition blaze. He could drag degrees of light and dark into a melody that sang, or into an explosion that thundered.

But he was ignorant of the hidden vibrations of his own being. Life to him was something external, mysterious, to be captured now and then in some vivid aspect by the magical tools that his hand wielded. Nor did he know that the first expression of that soul of his, longing for form and light and color in all their harmonies, was the very pattern of his name.

The original measure of a man is in him at birth. It is the stature to which his soul has grown through an eternity of experience. The expression of the particular man, however, at some particular time, flows out of this original nature as it becomes active through definite vibrations. The vibrations of an artist can grow out of many combinations of numbers, but this man's entire combination was one of the most typical of the truly great.

Six, the number of art, harmony, beauty, and love, was his at birth, and he had it twice more in the totals of two of his names. It made him a handsome man, and a beauty-loving man to an intense degree.

In divinity he had the great Number One, by virtue of which he could turn his hand to almost anything and succeed. There was no field of artistic activity in which he could not have been a master if he chose, and he did choose and master many.

The wonderful power of all his success was his intuition, indicated by Number Seven, that sprang like a living fire from his brush. He had it four times, once as the total in the material, and once as a total in each of his three names. When he executed a portrait the secret soul of the sitter looked from the pictured eyes and hid in the corners of the painted mouth, although he always insisted that this was due to no mysterious insight, but only to his seeing form clearly and painting what he saw. He did not know the intensity of his own power.

Five was the complete digit for his birth and name,

The Mystery

In this fascinating department will be found an examples of its influence on the lives of the

By Monica

Five, the number of activity, of success, of wealth, of truth, and balance.

As a man, he was a genius, a master who dominated his world. He was a lion who roared defiance at his enemies, but he was worshiped by his friends. No obstacles could stop him, for the eye of his spirit saw the way, and the understanding of his spirit showed him how to follow it. Nor, with all the positive letters in his name, was it possible for him to be turned aside from his one great purpose.

As an artist, he dazzled the world. Brilliance flashed from the strokes of his brush. Mere earthy pigments and a little oil became rivers of light from which flowed the dazzling reflections of white satin, the light of sun upon the water, and the rosy glow of a lamp on a girl's soft cheek. They became a hard glitter in the eye of a banker who wore benevolence as his habitual mask, and they illuminated a little tremor of loneliness behind the smiling lips of a young and happy bride.

When all this outer expression palled upon him, after many rich years, he poured his soul into the magnificence of spiritual meanings and left as his monument, in mural paintings that are already great classics, his superb conception of the religions of the world.

His name was John Singer Sargent, who was perhaps the greatest painter of modern times, and all the vibrations of his life were written in the letters of his name.

K. K., September 22, 1910.—You are certainly made to love a man, and you will never amount to anything in any other way, but I admit that it will bring you a lot of unhappiness, too. You love all kinds of music and harmony. But you have never in your life been really well and strong, have you, dear? You were very delicate even as a little girl of less than six, and since then there has been one illness after another, even if it was not always very severe. When you were just about sixteen or seventeen you got into a lot of misery, and you have not got over the effects of it yet. Before you are twenty-four, you will have the chance to marry a man with whom you will feel contented, as much as your very emotional nature can be content, and I do advise you very earnestly to marry him, because by doing so you will escape great danger that lies in this name between the ages of twenty-four and twenty-nine. By adding his name to yours you will skip that very bad combination of numbers, and will, I hope, make your name very, very much stronger and more successful. You have one great stand-by, if you are wise enough to use it, and that is your hunch. You feel things deeply, sometimes to the extent of almost knowing what is going to happen and, if you act upon that feeling, you will be doing yourself a great favor. And how very pretty and perfectly charming you must be!

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of Your Name

explanation of the science of numbers. Besides stars, the names of readers are also analyzed.

Andrea Shenston

What Janet Gaynor's Name Tells

WHAT a little bundle of love and loveliness you have always been, dear Janet Gaynor! Ever since you were a tiny baby you had only to smile and every one was enchanted, only to weep and those who loved you felt they could not bear it until you smiled again.

A good fairy certainly watched over your birth, not the storybook fairy you loved when you were a little girl, but the very spirit of charm and attraction, who touched your lips to make them kissable, your eyes to make them innocently alluring, your hair to make it curl over your ears in little tendrils that would drive any lover mad.

You have the Number Six of love, of beauty, of infinite attraction, not only as a birth path, but as the total in divinity, and again as both totals for the name Janet. How could you help being all that the fairy meant you to be? Up to the present you have carried nothing but delight and harmony in your hands, but from now on things are going to become a lot more exciting.

No one with such numbers as yours can escape a wonderful gift for music in some form. Oh, I am not judging by the little songs you sing; I refer to a serious artistic gift that could become very much worth while. There are many ways of expressing music, and in you the sense of rhythm is very strong. You should have been a great dancer, for when you whirl and float to the rhythm of a melody that beats more strongly even in your blood than to your hearing, you are in a very heaven of delight.

The complete expression of your life culminates in Number One. You have a marvelous, impersonal judicial outlook that allows you to take even a personal in-

jury—if any one could be found to offer you one—and discuss it as dispassionately as if it had happened to some one else. You are always eager to understand the other person's point of view, and nothing could make you hold a grudge. If ever you have had an antagonist, he or she, on taking the warm, firm little hand that you offered, and looking into your generous eyes, has become immediately your slave.

This same Number One gives you the ability to take up any line of work and do it well. Of course you have your own particular talents, but if you bake a cake you don't get mixed up in a mess of materials. You handle your utensils properly, and while it may not be a masterpiece the first time, it is a good cake. If you had to work in an office you would get the hang of it within a week, all by yourself. You feel in your bones just how things ought to be done.

But you will never, never put forth quite enough effort to accomplish all that your talents make possible. You are ambitious, oh, yes! You are determined, yes, indeed! You go after what you want, I am sure of it. But do you put forth that last half ounce of effort required to win a big struggle if some obstacle appears? No. Enough is enough, you feel, so why strive for more? You are happy the way things are. Yours is a naturally easy-going, contented spirit. You also find infinite possibilities of amusement, interest, and activity within yourself, and being alone now and then is a real recreation.

Your intuition has been your guiding star in every material success of your life. Even without experience you sense reality and shudder at anything that an inner sense tells you is a fake. You will sometimes be tempted to laugh at a strong hunch you get and let emotional considerations override it, but every time you do this you will lose. If something seems to hold back your hand or gives you a sudden aversion to signing a contract, for instance, do not sign. You can always insist on waiting a few days, and the few days will

show you why you were right.

There was an important change in your home when you were a little girl of four or five. Your family must have moved to quite a distance, or your father went into

Continued on page 91



Photo by Autrey

Do not let a new-found temperament run away with you, Janet Gaynor, for you are in a period of excessive sensitiveness.

Sheltered

Our girls of the screen conserve that school-girl complexion nowadays.

A flaming beacon on the beach is Bessie Love, right, with a huge red straw hat which, against her yellow hair, is something that no eye can resist and which successfully defies sun and freckles.



Nancy Carroll, below, wears and not carries her sunshade, but she has freckles just the same, so she isn't so sheltered, after all.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, finds that balancing her enormous Mexican cartwheel of a hat is no easy task, though it does protect her face from the sun's glare.



Mona Ray, above, who has certainly grown up since she played *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," doesn't really care about what the sun does to her face so long as she can make you laugh.



Raquel Torres, left, in the costume of her native Mexico, wears with becoming grace an elaborately embroidered hat of the country.

They Faw in Luck

"Duck Soup," a two-reeler, started Laurel and Hardy on the road to fortune, if not fame, after more than ten years of drifting around.

By A. L. Wooldridge

IT takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home, says Eddie Guest. And it takes a heap o' flounderin' around in obscurity for comedians to find their roads to success, I might paraphrase.

Charlie Chaplin was a puttering little actor, whose greatest feat was falling out of a theater box on the stage, until one day, at the Mack Sennett studio, he put on a pair of Roscoe Arbuckle's shoes, some baggy trousers, and a derby hat and began clowning. That buffoonery marked his career for life. Harold Lloyd in a tight-fitting suit and a mustache played the rôle of *Lonesome Luke* with mediocre results, until he stumbled upon the idea of horn-rimmed glasses and a grandma's boy characterization. Then he began making millions.

Both Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey visualized themselves as footlight Romeos when they decided to become actors. But every casting director, after looking them over, formed the opinion that their faces were designed for laughing purposes only. So they were eventually labeled comedians, but they almost starved before the way opened.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy underwent similar experiences. Laurel drifted about in pictures for more than ten years before the road opened. Hardy traveled fourteen years in virtual obscurity.

These fellows Laurel and Hardy—

When the picture palaces on Broadway announce their feature attractions and add that this blundering, witless team will be seen in a new comedy, every one chuckles.

When the little snow-banked theater on the northernmost Canadian



Photo by Stax

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy have scowled and whimpered their way into the hearts of the fans.



Doing commonplace things in an uncommon manner is the secret of their humor.

Photo by Stax

plains, the one-room movie house in the cotton belt, or the great music halls in London and Paris announce this pair of entertainers, there is a whoop for seats. Laurel and Hardy pictures are being shown over the entire globe, and the individuals most bewildered over their success are the fellows who make them.

"There's nothing much to them," says Stan Laurel, "except some little cross-section of life such as might be experienced by any hopelessly dumb young man and a lordly, overbearing individual who thinks he's a paragon of wit and brilliance, yet who's even dumber. You find such teams every place on earth."

Audiences see Laurel and Hardy do commonplace things in such an uncommon way that it excites their ridicule for such denseness. What is obvious to every one seems totally beyond them, and people laugh uproariously at their predicaments.

I spent an hour or so on the Hal Roach lot with the two not long ago and listened to their stories. They are born comedians who cked out a living in pictures

for years before they hit it off as a team, and in a period of three years have seen themselves rise from obscurity, till now their names go up in

electric lights in every country where moving pictures are shown. They themselves hardly know what it is all about.

In 1910 Stan Laurel—his real name is Stanley Jefferson—came to America with Fred Karno's London Comedians, the company of which Charlie Chaplin was a member. At about that time, Oliver Hardy was living a slipshod existence with medicine shows, tent performances, repertory outfits, and fly-by-night minstrels. Laurel appeared in "A Night in a London Music Hall," in which Charlie Chaplin first attracted attention. His rôle was that of the typical English comedian, with red nose, baggy trousers, et cetera. He did not get much further than first base.

Hardy came to Hollywood in 1913 and Laurel in 1917. Then began an existence, which at present they don't talk about. The home-town papers in Atlanta, Georgia, where Hardy was born and reared, did not announce that he had consented to lend his talents to the great film family and had taken up residence in Hollywood. Some way or other, too, the papers in Hollywood neglected to mention it. Papers are funny that way, sometimes. No brass bands came to the station to meet either one; not even a producer or a director.

Hardy decided to become a villain in the movies. He grew a stubby beard or donned a black mustache to show how bad he could be. Stan Laurel began assuring the studios that he was good—very, very good as a comedian. And he smiled that wistful, dumb smile which in time was to become famous. He did know how to pantomime, because he had started in England when fifteen years of age with a traveling company. He drifted about from music hall to music hall, offering songs, dances, dramatic sketches, and pantomime. He became an adept at drifting. No one detained him long.

Laurel and Hardy both landed at the Hal Roach studio about 1925, playing whatever was offered. Hardy did the comic heavy and Laurel slapstick comedy. The first time I ever heard of Laurel was when they had him out on the desert in a bear-skin pretending to be a cave man. Not so good!

Nevertheless, both pitched into study and to work and presently began offering suggestions for comedies. Then they began writing a bit. Their ideas seemed so good that Mr. Roach adopted a few. He gave them more rein. In 1927 both were doing two-reelers. One day Hardy spilled a pan of hot grease on his arm just as he was preparing to start a picture, and Laurel took his place. A close friendship ensued. Before long they figured

out a comedy in which they acted together. "Duck Soup," they called it.

That two-reeler, "Duck Soup," made in 1927, brought together the team of Laurel and Hardy virtually by accident. Now the whole world knows them and laughs with them. They earn more money than they used to believe could be minted in government mills.

Both are married and have homes in Beverly Hills, about thirteen blocks apart. While they are inseparable at the studio, they have different circles of friends outside. Mrs. Laurel and Mrs. Hardy cross each other's path occasionally, but they do not go where they will be together while the talent of their respective husbands is likely to be a topic of conversation.

"We never have quarreled," Laurel explained to me. "I am just as eager to be a foil for Oliver, when it will bring him a laugh, as I am to get one for myself. He takes the same attitude toward me. In fact, we each suggest sometimes changing a situation so that it will help the other out. I threaten occasionally to kick his shins and he turns his glowering, pitying look on me. But it's in fun. I tell him that some time, just once at least, I want to lay him low in some scene and get away with it. I think that ever since I said that he has been trying to work out some situation in which he will be squelched and humiliated."

But that, it seems, would be contrary to the team's tradition.

"Duck Soup" brought together Laurel and Hardy for the first time.

Photo by Stax



"About the only make-up we use," Laurel continued, "is a light touch of grease paint and those derby hats. Otherwise we wear just ordinary clothes. Hardy combs his hair down over his forehead as though he had bangs, and mine stands up. There's a little story to that, too. We made a picture in which we appeared as convicts. We shaved our heads bald as billiard balls. When my hair was growing out and got to be an inch long, it stuck out in every direction—wouldn't stay down at all, regardless of how much I plastered it. Hardy laughed at my appearance.

"Leave it that way!" he said. "You make me laugh every time I take a look."

"Which was a suggestion. 'Why not wash it for each picture so it would still stand on end?' Which is exactly what I do. It's only when I put vaseline on it that it will lie down."

The team now has its office and conference room at the studio, with two or three assistants to help plan the pictures. When not actually employed in making a film, you will see Laurel and Hardy strolling about on the studio lot, or taking walks in search of suggestions offered by real life. They share a common eagerness. Continued on p. 112

Boys Will Be Coy

Just why our virile heroes should assume expressions that belong to ingénues is something you'll have to ask a psychologist about.



Phillips Holmes, above, though said to be dignified and witty, forgot both long enough to look as if he would accept a marshmallow sundae, if coaxed long enough.

David Rollins, below, has been coy and coquettish in so many photographs that this is no novelty



It pains us more than it does Gary Cooper, right, to discover that the self-contained idol who makes his few words count for more than the speech-making of any one else, alas, is given to moments such as this.



Stanley Smith, center, is surely only trying out one of his three expressions in a mirror. No, you can't tell us that he believes such an innocuous come-hither look would bring anything to him but a laugh.



Regis Toomey, below, doesn't scorn the lipstick to enhance the lure of dimpled smile and languishing eyes.





"Hell's Angels" is at least notable for the most impressive airplane scenes that have ever been filmed.

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Jusk

The first breath of autumn brings pictures that cause the critic to forgive the summer its fatiguing ones.

IN three years' accumulation of publicity the fact that "Hell's Angels" cost \$4,000,000 has been stressed and overstressed until it is only natural that we should expect a result unusual, if not extravagantly good. There's no use beating about the bush: it is a curious combination of ordinary movie stuff and brilliant photography, the latter being employed in airplane and Zeppelin shots. But if you can point to one picture that has moved you solely because of airplanes, then you can be sure of finding in "Hell's Angels" a reason for the fortune it cost.

If, on the other hand, you judge a picture as a whole and demand situations and acting that appeal to your intelligence, imagination, and emotions you won't find them in this pretentious epic of the air. You will, in fact, find a thirty-cent story, with acting to match, in the welter of four million dollars.

However, if patience is one of your virtues, you will perhaps find some compensation when the screen expands to show forty airplanes in maneuvers of beauty; when it opens to reveal a Zeppelin making its majestic way through cloudy skies; and when airplanes and Zeppelin drop torpedoes on a mu-

nitions station. But when the screen contracts to center on human beings involved in the story, they are shown to be pygmies and their emotions are tawdry.

The choice of James Hall and Ben Lyon as Oxford students is ludicrous, for two players more steadfast in their adherence to Hollywood speech would be impossible to find. Be that as it may, Mr. Hall and Mr. Lyon are brothers, the former all noble, a believer in the sanctity of womanhood and of self-sacrifice, the other a lover of life and the moment. The fiancée of Mr. Hall yields to the lure of Mr. Lyon and, later, Douglas Gilmore, though how Jean Harlow, who plays the girl, could deceive so worldly-looking a man as Mr. Hall is something you must ask the casting director. The only way out of this supposedly emotional impasse comes when Mr. Hall shoots Mr. Lyon to prevent the latter from giving away the British plans and sacrificing his comrades to save his own life,

Miss Harlow presumably continuing her career of philandering.

A handsome girl, Miss Harlow has very decided

George Arliss contributes a character study in "Old English" rather than a satisfying picture.



possibilities under expert direction and in a more credible characterization. She is indeed the most interesting person in the picture, though it is the airplanes, the Zeppelin, and the cameraman who are the stars of "Hell's Angels."

"Thar She Blows!"

The successor to "The Sea Beast" of the silent films is "Moby Dick." While it is the same in essentials, sound and speech rob it of much that was admirable in the earlier version. The thrills of the whaling scenes are greater, but the beauty and subtleties, the madness and terror of the silent film are missing. Even so, it rates as good enough entertainment, though why it is not distinguished is a question that only the director can answer. Certainly the resources of the studio were employed to the fullest extent, but unfortunately the major achievement is a whale larger and fuller of fight than the comparatively tame amphibian that managed to be terrifying, nevertheless, in the silent incarnation. However, *Ahab's* first battle with the whale is exciting and his second, in which he drives a harpoon into the monster's heart, also lifts the picture to the realms of physical thrills, both sequences being capitally managed.

It is more than likely that you remember the adaptation of the book that served the earlier version, so it is unnecessary to detail the adventures of the young seaman whose brother betrayed him, of his loss of a leg and his change from a rollicking fellow to an embittered man, of his ultimate destruction of the whale and his reconciliation with the girl whose love for him was kept secret by his brother's duplicity.

Mr. Barrymore's *Ahab* is satisfactory and probably he enjoyed the adventure of playing the rôle again, but it is neither as richly colored nor as eloquent testimony of his skill as his first venture was. Lloyd Hughes is the treacherous brother and he too is adequate, but much is lost from the part in omitting *Ahab's* devotion and complete trust in him. Joan Bennett is entirely pleasing as *Faith*, the heroine, one of those rare girls seen nowhere but on the screen, who remains untouched any time while other characters become gnarled and old. But life must be like that in films.

The Facets of a Diamond.

If anything, "Raffles" exceeds "Bulldog Drummond" in the brand of entertainment made famous by Ronald Colman in the earlier picture. It is gay, ironic, intelligent, yet these qualities are not permitted to weaken the suspense of a study melodrama. There are subtleties for those who like them and forthright dramatics for those who want "punch." Best of all, there is that unusual quality of intelligence that makes all the characters human beings who think and act as friends of



Ronald Colman, in "Raffles," surpasses the entertainment of "Bulldog Drummond."

John Barrymore and Joan Bennett, in "Moby Dick," bring "The Sea Beast" to the screen in audible form.



ours would in the same circumstances. And as we like to think we ourselves would, if we were Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence, and the rest.

If you remember *Raffles* on the stage years ago—which you don't—or on the screen in silence—which you probably may—you won't need to be told that he is the gentleman crook who started the vogue for drawing-room deportment with an eye to the pearls. Here he decides to reform because he has fallen in love, but agrees to commit one last theft to oblige a friend. It is in the commission of this test of his remarkable skill in evading the law that the thrills come about. Of course he emerges triumphantly, his high-born love hazarding all to follow him beyond the reach of Scotland Yard, and, to whitewash *Raffles* completely, the stolen pearls are returned to Lord Melrose.

In hands less capable than those which fabricated this exceptional picture the result would be dismal and old-fashioned. But as it stands, there isn't any current film so civilized, so far removed from the moviesque. There isn't anything new to say of Mr. Colman's suavity, charm, and easy spontaneity, nor can too much ever be said of his sense of humor, but it is Miss Francis who reveals the surprising performance. Always interesting, arresting, here she



"Way Out West."



"Our Blushing Brides."



"Anybody's Woman."



"Grumpy."

is sympathetic, charming, delicate. The admirable dialogue provided by Sidney Howard, the playwright, enables her to show how the modern girl reacts to finding herself in love with a thief. There are none of the tremors of sentimentality of a bygone day, but a brave facing of facts that is far more romantic. Mr. Torrence is thoroughly engaging as *Inspector McKenzie*, the detective, and Frederick Kerr, who was conspicuous in "The Lady of Scandal," is his crotchety self as *Lord Melrose*, while Miss Alison Skipworth, veteran of the Broadway stage, demonstrates to fans on what her reputation is built, as *Lady Melrose*. There's nothing lacking from the perfection of "Raffles."

A Grand Old Sinner.

George Arliss, in "Old English," offers a character study rather than a play of plot, suspense, and climax. As a character *Sylvanus Heythorp*, nicknamed "Old English," is interesting, because he is depicted with surpassing skill, but it is deplored that he is not the central figure in real play instead of a monologue. For the general public—of which I am typical—is not really interested in eighty-year-old men as heroes. It is true there are other characters in "Old English," but they are purely incidental. It is Mr. Arliss who does most of the talking and acting.

Sylvanus Heythorp is a relic of the Victorian age—a business man, a director on the board of corporations, who lives with his elderly daughter and is henpecked by her. But when she isn't looking he visits *Mrs. Lorne* and her boy and girl, who are his illegitimate grandchildren and—but there isn't any more story to tell. Various incidents throw into high relief *Heythorp's* slyness, his determination to hold onto what he has got, and eventually, against the mannerly protestations of his butler, he eats and drinks himself to death in senile rebellion. No, it isn't a play, but it is interesting because of the intelligence of the dialogue and the sureness with which it reveals character, not only that of *Heythorp*, but of every one in the picture. A triumph for the art of Mr. Arliss, it is a hollow triumph, because those who derive little entertainment from "Old English" may stay away from future pictures of his.

Refinement and intelligence are found in the entire cast, mostly recruited from the stage version. They include Murray Kinnell, Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford, Henrietta Goodwin, Ethel Griffies, and Joan Maclean. Do you get a thrill from these names?

The Greater Garbo.

Hollywood's favorite adjective "marvelous" is the word that first comes to mind on viewing Greta Garbo, in "Romance." Her performance is a thing of pure beauty, an inspiring blend of intellect and emotion, a tender, poignant, poetic portrait of a woman who thrusts love from her because she considers herself unworthy of the man who offers it. Since no mention of Miss Garbo can be made without reference to her voice, it is a simple matter to dispose of it at the outset. It is the same voice that was heard in "Anna Christie," but it is better suited to the present rôle, because the character has many moods and none of the bitterness of *Anna*. *Rita Cavallini*, the Italian prima donna, is mercurial, bantering, tender, wistful. What matter if Garbo's accent only occasionally suggests the Italian's effort to speak English? The Garbo voice itself is not of Italian quality or inflection, but for all any one cares *Rita Cavallini* might as well be Portuguese or Roumanian, for it is her emotions that are conveyed by Garbo to the spectator, and her nativity counts for nothing at all.

What matter, too, if the picture as a whole is slow, even draggy, and lacks climaxes? It is nevertheless absorbing because of Garbo—her inescapable magnetism, her sure intelligence, her clear, unflagging talent for communicating to the spectator her every thought and feeling.

Almost every one knows the story of "Romance"—the opera singer with old New York at her feet, her meeting with the young clergyman, protégé of the man whose mistress she is, and her struggle against her new-found love and her disillusionment of the minister as a means of safeguarding his career.

Lewis Stone is capital, as usual, as her protector, and Gavin Gordon, a newcomer, serves well enough the purpose of the uninteresting hero. Florence Lake is delightful as a belle of the period.

Everybody's Star.

If any star could have equaled Ruth Chatterton's performance in "Anybody's Woman," let her fans speak up or forever hold their peace. For Miss Chatterton is the *ne plus ultra* of actresses and once more reminds us that she is the most compelling of all the wayfarers from the stage. And as if the gods were in happy conspiracy, not only is she given rôles that enable her to give full vent to her artistry, but she is provided with capital support in pictures that are almost invariably superior.

Her new film demonstrates this with resounding emphasis, for no star could ask for more to enhance her own brilliance than the performances of Clive Brook, Paul Lukas, and Juliette Compton. How different from the old order of things on the stage, when a great artist was more than likely to be surrounded by mediocrities!

Miss Chatterton plays a chorus girl in a burlesque show who marries a lawyer while he is drunk, only to find that he has no knowledge of the ceremony which united him to a woman at whom he looks askance when sober. But he is too much of a gentleman to repudiate her, so the remainder of the picture is given over to mutual adjustment. The wife proves herself superior to his friends and instead of dragging him down, lifts him up. Of course they are in love by this time.

Trite in the telling and incredible too, the narrative as seen on the screen is intensely interesting. It is neither abrupt nor superficial, but depicts convincingly that most absorbing of all things, character development. There are scores of acute, revealing touches in dialogue and acting, and Miss Chatterton's speech—or rather accent—is flawlessly true to the woman she portrays. It is fascinating to speculate on what character she could not play surpassingly.

Man's Perfidy.

In some theaters where it was booked for a week "Common Clay" has remained four. Sufficient proof that it is agreeable to the majority, though I like to think there exists some one somewhere who sees it as I do—an artificial, teary relic of the stage as it existed in the hoary year 1916, with strong dramatic climaxes motivated by claptrap.

Here we have a girl who forsakes the speakeasies because she wants to go straight, so she becomes a maid in the household of presumably "nice" people, only to find that they can cause her more anguish than her own kind. For she listens to the love-making of the son of the household and presently finds herself an unmarried mother. But she is not one to languish with the brand of the scarlet letter. She consults a lawyer and there is a courtroom scene in which she denounces her lover and his father. Her supposed mother on the witness stand reveals that the girl is not her own, but is the long-lost daughter of her chief persecutor, the rich family's lawyer. In the end she is reconciled with the father of her child who rather tardily decides to do right by her. How a peaceful married life can come from all this is for you to figure out.

There is no doubt that the melodramatic denunciation in the courtroom is effective, together with the lachrymose revelations of the heroine's foster mother, but the long speeches of the various characters, who seem to be waiting their turn to set off their pet fireworks, are just so much bombast.

Constance Bennett is thought by many to give a splendid performance—to carry the film to triumph, in fact. That I do not share this opinion is unimportant in view of the general acclaim. Miss Bennett offers a girl who is intelligent and determined not to suffer in silence, but she seems hardly the servant who would be led astray by the blandishments of a boy home from college. Lewis Ayres in this ungrateful rôle is conventional and Beryl Mercer, fine artist that she is, failed to move me in her calculated pathos on the witness stand. Yet I dare say mine were the only dry eyes in the theater where "Common Clay" remained four weeks instead of one.

A Good Bad Man.

"Good Intentions" is clever and worth seeing. Though it is another crook melodrama, it is told with such brightness and originality that it acquires a freshness, a liveliness, that make it

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"Common Clay."



"The Eyes of the World."



"Sins of the Children."



"Rain or Shine."



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities capably exploited. Life among Royal Flying Corps, showing hideous actualities of war. Barthelmess's best in years.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick forger; Robert Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. More honors for Lon Chaney, who makes his talkie debut in a difficult rôle. New version of outstanding film has lighter touch because of dialogue. Harry Earles, Ivan Linow, Lila Lee, Elliott Nugent excellent support.

"Caught Short"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as rival boarding-house keepers. One makes a haul on Wall Street and goes haywire. A son of one loves the daughter of the other. Enough said. Excellent support from Anita Page, Charles Morton, T. Roy Barnes, Herbert Prior.

"Social Lion, The"—Paramount. Jack Oakie's debut as star, in story of conceited youth given country-club membership as joke, and he goes haywire. Situations funny, players make most of humor. Mary Brian, Richard Gallagher, Olive Borden contribute generously.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summer-ville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"King of Jazz, The"—Universal. All Technicolor. Spectacular revue, with intimate touch, starring Paul Whiteman, with not quite enough of him. John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy. Many more seen flittingly.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old hokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Free and Easy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Low comedy at its best, with Buster

Keaton escorting a beauty-contest winner, Anita Page, to Hollywood. Old idea with new treatment, with glimpses of many screen notables at the studios.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beautifully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Sarah and Son"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton at her best as poor German girl who rises to the top as prima donna, in touching mother-love story. Difficult characterization perfectly done. Philippe de Lacy, Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, William Stack.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Kenneth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Anna Christie"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. Harold runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent

dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Man From Wyoming, A"—Paramount. War film in which captain marries nurse, is reported killed, returns to find gay party at home, and he turns away—but there's a proper ending. Gary Cooper better than ever; June Collyer triumphs. Regis Toomey and E. H. Calvert.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wives. Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett.

"Wild Company"—Fox. Frank Albertson excellent in rôle requiring variety of moods, proving him one of the best of juveniles. Story of father who gives son money instead of guidance. H. B. Warner the father, Claire McDowell the mother. Kenneth Thomson, Sharon Lynn, Joyce Compton.

"Lawful Larceny"—RKO. Wife recaptures her husband from toils of adventuress and takes her money besides, in film providing capital dramatic acting for Bebe Daniels. Lowell Sherman leading man and director. Olive Tell, Kenneth Thomson, Purnell Pratt, Helene Millard.

"For the Defense"—Paramount. Another fine performance by William Powell in film that has moments of inspiration. Lawyer bribes juror in effort to save man he hates for woman he loves, and his plans crumble. Kay Francis the girl, who promises to wait until Powell returns from prison.

"She's My Weakness"—RKO. Light yarn about puppy love and suitor who overlooks girl in selling himself to her parents. Pleasure to hear William Collier. Arthur Lake is boy won by Sue Carol's pouting prettiness. Helen Ware and Lucien Littlefield the fussy parents.

"Safety in Numbers"—Paramount. Buddy Rogers lives with three chorus girls and remains pure and innocent, even though the girls' conversations could not be printed. Even so he does right by little Nell and marries the coyest. Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn.

"So This Is London"—Fox. Amusing caricatures of the Englishman and American, as imagined by ignorant on opposite shores. Love affair brings families together, enmity of fathers separate them for a while. Will Rogers irresistible. Lumsden Hare leaves nothing undone. Maureen O'Sullivan sweetly real; Frank Albertson, Irene Rich.

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It's Easy to Forget

And that's exactly what Hollywood has done, for the son of Harold Lockwood, once a great star, goes from studio to studio looking for a day's work.

By Romney Scott

STUYVESANT FISH dies and leaves an estate equal almost to the national debt. William Harriman dies and leaves an estate of thirty million dollars. Their children may not inherit their fathers' abilities, but they do inherit their money. And even though you may never again hear the names of Fish and Harriman, you know that their offspring are living in peace and plenty. Well, maybe not in peace, but certainly in plenty.

But those men figured in the land of commerce. It doesn't always work out that way in the land of make-believe.

In 1918 Harold Lockwood was the biggest individual drawing card in pictures. His following had reached unheard-of numbers. His salary had assumed such proportions that it was impossible to release his pictures on the regular program. He signed a new contract with the old Metro company at an almost fabulous figure, and his features were to be released as super-specials.

Then, abruptly in October of 1918, the newspapers blazoned forth the announcement that Harold Lockwood was dead. In making a series of Liberty Loan speeches for the government he had contracted a cold. His physicians ordered him to bed, but he felt morally obligated to go on with the tour mapped out for him. His cold grew worse and suddenly turned into pneumonia. A few days later he was dead.

When his will was probated and his affairs wound up it was discovered that his estate consisted of only a few thousand dollars. The money had come so easily there had been no need to save any. He would have been good for at least another five or ten years on the screen—and at a constantly increasing salary. Time enough to save later. Life had been one grand adventure.

But it hasn't turned out to be a grand adventure for the wife and son he left behind. At the time his father died Harold, Jr., was ten years old. He and his mother had to live on those few thousands and his schooling had to be taken care of.

While visiting Buddy Rogers on the set of "Safety in Numbers" I noticed in a scene, a young office boy whose



Photo by Spurr

Harold Lockwood, Jr., knows better than any one in Hollywood the emptiness of a once-great name.

features were vaguely familiar. He was a grave young fellow who seldom smiled. When the scene was finished the company broke up into little groups, laughing and chatting. But this boy sat more or less by himself.

Another time I visited Dick Barthelmess on the set of "The Dawn Patrol," and this boy appeared briefly as one of the junior flying officers.

Those same vaguely familiar features. I couldn't place him. So I went up and introduced myself. He was Harold Lockwood, Jr.

"It's been pretty tough sledding at times," he grinned, "but mother and I have held on somehow. She's become an expert make-up woman and works pretty much all the time. And I work a lot out here and for Paramount."

"But what about Metro-Goldwyn?" I asked. "I should think they'd give you work."

"Oh, I went out to see Mr. Mayer once. He was very fond of dad. He was awfully nice to me and called up the casting director while I was there, and told him to see that I got work. But nothing ever came of it, and I didn't want to make a nuisance of myself, so I didn't go back to him again. You see," he added gamely, "so many new people are coming up all the time they can't remember the old ones. And besides" — with a slow, grave smile — "I'd like to make good on my own."

Those Foreign

Fans across the seas are here given glimpses of pictures that speak

Jetta Goudal, below, speaks French as *Lady Esra*, in "*Le Spectre Vert*," the rôle that Dorothy Sebastian made so interesting in "*The Green Ghost*."



Barry Norton, above, whose linguistic ability has given his interrupted career new impetus, plays *Adolph Mahler*, in the Spanish version of "*The Benson Murder Case*," a rôle created in English by Paul Lukas, a Hungarian. Yes, Hollywood is multilingual all right.



André Luguet, below, enormously popular in France, speaks his native language in "*Le Spectre Vert*," the French version of "*The Green Ghost*."



"*One Glorious Night*" evidently has great appeal for foreign audiences, because it has been filmed in both Spanish and German with the title of the original play, "*Olympia*."

Theo Shall, above, and Nora Gregor play the rôles that caused such an upheaval in the careers of John Gilbert and Catherine Dale Owen.



Versions

players who will soon be seen by them in their own language.

Antonio Moreno, below, finds his native Spanish useful, for it gives him the star rôle in "El Hombre Malo" played in English by Walter Huston, in "The Bad Man."



Their ability to speak Spanish brings new opportunities to such American favorites as Raquel Torres and Don Alvarado, above, who play the hero and heroine in "Estrellados," which is the name Buster Keaton's "Free and Easy" has in the Latin countries



Delia Magana, below, who found scant opportunities in silent pictures, shows how much we missed when she speaks Spanish in "El Hombre Malo," her rôle being played by Marion Byron in English.



"One Glorious Night" in Spanish no doubt is a much more intense affair than it was in English, for the hero and heroine are played by native favorites, José Crespo and Maria Alba, above, who have also appeared in silent films.

Will Marlene Top Greta?

Fraulein Dietrich comes from Berlin with beauty, magnetism, distinction, and experience, and Hollywood is rife with rumors of the great Garbo's eclipse. Read this article and make your own prediction.

By Margaret Reid

I SUPPOSE you would say, you naïve little thing you, that for a really good rousing article an actress fresh from European conquests would be so much caviar for even the most recalcitrant typewriter. Think of the color, the glamour, the allure of a Marlene Dietrich. All right, *you* think of it. And then for your red-hot story about sex appeal in a foreign accent, make an appointment with some Minnesota lady of the screen. Home-grown stars make better stories, because they don't balk at improving on history here and there. If they don't make good stories *au naturel*, then they make them up. Which may be an offense in the sight of God, but is a help to the poor interviewer.

Now take Marlene Dietrich. (Cries of "With pleasure!") Marlene is a foreign actress, darling of Berlin's musical-comedy stage and recently of Ufa pictures. She was imported, with considerable ceremony, by Paramount as their topper for Metro's Garbo. She is beautiful, magnetic, dashing—with a suggestion of Greta G. in her somnolent eyes and an impression of electric vitality under her composed exterior.

All of which promises copy of a torrid quality. That's what *you* say. But listen.

"They tell me I shouldn't let any one know I have a baby. They say it isn't romantic. But I don't understand. To me, having a baby is the most romantic thing in the world. Here—see her."

From her bag she extracted a vanity case in which were set two pictures of a young lady of four, with yellow curls and an amiable smile.

"She is beautiful? Yes?"

Yes, she was beautiful.

"Then you don't blame me," she said anxiously, "for letting people know I have her. Why, she is the most important thing in life to me. How could I not talk about her!"

"They also tell me," she added, "that I must say I am twenty—never more than twenty. But no one would believe that. I am twenty-four, very soon twenty-five. What difference"—bewildered—"can my baby or my age make to the public, if my work is all right? I don't understand at all."

Was it for this that Paramount discovered Europe? Where are the panoplies of yesteryear? We who formed exotic opinions of German stars from Pola of the high-colored temperament and the grand passions are taken aback by the well-mannered Marlene. She is pictorial, but she isn't picturesque. She is no high explosive, no

tornado of temperament and wiles and arrogance. She is a charming young woman, obviously well-bred and intelligent.

She didn't even start out to be an actress at all. Marlene's childhood featured no nursery theatricals with pins for admission. The yearnings of her adolescence were of another sort.

From early childhood, the little taffy-haired, violet-eyed Dietrich studied violin. Between the efficiency of German musical training and Marlene's genuine talent it was soon apparent that here was no ordinary prodigy. Herr Dietrich was an army officer, which position en-

tailed frequent trips away from their native Berlin; but no matter where they were, the best music master available was always engaged for Marlene.

At sixteen or so, when her dreams of the concert stage were approaching reality, a disaster blasted them. Marlene was practicing six hours daily. Stronger wrists than hers would have weakened under such a strain. To Marlene's dismay, a muscle in her left hand gave out, temporarily paralyzing the hand, wrist, and forearm. When she recovered, the doctor announced that, with infinite care, she might in a few months give one concert, if numbers were selected that would not tax her strength. But never must she attempt a season of anything so heavy as routine concert repertoire.

To the ambitious Marlene no announcement could have been more devastating. She was not interested in pretty programs of drawing-room caliber. Only such as Bach, Beethoven, Debussy would

sound from the strings of *her* violin. And since these were forbidden, her career was finished before it was begun.

Ill, nervous, and utterly desolate, she was sent away to recuperate. Her own existence having lost all direction, she took refuge in reading. For months she lived in books, desperately trying to fill the long hours that had heretofore been spent richly with her violin.

"I was staying in Weimar, the town of Goethe, when I happened on a play in verse by one of our greatest German poets. One passage, 'Love and Death,' was so beautiful that I read it over and over and I found that when I said it aloud the words were so lovely they sounded almost like music. And it suddenly occurred to me that it would be thrilling to say them on the stage.

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Photo by Richee

Marlene Dietrich makes her début in "Morocco," opposite Gary Cooper.



Photo by Irving Childress

Marlene Dietrich, brought here to compete with Greta Garbo, is rather bewildered because she is supposed to foster romantic appeal by not talking about her baby or telling her true age though she does both, and more, on the opposite page.



That Little Café

It is there that Maurice Chevalier works as a waiter in his new picture, "Playboy of Paris."

Eugene Pallette, left, as *Pierre*, the chef, offers Maurice Chevalier, as *Albert*, not a dish to take to the table, but a revolver as a solution of his difficulties in the restaurant.

Mr. Chevalier, below, meets Cecil Cunningham, as *Edwige*, who has pursued him for years.

"The grapes are very nice to-day," says *Albert*, below, to Dorothy Christy, as *Berengère*, a Parisian lady of leisure.





Where Blooms the Cactus

Every desert has its roses, and stalwart heroes always find them, even as Richard Arlen encounters Rosita Moreno, in "The Law Rides West."

Rosita Moreno, a newcomer, at top of page, is the Spanish heroine who inspires Richard Arlen to do and dare and love, while Indians menace, sheep contribute atmosphere, and the eternal West remains at a standstill that the movies may glorify it.

Junior Durkin, a juvenile actor from the stage, right, is paired off with clever Mitzi Green, who gives every star she supports a race for major honors.





An Arabian

Time and the hour bring to the talking screen "*Kismet*," the created the rôle of *Hajj*, the beggar, whose cry, "Alms for the by a new

Otis Skinner, at top of page, as *Hajj*, the wily beggar, brings to Loretta Young, as *Marsinah*, his daughter, a purse of gold, though he is too crafty to let it out of his hand. The girl whose seclusion he jealously preserves is secretly in love with a young man on the other side of the garden wall. Though representing himself as a gardener's son, he is really the *'Caliph*, as played by David Manners, left.



Night

stage success of many years ago, with Otis Skinner, who love of Allah, for the love of Allah, alms!" will be heard generation.

Gliding into this story of intrigue, murder and love triumphant in an Oriental setting, is the glamorous figure of Mary Duncan, at top of page, as *Zuleika*, favorite of *Wazir Mansur*, ruler of the police of Bagdad. When Loretta Young, as *Marsinah*, pleads with *Zuleika* for the life of her father, the wicked woman turns a deaf ear to the young girl's anguish. But the fate of *Zuleika* and her lover is sufficiently spectacular to bring a smile back to the lips of Miss Young, right.





Kay Francis, as *Marya Sablin*, at top of page, visits Kenneth MacKenna, as her husband, only to learn that he is sentenced to death for neglect of duty.

Miss Francis and Mr. MacKenna, below, as husband and wife united in sympathy rather than love.



What a Wife Will Do

"The Virtuous Sin" makes a heroine of a woman who seduces a general in order to win a pardon for her husband, with Kay Francis, Walter Huston, and Kenneth MacKenna solving the triangular problem.



Miss Francis, above, as the wife who masquerades as an entertainer of soldiers, follows Walter Huston, as *General Platoff*, determined to fascinate him.

Mr. Huston is seen, right, in a characteristic expression.





In Old California

The Golden State as it was in 1850 provides Richard Barthelmess with a dashing rôle in "Adios."

Mr. Barthelmess, at top of page, masquerades as "El Puma," a bandit, with Arthur Stone and Barbara Bedford taken in by the deception.



Mr. Barthelmess, below, finds in the dual rôle of Spanish aristocrat and bandit a decided departure from his repressed acting as the hero of "The Dawn Patrol," his current success.



Mary Astor, above, as *Dona Rosita Garcia*, wistfully longs for the return of her high-born lover, little dreaming that he is a bandit bent on avenging the wrongs visited upon his people.

Miss Astor and Mr. Barthelmess as *Don Francisco Del-fino*, at left.





A Living Rainbow

Entirely in Technicolor, the breath-taking beauty of Ziegfeld's production of "Whoopee," starring Eddie Cantor, is brought to the screen by Samuel Goldwyn.



Music, laughter and pagantry are combined to make "Whoopee" as memorable on the screen as it was on the stage, where it placed the drolleries of Mr. Cantor against a Western background, with Indian dances, rites and processions as only Mr. Ziegfeld could visualize them.

"The Hymn to the Sun" is sung by Chief Caupolican, at top of page; and, left, is seen a detail of a number that caused the Technicolor cameras to gloat.

Who Knows the Rest?

This unusual short story tells how a girl singer in an obscure theater happened to get a chance in the movies, and you will decide what befalls her then, for the beginning is true to life in Hollywood.

By W. Carey Wonderly

THE man and the woman had run down to Glendale to see the screening of an old Earle Marsh picture, made twelve years ago when that star was at the height of his fame. Judged by present standards, the aged production seemed silly and outmoded, but it had something—heart, soul—which the current Marsh offerings sadly lacked. That the actor had been able to retain favor at all with his public, after twelve years of indifferent films, proved at least that he had brought something more than a handsome face to the screen. Sitting side by side in the darkened theater, man and woman sighed sentimentally.

"Them were the days, Lidy," he remarked with a heroic attempt at juvenility.

"You don't look a day older, my friend," whispered Lydia Lloyd. "You must make a talking version of that old-timer. I shall start the ball rolling in my column instanter."

"You were always sweet to me, Lidy."

"We old guard must stick together. Let me see. I'll say I happened into a little tumble-down movie house in the suburbs the other day and there before my eyes was screened an old silent picture of Earle Marsh's, made—we'll say six years ago, Earle. As I sat there in that old-fashioned theater, I was thrilled by the depth, the drama, the soul of that old picture. It was as good to-day as it had been five—no, six years ago. All it lacked was voice. I shall add that, if Joe Boasberg is as clever as I think he is, he will make a talking version of 'Ashes of Roses,' with Earle Marsh, immediately. That for to-morrow's column, my friend. And after that, day after day, I shall continue to hammer away, a little of the same, always stronger—in my syndicated stuff—until fans all over the country begin to write in to the Boasberg studio. Like the idea, Early?"

He liked the idea. He knew her power. Lydia Lloyd was the Hollywood representative for a great chain of newspapers, writing daily gossip of the picture industry, and as such her following was large and loyal.

"But the old crowd is scattered," Marsh complained after another reel of film. "Ivy English, there—she was a sweetheart, Lidy. They don't give me leading ladies like Ivy any more. Of course, Boasberg considers that I am perfectly capable of carrying a picture alone, and my support means nothing, but—you know me, Lidy—ever generous. Not a jealous bone in my body. I want everybody to have a chance in my pictures. Therefore, I demand a leading woman with youth, beauty—not these antiques from Broadway, with only a speaking voice to excuse their presence on the lot. I want dimples, curls, not a Sarah Bernhardt."

"Of course, Earle. Ivy English! She was darling, the very foil for you, dear fellow. Oh, where are the shows of yesterday?"

Lydia was becoming sentimental; she clasped his hand. Marsh sighed. They were friends, good friends, old friends, and had been for years.

The story came to a romantic close, but for a moment they lingered in their seats, browsing in the memories of yesterday like cats in the sun.

And then, before they could leave the theater, the tinny notes of a piano smote the ears and a hard, cold spotlight was focused on the little stage.

"Horrors, a singer!" murmured Lydia, struggling to her feet.

A girl walked out in the calcium glare and Earle Marsh turned to look, lingered, and looked again. Silently he dropped back in his seat, drawing Lydia into hers. The girl was singing.

"Ivy!" the man gasped.

"But Ivy English is fat, bleached and forty, and playing vaudeville in the East," Lydia reminded him with a hard laugh.

"I mean—she's like Ivy was," said Marsh, all eyes and ears.

"Yes, dear boy, she is—rather. And unless she's careful, she'll be what Ivy is to-day."

"She's marvelous, Lidy! With that cruel light on her—look at her! Perfection! Real youth—gloriously, vitally young, Lidy. Unspoiled. Just as Ivy was in 'Ashes of Roses.' Lydia, there is my new leading lady!"

"Nonsense, Early."

"Why nonsense?" he queried, a trifle coldly.

"Who is she?"

"What difference does that make?"

"Without experience——"

"Lidy, there's too much experience in Hollywood now—that's the trouble. This girl, unspoiled, beautiful, young—really young—why, even her gaucherie is adorable, Lidy! I must sign her at once. I must find out——"

Unceremoniously he brushed past Lydia and stormed up the aisle, loudly demanding the manager. Lydia followed. Once she gazed back at the singer and there was a tear in her eye. Verily the girl had something.

The manager had gone home to supper and Marsh found himself talking to an upstanding, clean-cut youth who did double duty as ticket taker and usher in the little theater.

"Who wants to know?" this young man demanded with pugnacity when Marsh commenced to question him. "She's my girl, see? We're gonna be married. I got the bungalow all picked out and a down payment on some nifty furniture. Maybelle ain't looking for any Johns. I'm her steady regular."

"But," ventured Earle Marsh, drawing himself up, "I'm not interested in the young lady—personally. I was thinking of a career. I am——"

Lydia tugged at his sleeve. "Earle, oh, Earle!" she whispered. "Please!" She drew him outside and toward their car. "You can't do it, old friend," she murmured. "Don't you understand? They are in love. She doesn't want a career. Why, they have each other! A bungalow all picked out—and nifty furniture, too. What can you offer this child in place of that, Early? Why, it would be a sacrilege! That boy would want to kill you, and I don't blame him. You mustn't dub me sentimental, but consider Ivy, the others we have seen come and go. Broken. Useless. Hollywood is full of

Continued on page 113

What No Star

The secret of popularity is often talked about and say how long it will last, least of all those who it goes on, while many fighters

By Willard



Billie Dove has beauty, talent, and character.

Gloria Swanson's dynamic eagerness keeps her popularity mounting.



EVERY day, every night, in every theater in the United States, a popularity contest is going on. It is taking place at the box office. A great deal more than quarters and half dollars go in at the little grilled window; much more than tickets are passed beneath the glass cage. With every quarter that goes in and with every ticket that is passed out, a vote is being cast. The star whose painted features are splashed on the billboards which flank the entrance, is viewing, as it were, her fate.

If her black-daubed eyes look forth on crowds of people, if her pink ears hear the pleasant jangle of countless coins, she may well broaden the vivid curve of her lips, for these things tell her she is popular. If, however, she beholds the ticket seller yawning over Winnie Winkle, and the doorman abstractedly shuffling a thin handful of passes, pasteboard tears may well spring into her eyes, for the disconsolate scene she gazes upon tells her she is not so hot.

While critics are wearing out their pencils berating and lauding, the fans, probably little realizing the irony that underlies the situation, are carrying on their personal and private game of choosing their favorites. For to-day's box-office enthusiasm is bound to be to-morrow's star, this and that dissenter notwithstanding.

The critic may roundly pan a certain lovely lady of the silver sheet, but it is the verdict of the fans that decides whether or not, and just how long, this lady may go on. For if millions of fans flock to see her limpid pictures, attracted by their more-than-light appeal, nothing the critic can say or do, no amount of pen waving, will be of any avail.

And if he lauds a newcomer to the skies, but this newcomer is icily rejected by the fans, no amount of publicity can make them take her to their hearts. If the critics say, "All who appreciate a really fine piece of acting should see Rita Raspberry, in 'Halfway to Hades.'" and a sweet young fan of uncertain intellect advises her friends not to go to the Dreamland, because that Rita

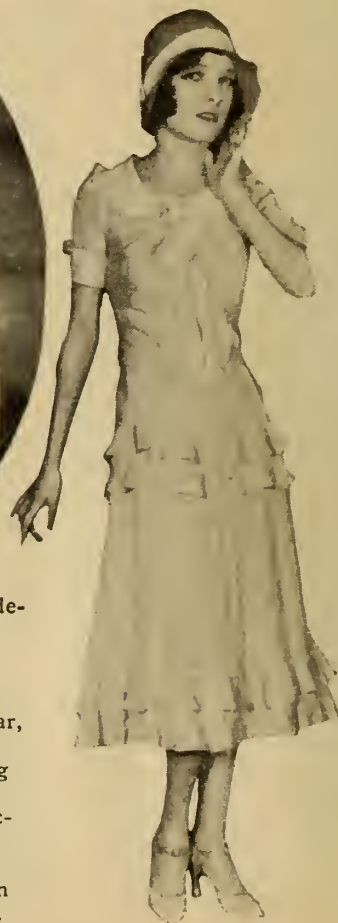
Raspberry person is there, it is a fair guess that Miss Raspberry will never be more than a passing fancy.

Then comes the question, just why didn't the public like the blossoming Rita? Was it because she didn't measure up to their standards of beauty or charm, whatever they may be? Or was it because her voice was displeasing? Was it because she impressed them as being upstage, or colorless?

Why do players, seemingly on the sunny peaks of popularity, suddenly take rapid strides downward in prominence and favor? Is it because of their own neglect, or because of a worn-out technique, or what? Have they developed cases of superiority, as was the case with *Patricia Peppore*, née *Polly Pepper*, in *Marion Davies'* "Show People," and thus lost the affection of the public? Two stars may attribute their downfall to this last cause, *Mae Murray* and *Jetta Goudal*, who are only



Evelyn Brent proves that fans demand more than beauty.



Popular, but lacking in distinction is Marian Nixon.

Can Tell

analyzed, but no one can put his finger on it and possess it. Yet the struggle to capture and hold for it fall by the wayside.

Chamberlin

now recovering from their rash behavior. Whatever the cause of disapproval, it is expressed in the silent language of the box office, and like Rita Raspberry they go their way.

Let us see if we can discover the reasons for the great popularity of certain players, and the causes for the waning popularity of others. An actress' popularity should hinge on at least three major qualifications—beauty and charm, acting talent, and character. We are not including voice, because handicaps in speech have, in the majority of cases, been quickly remedied. We find that few actresses possess all these attributes in any great quantity. Should a star be blessed with all three, would it be indicative of the perfect actress? You would be inclined to answer yes, and yet Norma Talmadge possesses all of them, and still is not as popular as many others. What does she lack? Youth?

Mary Astor lacks that certain something to raise her from the merely capable.

Myrna Loy has her frequent appearances to thank for her popularity.



Novelty? Good stories? Norma Shearer is another who has each of these qualifications, and while she is popular, her name is topped by others who can boast of little of any of them. The real reason for success is too elusive to describe.

Everybody from Mary Pickford to Louise Fazenda has been exploited in the name of beauty. As long as every one else is taking a fling at naming the six loveliest players, I'll put in my half dozen nominees: Greta Garbo, Billie Dove, Carmel Myers, Evelyn Brent,

Aileen Pringle, Dolores del Rio. The idea of considering Lillian Gish, Gloria Swanson, Alice White, and Marion Davies among the most beautiful women in pictures is, to me, ridiculous. Therefore I wouldn't say that an overdose of beauty has been responsible for the popularity of these four. How about the others? Beauty hasn't accomplished the glowing things for Carmel Myers and Aileen Pringle that it has for Billie Dove and Dolores del Rio, or even for Evelyn Brent. So fans must demand something in addition to beauty.

Acting talent has put some stars in the headlines of the theatrical columns, and it has stirred critics to occasional bursts of oratory. And yet there are any number of actresses whose talents are not recognized to the full extent by producers. Renée Adorée, Irene Rich, Dorothy Sebastian, brilliant actresses each

one, yet their popularity and prominence does not reach that of others far less gifted.

Patsy Ruth Miller has dramatic ability, beauty, and character; why doesn't she shine? Betty Compson is acknowledged one of the best actresses on the screen; nearly all her performances elicit praise. Why isn't she starred? Irene Rich has a world of character; Lupe Velez is sadly lacking in it; why then does Lupe forge ahead by leaps and bounds, while Irene languishes in semioblivion? Vilma Banky has all three requisites, so has Marion Davies; yet not one of them approaches the popularity of Greta Garbo.

Pleasant, but is Loretta Young conspicuous?

Dorothy Sebastian is kept from top-notch popularity by poor rôles.



What No Star Can Tell



Dolores del Rio is more beautiful than Greta Garbo, but is she as popular?

Dorothy Mackaill has had one of the smoothest careers.



Jetta Goudal did not impress the ordinary audience. Her highly artistic portrayals, many of them gems in character delineation, held little popular appeal. Then, too, Jetta became high-hat, and found to her sorrow, perhaps, that she had not profited by it. She refused to come down to the level of other folks, and held herself a considerable distance above the rest of the town. She wished it distinctly understood that she was the most important player in any film in which she appeared, whether her part was great or small. This supreme egotism of hers may be said to have knocked her out completely with the fans. It may have been justified in the eyes of the players, but not in the eyes of studio officials and the public.

Even though Jetta Goudal was a fine actress, the public didn't find it difficult to forget her brilliant work. In the days when she was away from the screen, she was remembered only as a bizarre and enigmatic personality marked by temperamental outbursts and eccentricities; practically no mention was made of her dramatic ability. Undoubtedly if the stately Jetta had been more sincere in her work, if she had mingled with Hollywoodites, the fans would have been more enthusiastic. As it was, Miss Goudal killed her own popularity.

And Mae Murray. Nobody seems to be quite certain whether Mae is popular or not. She was never a favorite with the critics, and never will be. They have given their opinion of the vivid Mae and, in return, she has given her opinion of them in no uncertain terms. For a time I believe she really tried to tone down her famous exaggerations, but it was a useless endeavor. She isn't a remarkable actress; at times her work is very

good, at times it is buried in a sea of affectation. Her egotism and superciliousness damaged her career in the same way it damaged Goudal's. Nobody wanted her services.

And yet the public likes Mae, she is immensely popular, and her personal-appearance tour broke all records. Her films, no matter how extreme they may be, are always box-office hits. Murray films can't really be called poor. They are invariably redeemed by elaborate and unusual settings and costumes, and by the colorful and exuberant personality of the star herself. Hers is the case of a popular star being heartily disliked.

Corinne Griffith has long been one of the screen's most popular stars, but now it looks as though her star were nearing its fade-out. While she has given many pleasant performances and always pictorial ones, her films have often been only so-so. Corinne's fans are largely women who admire her delightful sartorial displays, her beauty, and her charming manners. The fact that the languid Corinne has been repeatedly considered the most beautiful actress has given her considerable publicity, and has kept her photographs in the magazines.

She is not a great actress, nor a great beauty, and her last picture, "Back Pay," encouraged neither critics nor the star herself. I believe the screen's "orchid" has had her day, and will follow in the footsteps of another lovely lady, Florence Vidor.

One of the most interesting and most unexpected events of the past year has been the way Alice White has slowly but surely topped the popularity of Clara Bow. When Alice was first introduced to the screen, she seemed so much a carbon copy of the then supreme Clara that armies of Bow fans stormed "What the Fans Think," denouncing her as an impostor and what not.

Alice didn't say much, but she kept her ten little toes twinkling



Margaret Livingston's many rôles keep her in the public eye.

Kay Francis will labor long to equal the popularity of established favorites.



and her two eyes sparkling, while Clara day by day grew plumper. Both developed voices, and if character were to be considered, Alice's is the less blatant. Now Alice White is undeniably occupying the niche held for so short a time by the flaming Clara. In 1929, Clara Bow was queen of popularity; in 1930 she isn't. Of course, it is possible for her to make a comeback; at least she has no idea of retiring. But her recent performances haven't gone over with the old Bow bang. Her romances with Harry Richman and others have injected a little needed publicity, but where, oh where, is the Clara of yesterday, when Alice White was just a "horrid, mean little cat"?

One of the smoothest and most harmonious careers of films has been that of Dorothy Mackaill. Although her debut had little auspicious about it, she has gradually risen to enviable popularity. Fans like her a lot, and although she is not a particularly strong emotional actress, she has gone from silents to talkies without a break, and has starred or costarred in a continuous output of entertaining pictures. Her good humor and natural, unaffected charm make for a large amount of popularity and, even when she is the snob, fans like her, because they know she will "get hers" and come down to earth before the end of the film. Dorothy has that certain gift of playing to the audience. The pictures in which she appeared with Jack Mullaney went far toward establishing her popularity. They were an ideal team, and everybody liked them.

Why has Joan Crawford become one of the most popular players? Certainly not because of beauty, nor because of any great dramatic ability. In fact, she has contributed in succession three or four ordinary program pictures. And while three poor pictures would send most players out the studio gates, Joan keeps right on being immensely popular. An adoring public greets each Crawford film with as much enthusiasm as it would priceless gems. The name of

Consistent popularity is Mary Brian's reward for average talent.

Greta Garbo's physical defects are many — her great appeal is mental.



Joan Crawford scintillating on a theater marquee is more succulent bait than almost any other, except perhaps that of Garbo. Wherein lies the superlative appeal of this bright favorite?

In two things. First, her vivid personality. The brilliance which shines from Joan's shadow countenance carries her audience along on the crest of a sparkling wave. It mirrors a vital quality and a sincerity which excites admiration, even when one fails to be impressed by any other quality of her film. The picture may be unsavory, the star's performance average, yet Joan remains apart, a dominant and striking figure.

Then, too, the younger generation of whom probably the majority of the Crawford admirers consists, can, and no doubt does, hold up Joan as a model of the gay young modern. For she can better than any one else on the screen glorify mad, heedless youth, and still remain sympathetic.

Olive Borden, Marie Prevost, Madge Bellamy, and Ruth Taylor have had their fling as exponents of various kinds of modern freedom, and haven't gone very far with their efforts. Olive became high-hat and affected; Marie Prevost's long line of bedroom farces dragged themselves to a tiresome conclusion, and Marie can be accused of quite a little vulgarity in her work;

Madge Bellamy found that temperament lowered, instead of raised her prestige; Ruth Taylor's annoying mannerisms lost their appeal, and her debut in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was anything but sensational. But Joan has triumphed over shoddy material and thin plots.

While Corinne Griffith, Norma Talmadge, and Colleen Moore are slowly treading the path toward retirement, Gloria Swanson goes on to new triumphs. Her enthusiasm increases with each new film. Ever

Continued on page 98



Bebe Daniels' balanced talents make her successful.

Bessie Love's jolly personality is irresistible.



Let 'Er Buck!

Even though they all can't ride in a rodeo, the stars can at least mount a studio steed.

Harry Green, left, welcomes danger with hat in hand.

El Brendel, right, the Swedish comic, throws a dirty look at his pursuers.

Loretta Young, below, doesn't seem to know where she is heading, but she'll get there.



Mary Brian, left, takes no chances, so she keeps her feet firmly on the ground.

Helen Kane, right, doesn't trust herself on a horse in the wide open spaces, but with her teddy bear along—why, that's different.



Jacks of Queer Trades

The talkies have made the studios their market place, and this article explains what they do.

By Myrtle Gebhart

BRICKS by the square yard. Wax cooks. Mike tuners. Fish boys.

A man rolls skates across the floor, on his face the profound vacuity of a Gluyas Williams cartoon. A boy, equally bored, claps two planks together. Another mows the lawn on a studio set.

No, it isn't a lunatic asylum—just a talkie stage.

"Where is my apple? Anybody seen my apple?" a man queries, in perplexity. I am about to inform him that I do not eat the prop food on the set, when I am nudged to keep still and look intelligent. It seems that an apple is an audio-frequency tube!

"Put 'Walton' on the job!" an assistant calls. A boy, carrying a long fishing pole, clambers up a ladder. A man whose face you never will see on the screen repeatedly poses for his photograph, his likeness being caught by the camera more frequently than any actor's.

Looking up at the mike with a blank expression, another man calls numbers monotonously into its tin ear. Is he demented? No, indeed, Gerald, he is merely one of the many varieties of testers which the talkies have added to the studio personnel.

Above the scene on the camera booth, or perched astride the rafters over it, a boy sits with a long pole. What is the boy fishing for? He isn't fishing. Gerald. He only looks like he is fishing. A great many things in a talkie studio. Gerald, only look like things—they really aren't, if you comprehend.

Vigilant guardians man the sound stages, but Lillian Roth will find a way to get in.



Lois Richardson glues felt on the soles of Lillian Roth's shoes to make them noiseless.



The microphone is hung pendulumwise from the top of the stage by a rope; the fish boy moves it around with his pole to keep it near, and at a uniform distance from, the player whose dialogue must be caught as she moves around the set. Sometimes on a small set only one mike is used to record the speech of several actors; the fish boy sweeps it from one to another above their heads as each speaks. This requires knowledge of the lines and considerable skill. More politely, he is called the voice chaser.

Talking films have augmented the two hundred trades employed in a studio before sound to four hundred, of which a quarter are novel. Going loud has increased production costs twenty-three per cent, more specialized talent being required in all branches. Expansion is the slogan of this year's production budget of \$165,000,000. The sum of \$500,000,000 has been added to the pretalkie capital investment of \$2,000,000,000, including theaters, in America. New departments have been created, increase in personnel being noticeable in all branches.

The pay roll of \$82,000,000 paid annually to the thirty thousand regular employees of the Hollywood studios, now lists a number of strange callings. Technicolor has created many unique jobs. Grass carpets for garden scenes must be grown more expertly. The wax cook not only makes prop food, but also tenderly nurses the disks. Even cobweb spinning has become an art!

They can cover sound reflectors on the set with a combination of masonite and balsam wool, glue felt soles on shoes, cover tables with felt painted to resemble wood, bang doors less resonantly with the slap machine, fan dice around a drum for airplane effects, and do much other ingenious camouflaging and simulation of sound, all of which require skill.

Engineers are at work, extending the range of photo-audio-frequency. Even the charges of static electricity generated by the rub of silk have been eliminated by an intricate process of filtration. The problems arising from sounding the screen have presented many peculiar difficulties which are being solved.

Only workers skilled to the highest degree are employed in the sound department, with its staff of engineers who know not only the theory and practice of recording sound, but who are familiar with the photographic side of the industry. They must get a broad view of the whole field and arrange coordination of all factors. These specialists, according to Carl Dreher, director of the RKO sound department, seldom take part in actual production, unless called to stage or location for consultation.

The second branch of the department comprises men who do the actual recording. On each picture in production, there is a supervisor and a technical crew. His first assistant is called the recordist, that term being used because recorder signifies the equipment itself. The recordist must attend rehearsals to become familiar with action and dialogue, that he may properly place the microphones; and he must examine sets and props to see that they are correctly built, and free of materials that might act as sounding boards.

Helping the recordist are a "stage man," who handles the mikes, a phone man, who maintains constant communication by wire between sound booth and stage, transmitting instructions and reports, and the marker, whose sole duty is to remain at attention at all times and, when both cameras and recording machines are turned on, mark the beginning of action by snapping two pieces of wood together. Cameras photograph his action and its noise shadows the sound track; thus photography and sound are more easily synchronized. He poses for more pictures than any other actor, yet never has been on a theater screen! In some studios, the clapper is replaced by the buzzer boy, who holds a small apparatus which gives a flash and buzz simultaneously on film and sound track.

The voice valet, or mixer, sits in a cage overlooking the set, a little soundproof glass room slung halfway up the wall, turning gadgets which regulate the tonal volume wired to him from the mikes. By touching his control board, he can spray a voice electrically, modulating or increasing it, when it comes to him imperfect through his cans, or ear phones.

An automatic, one-dial control, installed thus far only by First National, simplifies the mixer's job somewhat. This improvement connects with several mikes at once.

A radio engineer runs the generator on the location sound truck. The listener does just that all day. Sitting in a projection room, he listens to all the noises waved from the sound tracks, after they have been gauged by the mixer and recorded. He must pass on final quality and accuracy.

A submarine botanist voice-gauges the ocean's seaweed chorus, while a sea tuner interprets the volume of the wild waves' whisper. The gas-and-steam man provides radiators that sizzle at the right pitch, gas and flame jets and the like. A professor of physics tests the audio-frequency and other qualities equally unintelligible to the layman. New devices to simulate noises that, if

recorded naturally would shatter the mike, are constantly being introduced.

Bricks are made of horsehair, cardboard, and plaster of paris. The mike tuner's kit consists of standard tuning forks and a whistle. Another tests the mike's vibration by calling numbers into them, and the swinger places them. The signal man on the stage rings the stop-and-go bells and calls "Interlock!" Another pads the squeaks out of chairs. The operator of the sound percolator cuts out, by means of filters, the reverberations above the voices of players in some location scenes, such as the

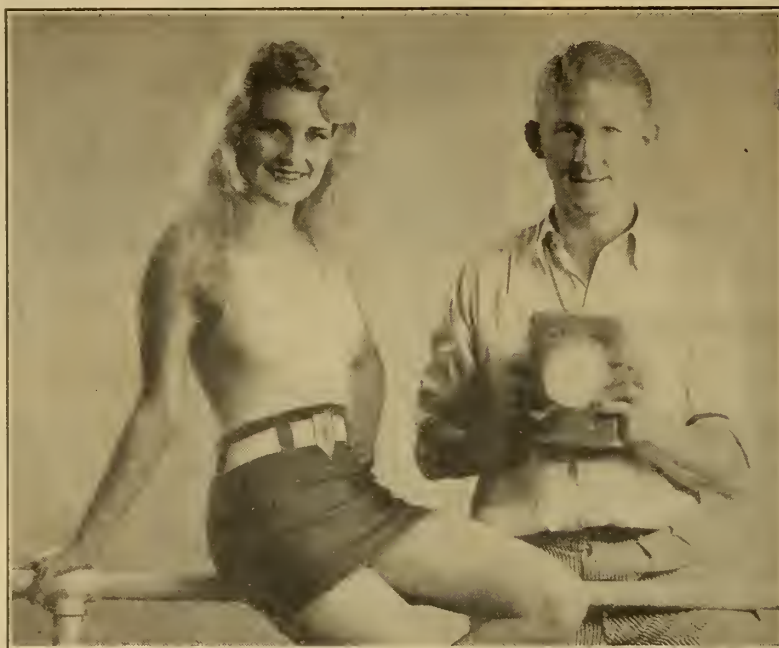
staccato roar of a motor boat's engine. A supervising cutter in the laboratory has keen ears on the alert to catch a bloop, a sound made when a badly spliced piece of film squawks. A man makes out the cue sheet, by following which the theater projector knows a second ahead of each scene when to amplify by turning his fader dial.

The wax cooks wear aprons, but no chefs' caps. They regulate the temperature of the wax disk and keep the delicate medium in the soft state essential for recording. You think that gum shoes means detectives? Pardon, your error. They are men assigned to push the cameras around for traveling shots taken in sound; they wear special shoes with thick crape soles.

A professor gauges voices by the telegraphone, laryngiologist, stroboscope, and kymograph. Oh, yes, indeed! I rattle 'em right off the typewriter, but I wouldn't attempt to speak them out loud.

By sending a submarine tester overboard when a sea location is in prospect, microphones can be placed to

Continued on page 114



"Whitey" Schaffer is a buzzer boy, his job to flash a light for silence when Jeanette Loff is about to sing.



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By BEULAH POYNTER

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some new line of work, or you yourself were taken to a new place. Between eight and fifteen you were a very active, independent little girl who would rather play out of doors, even in bad weather, than sit meekly indoors and wait to be told what to do. When you followed the direction of any one it was not through a negative quality that made you easily amenable to him, but because of a real, active, positive delight in giving pleasure. At this age you were also quite comically grown up in many ways, and if your mother was ill you could take care of her just as well as she usually took care of you.

As you passed the age of fourteen you began to be very sensitive, emotional, dreamy, imaginative, quite a contrast in many ways to the lively youngster you had been before. All these qualities were much stronger in you than is usually the case at such an age. But you soon became very active indeed in a material way, and this gave you a marvelous opportunity to put all your charm, your imagination, your originality, and intuition to work for the accomplishment of great results.

You were, with your sensitiveness, an instrument to be played upon by an artist, but an intelligent, self-controlled instrument that interpreted the tune in its own way. Sometimes that intuition of yours, and that real creative power within you, rising like beneficent magicians from the secret place in your spirit, made you sway to a tune of their own playing that was greater than them all. You were the true artist, all sensibility to beauty, but at the same time determined, self-determined, inspired.

They tell me that you are married, and I am glad of it, for an ardent, tender heart like yours could not live long alone. You need love as a flower needs the sun, and in spite of your quiet self-sufficiency you have not the particular stamina to stand alone against the outer world and succeed. Besides, you couldn't keep

on pushing away that crowd of insistent admirers indefinitely, could you? The best way was to choose a nice one and so put the noses of the others out of joint. You do love him with all your heart, and if he isn't simply mad about you, he isn't human!

You were made for greatness. Do not let a new-found temperament run away with you now. You probably have not yet found out what I mean, but you will within a year or two. You will find a good deal of that delicious poise of yours disappearing, for you will become excessively sensitive to an imagined cold look, while the merest hint of a smile at your expense will break your heart. The addition of your marriage name to your own has turned your total digits, both in the material and in divinity, into the emotional, unstable Number Two. Keep your feet on the ground, dear, right down hard. Dreams have played a lovely part in your life, but do not let them turn into mirages and vagaries. Feed your imagination with the live coals of the love you cherish now, for if you do not, white-hot coals from elsewhere will drop into it and cause a terrible conflagration.

You are turning from a sweet, adorable, independent, almost mystic child into an emotional, fiery woman whose temperament will rise at one moment to the skies and fall at the next moment into the deepest gloom. You will love fiercely, too fiercely, and if you are not very careful, you will learn that it is amusing to play with love. It is a dangerous thing, for the girl that you were, to be hurled into the emotional life of the woman that you will be.

Balance is what you will need, and you do have a great deal of it in this new name, as well as in the old one, since you retain that universal Number One of understanding and inner contentment. Your only resource, when you find yourself getting all in a flutter, is to sit down very quietly, all alone, and wait until you find that

center in you that is really peace. It will always be there, your infinite refuge, and all you have to do is to remember it, seek it and find it.

You will have very little material success of your own with this name, and the one great obstacle will be exactly your willingness to take day-dreams for reality. You will be a wonder at building castles in the air, but very few of them will materialize. However, you need not worry about that as an irremediable future, since you will have two more husbands before you get to be an old lady. I don't want you to believe me now—certainly not!—but there they are, staring me in the face, so I have to tell you about them. Both will appear before you are fifty, and neither of the first two men will die. Some of the trouble will be due to the excitable young lady that you will become. In any case you will never, never, to your dying day, be free from some ardent admirer pining for the privilege of at least touching your hand. You will usually consider them nuisances, anyway, so any husband of yours might as well get used to the idea right now.

You will be a wonderful actress, more wonderful than before, since you will add to your native charm a dynamic power and an intense personal magnetism that will hold your audiences spellbound. You were always charming. Now you will be a charmer, and that is not the same thing at all. This will be quite outside of your own will and desire, and sometimes you will despise it, but if you lose it you would feel as if you had died.

No matter what happens, you will always be young, always on your toes, always trying to reach a star with the tip of your finger, and when you are sixty you will be as adorable as when you were sixteen. Love life, enjoy life, for you are life itself, dear, a quivering human spirit seeking to be and to show forth all the love and beauty that it feels.

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 60

B. V. R. P. G., January 21, 1904.—You have the wonderful number of power and mastery in your birth, and I know that you have tasted the joy of expressing it to the full in the past few years. You are a very, very independent, self-assertive girl, a fighter by nature, full of fire and activity. There always have been many difficulties in your path, and there always will be, but you need something into which to bite, in order to be happy, and you will never lack it. You have always been very quick and intelligent and true, but since your marriage you have given up a little of that excessive sense of exactness, and have become very generous and kind in all your judgments. You had in your

maiden name the power to become really rich in later life through independent business activity, and while marriage will not bring you as much as you could earn yourself in the end, you will never regret it, but will find satisfaction in your material conditions, no matter what they are. Don't worry, you will never be poor with this name. Nothing can remain at the bottom for long where you are concerned. You simply won't stand for it! You were a darling, babyish baby at two, weren't you?—not at all the independent type, but by the age of four you were beginning to rule the roost, and you continued to do so, with wonderful understanding for your age, until you left

home. More money came into your home somehow when you were about thirteen. You married very young, perhaps as early as seventeen, certainly before twenty, and had the choice between two or three young men. You are successful and happy now, but your only danger is that you are too impulsive and too sure of yourself, and this will bring on a somewhat less successful period for the next ten years. You need the balancing power of it to give real meaning to your life.

G. W. S., June 16, 1900.—You are remarkably intelligent, just, active, and this will bring you real success, most of all if
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Babes in Hollywood

and a youth who was arguing with him about the fourth race at Tijuana.

The youth offered the information that she was to make publicity pictures.

"But you're going to work, really, this afternoon," he assured her. "They want you at once, so we'll rush through this stuff. Now, try one arm behind your head and look languorous—and I say that filly'd have come in first if he hadn't pulled her," he went on over his shoulder to the cameraman.

Jane was worn out when he finished with her. But there was no time for luncheon. She had to hurry to the other set—this time the big set she had expected. After waiting ten minutes, she sat down. After waiting twenty more, she was amazed to see Gilson, the director who had dumped his atrocious house on her hands. He strolled over, smiling affably.

"But—ecs it zat you direct my pecture?" she asked, startled.

He laughed and sat down beside her.

"Oh, this isn't your picture; it's Paula Wilding's," he explained. "I noticed yesterday that your hands are beautiful, and hers aren't so good, so I asked to have you double for her in some close-ups of the hands alone. Smart, wasn't I?"

Jane turned icy with rage. She leaped to her feet, brows drawn together, the hands in question trembling.

"I do not double for any one!" she announced furiously. "I act—but I do not double!"

As she thought over that scene, while she was changing her clothes, and on the way home, she grew still more angry. Perhaps she shouldn't have rushed away—perhaps she should have stayed and said all the things she'd thought of since, that she wanted to say. She burst into her own home raging, and sputtered out the whole tale to Mrs. Markham, who nodded her head in approval.

"You got to show temperament," that worthy declared. "I'm glad you did it. Look what Pola Negri got away with. I was almost beginning to think you wasn't Spanish at all, never stirring up a real row. But you got to be careful; let 'em get the idea you're hard to handle, and they'll let you sit out your contract at home. They've done it with bigger folks than you are, and you're only getting four hundred a week—they wouldn't mind junkin' you."

Moodily Jane stared at her, wishing she'd fired the woman after all. It wasn't pleasant to be reminded that she really counted for nothing in Hollywood, after the fuss in New York.

"That dinner with the Spanish consul," Mrs. Markham continued, settling herself comfortably in an armchair and deftly rolling a cigarette with one hand. "Well, that—say, this is quite a trick, ain't it?"—waving the cigarette. "Bill Hart showed me how to roll 'em, once when we was on location together. Well, that dinner party—the consul, he can't come, but some other gink is takin' his place. J. G.'s secretary just phoned. They say this other man is a big gun, but he don't savvy no English, and some other guy's comin' along to translate for him when anybody else does the talkin'. Anybody but you, that is."

"Good heav—*caramba!*" Jane cried, aware, just after she opened her mouth, that Mrs. Markham's beady eyes were intently fixed on her. "To meet me he will not break all engagements?" she raved on. "They shall hear of zat insult at home!"

Once she hit her stride, she rather enjoyed the scene she put on. So did Mrs. Markham, quite obviously. When Jane finally threw herself into a chair, she was all but applauding.

"This'll be a wives' party," she announced. "You know, an awful proper one. Better be careful about how you dress. You got to knock 'em cold, but at the same time you got to be refined. I'd say black, and not too low. Got any earrings? They'll make you look older, sec, so's the old harpies won't be jealous, and at the same time you'll be real distingué with 'em dangling down on your shoulders. I got some I bought off Theda Bara's maid. Bara give 'em to this girl, but they made her look sort of horsylike, she havin' a long nose already, so when we's workin' together in 'Dorothy Vernon,' with Mary Pickford, why, she traded 'em to me for a bracelet I got in a secondhand joint, that the man had said was worn by Marion Davies."

Jane took a long breath, feeling that she'd have to come up for air. Mrs. Markham took one also, and started in again.

"Use lots of make-up," she went on. "Then they can tell each other you got to have it to look pretty, same as them. Get that crew down on you and they can force you outa pictures."

Jane fled to her bedroom and locked the door. She'd have to rest. But she couldn't—if she didn't brush up on her Spanish, there was no telling what might happen to her!

She was late at the dinner party, but others were later. The bedroom where the women removed their wraps was filled when Jane entered it, but none of the women made a move to leave. They sat about,

touching up their make-up from gorgeous vanity cases, smoking, talking. Each arrival was eyed as if she were a new favorite entering a harem. Yet each was greeted effusively.

"Darling, what a lovely wrap! I have that model in yellow, but with three silver foxes instead of two." "My dear, that's a Célanie model, isn't it? Mrs. Higginbotham ordered it one day when I was with her, but of course she's awfully sensitive about being made to look stouter, so she refused it—said they might sell it for just anything." "Oh, Shirley, how charming you look to-night! You always look so *sweet* in that dress! I was telling Hilda that I don't blame you a bit for wearing it all the time!"

Jane shuddered. Why didn't they just leap at each others' throats and be done with it?

Paula Wilding arrived, determinedly girlish in a pale-blue frock embellished with pink ostrich feathers.

"All she needs is a fat white horse and a ringmaster," commented a dark, thickset little woman who sat beside the dressing table where Jane was rearranging her hair. She took a cigarette case from a bag so thickly set with diamonds that Jane gasped. "You don't know how glad I am to see you," she continued. "A new face is a blessing. I've seen all these women so often and for so long that I wish they'd wear masks. At the beach club—afternoons, for bridge at each others' homes—at night—I could scream! I had more fun when my husband was making two-reel comedies, and I did the cooking and took care of the kids, and helped him think up new gags at night."

"What does he do now?" asked Jane cagerly.

The woman groaned.

"Somebody discovered that he was a great artist," she replied, "and now he's sold on the idea, too. Makes super-extra-specials and has temperament. All I'm living for is the end of his contract. Then I'm going to spend one day speaking my mind, saying the things I've bottled up for three years, before he signs with anybody else and I have to start wearing a muzzle again!"

Jane edged nearer.

"Who are all these people?" she whispered—needlessly, for the other women chattered so loudly that they couldn't have heard her if she had screamed.

"Oh, the wives of other producers that J. G. wants to impress," the woman answered carelessly. "And a couple of bankers who may come in handy are here. One brought his

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Avaunt Dull Care!

That's what these stars say when they board their yachts after a siege at the studios.



Charles Farrell, above, true to his New England blood, finds more relaxation aboard *Flying Cloud* than in dancing at a jazz party, though he isn't a wallflower by any means.

Richard Barthelmess, right, can pay his friends no higher compliment than to invite them to join him on the *Pegasus*.



Neil Hamilton, center, has just bought his second craft, the trim and speedy *Venus*, which supplants the *Digby* in his fickle affections.

Lloyd Bacon, below, sees to it that no one forgets that he directed Al Jolson in "Mammy!"



John and Dolores Costello Barrymore, left, need a gangplank to board their spacious *Infanta*, which cruises farther than any yacht in the film colony.



Babes in Hollywood

wife, and the other brought a sweet young thing of about forty that he wants to put into pictures. That woman in yellow is the wife of a director; her husband made a bunch of bad pictures and they were on the shelf till he turned out a good one by accident, and now they're underfoot everywhere you turn."

"I wish I could stay with you all evening," Jane told her.

"You can't, my child," the woman answered, her plain, kindly face transformed almost into beauty by her smile. "But when things get too thick for you, come to see me. I know all the tricks of Hollywood, and maybe I can help you."

When the women flocked down to the drawing-room, the men were bragging about their wives' dress-makers' bills. Mention was made of a ten-thousand-dollar chinchilla coat, and a nine-hundred-dollar night-gown. The hostess, who had kissed Jane effusively and begged to be called "Gussie," because she liked all the little movie girls to call her that, wrenched the conversation to a new topic.

"She's been taking lessons in etiquette, at fifty bucks a throw," the plain little woman told Jane. "Now we'll have art, music, literature, and love."

She was right. Jane discovered that music, in this circle, meant theme songs. Art was encompassed by the new drapes in Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater and the curtain at the Biltmore. Literature—ah, *there* was something they could get their teeth into! They'd all read reviews of the newest books, the same reviews, which they told each other about, insistently, each waiting merely till the other stopped for breath to leap in and complete a sentence. They gave figures, quoted *Variety* on the sales of the best sellers. And love—"Well," exclaimed one plump matron conclusively, "Ben certainly does love that girl; did you see the ten-karat diamond he gave her?"

Jane was just beginning to enjoy it when the arrival of the eminent Spaniard struck terror to her soul. He was brought straight to her, and began instantly to talk. And she could understand practically nothing that he said.

She smiled, and murmured "Si," at intervals. On he went. At dinner he sat at her right and neglected his food, the better to talk to her. Jane began to feel that she was in a nightmare and would never wake up.

He'd found her out, of course, at once. Now he was just trying to see how much of a fake she was. He'd tell J. G. and she'd be exposed before everybody! She couldn't eat.

Her icy hands clenched in her lap, she smiled till her face ached. She longed for oblivion.

Dinner was over at last, but the men did not linger at table. Every one was herded into the music room. J. G. had a new pipe organ, mechanically operated, and wanted to show it off.

To Jane's relief, he commanded that it play gems from Wagner. It did. It burst into the "Ride of the Valkyries" with a blast of sound that all but split the guests' eardrums. The Spaniard clapped his hands to his head and rushed off to the conservatory, and Jane settled back, hoping to be left alone.

As the music stopped, a thin, dark young man appeared before Jane. She recalled having seen him at dinner, but couldn't remember who he was. He began to speak softly in Spanish, and at his first syllable her body grew rigid with fear.

But to her delight she found that she could understand his musical, liquid speech. She answered him, and he understood her! Delightedly they conversed together.

"Could you understand that old fossil who was your dinner partner?" he demanded. "I feel as if I were back in school when he carries on. He belongs in a museum, doesn't he? I saw that you looked puzzled, and was sorry for you. I have to go along and interpret for him, and it's a strain, I tell you!"

Jane sighed her relief.

"I couldn't follow him at all," she answered. "I'm sure he thought I was just pretending to be Spanish!"

The young man laughed heartily.

"As if any one could possibly think you were anything else!"

The dinner party broke up early. Paula Wilding said she had to be in bed by ten, because when J. G. was so good about giving her everything in the studio to make her picture a success, she must look her very best. Jane went home alone. Never had she been more bored or so nearly frightened to death.

The next day she sat at home and waited for word from the studio. Sometimes she walked the floor, but always in the neighborhood of a telephone. Mrs. Markham had gone to tea with a friend who'd worked as extra in a big special and knew all the dirt. Jane was thankful for her absence.

Finally, at five o'clock, when it seemed to her that something would simply have to happen, she received a telegram from Larry.

"Just landed in New York," it read. "Got faster boat. Flying part way home. See you in two days."

Two days! Almost at once! He'd

be here again—she'd see him once more! Yes, but Paula Wilding would see him, too—Paula, who was making a big picture, who had everything her own way. And she herself hadn't got anywhere, hadn't done anything!

She slumped into a chair, wondering if it wouldn't be wise to take the first train out of town. This wasn't for her, this queer life here, in this funny town. Gloomily she stared at the floor, so sunk in despair that she hardly knew some one had come into the room till Polly Barker spoke.

"Hullo, lady," said that young woman briskly. "I hear that you pulled a lot of hot Spanish stuff at J. G.'s dinner last night and that the big Spanish bozo who was present says you're the first real representative of his country that he's seen at large—nice and demure and a real Castilian. What? Haven't read the papers? Well, they're all plastered with pictures of you in a high comb and a little piece of a shawl. But that's not what I came to talk about. I'm taking you to a party to-night."

"No more parties for me!" Jane cried.

"American slang so soon?" Polly asked so pointedly that Jane realized, with a start, that she had dropped her rôle. "Well, you'll like this one," she went on. "Angie Clement's giving it, and she's one of the grandest people in this town. Been in pictures for years. Her mother calls up a crowd about every so often, and people break their necks to accept their invitations to be present. Lots of regular folks, who have all kinds of jobs, or maybe none at all at the moment. Food at all hours—and *what* food! Swimming in the pool, tennis near by, ping-pong and bridge, and what have you? Put on the one thing you like best to wear, whether it's a riding habit or pajamas or an evening gown, and come along."

Carefully Jane replied, despite her enthusiasm. "I would so love to come!"

Polly nodded.

"Fine!" she said approvingly. "I said I'd bring you."

Jane started for the door, then turned back.

"Larry will be here in two days," she announced shyly.

Polly lifted her eyebrows.

"Oh, yeah?" Her voice was non-committal. "Well, then, this party's just the place for you. You'll—er—you'll acquire an extensive education that may do you some good later on."

Jane ran off to her own room, but stopped as she reached her dressing table to stare at her own reflection. Just what had Polly meant by that?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Needless Precaution

Though our girls are provided with life preservers, there isn't a pair of brawny arms that wouldn't circle them and bear them to safety—preferably on a deserted island.



Loretta Young, above, caused such a stir among the sailors aboard a battleship that her life preserver is a means of warding off brawny arms.

Dorothy Mackaill, right, is all ready to topple into the water, but her confident smile indicates that she knows what will happen among the boys.



Bernice Claire, center, flirts with a life preserver large enough to float Albert Gran, so she must be preparing for company while in the water.



Thelma Todd, above, smiles through the hole in the center as if to lure on some one to save her if she should fall, or perhaps it is just general seductiveness.

Clara Bow and Fredric March, left, are symbolizing "True to the Navy," without meaning a darn thing.

Will Marlene Top Greta?

before a great many people. That was when I began to get the idea that perhaps being an actress would be a fair substitute for being a violinist."

This birth of stage ambitions was unadulterated by the glamour the theater has for children. Marlene had seen no plays in her life—had heard only concerts and the opera.

"When I got back to Berlin, I found out about Max Reinhardt's school of the theater. I took 'Love and Death' to him and asked if I might read it for him. He listened and afterwards was kind enough to encourage me."

So that is how Marlene became the first Dietrich to go on the stage. The feat was accomplished only by the stubbornness of youthful determination in the face of parental disapproval. Her family, horrified that their name should become the property of the theater, forbade Marlene the use of it. This taboo followed their refusal to let her go on the stage at all. The whole thing ended in the gentle Marlene's becoming an actress under her own name, her thwarted family looking on in despair and displeasure.

There followed two years of the usual struggles and discouragements that will occur in the best-regulated careers. Marlene's only comment on this black period, which would furnish other stars with material for several sob stories, is "It was not easy."

But after an apprenticeship in small parts, she finally attained to a rôle in the German production of "Broadway." From this she went into a musical comedy and Berlin sat up to take notice of a beautiful new songstress.

For the next three years, the Dietrich name appeared alternately on theater programs and on the screen. But by now Marlene's family were beginning to feel a bit proud of her success. Two of Marlene's pictures to be released in America were "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame" and "Three Loves."

"But I didn't have very much suc-

cess in pictures," she said. "When films were silent, they thought a girl should be very beautiful on the screen. And my nose was funny and my mouth was too big, and directors always got annoyed because I couldn't open my eyes wide. But after talkies came in, they decided I might do better, because when players talk you don't notice their faces so much."

Be that as it may, it is a pleasure to notice Marlene's face—silent or audible. And as a matter of fact, you can't help noticing it. Marlene's particular brand of magnetism, which has nothing to do with sex appeal as demonstrated by our Miss Bow, is inescapably potent. For all her quiet unobtrusiveness, Marlene's presence is acutely felt, even in a crowded room. She is gentle, completely without affectation, and rather shy, yet her superb vitality, both mental and emotional, is the thing about her one remembers most vividly.

Josef von Sternberg, one of Paramount's megaphone aces, saw her on the stage during his recent visit to Berlin. Without so much as a test, or any of the customary preliminaries, he engaged her for the leading rôle opposite Emil Jannings, in "The Blue Angel," a Ufa picture which Von Sternberg filmed during his vacation. Revealed in this as obviously a sensation, Miss Dietrich was signed by Paramount.

She had been in Hollywood three months. How did she like it?

"It is very pretty," she said, in tones she tried to make hearty. "Perhaps I haven't been so happy here because I haven't been working—there's been too much time to think about my little girl and my husband and my family. I am so lonely, I think sometimes I just cannot stand it any more."

"But there are a great many of your compatriots here, Miss Dietrich."

"Yes, but you know you don't like people indiscriminately, just because they are countrymen. Mr. von Sternberg has been awfully kind, but I am so homesick. I go to a few parties,

but I like gay people—and here they just drink cocktails and never laugh."

She has a house in Beverly Hills, presided over by her German housekeeper. She prefers living in a house to an apartment, but is nervous, having taken to heart the general trend of our newspapers. Every night she goes through the house, locking and relocking doors and windows, lest some enterprising gangster, with a well-filled revolver, might be lurking about.

Days prior to the commencement of her picture were spent principally in writing long letters home.

"I write to them every day and I wait for the postman to come. Mail is so terribly slow coming all that distance. And now my baby has gone to the seashore for the summer and I'm worried. I write to her nurse and my mother not to forget to watch her so she doesn't get sunburned. She loves the water and the sun, and I'm so afraid she'll get burned and be ill."

Marlene's husband is a film director in Berlin and his business prevented his accompanying her to America.

"And I didn't want to bring my baby to a strange country and a strange climate that might not be good for her. But this is terrible."

"I've never been separated from her before, and I'll never do it again. The other day I talked to her on the telephone and she was so excited and so sweet."

Because of her ties in Germany, Marlene would sign with Paramount only for six-month intervals. She planned to return to Berlin for a Max Reinhardt production in October. She was marking off the intervening days on the calendar. After you see "Morocco," the initial Paramount-Dietrich film, you will be marking off the days until March, when she comes to America again. This time, you will be praying, with her baby so that she will be more content and stay for good, thus providing us with a new star of no little candle power.

PHANTOM RIVALS

Oh, fair Yvonne once smiled at me!
She seemed to think I was all right;
Our lives moved on right merrily
Until there came one fatal night
When we went to a movie show;
So now I'm in an awful fix,
For she imagines I am slow
'Cause I can't love like Richard Dix.

Sweet Rose-Marie once went with me;
I was her beau ideal, she said;
But then a show she chanced to see—
Now she's another dream instead.

And when she offered me the gate
She said, "We take what fate may hand us
And we must part ere it's too late.
Why weren't you like Cullen Landis?"

Ah, once I golfed with coy Aldine;
I loved her, but it was no use;
She saw some one upon the screen
And then of course that cooked my goose.
So she just gently turned me down;
Her manner now is full of chills
And I'm the bluest man in town.
Because I'm not like Milton Sills.

BLAINE C. BIGLER.

Through the Ages

Merna Kennedy trips the light fantastic that you may know how the spirit of the dance has always claimed its votaries.

Merna Kennedy, left, as a ballet dancer of the present day such as we see on the stage of the big movie theaters.



Merna Kennedy, above, illustrates the sedate coquetry of ante-bellum days and, left, she revives the classic steps of old Greece.



Miss Kennedy, above, gives her interpretation of Nell Gwyn in a flirtatious mood, probably with an eye to the susceptibility of King Charles I.

The stone age, left, as Miss Kennedy visions it, offered opportunities to get even with a girl's enemy in the guise of "just an accident."

One of Cleopatra's dancing girls, right, is Merna's inspiration for a flash back to ancient Egypt.



eager for new ideas in production, her work never grows tiresome. The brilliance of her acting, the excellence of her voice, the charm of her manner, and the smartness of her wardrobe, all combine to keep her a favorite. Gloria is still a long way from retirement.

Lilyan Tashman has a unique claim to popularity. She is becoming the paragon on the screen that she formerly was in private life. She is passing on her reputation for smartness to her audiences. Giving lessons in smartness via her celluloid rôles. Women are studying the Tashman mode, they are cultivating the Tashman articulation, and concentrating on her deportment. This may or may not be a good thing. It would be very nice if every one were as individual as Lilyan, but we can imagine, with a smile, various persons we know saying, "Charmed, I'm sure" in the Tashman tone, or effecting one of her brilliant sartorial creations.

Estelle Taylor completely won her stage audiences on her personal tour, the audiences she had been unable to win through her films. Estelle, although she has been a colorful figure in Hollywood, has never created much of an impression on the screen. A great deal of the publicity accorded her has been as the wife of Jack Dempsey, and she is one of the few actresses who has not resented the greater fame of her husband. There have been times, actually, when she has been announced in her own films, as Estelle Taylor (Mrs. Jack Dempsey) or simply as Mrs. Jack Dempsey. Only two of her screen rôles stand out in any way as achievements, *Lucrezia Borgia*, in "Don Juan," and *Madame De Sylva*, in "Where East Is East." Both these rôles, however, characterizing as they did unscrupulous women of adventure, were so unsympathetic that most of the praise given them was elicited from critics.

And yet, with nothing but an experimental voice and some bewitching gowns, Estelle Taylor ventured forth.

Estelle's popularity never reached the heights, because she was badly cast most of the time. Her vivid beauty, marked by a profusion of luxuriant hair, full lips, and shadowed eyes, should have been cast in settings of Oriental richness and tropic languor, but such was too seldom the case. Estelle was placed, by some one who should have known better, against ugly backgrounds in sordid stories. For example, some brilliant producer decided that coal would provide a fitting background for the gorgeous Estelle; so she was seen first against

What No Star Can Tell

the bleak atmosphere of the coal mines and, in a picture immediately following, in the stokehole of an ocean freighter. Chalk up two in the name of effective casting! Estelle Taylor, a flower in the coal bin!

Norma Shearer, like Dorothy Mackaill, is an actress whose sincerity has endeared her to many. Whether the *grande dame* or the shady lady, Norma excites sympathy. She plays with a subtle unconsciousness that challenges admiration. If she chances to be the society woman, she is more charming than any one else in the drawing-room, more gracious than the hostess herself; if she is of the underworld, she is true to her partners in crime. Her exquisite poise and splendid assurance proclaim her as one of the film ladies of refinement. In every one of her rôles, she succeeds in being tremendously convincing; think back—"The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Their Own Desire," "The Divorcée"—parts radically different, but in each of them you were with Norma.

Renée Adorée's career has fallen so far short of what it should have, that many have wondered why this wistful little player has apparently failed in the realization of her art. In her own life, every one knows Renée Adorée is an unhappy girl; she has known sorrows which have shadowed her life and, unfortunately, she has allowed this depression to creep into her acting, so that few rôles could be termed sprightly.

As *Mélisande*, in "The Big Parade," and as *Musette*, in "La Bohème," she gave her most famous and most sensitive performances. Since then her rôles have become less and less important. Only once or twice has she starred, and then in unimportant films. Her last big part was opposite John Gilbert, in "The Cosacks." As for her rôle in "The Pagan," it was one of the most tragic things I have ever seen. The part was so unimportant that it seemed a pathetic gesture of submission. Throughout the performance, little Renée, with tears in her eyes, seemed to be saying, "Can this mean I'm really through?" Then the talkies brought new tribulations to the little French girl, for Renée has an accent. For a while it did seem that she was through. What will be her fate?

Renée's rôles have never been the kind that would excite an audience. Most of them were touched by a tearful poignancy, a sorrowful strain that tended to mar popular appeal. This, combined with a succession of inferior rôles, has parted Renée from her public.

The Garbo is one of the mysteries of Hollywood. The majority of her fans are women, although there are countless men over whom she exerts her almost hypnotic spell. People find themselves joining her great army of admirers who have found a sort of shrine in her fascination. I have never once heard a person say "I don't like Greta Garbo."

Greta Garbo is not a beautiful woman; I say this in direct opposition to the fact that I have included her in my list of the six most beautiful! She does not even fall under that label which calls certain women "handsome." She is too tall, her mouth is much too wide, her carriage is slovenly, she is listless even in her portraits. Yet people never take their eyes from the screen during any of a hundred Garbo close-ups. Therefore her features must be—and are—far more compelling than the more perfect countenances of innumerable type beauties. Greta Garbo photographed carelessly is almost ugly; photographed with the enchantment of studio craft, the ugly duckling becomes the swan. Her wiles are far more alluring than the more obvious ones of Naldi and De Putti; her unlovely walk and her careless nonchalance far more interesting than the more studied gestures of the tea-with-lemon sisterhood. While Crawford, Bow, Love, and Shearer answer the outer callings of the fan, Garbo responds with subtle power to the inner calling. Hers is the strange composite of mental attraction expressed through a purely physical medium.

The reason for the popularity of Marion Davies, of Bebe Daniels, of Billie Dove, is obvious. All possess beauty, talent, and character. Billie Dove in particular is a good example of the well-balanced actress. She is endowed with lavish beauty, her performances never fail to please, and her charm and good taste are mirrored in her rôles.

It is apparent that Betty Compson's face is not sufficient attraction to hold the hearts of the fans. Some time ago, when Betty ceased to take her acting seriously, and relied upon her looks to carry her along, she ventured dangerously near the brink of oblivion, and her popularity waned rapidly. The Compson loveliness is not as fresh as it once was, but Betty keeps it heavily cosmeticized into a kind of appealing charm.

Pauline Starke never enjoyed great popularity. First the public indifference was laid to the fact that Pauline had no sex appeal. To remedy this shortcoming, Elinor Glyn was

If at First You Don't Succeed——

Certain of our gifted friends hold to that proverb when attempting the use of chop sticks.



Joe E. Brown, above, is bewildered by his lack of success in eating fruit salad in Oriental fashion.

Dot Farley and Raymond Hutton, center, get on fairly well when they visit a Chinese restaurant in "At Bay."

David Manners, below, regrets his attempt to negotiate slippery spaghetti with chop sticks.



Lillian Roth, above, finds that the technique of handling a fork serves the purpose in coqueting with a bowl of rice, and realizes that it's fattening anyway.



Jack Mulhall, below, relieves Lila Lee of all effort in trying to use chop sticks, for he manages their chop suey very well in "Murder Will Out."



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absorbing from beginning to end. What is more, it reveals Edmund Lowe in the best performance he has ever given, it does as much for Marguerite Churchill, and it brings back to the screen an actor who never should have left it—Earle Foxe. So you see the average of acting is unusually high, what with Regis Toomey, Eddie Gribbon, Owen Davis, Jr., and Robert McWade adding their quota. The picture is really a triumph for every one concerned.

Edmund Lowe is a silk-hatted crook whose nefarious doings are unknown to the girl who thinks she loves him. One of his spectacular exploits is the robbing of a bank in broad daylight. His confederates, attired as ushers at a wedding, summon the bank president from his seat in church, force him to accompany them to his desk and order the delivery of a fortune in bonds. But when one of the crooks trails the girl and her escort from a night club and tears from her neck a jewel presented to her by Mr. Lowe, the wheels of retribution begin to revolve and presently the suave crook is shown up to be a thief who loses the girl he loves and his life as well. In summarizing the picture it may seem like many others, but in execution it is brilliantly exceptional.

Active Old Age.

Cyril Maude, the English actor, has played "Grumpy" more than 1400 times on the stage, so he must know how. Therefore it isn't surprising, with the talkies what they are, to find Mr. Maude giving his fourteen hundredth and first performance for you. It's good, and how! But it is of the stage and not the screen. For me, I enjoyed the picture vastly. There isn't a single "Oh, yeah" in it and it reeks of the stage in its most mellow aspects. But you children of the new age may find it quaint and too slow, for I know that you are not awfully interested in old men as stars. Yet, granting that some one more than twenty years old reads PICTURE PLAY, I think they will find coziness in "Grumpy." Think of being a septuagenarian, with Frances Dade and Phillips Holmes interested in your comfort and well-being! If only all of us could be certain of such a well-run household and a romance between such nice young people, to encourage in our old age!

Be that as it may, "Grumpy" Bullivant, down in the English country, welcomes his nephew home from South Africa and circumvents the efforts of a crook to make off with the diamond intrusted to the young man. So help me, there isn't any more, except that Mr. Maude's is an

interesting performance overlaid with detail, and Mr. Holmes and Miss Dade are charming, competent, and intelligent. There is Paul Cavanagh, too, as the crook who makes love to Miss Dade, and most surprisingly, the capable Paul Lukas in a small part.

Pure as the Driven Snow.

Bertha M. Clay, Laura Jean Libby, and Charles Garvice—if you remember them, which, I fear you don't—inspire, if they do not actually write, "Our Blushing Brides." For here we have an epic of three shopgirls, two of whom go the way of all flesh, though the third conducts herself as a Vere de Vere and remains as unswayed by human frailty as an ice maiden. Her reward is the wedding ring of a millionaire. It happens in real life every day, as you must have noticed! Yet it's interesting, even if you don't believe it. Interesting to see how the thing is dressed up, varnished, and disguised as something real. Interesting, too, to see how well it is acted by Joan Crawford, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, and Raymond Hackett. Interesting to wonder if they believe it all, or if it is their artistry that makes it look genuine, or if they followed direction willy-nilly. Who knows?

Enough to say that Miss Crawford gives her best performance since she began to attract attention. Her voice is mellow, her sense of humor is ever present, and her bantering dialogue with Mr. Montgomery is the best thing in the picture. John Miljan, Hedda Hopper, Albert Conti, and Edward Brophy lend their practiced talent to minor rôles and the settings are gorgeous. Too gorgeous to be real, especially the floor space of Mr. Montgomery's little house in the tree. It has everything but a pipe organ and a swimming pool, though the exterior shows just a shack perched on a bough.

Another Revival.

"Manslaughter"? Oh, I don't know. It was trash, though popular, in 1922. I believe it is considered by some to be one of the "classics" of the screen. Well, in the current version, all the "classic" appeal is present. Which means that it is thoroughly moviesque save for the acting of Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, which isn't that at all. It is downright good. Only their efforts spare "Manslaughter" the laughter it would otherwise provoke. For who can take seriously the plight of the society girl who is prosecuted by the district attorney for reckless driving that resulted in the death of a traffic

policeman? And so we find the careless, snobbish girl sentenced to prison through the conscientious efforts of the man who loves her. Can you bear it? Even though he resigns his job and becomes a genteel loafer through the tortures of conscience, they are brought together for a life of wedded bliss. Often I wonder just what the married life of couples previously at odds with each other must be. Does neither bring up the "past"? Or is it buried entirely? Well, I don't trust human nature in the yoke of marriage to overlook anything. At any rate, "Manslaughter" is well done, it holds one's interest all the way and while it may be essentially just nonsense, it is overcast with the glamour of high talent: Natalie Moorhead, Richard Tucker, Emma Dunn, and the director, George Abbott, a monolith in the American theater.

A Fellow of Infinite Jest.

Joe Cook, a favorite stage comedian, comes to the screen in "Rain or Shine" and makes one glad of it. He is a pleasant fellow, with a brand of humor all his own and considerable originality. If you know a comedian when you see one which I don't always pretend to do—you will recognize in Mr. Cook all the reasons for his popularity. It is a circus story that exploits him, a story that is neither better nor worse than all the romances of the big tops that you have seen. However, it wouldn't matter if Mr. Cook chose an under-world yarn, or even an airplane epic: he would inject into either that which makes him unlike any other comic. I'm sure you will agree with me, because he is the whole show, or rather his humor pervades the sawdust ring, the burning tent and the dinner party of the so-called society people whose son is in love with the girl who is trying to run the circus after the death of her father. Fill in the blank spaces and you will know that Mr. Cook is her pal and undeclared sweetheart, and that she realizes his honest worth after the society people have turned her down. It is all quite simple—pitifully juvenile, really—but Mr. Cook is neither simple nor juvenile and Joan Peers, that eloquently sincere ingénue who first made us sit up and take notice in "Applause," is the heroine. William Collier, Jr., is the scion of society and Louise Fazenda giggles, but not too often. It is Mr. Cook, however, who is the man you can't forget.

The Life of the Ranch.

"Way Out West" affords William Haines a new environment, without offering him as good a picture as he

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Tee Time

The golf craze is going on and on, until not even the top of a costly head is safe from being used as a driving mound.

Jack Haley left, is too experienced a golf player, as you will see in "Follow Thru," to learn Zelma O'Neal.

But we cannot say as much for David Manners, right, though Laura Leigh's smile indicates confidence.

Walter Pidgeon, right, says that his stance is poor but the tee is perfect, thanks to Cornelia Thaw.

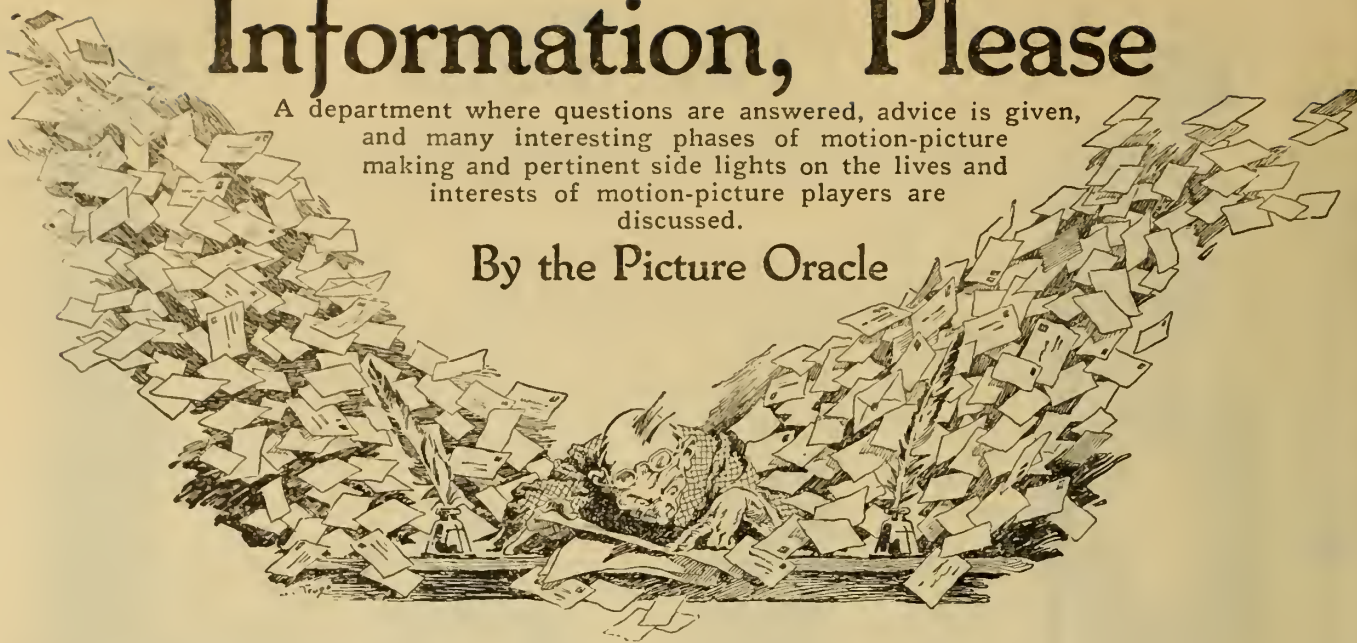
Alexander Gray, lower left, tests Bernice Claire's courage, and Nancy Carroll, right, turns the tables on Jack Haley.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle



MOVIE CRAZE OF SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA.—So you're going to shower me with questions? Boy, where's that umbrella? Zasu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. She is five feet six, weighs 115, and is a blue-eyed blonde. She is Mrs. Tom Gallery, and their daughter, Zasu Ann, is six years old. Ruth Roland's last three films before her retirement were "Dollar Down," "Where the Worst Begins," "The Masked Woman." Jacqueline Logan was the dark-haired girl in "The Blood Ship." In "Lights of New York," Eddie was played by Cullen Landis. Wheeler Oakman played the *Hawk*, and Gladys Brockwell, now dead, played his mistress. Robert Elliott played the detective and Tom McGuire the police chief. Shirley Mason and Cullen Landis played the leads in "Rosie O'Grady." The film you describe, with Conrad Nagel and Myrna Loy, was "State Street Sadie." Willard Louis played Irene Rich's husband in "The Honeymoon Express," Virginia Lee Corbin, Helene Costello, and Harold Goodwin were the youngsters. No one else is mentioned in the cast but Jason Robards, Helene's sweetheart. In "My Best Girl," Carmelita Geraghty played Mary's sister.

ELAINE.—Do I like that name? Not only do I like it, but Tennyson liked it well enough to write poetry about it. Lane Chandler's birthday is June 4, Dorothy Sebastian's, April 26th; the others you ask about don't give theirs. Ronald Colman gets his share of pictures in the gallery, I think.

SKIDDY B.—Any pleasant things you say about Dick Arlen would make me just a yes man. Dick is thirty-one and married to Jobyna Ralston. He is five feet ten, weighs 160, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He began his film career in 1922.

E. A. R.—Just lending an ear to my answers, I suppose. Ken Maynard's horse, Tarzan, is white. You'll soon see Nils Asther in "The Sea Bat." At last accounts Hugh Allan was playing in an independent film called "Love Harmony," so perhaps he's found his voice.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—As usual, asking questions enough for three people. See above. Yes, Fred Kohler is of German descent, though he was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Alexander Gray was born in Wrightsville, Pennsylvania, in the late

'90s. He was on the stage about six years before playing in films. His pictures include "Sally," "No, No, Nanette," "Song of the Flame," and "Spring Is Here." Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1882. He married Adele Rowland about ten years ago and there are no children. Conway has been playing on the stage out West. His real name is Frederick Tearle. Ricardo Cortez was born in Vienna; his real name is Jake Krantz. "Montana Moon" is his most recent film. He married Alma Rubens on January 30, 1926. William Doyd married Elinor Fair about the same time, and they were divorced last November.

CHARMAINE.—Oh, you were Diana Whoops—but now the cough is gone? You should be in the testimonial business. Basil Rathbone doesn't give his age; I don't think he has any children. John Loder was born in London, March 1, 1898, and was once a cavalry officer. John Miljan was born in Lead City, South Dakota, but doesn't say when. He was once on the stage and began his screen career in 1922. Ivan Lebedeff hasn't been doing much in talkies, since there are only occasional rôles for his accent.

A. HALL.—Dorothy Janis' chances of success seem rather slim just now, but so it goes. That was her own voice in "The Pagan," I think. As to her Indian blood, her biography merely says she is of Cherokee Indian extraction. She was born February 19, 1910, and studied dancing and voice culture before her screen career began. She was "discovered" by James Ryan, then casting director for Fox, and given a rôle in "Flectwing." Richard Barthelmess uses his real name. He married Mary Hay on June 28, 1920, and Jessica Sargeant on April 20, 1928.

BLONDY.—So you're crazy to see my face? You're crazy to want to. Is Anita Page now confessing to five feet six? I give up on her height until I can get her in a corner with a tape measure. James Hall is separated from his wife, Renée. Don Alvarado played in "The Bad One" and is working in Spanish versions of talkies. Greta Garbo is twenty-five. Jack Mulhall was born at Wappingers Falls, New York, October 7, 1892. Buddy Rogers' brother, Bh, will be known in the movies as Bruce. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, March 29, 1891. He is married to Winifred Bryson. "This

Modern World" is his forthcoming picture. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas.

MARIE.—Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, July 27, 1898. He was in the navy during the War. He was production superintendent of a unit at the Paramount studio when his own film possibilities were noticed. He is a bachelor. Bernice Claire's name is Jahnegan and she came from Oakland, California. Her excellent voice induced her singing teacher to arrange an audition for her in New York, which brought her the stage lead in "The Desert Song." See ME, MYSELF, AND I.

MARILYN STORM.—As to what PICTURE PLAY would do without my "spicy answers," perhaps some day I'll get mad and find out! Ronald Colman played *Carlo Buccellini*, in George Eliot's "Romola." "The Dark Angel" was originally a stage play by H. B. Trevelyan; Ronald Colman played *Captain Trent*. "The Winning of Barbara Worth" was adapted by Frances Marion from Harold Bell Wright's novel. Colman played *Willard Holmes*. "Beau Geste" is a novel by Percival Christopher Wren; Ronald played *Michael Geste* in the photoplay version. He played *Montero* in "The Night of Love," written for the screen by Lenore Coffee. "The Magic Flame" was made from the play "King Harlequin," by Rudolph Lothar. Colman was cast as "a clown." He played *Mark van Rycke*, in "Two Lovers," adapted by Alice D. G. Miller from Baroness Orczy's novel, "Leatherface." Ronald had the title rôle in "Bulldog Drummond" from the play by "Sapper." "Condemned" was made from Blair Niles' novel, "Condemned to Devil's Island." Ronald played *Michel*. William Powell is thirty-eight.

JOAN.—So you'll remember me in your will! It would be just my luck that you'd have no money to leave. Nancy Carroll was christened Ann Veronica LaHiff. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were married July 28, 1929. There is only one Nick Lucas, but there's also Paul Lukas. Ralph Forbes played recently in "Lady of Scandal" and "Inside the Lines." Evelyn Brent is now playing in RKO films—"Framed," "The Silver Horde." She has brown eyes; so have Clara Bow, Claudette Colbert, Lupe Velez, Alice White, Bebe Daniels, Sue Carol, and dozens of others.

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On High Horses

These little girls pick winners, and furthermore, must be the jockeys, too.



Ben Lyon, left, on his lucky days finds some kids who are also in a romping mood.

Nice horsy, chirps Martha Lee Sparks, right, the little lady being shown around the studio by Charles Evans.



The cute youngster on Gilbert Roland's back, center, is Shirlene Marquis, who plays the trapper's daughter in "Monsieur Le Fox."



"Whoa!" yells Mitzi Green, below, as any old-time fan can read from her lips, when her mount rolls a tricky eye.



Bert Wheeler, above, does not limit his comedy to the studio when little Dolores Patricia wants papa to play horse.

in memory and placed her in screen history. To prolong her life on the screen Miss Swanson became a splendid actress, as was evident in "Sadie Thompson" and "The Trespasser."

True, Gloria will live a long time in memory—but memory soon fades. Who, to-day, can believe the furor the great Adelina Patti caused in her time? Who, it might be asked, knows who Patti was?

Who can recall the great actors of the past? Siddons, Garrick, Terry, Irving, Booth, Mansfield, Duse, Bernhardt. Their names are in stage history—but names soon vanish. Of the persons themselves we know little. Even their work is now forgotten. Of the many conspicuous actors in the last hundred years, these few names alone are recalled. What better fate can movie stars expect?

Will History Remember Them?

What actor created the rôle of *Hamlet* in Shakespeare's time? To go farther back, who knows the names of the great actors of ancient Greece?

With each generation dozens of great artists appear. Where are they? Who can recall them?

Everything passes. Pola Negri's greatest successes, "Passion" and "Carmen," are odd films to look at to-day. Ten years ago they were sensations and were instrumental in bringing Pola to America. Both pictures are forgotten. And the star herself is no longer in the public mind.

History is certain to mention the early days of picture making. The first Vitagraph stars were Florence Turner, Maurice Costello, and Julia Swayne Gordon. These players are

already forgotten by the present public. How can posterity recall them?

There is a creed in the theatrical world which might well be adopted by players on the screen—"I am here for only a short while. Soon I shall be entirely forgotten. When the final curtain comes down, the greatest reward I can receive is the consolation that my work has given at least a little brief happiness and comfort to my fellow mortals."

This may seem cold comfort to the gifted—but who are they to alter the fateful workings of history? And who is this lowly scribe to make so bold as to encourage them in futile hopes? "Take the cash in hand" and let the favored few go down in history—for in time they, also, will fade from memory, and the above creed goes for them, too.

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deserves. It is entertaining, though, even if it doesn't reach a climax that is either satisfactory or credible. But it amuses, and as most people ask for nothing more, why croak about logic, psychology, and what not? If a man has been despised by the entire cast for an hour, why question the means by which he wins their admiration in ten minutes? No one really cares if they have laughed at the humiliations heaped upon him, and Mr. Haines endures plenty in the course of his existence in this picture.

Beginning as a side-show barker, he is detected by a group of cowboys in his manipulation of a roulette wheel and taken to a ranch to work out the amount they have lost. They treat him as dirt beneath their feet, but *Windy* always rises with a wise-crack—even when the ranch owner, a charming girl, adds her insults to those of the others. But when *Windy* is clearing out he is called back by the screams of *Molly*, who has been bitten by a snake. His rescue is entirely expert—so much so, in fact, that one wonders where a side-show man acquired his knowledge and resourcefulness in dealing with rattlesnakes. But it brings the picture to a rather exciting conclusion, what with a sand storm, gun play, and an avowal of love from *Molly*.

Mr. Haines is entirely himself as *Windy*, which is to say that he is boisterous, likable, and in serious moments convincing. Leila Hyams is all right as the heroine, and Polly Moran is vigorously engaging as the cook. The ranch men are Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Jack Pennick, Buddy Roosevelt—once a star—and Cliff

The Screen in Review

Edwards, who contributes a real character as *Tribby*.

Pity Poor Father!

Mother love has certainly had its innings on the screen, though father love has not. As if to make up for lost opportunities, "Sins of the Children" comes along to glorify fatherhood to the extent of showing what a bad deal is handed to a parent whose entire life is given to sacrificing himself to his progeny. He is *Adolf Wagenkampf*, a barber, whose parenthood fills him with such joy that he isn't content with being a father, but must take on the duties of a mother, too. Thus we see him fussing about the humble household with the children in the manner of Emil Jannings, in "The Way of All Flesh," while *mutter* is kept in the background. But father fares none too well at that, for when the children grow up they visit upon him all the woes that fatherhood is heir to—especially when father is played by a stage actor who brooks no interference with his right to the spotlight while tears trickle and trust is betrayed. It is hardly necessary to identify this as a hokum melodrama which instead of being human, is merely amusing because it is so overdone. However, I've heard no protests, so it must be all right. Still, there must be some who are amused in the wrong places, as I was. Louis Mann, of the stage, makes his film debut as the father, apparently determined to perform in one picture every trick employed in a lifetime before the footlights. He is supported in his tribulations by Robert Montgomery, Elliott Nugent, Leila

Hyams, Mary Doran, and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., to mention the principal causes of his suffering.

Blindfolded.

Granting that Harold Bell Wright is your literary idol, I suppose you will find a meaning to "The Eyes of the World." Otherwise I can conceive of no one regarding it as anything but a funny curiosity. "You swine!" cries the villainess, "I'll ruin you if it takes all my life!" It is in this mood that the plotty story is pitched, with acting that matches it. After a prologue in which a husband's discarded mistress throws acid in his young wife's face, the latter's daughter appears as an innocent nymph of the hills who attracts the attention of a group of wicked city folks. Among them is an artist, a character that always typifies the evils of a loose life in stories with this old-fashioned viewpoint. His attentions to little *Sybil* enrage *Mrs. Gertrude Taine* to the extent of causing her to hurl at the artist the epithet dealing with pork. There's a jumble of platitudes, of shocked innocence and, at the last, gun play which precipitates the girl into the hero's suddenly worthy embrace.

I could make neither head nor tail of it, the characters' confused motives, or just what reason lay behind making a picture of all this except, of course, a desperate hope that the author's readers would rally to the lure of his name. Perhaps they will find meanings hidden from the layman. Una Merkel, Fern Andra, Nance O'Neil, John Holland, and Hugh Huntley are the principals, poor dears.

It's Smart to be Thrifty

Continued from page 23

of la Swanson or Lilyan Tashman, but the simple good taste of youth characterize Jean's clothes, which are the kind you and I might buy in our home towns.

Another youngster who knows whereof she speaks is Dorothy Jordan, who manages to look as smart as Constance Bennett on a fraction of what the latter spends.

"I'm very particular about accessories," Dorothy said emphatically. "Of course, in these days most of us girls wear our clothes right on through the year. So the actual dresses aren't such an expense.

"But it's by being very careful in choosing the extras that I keep within the limits of my clothes allowance!

"I love lots of hats and shoes—but I very seldom indulge my whims for straw or silk hats. Because felt is so much more serviceable. It can be worn in both winter and summer.

"Dainty satin slippers are another temptation, but kid shoes are more practical. And they are really smarter than the elaborate fabric ones which lure one to extravagance.

"Then it seems to me to be a good idea to buy bags to match your shoes whenever possible. Leather bags don't wear out like silk ones, and they keep their shape, besides. Which is another economy."

Not only are Jean and Dorothy setting the new vogue. Loretta Young, too, is following the modern creed, "It's smart to be thrifty."

"Now that the radical change from short to long skirts is about completed, it's safe to plan on wearing your new fall clothes for many months to come," is Loretta's opinion. "So, with the mode established, we know where our waistlines are, where our skirts should be, and where our salaries must go.

"Aside from the fact that it's foolish to put money into clothes which can be worn only a few weeks, I honestly like to wear my things a good while. If I'm particularly fond of an outfit, I dread to see it wear out."

Which is a most exemplary way for a young wife to feel. We always knew Grant Withers was a lucky man.

Even that modish young matron, Norma Shearer, has adopted the habit of making her clothes last a long time. Though she has her own particular reason for so doing.

"I have so little time to shop," she told me, "that I find it easier to buy as much as I can at one time, and then it is off my mind.

Continued on page 114

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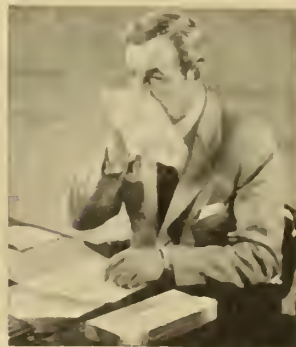
OFFICE WORKERS find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.



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Norma has two more pictures to make on her contract for United Artists. "I think it will be about time to retire from the screen then," she declared gayly. "That's one mistake I don't want to make, to stay on too long. It isn't at all in accordance with my belief that one should try to hang on when one isn't wanted."

"I would always desire to do something, though. You know that there is nothing truer than that pleasure is harder to find than work, and I would be afraid of vacationing permanently."

"Above all things, it would be horrible to be bored—to lack interest. I read a book called 'Two Thousand Years Old' not long ago, about the Wandering Jew, his ennui with life, the pathos of seeing people all around growing old and dying, nothing possessing a fascination or a thrill any more, because he had seen and knew it all. That would be ghastly. There is really no tragedy in death under those circumstances. It would be a solace."

"I have always desired to live really and vibrantly, to have experiences. They are the things that count. But they do take the emotion out of us."

At heart Norma is the vibrant girl that she has always been, and her personality, for all that it has been

At the Turn of the Road

affected by events, remains much the same, once her enthusiasm is rediscovered. When I first knew her some fourteen years ago, it was a bubbling exuberance that showed immediately on the surface of her being, and was displayed on every occasion. She lived with a terrific intensity, wholly on the surface.

Of late years she has become more reserved, but it is not with the stately reserve cultivated by some stars. It is a natural quality built up by experience. Doubtless, too, Norma has had her share of hurts and disappointments through the years, because she was far more susceptible to hurts and to disappointments than most people.

She has learned to seek far deeper for values, and necessarily has built up an outward shell of protection. But always and ever she is herself, and admirable indeed is the loyalty that she always exhibits to those whom she loves or admires.

Like many players, she has found talking pictures a new stimulus. "They are more difficult to make than the silent films, but I am much more interested in pictures than I was a year or so ago," she said. "I believe, too, that 'Du Barry' will be of benefit to me. At least it is hu-

man and at the same time a very dramatic rôle. It is a real character to play."

"I was disappointed, needless to say, in 'New York Nights.' I never should have done that production, or appeared in that particular rôle. It is compensating to know that the critics and the public in so many instances approved of my voice."

"What a changed world Hollywood is now! I look out of the window of this bungalow, and see a group of people standing talking on the sidewalk, and I don't recognize one of them. 'Who are those people anyway?' I often say. 'Am I in the movies, or are they?'"

But Norma to-day is very much in the films. Inexpedient as it may have been for her, "New York Nights" showed that she had a voice that would qualify her for the continuance of her career. She may even prove to be one of the brightest stars of the audible films. She has the character, the vitality, and when one scratches the surface of self-containment and repression, the magnificent enthusiasm that has already carried her far, and that will unquestionably carry her along the brilliant cinema highway. Above all, she is a wonderful woman.

Out of an English Novel

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He is depending upon a part which is being especially written for him in "Dancing Mothers" to sell him to the public. He doesn't seem to know that the sale has already been rung up.

He is beginning to pay more attention to his fan mail, which he says was so small—two hundred letters a month—before "Devil's Holiday" that he didn't want to remind the office force of it by asking to see it.

Phil is one of the few actors who follows his fellow players' careers with genuine interest. He spoke bit-

terly of the bad breaks Morgan Farley has had since coming out here.

On the other hand, he doesn't gush about what a happy family they are. There are many players whom he doesn't particularly fancy. He doesn't indulge in gossip or verbal criticism of them, however. He impersonates them. He is a clever mimic and if his victims could see him imitating them they would get a rude shock.

If Phil possesses any of the duller virtues like chastity or modesty, he keeps the fact to himself. He thinks a declaration of idealism, or a pro-

testation of "purity," the most absurd gesture a man could make.

The publicity department which has successfully sold Buddy Rogers to the world as being purer than Galahad, and almost as pure as Ramon Novarro, will find it rather difficult to groom Phil as his successor. His sense of the ridiculous is too keen.

He will mean a great deal to the screen and to the fans, this Phillips R. Holmes, but even if he were nothing else, he'd be a cultural influence. Fifteen minutes after meeting him I had developed an English accent.

How Lilyan Went Sophisticated

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"Then I began to study the hostesses at dinners and dances I went to, to see at whose houses people enjoyed themselves and when I found that out, I analyzed the successful affairs to see what had made them successful and the boring ones to find out why they had bored the guests."

"I discovered that in nine cases out of ten it was just knowing how to group your guests. If you have a large party you throw people together who have similar interests, and if it's a small one, you invite people who are congenial. You don't invite a

person to a small affair just because she happens to be a friend, no matter how much you may like her, if she doesn't fit in with the rest of your guests."

"Could that be the reason," I wondered, "I'm so seldom asked to your soirées? Should I subscribe for *Vanity Fair*, or would you advise me to take a course in 'how to be the life of the party in ten lessons?'"

"I'd advise you to subside if you want this story. There's too much wrong with you for anything to make

much difference—no matter what you studied."

"All right, proceed. We've got you dressed properly after several years, and you know whom to invite and when. What's next in this course of sophistication?"

"Having got your guests together, you must know how to entertain them and how to plan your dinner. I studied menus and diets until I could plan a perfectly balanced meal. If I have a heavy soup, I have a light dessert, and if I have a starchy vegetable, I don't have a starchy dessert,

et cetera. I haunted, and still do, all the novelty shops in town, so that when I entertain I have the newest and smartest favors."

"It may be so," I argued, "but the only thing you ever favor me with is a wisecrack."

"And then," she continued, "I realized there had to be conversation, whether it was at table, in the ball-room, or at bridge, or a crowd I was taking places. So I began studying books of all kinds—travel, adventure, novels, classics, furniture, period literature—so that I could talk on any subject that might be brought up.

"I read Emily Post and every other book on etiquette I could find, and read them openly and unashamed, because I wanted to know the proper thing to do and the right thing to say.

"And there were two things I learned. One is that your true sophistication is as much at her ease as a guest as she is as a hostess. She realizes that it is not fair to let the entire burden of entertainment rest on the hostess, and she keeps up her end of things.

"And the hardest thing of all to learn was not to be awed by people—and places. I am naturally shy and timid, and it took years before I could train myself not to stutter and become tongue-tied when I met a prominent person, or an extremely intelligent one, and to realize that I was fully capable of holding up my end of the conversation. Many people mistake my assurance for conceit, but it isn't that; it is simply a realization of my assets and complete confidence in them.

"As far as places go, most people give themselves away when they walk into a pretentious place by their attitude. The most casual onlooker can tell by their ill-at-easiness and the way they rubber around that they are not accustomed to frequenting places of the sort. No matter where I go I try to appear as though I were accustomed to going there every night of my life, and as though the place was a proper background for me.

"Does all this sound conceited to you?"

"Conceited?" I echoed. "Not at all! My absent-minded look was due to nothing more than wondering how to persuade you to tackle the job of making a sophisticate of me. What do you think?"

"I think the interview had come to a very logical and very satisfactory end, just before that last crack of yours. I'm so glad you like my fish pond. Drop in sometime," she added in her most sophisticated manner as I reddened in a most unsophisticated way.



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THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 16-L
585 Kingsland Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Lupe Denies All

Continued from page 34

shivered in her purple beach pajamas. Fiery Lupe has Garbo's peculiarly anemic temperament that calls for a high degree of external warmth.

I wish that all Lupe's fans might see her hair when the rays of the sun flood the luxuriant, red-black mass with a million gleaming tones. It is a fascinatingly beautiful sight. So thick and wavy does it grow that it is necessary to cut it out in handfuls that she may wear a hat. Certainly there is no more picturesque actress in Hollywood than Lupe Velez, with her rich coloring and bright, almond-shaped eyes.

I am convinced that the devil-may-care reputation with which Lupe has saddled herself is the result of a mistake which is frequently made by Latin women when coming to America. Many of them have been brought up under the strict protection of a chaperon, and the freedom which American women enjoy—and know how to use discreetly—so exhilarates their gay, electric spirits that they occasionally go to innocent excesses. It is the same principle that leads prohibition-bound Americans to make fools of themselves at foreign bars.

I had with me a current issue of PICTURE PLAY which Lupe perused with interest.

"I always read the fan letters first," said she, "and when I find a letter defending me, or saying nice things about me, it makes me so happy I want to kiss that fan. I would write and tell him how much I appreciate it, but I do have such a terrible time with my letters."

Lupe's letter writing is, indeed, something to consider. During the past two years she has written but one letter, and that required a whole day. There were several other attempts, but after long periods of labor the effusions always reached a state where not even the writer could make head or tail of them.

She read aloud from "What the Fans Think" such letters as pertained to herself. Lupe's English is improving and she reads with ease and understanding.

"Who gives me my bread and butter?" she asked. (She should have said lobster and avocado.) "The fans," she answered loyally. "I am

so grateful to them for going to see my pictures, paying their quarters and half dollars and seventy-five cents, that I would do anything to please them. I wish that you would tell them, my fans and all the writers who have said nice things about me, that they make me very happy and I would like to hug them."

The information is hereby broadcast and the line forms on the right.

As I am naturally lacking in originality, I could not resist asking a threadbare question about a certain gringo actor whose name has become synonymous with that of the little Mexican.

"You may say that I think Gary is a wonderful man," she replied with dignity, "but if I am engaged to him I wish some one would come and tell me. It is right that I should know, and I will find out, anyway, if it is true, but I wish some one would tell me now."

Evidently those headlines, those fervent kisses, those ardent declarations, those ear bitings, were merely demonstrations of international fraternity. We were a bunch of sillies ever to have taken the affair seriously, anyway, since we have had previous evidence of Mr. Cooper's hectic but futile romances. Cool, silent, Gary wears his romances like a bright boutonniere.

Lupe Velez's potentialities as an actress have been barely touched, and the screen is enriched by her presence. She is beginning to register protests against the cute madcaps she has played so often and is anxious to do more mature rôles. At present she is enthusiastic over the heroine of "Wild Orchard," and would like to depict her on the screen. This would be a splendid rôle for Lupe, one that would advance not only the career of the actress, but, if well produced, the artistic standing of the screen.

But what's the use? If this tragic Portuguese girl of the California fruit farms were brought to the screen her morals would be bleached, her surroundings cleaned up, and the story warped to the conventional mold. In the long run, Lupe would find herself portraying another pretty madcap. Too bad!

GARY

To those who work from nine to five,
He is the old West, young, alive;
The pungent breath of the sage at noon;
Shadow of buttes; a prairie moon.

RUTH PUTNAM KIMBALL.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 53

thoughtfully having a birthday right then, and of course the theater had to do something in honor of the event. Therefore every lady in the audience was given a gardenia corsage.

We understand that this thoughtful suggestion came from Ann herself.

A particularly large tribute of applause went to Ann herself and to Monroe Owsley, who played the brother in the film. Mary Astor, Robert Ames, and others shared in the loud approval. And everything pointed to the fact that Ann had made a distinct hit as a star, while her picture was grandly welcomed.

Weird Tales Circulate.

It's a curious thing how any sensational happening in Hollywood will start the rumors going. Right after Lina Basquette attempted suicide, reports sprang up that two or three other actresses were seeking the quietus of unhappy lives.

One of the most fantastic and widest spread of the rumors pertained to Janet Gaynor. It traveled like a prairie blaze all over the colony during a single evening, and caused a wild charge to be made on the Gaynor home at the beach by various news reporters, trying to verify it.

All the time, it turned out, Miss Gaynor was at a symphony concert at the Hollywood Bowl, blithely enjoying that event, and unconscious of how excited everybody was about her. Janet's affairs really are in better shape now, as regards her contract with Fox, than they have been for many months, and she has every reason to be happy on this account. The next picture she will appear in will be "The Man Who Came Back."

Great Acting Assured.

Good news is that George Arliss is to continue right on with his film career—perhaps indefinitely. Warner Brothers have him scheduled to make "The Devil" during this fall, and following that he will star in "The Ruling Passion." Both pictures were done by him in the silent, but not so successfully then. Many people, however, liked "The Ruling Passion"—the human story of the old gas-station proprietor.

Arliss' film "Old English," which we saw recently at a preview, brings him to the screen in an even finer characterization than "Disraeli."

A First Lady of Stage.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is another grand old-timer of the stage, who has been residing lately in Hollywood.

Her debut will be made in "The Play Called Life," a Fox picture. Those who have followed the theater for years will recall her for her triumphs in many Shaw and Pinero plays. She hasn't toured America now for more than a dozen years. Her home is in England, but like many others, she was attracted to the film colony by the glamour—whatever that may mean in this case—of the talkies.

Mike Experience Aids.

Radio stars seem to be having their day in movieland. One of the newest to arrive is Margaret Shilling, who broadcast each week over a nation-wide hook-up of stations. She was known as the RKO radio girl, which reminds one of the good old times, long gone, when picture stars themselves were referred to as the Biograph girl, or the Vitagraph girl.

Miss Shilling's first picture is "Children of Dreams." Sigmond Romberg secured her for this production—he being the composer—because she had pleased in the lead of his stage piece, "My Maryland," as well as because of her radio qualifications.

Miss Shilling is a dark-eyed brunette, not typically beautiful in a film sense, but with personality. The sentiment is that she may score a hit.

"Waiting at the Church."

One of the funniest sights we witnessed recently was a crowd of several hundred fans waiting around the door of the Embassy Club for the stars to come out from luncheon. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and there wasn't a star in the place. Nobody had taken the trouble to notify the audience that the show was all over for the day. And the least the club can do under the circumstances, we think, is to hire a ballyhooer regularly for the job.

Erich Visits Homeland.

Erich von Stroheim, if nothing goes amiss, will remake "Blind Husbands" as a talking picture. It was a great production of its day.

The work will not be started until Von returns from a visit to his mother in Europe. She has been ill, and he felt that he wanted most deeply to see her at this time.

Von hasn't been to his former homeland in years, and in newspaper articles during his absence he has been scorchingly condemned at times. However, he felt that he could now safely return without any bombs being thrown.

Continued on page 111

WHO MURDERED BENSEN?



Pollie baffled to find murderer who shot and killed Bensen in cold blood. Ten acquaintances of Bensen being held. According to Janitor's crew, the mysterious stranger seen leaving Bensen's room was bald. Five of Bensen's friends were found to be bald. Janitor then disclosed that murderer had a mustache. Six of the men have mustaches. Janitor adds that visitor's right ear was missing, that he had a scar on the left cheek and that he wore nose glasses. Three of the suspects were found to have an ear missing, four of them have a scar and three of them wear glasses. The man who committed the crime has all of the characteristics mentioned by the Janitor. Can you find him?



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A Peppy Little Dish

Continued from page 43

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with laughter. She would do all those silly steps and screw her face into ridiculous grimaces. And because she made them laugh, the judges gave her the cup.

Then came the final Statewide contest and Ginger conquered again. The prize was a six-week tour of Texas vaudeville theaters, and that was the beginning of her career. On her stop in Dallas I met her—a fourteen-year-old kid enjoying her first taste of success. Long-legged and skinny, Ginger wasn't pretty, but she had a sort of impishness that she's never lost.

"I'm not a dancer," she explained then, while applying heavy make-up with exaggerated flourishes. "I'm a singer. I'm going to be a big singer some day. I'm not the type to dance. I just do the Charleston for fun."

Recalling this, Ginger threw her head back and laughed infectiously. She's studying dancing now for her stage appearance this fall but, just as she predicted, her forte is blues singing.

For more than three years Ginger toured the country in innumerable Publix stage units. Mrs. Rogers gave up her newspaper job to accompany her daughter. Often friends advised her to take Ginger to Broadway.

"Not yet," replied Ginger's mother. "She's doing very well now and it's better to be singing in the sticks than broke and jobless on Broadway. This is good experience and when we do go to New York she will be ready for it."

A year ago Mrs. Rogers decided Ginger was "ready for it," so they came ahead. She began making the rounds of theatrical agencies, but found nothing except a week's engagement at the Brooklyn Paramount

Theater. There a scout saw her and she was offered a rôle in the Aarons and Freedley show, "Top Speed," one of the hits of last season. After that the movies were inevitable. Paramount gave her a rôle in the short, "A Night in a Girl's Dormitory," as a try-out, and then cast her as "Puff" in "Young Man of Manhattan."

Ginger was disappointed over missing a scheduled trip to Hollywood to play in Irving Berlin's "Reaching for the Moon," although her rôle in "Manhattan Mary" really offers more opportunity, for, she explained, she and Irving Berlin are old friends. In fact, she's a sort of protégée of his.

Incidentally, this young lady has a protégée, too, a little singer in Dallas. Ginger has invited her to come to New York where she'll "get her a screen test with Paramount and a try-out with Aarons and Freedley."

"Why shouldn't I?" inquired Ginger, when some one remarked that she's pretty young to have a protégée. "I've had so much luck I'd like to help my friends get a break."

It's somewhat incongruous to picture this gay little flapper as being married, but that's what she is. She has been Mrs. Jack Pepper since she was seventeen. Jack is a former Dallas boy and a vaudeville headliner. Ginger denies there's any trouble between her and Jack, but recently she's become rather reticent in speaking of her marriage. A few months ago it was her favorite topic of conversation. The answer is probably that she's been cautioned by the publicity department that the public likes its nineteen-year-old ingénues unmarried. However, now that Ginger's started, it's doubtful if anything can stop her, marriage, love, and other interests notwithstanding.

Wanted—Romance

Continued from page 49

"That is why an actor should keep his private life to himself—that is, up to a certain point. More players have been killed by mixing with the public than if they had appeared in a dozen poor pictures. By appearing in person a player loses all the glamour the fans bestow on him."

Mr. Garrick looked into the polished top of the desk, as if the dire fate of such rashness were pictured on it.

"Anyway," he went on, "what can most of us do before an audience? We can only say the same old thing,

"I'm so delighted to have this chance to meet you all face to face! et cetera." That sort of thing takes away the hero worship; it makes the actor subservient to the public. The fans are disillusioned at seeing their idol humbling himself before them.

"But then," Mr. Garrick said almost with a sigh of despair, "all glamour and illusion are dying out. The talkies have done it."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes. In silent pictures, the fans saw only the shadow of the actor. His manly gestures and heroic ac-

tions were what counted. His adorners mentally bestowed upon him all the heavenly gifts imaginable. A golden voice like no other on earth. But the talkies, being realistic, caused the actor to speak like an ordinary human being—in some cases, very ordinary."

We stared at each other. I nodded acquiescence. There was no gainsaying the fact.

"To prove that," John continued, in case there was a shadow of a doubt in my mind, "you can see how the talkies have killed stardom. All visionary glamour went out with the coming of cold reality."

In spite of cold reality, John Garrick essays to hold on to the pre-realistic era of moviedom. He intends to remain John Garrick, actor—Reginald Dandy, citizen.

I alluded to the farfetched situations in his first picture, "The Sky Hawk." Mr. Garrick, actor, rose to the defense.

"I have never yet discovered what people mean by coincidence and reality," he declared, as we arose and wended our way to the studio restaurant.

"You hear people say, 'They've pulled the long arm of coincidence out of joint to make up this plot.' Others declare a picture to be 'far from life.' Well, if stories were written in exact imitation to life, they'd be very dull. On some occasions, there'd be no story at all.

"Paradoxical as it may sound, the oddest, most fantastic events often occur in real life. So no one can truly say that this or that is beyond belief."

"There are more things in heaven and earth—" I started to declaim, when I caught sight of Mona Maris at a near-by table.

Before I forget it, I might add that John is soon to marry. You recollect the dear girl I mentioned earlier? Well, she it is who is to be the bride.

Now you can understand why Mr. Garrick came to California—why he clings to romance—why he deems coincidence not so odd after all—the why of it all.

But as Mona Maris was now returning to her set, I jumped up and almost vaulted the table to catch up with the Argentine charmer.

Before I forget my manners, allow me to add that John Garrick—in spite of the dearth of romance and glamour—is leaving his mark on each picture he makes. Possessed of the necessary looks, a good voice, natural acting, the fellow is getting over.

I might have delved into deeper things with Mr. Garrick, but he had to get back to work. And, as already mentioned, Mona Maris had crossed our vision. Choosing between an interview and Mona, the interview is deserted.

In any case, you have met John Garrick. Let it suffice.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 109

David Discovered.

"Tol'able David" is an assured fact now. The chap to play the hero—brand-new to the screen—has been discovered. His name is Richard Cromwell. That is his film name, anyway; his real one is Roy Rada-baugh.

We understand that more than one hundred tests were made for this character, before the choice was finally effected. And young Cromwell had to argue his way into the office of the producer, and then talk pretty fast to get his chance.

It is a true good-luck story for this youth, since he and his mother were dependent upon their own efforts for a living, his mother working as a stenographer. As soon as he got the job in "Tol'able David" he told her to quit.

Now if luck in the movies persists, it may prove to be a good idea, but so often these "finds" for a big rôle scarcely ever have anything else come their way that is half as good.

The Vanishing Independents.

Soon there will be no more stars working freely and independently. The old guard is dwindling. There remain now only Charles Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. One might also include Gloria Swanson who maintains her own organization.

The latest surrender is that of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Henceforth they will make their pictures for Joseph Schenck, as head of United Artists, which they themselves originally formed with Chaplin and D. W. Griffith—the famous "Big Four."

The two stars have disbanded most of their own camp followers, and are now but a unit in the studio which they once completely controlled.

An arrangement like this is advantageous in one way. Doug and Mary will not have to spend their own money on their pictures, as they have done in the past.

But it seems a bit sad to see this passing of the old régime.

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By Vivian Grey

She was rich. And he was poor. She gave him up because she didn't want to break his mother's heart, the heart of the woman who had saved and scrimped so that he might go to college and get away from the manual labor that seemed destined for him.

It was an impulsive act, the sort of thing she was always doing, for at the start she had acted on impulse when she left her luxurious home to cast in her lot with the humble folk on the other side of the creek. It was impulse that sent her out at midnight to make her own way in the world, alone, with no money in her purse. And when Phil Rhoades found her and would bring her back, she refused, for she was determined that she would not stand in the way of the career of the man she loved.

In a way, it is true that most of us act on impulse at one time or another, trusting somehow to the hidden voices within us that our actions may be for the best. The author of this absorbing story tells what may happen when we make impulse the guide to life. It is a story of youth in the grip of a great love that is here before us, a book that we do not lay aside until the last page is read, and one that we take up again, for it is well worth the rereading.

75c 75c



Oklahoma Defies Broadway

Continued from page 55

with the promised association of a director and star with whom she loved to work, Kay finally signed the little scrap of paper.

Following "Gentlemen of the Press" and the Marx Brothers' "Conquers," Miss Francis was signed to a Paramount contract and shipped to Hollywood. She had, at the time of writing, just finished "Raffles," with Ronald Colman, having been borrowed by United Artists for this picture.

In the recent "For the Defense," with William Powell, and in the Colman opus, she was given her best cinematic opportunities so far. Playing a heavy in her first film threatened, in the way of movies, to doom her to a succession of villainous rôles.

"What I'd like to do," she said, "is women of the sort Katharine Cornell plays. They are living, breathing people, women whose very vitality makes them dramatically interesting. When you get such characters to analyze and project, then you really know why you insisted on turning actress."

Asked if she had made this quite reasonable suggestion for herself to the studio, Kay made vigorous denial.

"I'm no fixture yet. Give them time to find out whether or not I am a potential flop. Doing a few plays doesn't necessarily qualify me for pictures. I'm still learning the trade."

If you ask me—and please do—I think she already knows it rather well. A good trouser is a good trouser, whether lighted by footlights or by Kleigs. Kay's performance in "Street of Chance" was authoritative and sensitive, and in "Raffles" she comes fully into her own.

"No one could give a really bad

performance in a Colman picture," she said. "He is so delightful to work with that the whole company is keyed up to him. Although I did attempt to demolish him one day, poor dear. I had on a very elegant gown, with train, and was to make an entrance. I swept in, feeling quite effective—and tripped over a rug and fell headlong, bringing Ronnie and a couple of chairs down with me. Francis, the human butterfly!"

Even the publicity departments, that most hard-boiled studio element, adore Kay Francis. And this, in spite of the major difficulty she gives them in the matter of information. Nonplused by the ten-page form she was requested to fill out with her likes, dislikes, waist measurement, et cetera, she blithely copied the answers put down by the star sitting next to her on the set. When asked her opinion of screen kisses, she tells the p. d. to make up an opinion for her and anything they say will be all right.

"Hobbies seem to be terribly important. And I haven't any. I have a dog and a cat and a canary and a lot of goldfish, but they aren't hobbies. But I suppose, sooner or later, I'll be caught in a weak moment and they'll run a picture of Miss Francis, that irrepressible child of nature, romping among her goldfish."

She wears clothes like no one else along our Boulevard, drives a Ford coupé, calls her Scottish terrier Snifter, because he is a snifter of Scotch, has been married, but isn't now, likes California, because it is a good place to work and is near Honolulu, is punctual for appointments, and she is altogether a most ingratiating person.

They Faw in Luck

Continued from page 64

Neither has "gone Hollywood"—possibly because both have lived here so long and have seen too many exaggerated egos. Hardy out of make-up might be mistaken for a well-to-do business man with a good story and a smile. Stan Laurel, good-natured chap with sandy hair, engaging blue eyes, a warmth in his greeting, might well be classed as a Boulevard sheik, but he exhibits none of the traits of the ogler.

Both realize that while they are going like a million now, they will in time cease to be in vogue.

"We'll be washed up some day," says Laurel. "When that time comes

we expect to go on the road with a feature-length comedy for the stage. Vaudeville offers galore have come, but have been refused. We did put on a clothes-ripping sketch in San Francisco some months ago, but that has been our only public appearance, and we do not expect to repeat it. Vaudeville, with its three or four shows a day, does not appeal to us in the least."

In the interim, they will pantomime their way through pictures, speaking as few lines as possible. Because they know that action is their forte. And the world will continue to guffaw and howl.

Who Knows the Rest?

Continued from page 83

pretty girls with sweet voices. Early, but our weary old world lacks happily married lovers. Such a dear boy, too. You can't—you dare not!—shatter their beautiful romance for a hollow thing like fame."

So they rode back to Hollywood and Lydia commenced her campaign to force Boasberg to buy the talkie rights to "Ashes of Roses." But after three days of this sort of thing, Paragon Pictures came out with an announcement that they had acquired all rights to the old story for their star, Maurice Cavalier. Lydia and Marsh met at the Brown Derby to commiserate with each other at luncheon. It was Wednesday and all the old guard were present.

Suddenly, through the door, came a girl and a boy. She was dressed in the style of the day after tomorrow, but still she was the loveliest, freshest-looking thing in that giddy crowd. The boy, with an air of ownership, brought her proudly to a stop at Marsh's table.

"Say," he cried, "why didn't you hang around the other day and wait till I had digested what you was tryin' to tell us?" He glanced at the silent Lydia and grinned. "I guess she was dead against it, eh? It wasn't till after you was gone that I recognized you, Mr. Marsh. Been puttin' on a little weight, eh? Well, Maybelle and me put our heads together—and I guess we doped it out right, too. For I took her out to Paragon, introducin' myself as the little lady's manager, and the studio, after listenin' to me, immediately gave us a contract for her to play opposite Maurice Cavalier. Our thanks to you, old chap, for puttin' me wise!"

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

quiet corner and works them off by making hooked rugs. I wonder if Paramount ever thought of getting Nancy Carroll to take up fancy work.

"Now that Norma Shearer has retired, I wonder if they won't let Joan do some light comedies."

"Don't you ever get a chance to laugh at home? Don't go putting ideas in any one's head about making any more comedies. When I go to the theater I want a good cry. And until some one else makes a good sobber with Beryl Mercer"—she went on reaching over to my pocketbook and appropriating my handkerchief—"you'll find me leading the weeping at 'Common Clay.'"

And you will find me trailing after the pictures of the Marx Brothers.

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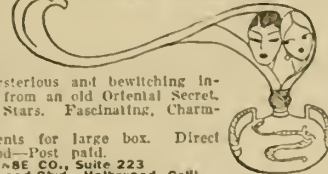
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PREFERRED PUBLICATIONS

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Jacks of Queer Trades

Continued from page 90

catch voices at unusual angles beforehand, thus saving time next day when the scene is shot.

The paint tester, by means of his little glasses, judges how sets will photograph in color. The plumber, with a sort of fire engine, sends smoke, noise, and water through pipes and various contrivances to radiators, jets, fountains and such effects.

The grass grower contrives a carpet more realistic than the old hemp mat, from seed grown through a special kind of burlap, which is rolled and put away to "age," then spread on the set and actually watered and mowed! An employee doubles for a spider, weaving webs of spun glue blown with a tiny electric fan, and manufactures dust and frost. They can douse the "bullfrog"—the booming voice—by muffling it electrically, but the firing of a gun would wreck the mechanism. So an explosive expert makes blank cartridges which record with the right volume of sound.

Tests made for such sounds as thunder, rain, bells, and every sort of incidental noise, produce weird detonations until modified by the sound-effect department. An elevated's rumble is obtained by drawing skates across a bare floor. They are rapidly evolving a library of sounds from the tick of a watch to a collection of hiccups, such as dented the sound track in Barrymore's "The Man from Blankley's," and every kind of animal's cry.

An increase of twenty-five per cent of labor on the sets is due to the need of more electricians to operate the larger number of lamps and the forced use of "rifles," as incandescents are called in studio argot. They are more delicate to handle. Additional "grips" move the heavy sound equipment and more camera men shoot several angles of each scene at once, so that the recorded sound track matches the action, no matter whether it be a long shot or close-up.

Two new departments, whose work is both audible and visible, have been created, the dance and music branches. Pearl Eaton, of RKO, Larry Ceballos, of Warners, Albertina Rasch, of M.-G.-M., Richard Boleslavsky, of Pathé, and other dancing instructors have under contract forty or more show girls, who are kept in constant training for ballet and chorus routines.

The musical spectacles call upon the resources of large staffs of composers. Such maestros as Josiah Zuro, of Pathé, and Victor Baravalle, of RKO, direct the research and composition work of lyricists, composers, musicians of many talents, and orchestras that play during production.

Vocal coaches, Frank Reicher, Helen Ware, and others, teach diction or build up the players' voices for singing numbers.

Nor must we forget the additions to the personnel department, where these various employees are engaged, and the new clerks who make out the augmented pay rolls!

It's Smart to be Thrifty

Continued from page 105

"After all, when one dashes from picture to picture, and also tries to run a home efficiently, there aren't many hours free to spend in the stores. So when I do take the time to rifle the shops, I buy enough to last for a long time.

"And I find that things don't wear out as fast if you change oftener—even though you haven't actually bought a greater number of garments at the end of the year."

These girls are only a few examples of a trend that is sweeping not only Hollywood, but the entire country.

Kay Johnson selects a group of frocks which she really likes, and wears them over and over again.

Edwina Booth, too, makes her comparatively small salary cover a multi-

tude of needs by budgeting every expenditure and buying carefully.

And buying carefully has come to mean choosing clothes that will last. Regardless of the climate of any specific town the same thing is true. These modern fashions are offering us all the opportunity to cut down on our clothing bills. Because we can dress more specifically to our own type, we can choose just the frock suited to us. And it will last longer, not only actually, but in our liking for it.

So, if we only watch the costumes of some of our movie favorites, choose a wrap suited to our own locality, and adapt the ideas to our individual requirements, there is no reason why we can't profit from the examples of these girls who have made a study of correct, smart dressing.

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 91

you use your hunch in everything you do. This last is the strongest element of power in your material activity. Any work you do ought somehow to be connected with art and beauty and have an appeal to women, for you yourself are always happiest when you are attentive to and are praised by women. You are proud, even a bit vain, and although you have no objection to asserting yourself strongly among men, any woman can wind you around her little finger by telling you how wonderful you are. But you really do give in return for what you get, for you are truly generous. You are always at a woman's elbow to help her at the curb, you run errands, you waste hours doing an unnecessary favor, but you can always be depended on to do the big favor that the other men shy at. On the whole, you don't get one per cent of the appreciation you deserve. "Good old George," they say, and let it go at that. You even do the same kind of thing for men, and over and over again you have had cause to regret it. Let others hustle for themselves, as you have to. They will give you more sincere respect, if not so much soft soap, in the end. You were a very bright little boy in school, and at about seventeen you were very fond of a certain girl, but she wouldn't take you seriously. You also had a little trouble with your chest. Financially you have done very well for your age, and you will continue to do so for the rest of your life. If you are not married now, you will surely marry within a year, but you will be divorced at about fifty, and will very soon marry again.

L. H. C. T., April 25, 1903.—You certainly are in a quandary right now, aren't you, with more admirers than you know what to do with! One has been married before, one has the most money—and you can't help thinking about him, because money has been very, very low for the past few years—and the one you love best, but you keep on wondering whether you do or not. Admit it, dear, and marry him right away, for you will be very happy together. You simply overflow with charm and attractiveness, now more than you ever did since you were eighteen, and I want you to get the benefit of it. You also have a lot of artistic ability, and that is the only line in which you may have earned money yourself so far, at least with any success. You have had so much trouble and unhappiness since your first marriage and widowhood that you wonder if it is going to last forever. No, dear, it is not; it is over right now, and nothing like it will come back for many, many years, if ever, because I hope that your next husband will give you a hundred times better vibrations in your name than your first husband did. You ask if you would always have been happy together. He was very lovable and kind and had a wonderful way of knowing what you wanted before you asked for it. But the trouble in your name was there, no matter how long he might have lived, and the kind of happiness you were looking for could only have lasted a few years, no matter what. So forget all that old trouble and look for satisfaction and success now. You will always have some difficulty in love, because of your name at birth, but you have such a sweet nature that I am sure you can learn to overcome trouble as it appears. Don't go out of your way to borrow it.

A. I. M. L., March 16, 1885.—You are

very quick, active, intelligent because of your birth path of five, and this is a number that can never be taken away from you. No matter what happens, you can think it over and figure how to make use of it. You were a very delightful, attractive young girl, and what you wanted was an ideal love. Nothing could have made you marry a man you did not love very deeply, for the sake of his money. I believe that you married at some time between twenty-two and twenty-five, and that your husband had already been married before. You surely must have had a little boy within two or three years, didn't you? Since marriage you have become unusually positive and determined. You run the house the way you want it, or you will know the reason why. But you are so warm-hearted and understand people's motives and desires so clearly, and are so fair in dealing with them, that they do not mind your being just a little bit bossy. They like it because they like you. But don't try to make them too much of a chalk line, will you? Ease up a little now and then, even if it hurts. It will do good, not harm, and you will be in a stronger position than ever. You have real speaking ability, although you may never have tried it out, and would do wonderfully well on a platform, where your great intuition in business affairs will bring you real success. You have been bothered a lot for the past twenty years with some chronic chest trouble, like bronchitis, and in the past four years you had a very bad time with it. You can be sure, however, that you will never suffer like that again, but will get better daily and hourly from now on, with real power and activity for the rest of your life.

N. D., May 11, 1910.—You have a wonderful name, dear, with fine positive numbers in every large digit. It gives you beautiful, strong, active qualities, but the numbers are so placed that they do not give you much money, except through hard work. Even then you will never earn as much as your gifts are really worth. You are fiery, independent, very, very honest and sincere, intelligent, creative, intuitive. What more could I say? You know how to use language, whether you have really studied much or not, and can speak and write equally well. One thing will not, I admit, be what you might wish, and that is love. In a way you are so impulsive, quite hot-tempered, and fussy as to truthfulness and exactness, that you scare the boys off before they have a chance to find out what a grand girl you are. No petting parties for you! They make you sick! Heaven knows that I don't want you to go in for anything like that. You couldn't if you tried. But let your intuition and your kindness guide you more than your head, and you will be much happier, unless, of course, you would rather live without the boys at all. I admit that you can have a very active, very interesting life by yourself, but it would certainly grow lonely. You will indeed be able to marry for real, ideal love, but for that you must wait another twenty years! In the meantime you can find the kind of love most people marry for, or live for a nice home, but you are not the kind whom that will really satisfy. You are a very busy, very successful girl right now, for your age, and you will keep this up until you are twenty-eight. Then you may—mind you, I say may—possibly fall for that man who can help to support you!

Continued on page 117

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What No Star Can Tell

Continued from page 98

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The Front-page Girl

By Jack Bechdolt

Now, the city room of a newspaper is about the last place in the world to look for romance. Newspaper men are notoriously hard-boiled, or at least they like to give the impression that they are. They would have you believe that they have seen so much of life that it no longer holds any mysteries for them. When a newspaper man comes in the door, love is popularly supposed to fly out of the window.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, love did somehow manage to assume an all-important rôle in the particular newspaper which is featured in this unusual and fast-paced novel—love and its black shadow, jealousy. Here is a story that moves with the breath-taking rapidity of the news itself. It's the story of a girl, sick of the quiet of a little town, who comes to New York to plunge into the hurly-burly of metropolitan life at its very heart. How she makes good, and what happens in the making are told by Jack Bechdolt, himself an experienced newspaper man, in magnificently moving style. "The Front-page Girl" is a real headliner.

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brought to the rescue and contributed "Love's Blindness," a typical Glyn extravaganza, to the cause of Pauline, and Miss Starke emerged with the greatest lot of sex appeal it was ever my misfortune to see. From that time she was loaded down with a jungle of ornamental trappings that would have dismayed Gloria Swanson in her "high-society" days. Pauline's attempts at worldliness only elicited laughter. Poor Pauline!

The popularity of Dolores del Rio, of Aileen Pringle, and of Constance Bennett may be attributed in each instance to a different kind of admiration. In the case of Miss del Rio, it is for her beauty and artistic acting; it is Aileen Pringle's poise and fine manners, and Constance Bennett's chic.

Irene Rich appeals to older fans for her refinement and beauty. The same applies to Lois Wilson. Although fans may not possess scores of portraits of them, the quaint drollery of Louise Fazenda, Zasu Pitts, and Polly Moran has endeared them to thousands, and the delightful antics of Marie Dressler are fast endearing her likewise.

Audiences have quickly taken Lupe Velez to their hearts, because of her irresistible vivacity and the warmth of her portrayals. Mary Nolan, in her first starring picture, was welcomed by both fans and critics. Such actresses as Laura La Plante, Loretta Young, Anita Page, Mary Brian, Marian Nixon, and Sue Carol enjoy consistent popularity, but lack of distinction keeps them from being in any way a sensation. Fans like Janet Gaynor for her winsome appeal, Dolores Costello for her delicate beauty, and Lila Lee for her quiet sincerity. Players like Jane Winton, Dorothy Revier, Jacqueline Logan, Eve Southern, and Edna Murphy do not shine brightly, because they are usually submerged in unimportant films, where even a good performance doesn't insure public notice. Doris Kenyon, Lois Moran, Virginia Valli, and Mary Astor lack a certain something to make them interesting in the public eye.

Bessie Love's popularity is due to her naturalness and her jolly per-

sonality. She is the girl everybody would like for a friend, and audiences find themselves romping about with her in her screen adventures. Dorothy Sebastian is kept from top-notch popularity by indifferent casting. "Spite Marriage" and "The Unholy Night" made an actress of Dorothy, but what is Metro-Goldwyn doing for her now? Other players, like Hedda Hopper, Julia Faye, Margaret Livingston, and Myrna Loy are always well cast, and appear so frequently that audiences become familiar with them.

For the most part, the stage stars who have succeeded in storming the studio gates have been quite coolly welcomed by film audiences. Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, and Kay Francis, however good their performances may be, will have to labor long and earnestly before they take a place beside Garbo, Del Rio, Crawford, and Dove. So the fans find themselves unwittingly deciding the battle of the stage and the screen.

On the other hand, sometimes old-timers of the screen return to find a royal welcome awaiting them. Not always, but often. When we hear and see such long-past favorites as Ruth Roland, Blanche Sweet, Mildred Harris, and Ethel Clayton blooming anew in the talkies, I wonder how the fans accept them. The least they do is to recognize their old friends.

The phrase, "my dear public," should be more than that to the stars, for though they may not always realize it, it is their dear public that judges them, judges their acting and their contracts and their futures. It is their dear public that applauds and remembers, but it is the same public that criticizes and forgets. The entire outcome of any star's career hinges on public approval, which tops any other source of recognition. "Playing to the audience" is quite as applicable to the screen as to the stage, for nearly any actress who has suddenly found herself in oblivion will tell you that a nice, overripe tomato from the balcony would have prevented the unpleasant state of discord in which she is languishing.

SHATTERED SILENCE

| | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Little girl, you looked so sweet | When you laughed, why I laughed, too; |
| Dancing on your twinkling feet; | When you cried—gee! I felt blue. |
| You were grace personified | Then you ruined everything— |
| When you did that fairy glide; | Who on earth said you could sing? |

L. B. BIRDSALL.

The Mystery of Your Name

Continued from page 115

H. L. S., January 12, 1908.—You have remarkable acting ability, my dear boy, in your name itself, but it is going to take really superhuman self-control and intelligence on your part to put this ability to work and succeed in it. You have the number of cross-bearing and trouble as the path of your birth, and no matter how well you succeed, something is going to cut you off from it, over and over again, unless you have the grit to stick it out, start over again if necessary, and use every knock as a boost. You will be tempted to blame others all the time, because of the knowledge of your own ability, but you will be wrong. The vibration is in yourself, and you positively need it to learn to overcome the negation and be the fine person you are able to be. The greatest element of your success and your failure lies in the number two of your emotional life. You are very, very sensitive, touchy, imaginative, very easily affected by anything others may say or think about you, or by what you imagine they think. You are also a wonderful attraction to women, and they will always pester the life out of you. Don't flatter yourself—they would do it just the same to a stupid, ignorant man with the same inborn magnetism. But this is a marvelous asset on the stage or before the camera, because you catch and hold your audience by your very presence, man or woman makes no difference. And you are simply crazy about girls yourself—that is the dangerous part. You will lose your head many, many times, and much else with it, unless you learn to drive yourself with a tight rein. You will be very successful financially at times. Salt the money away safely, if you do not want to die poor.

R. L. T., June 16, 1887.—Well, my dear sir, I wish a name like yours had been mine from the first! For the past three years you have had a number of misfortunes, to be sure, and a good deal of unhappiness, but you will use this, as you do every kind of negation, for ultimate understanding of life, power, and success. You have the name of a man who can become a really great universal artist, able to express himself in almost any medium he takes up. All of life is within you, you are not a lost speck in the vastness of it. You are the master of your environment by a combination of forcefulness and understanding, not by determination alone. Everything that you do is beautifully planned and beautifully executed. You can't stand loose ends. As a young man you were immensely attractive to and attracted to girls, and you were certainly deeply in love at about twenty-two to twenty-five. But it is quite possible that

your life was so full of artistic activity and creation that you poured your whole soul into that for many years. Between thirty-six and forty you fell seriously, completely in love for the first time, in the sense that it was not merely the fire of youth that burned within you. A man with the Number Six as the total digit of his name, like you, can marry at almost any time in his life, but there has always been cross-bearing in your love since you were a young man, and I cannot promise that you will ever escape this. You have the power to live above it if you will. You are very fiery and impulsive, and have fine ability as a public speaker or writer. You have all the money you feel you need right now, which is true wealth, but even as the world measures wealth you are bound to become a very rich man.

M. F. C., October 15, 1904.—You are one of the world's kindest, most generous and warm-hearted girls, dear, but it is not bringing you any returns in love or money or gratitude so far, I know. What you want more than anything else is a happy home and children. Right now there seems to be a chance for them. You know at least one man—and if you do not yet know the other, you will soon—who could offer you what you want and who likes you. I will confess to you that your large digit in love is a sign of difficulty to be overcome and of shadows now and then. But you have the number of love on the material side, which means that you will succeed best if you do not think of the material, physical results more than about dreams and impractical romance. Marriage to you, no matter how much you and your husband love each other, will be practical and you will be most satisfied in that way. So marry now, when you can, or wait about two years more and you will have two to choose from. You have a great deal of originality and creative power, and one thing you must avoid like the plague is dwelling on possible misfortune or failure. You will be planting and sowing and watering the seed of failure right before your own eyes. Keep your whole attention fixed on successful achievement and you will attain it, as this particular effect is part of your most powerful vibration. And remember that you can cause yourself a dreadful lot of grief by doing too much for other people, without doing them any good in the end. You have been doing that all your life, haven't you? Before you were seven you had burdens to hear, and between fourteen and twenty-one things were pretty awful. But you can improve them now.

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"I haven't taken that up yet."

Then she was photographed in front of a bookcase, with that volume of Schopenhauer that got so much publicity a while ago.

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Rosma goes to Landon and tells him that she will marry him, but he refuses, saying that he is not the marrying sort. She leaves him depressed, defeated. Things look black for the girl, and then of a sudden a situation develops which sweeps the reader along in its furious pace.

"Auctioned Off" is a love story very much in the tempo of the times, done with deep feeling and an eye for the dramatic which is characteristic of all its talented author's work. It belongs on your book shelf.

75c

75c



A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 70

"Beau Bandit"—RKO. Pleasant entertainment, with Rod La Rocque as gaudily clothed bad man, with a clever sense of justice. A villain hires the bandit to murder his rival in love. George Duryea, Doris Kenyon, Mitchell Lewis, Charles B. Middleton.

"Rough Romance"—Fox. Superb scenery is background of ordinary lumber-camp yarn. George O'Brien proves that he is excellent in talkies, as lumberjack in love with storekeeper's daughter. Some shady deals brew trouble. Heroine is Helen Chandler. Antonio Moreno, Noel Francis, Eddie Borden.

"Florodora Girl, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much-heralded film is disappointing, if you expect too much. Supposed to be life in gay '90s, but incorrect as to details. Marion Davies excellent as vapid show girl of past. Lawrence Gray all right as leading man.

"Lady of Scandal, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drawing-room drama with the old, reliable plot of show girl and gentleman of birth, and hostility of gentleman's family. English accent rampant. Ruth Chatterton wasting her talent, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Forbes, Nance O'Neil.

"Born Reckless"—Fox. Gunman glorified in underworld film, well directed and acted. Catherine Dale Owen as society queen, Edmund Lowe as hard-boiled hero, though miscast. Excellent rôles by Paul Page, Lee Tracy, Ben Bard, Warren Hymer.

"Ladies of Leisure"—Columbia. A party girl falls in love with an artist, who, like most screen artists, has a grand dame of a mother whose objections make the plot go round. Barbara Stanwyck good. Ralph Graves, Lowell Sherman, Marie Prevost, Nance O'Neil. Humor saves it.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless. Frenchman brought to this country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American's daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and win the girl, too? Voilà! Claudette Colbert good.

"Man from Blankley's, The"—Warner. John Barrymore in broad farce, as nobleman taken for a hired "guest" to fill in, because he becomes drunk and gets into wrong house. Emily Fitzroy, Loretta Young, the latter turning out to be the visitor's old sweetheart.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Winifred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all do-

ing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"On the Level"—Fox. Decidedly below level is the plausibility of this story of sweetly trustful steel worker, Victor McLaglen, and vampish member of crook gang, Lilyan Tashman. The latter gives picture certain attraction. William Harrigan, Fifi Dorsay.

"Sweet Mamma"—First National. Tedious jumble of night-club stuff, bogus money, gangsters, and such, too dull to be relieved by Alice White's acting or shapeliness of her legs. Kenneth Thomson as gangster is nice business man. David Manners, Rita Flynn, Robert Elliott.

"Swing High"—Pathé. Drama under the big tent fifty years ago, with young love, a hard-drinking vamp, and banjo-playing swain, plus a big accident aloft. Helen Twelvetrees wistful as the girl; Fred Scott the warbling boy friend; Dorothy Burgess the siren who lays it on thick. Several others in bits.

"Sweethearts and Wives"—First National. Billie Dove in another film that does not quite make the grade, as English noblewoman disguised as maid. She remains a good amateur. Sidney Blackmer and Leila Hyams clope, quarrel, and are involved in murder investigation. Clive Brook, John Loder present.

"Love Among the Millionaires"—Paramount. Be nice to youthful railroaders in overalls, or little Cinderella won't make Park Avenue. A nice bit of baloney for studio walls. Clara Bow, as hash-house girl, is nice to Stanley Smith. Stuart Erwin, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green.

"Bad One, The"—United Artists. Another of those pictures in which the bad girl is really and truly a good little girl just being cute, you know, even though an inmate of a dive. Dolores del Rio's début in all-talking film. Edmund Lowe, minus uniform, much himself. There's a murder charge and a flight.

"One Romantic Night"—United Artists. Lillian Gish's long-delayed talkie début adds nothing to the glory of Gish or screen. Reminds one of church theatricals. Incident in life of stuffed royal robes and uniforms. Rod La Rocque, Conrad Nagel, Marie Dressler, O. P. Heggie.

"In Gay Madrid"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither gay nor in Madrid, it is a college-campus film supposed to be a chapter in the life of a gay young chap whose many loves make up his education. Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Jordan, Lottice Howell, and numerous others.

"Redemption"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tolstoi's "Living Corpse," without philosophy and analysis of character, is thin remnant, not compensated by John Gilbert's acting. Hero falls in love with fiancée of friend, marries her, later pretends suicide so wife can marry his friend. Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adorée.

"Ship from Shanghai, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. It carries a cargo of ranting. Steward gains control of ship, starves the men, "leers" at the leading lady. Just before the great sacrifice, heroine cries, "You're mad!" and the poor nut leaps overboard to death, and the girl is saved from a "fate worse than death." Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Carmel Myers.

"Captain of the Guard"—Universal. Bombastic and dull, yet pretentious story of French Revolution. Laura La Plante as leader of rebel group. John Boles pleasing singer but inadequate actor. One big scene not enough to lift childish operetta.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

PEGGY DERVIN.—No, it isn't unusual to write information to The Oracle—and ask me, am I grateful! Try as I may, I can't know everything. I passed along last month the information you contribute. I'm still sticking to my story that Joan Crawford was born in 1906. You're right; when Doug, Jr., entered pictures, his birth date was given as December 10, 1910. I heard reports at that time that he was really older than that, but I have never been able to verify his exact age.

NIGGAR.—Alas for those hopes that your answers would come out in the next issue. They never, never do—and can't. First come, first served. Just Hollywood, California, would reach Dick Grace. If it is possible to get stills of the plane crashes in "Wings," the Paramount studio is the place to send for them. Dorothy Lee is about eighteen and can be reached at RKO studios. Anita Page is twenty.

MISS X. Y. Z.—Send a quarter to the Metro-Goldwyn studio for Norma Shearer's picture. Norma doesn't sing, because she has not a singing voice. John Boles is American and married to Marcelite Dobbs. Jeanette MacDonald is twenty-three and single.

MADMOISELLE LA CONTE.—What a fancy signature! Fay Wray was born in Wrayland, Alberta, Canada. Her parents moved to Salt Lake City, where Fay went to school, until, because of her screen ambitions, her parents went to Hollywood. She attended high school there. She went with her mother to the casting office of Century Comedies and the producer, seeing her, offered her a job. She played small rôles with various companies until Von Stroheim engaged her for "The Wedding March." Her parents now live in Hollywood. Fay has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet three and weighs 114.

E. C.—Robert Montgomery is, these days, why girls leave home to go to the movies. He was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He married Elizabeth Allen in 1928, and the stork is now expected.

DOROTHY LEE.—I suppose the tallest woman in pictures might now be considered Charlotte Greenwood, who played the title rôle in "So Long, Letty." Charlotte



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Select the movie star you like best from the ten names listed below (it must be one of the ten pictured here) and then think up a nickname that will be easy to remember—which "just fits" that movie star. It's the latest fun game. I will show you how. For example, here are some nicknames of other stars. Mary Pickford is called "America's Sweetheart"; John Gilbert "The Screen's Most Romantic Hero"; Lon Chaney is often called "The Man of a Thousand Faces." You see how easy it is, but I want YOU to send me a good nickname for your favorite star among the ten pictured in this nd.

Send the name of the movie star you have selected as your favorite (only one name accepted from a person). Send your suggestion for his or her nickname, no matter what it is, on a post card or letter and you will be qualified for this wonderful opportunity to win one of ten prizes of \$600.00 each (or a brand new latest model Chevrolet 2-door Sedan).

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is high onto six feet. Usually, however, five feet six is the maximum height for a girl to be considered for the screen. Gwen Lee is five feet seven, as is Alma Rubens. There are no movie schools recognized by the motion-picture industry. In these days of talkies, one's best chances lie in making good first on the stage, and then trying for films.

E. S.—The prison scenes in "The Big House" were made at the studio, with sets. Stanley Smith is twenty-three.

LEWIS THOMPSON.—I don't know just what address would reach Lya de Putti, as she has long since left the movies. She is in New York now to try the stage. No, she isn't married. Marian Nixon is Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr. Mary Nolan is five feet six, Richard Walling about six feet. Ramon Novarro gives his height as five feet ten.

A VALLEE FAN.—Then you'll be distressed to learn that no more movies are planned for Rudy just now—he's better on the radio. He was born in 1903. I doubt if he answers fan mail, but you can write him in care of National Broadcasting Company, Fifth Avenue, New York. He has no fan club that I know of. A fan club is an organization in tribute to some movie star, the members of which correspond with one another. Robert Montgomery is twenty-six, John Holland thirty. Margaret Mann was born in Aberdeen, Scotland; Janet Gaynor in Philadelphia; Loretta Young in Salt Lake City; Sally Blane in Salida, Colorado; Greta Garbo in Stockholm, and John Boles in Greenville, Texas. Estelle Taylor was born on May 20th; June Marlowe and Paul Ellis on November 6th.

MISS VIRGINIA MENZEL.—Rudy Vallée has blond hair and gray eyes—see above. His real name is Hubert Prior Vallée. His marriage occurred about three years ago and was annulled after three months. I don't know about brothers and sisters. Rudy is American. Mary Brian is twenty-two, five feet two, and weighs 105. Dark-brown hair, hazel eyes. Nancy Carroll is five feet three and weighs 116. Clara Bow is a half inch taller and weighs a pound less.

SAMMY.—My old detective instinct tells me you're competing in one of these con-

tests, and wanting me to do all the work. Marguerite Churchill was the young actress who made her film debut in "The Valiant." She is being teamed now with Russell Gleason. David Rollins is the actor who is noted for shy boy rôles. Jeanette Loff was once an organist. It was Doris Hill in "The Better 'Ole." James Murray was once a theater doorman. As to who was once an insurance agent before his movie career began—with the world just full of insurance agents, that would apply to dozens of actors. Carol Dempster, no longer on the screen, is the only player I can think of with a birthday on January 16th. To join the Ronald Colman Club, write to Harry Baumgartner, 1406 Kentucky Avenue, Joplin, Missouri.

FANNIE KOLAINE.—John Barrymore is a film star; his brother Lionel is directing. Their nephew, Arthur Rankin, also plays in pictures. And of course Dolores Costello is a Barrymore now. Doug, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston were featured together in "The Toilers." Colleen Moore and John McCormick were divorced last spring. Fay Wray is Mrs. John Monk Saunders. None of the Lees in pictures—except the kid brothers, Frankie and Davey—were related. Laura La Plante is American. Blanche Sweet was born June 18th.

M. M.—Colin Clive played—and is still playing—the lead in "Journey's End" on the stage in London, and was in this country only long enough to make the film. He was born of English parents in St. Malo, France, January 21, 1900. In June, 1929, he married Jeanne de Casalis, a French actress.

BETTY SHORT.—There are clubs and clubs for Billie Dove. The one nearest you is Arline Rider's, 937 Seventeenth Avenue, Longview, Wisconsin. Billie was born in New York, May 14, 1903. She once posed for heads on magazine covers, and got her first screen offer through her pictures. She was recently divorced from Irvin B. Willat and her real name is Lillian Bohny.

MERELY INQUISITIVE.—Merely seems a mild word for it! Almost no stars give home addresses, because they want the studios to see how much fan mail they receive. Marlene Dietrich is with Paramount and Marie Saxon can be reached

through *Variety*, 154 West Forty-sixth Street, New York. That's a theatrical paper owned by her father-in-law. That's just a joke about Bill Haines and Polly Moran. Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Missouri. He's a blue-eyed blond. Mary Brian's hazel eyes first opened in Corsicana, Texas, and Stanley Smith's blue ones looked out on Kansas City, Missouri. The blonde, blue-eyed Lilyan Tashman was born in New York. Ralph Forbes has the native English complexion, with dark-blue eyes. Lily Damita has brown eyes and blond hair; she was born in Paris. Eddie Nugent was a New York boy; his eyes are green—but not through jealousy.

B. GRUNKEMEYER.—I'm afraid your interest in Helene Chadwick is a little late. "Men Are Like That" is the only film she has played in in the past year. Helene was born in Chadwick, New York, November 29, 1897. She's a brown-eyed blonde, five feet seven and weighs 130. She is divorced from William Wellman.

TEX.—That handsome young prince in "They Had to See Paris" was Ivan Lebedeff. Buddy Rogers' Fan Club has headquarters with Wilfred Tremblay, Box 287, Portland, Maine. His new film is "Heads Up." Nancy Carroll's next is "Laughter." Her club nearest you—and not very near—is in charge of Mrs. Frances Bell, 412 East Orange Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Stanley Smith is five feet eleven and a half and weighs 160. He was born January 6, 1907. Fredric March is married to Florence Eldridge, and Richard Gallagher to Pauline Mason. Helen Kane is twenty-two, Mary Brian the same. Marjorie and Alice White are not related. Jackie Coogan will return to the screen in "Tom Sawyer."

NADINE MORGAN.—Yes, "Abie's Irish Rose" was Nancy Carroll's first film. Her second was "Easy Come, Easy Go." Her hair was always red—though not always the same shade. See above. Trixie, in the July issue, did not give her full name and address. Back numbers of PICTURE PLAY can be obtained by sending a quarter for each copy wanted to the Subscription Department of PICTURE PLAY. We published a story about Nancy in the May, 1929, issue and expect to have another interview soon. We have only enough pictures for use in the magazine.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shilling, Bruce Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredrie March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Milti Green, Harry Green, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Mary Doran, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmdage, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Evelyn Laye, Joan Bennett, Dolores del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackall, Sidney Blackmer, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Miller, Alice White, Jan Kellih, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Lewis Ayres, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Barbara Kent, Glenn

Tryon, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Fred Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, Irene Delroy, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julianne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryea, 5939 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Neil Hamilton, 6118 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, and Dorothy Revier, 1839 Taft Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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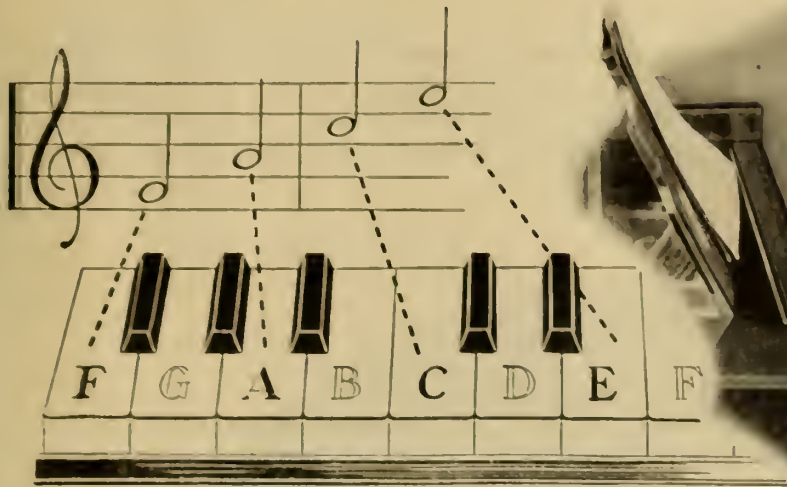
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Volume XXXIII

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(From the Boston Post, May 26, 1930)

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What the Fans Think



Hear London and Die.

ALTHOUGH living in far-away Scotland, I'm, nevertheless, all het up over this accent business. Over here one is continually reading criticisms of the American accent in talking pictures, most of these insular-minded critics loudly proclaiming the great superiority of the English voice. The way they generalize, one would imagine America to be full of crude, nasal, harsh voices. How do the British critics get that way?

I find a rhythm and tonal color in the American voice entirely lacking in English voices, and I believe that there are other British fans who agree with me. Irish, Scottish, and Welsh voices have also a lilt and charm of their own. The most iridescent voice I have heard on the talking screen is that of Ann Harding. With its soft appeal, full of emotional color, who could resist its charm! Ruth Chatterton, too, has elocutionary gifts of no mean order, but is inclined to affect an exaggerated English accent, which only detracts from the sincerity of her performance. Ruth should tone down on the broad a's and be herself! Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, Ramon Novarro, and Richard Barthelmess all have attractive voices, tinged with a fascinating American intonation. I have still to hear Garbo, but anything she does is O. K. with me.

On a recent visit to London, I saw a number of the current theatrical attractions. To be candid, if the peculiar accent cultivated by the majority of players on the London stage is supposed to represent English at its best, then I fervently hope American talking pictures will let well enough alone! I'm of the opinion that British talkie critics should set their own house in order, before throwing further brickbats at the American accent. (Gosh, now I'll be accused of lack of patriotism!)

Now for another grievance! It seems to me that the afternoon-tea-and-cocktail school of drama is being overdone on the screen. The characters in these sophisticated trifles are merely sawdust dummies, who toss an epigram or two between drinks and display as much animation as a dead rabbit! In "Charming Sinners," Clive Brook and Ruth Chatterton were so conscious of saying clever things, with an I-know-this-is-cute air, that they forgot to act.

This type of opus should be left to the stage; the screen, with its vast canvas, has no need to waste time

on such feeble stuff, where the action is confined to four walls and drawing-room conversation!

DONALD JOLLY.

27 Queen Street, Forfar, Scotland.

Valentino Sings for Her.

I have heard the voice of Valentino, and it has not come from out the mysterious darkness of night, as the spiritualists would contend, but from the round disk of a phonograph record.

Some time ago, I read that Rudy had made two singing records during his lifetime, and I immediately wrote to S. George Ullman about them. Mr. Ullman was fortunately able to secure one for me from a man who bought it at the auction of Rudy's effects, and was willing to sell it for the price he paid for it—twenty-five dollars.

You will say, is any record worth that much? I will leave it to the Valentino fans. Let them say whether twenty-five dollars is too much to pay to hear, whenever one wishes, Rudy sing, "Pale hands I loved, beside the Shalimar," and know that never can this recording be duplicated, because the record was not released for sale.

Although I had met Rudy and talked with him, I never dreamed he possessed this natural, glorious voice. It was untrained, to be sure, but then so was Rudy's inspired acting. He had a sure, sweet gift of melody—a true quality that even great singers sometimes lack. There was a wonderful strength, too—great resources of volume that, had they been harnessed and placed properly, would have produced one of the finest voices of modern times.

Rudy's singing English was more accented than his spoken English—both soft, liquid, and tender. But so naturally does he sing the "Kashmiri Song" and so perfectly does it accord with his acting, that one can easily recall that scene in "The Sheik" when he strolled along, in turban and burnoose, singing the song which the picture made famous.

The Spanish number on the reverse side is something yet again. As he sings "El Relicario," Rudy is the bull-fighter, the tango dancer, the bold Argentinean with hat strapped beneath chin and eyes flashing. His Spanish is crisp and dynamic, and its crashing crescendos are like those high moments in his matchless acting.

Continued on page 10



**A Touchdown! featuring the
ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM**

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes — "*Maybe it's Love!*"

featuring
JOE E. BROWN JOAN BENNETT JAMES HALL

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George Gibbon
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Notre Dame
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Based on the story by
Mark Canfield
Screen play and dialogue by
Joseph Jackson

Otto Pommerening
Michigan
Kenneth Hayercraft
Minnesota
Russell Saunders
Univ. of So. Cal.
Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
Paul Scull
Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane

Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Wings"



WARNER BROS. present

Maybe It's Love

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE

All this is by way of saying that I am assured, were Rudy alive, he would be talking and singing on the screen and still giving us those brilliant, thrilling performances which he gave to silent pictures. And he would have gained, not lost, by the talkies. He would have held his supreme position in the movie world—he would have been, in the new medium, a greater Valentino. But he could never have been more beloved—there were no more hearts left to conquer.

TRIX MACKENZIE.

Box 201, College Park, Georgia

Do You Like to Get Mail?

Does any one have more time on his hands than he knows what to do with, or are you lonely? I have a recipe. Write a good letter to "What the Fans Think," include your name and address—don't forget your address. After your letter is published sit back and wait a few days. After that you won't have time to give yourself a pleasant look, for you will have so many letters from all over the country asking for your friendship, that you will wonder why you didn't write sooner. Such splendid people write! I know, for I received about twenty letters after one of my letters was published. I am especially thankful for a new friend who lives in St. Paul. She writes *real* letters; my!—they are wonderful, full of pep, personality and humor. I certainly learned what goes on in other States through this kind of correspondence. Thanks doubly to PICTURE PLAY!

JEAN BEACH.

Chicago, Illinois.

Janet Gaynor Is Perfection.

This is a plea for the little star who pulls on the heartstrings of the world, who can make us cry as no other one can, and as readily make us laugh. Who is she? Janet Gaynor. When "Seventh Heaven" was released she was lauded for her beautiful performance; in her succeeding pictures her acting notably increased in beauty, and now I believe she is at the peak of the stellar firmament. But of late we have not heard much praise of Janet Gaynor. Her performances in "Sunny Side Up" and "High Society Blues" were all that could be desired. When the latter showed at our theater it was crowded. Proof positive how Janet is regarded by the fans.

Why don't we see more of the divine Janet? One seldom sees her pictures in magazines and I hear she is in an argument with Fox. Don't they realize what richness they possess in the depth, celestial beauty and adorableness that is Janet? Whenever I see one of her pictures I leave the theater with a better and sweeter outlook on life, and I am not the only one. No one can ever take her place.

MARIE LEADER.

Petaluma, California.

Now Here's a Fan!

Ever since I went to a dime theater to kill time, and murdered it ruthlessly by seeing "Twinkletoes," and had a good picture destroyed by a piano that played "I Wonder What's Become of Sally?" I have been thankful for talking pictures and big theaters.

In the last ten years I have seen thousands of motion pictures. I have seen good ones. All the good ones you can think of offhand. I have seen indifferent ones, and bad ones no end. I once attended nineteen shows in twenty-one days. I saw the good ones for their good influence, and forgot the bad ones as soon as I had seen them.

What the Fans Think

I can remember such pictures as "The Goose Woman," "The Devil's Pass-key," and "Mare Nostrum." I have worked for three motion-picture companies. I have belonged to the anti-blue law league. I have helped to fight censorship. I have spent hours in a projection room watching a diminutive screen. I have handled miles of film. I know things about the technical side of films that would sicken most people; but I am as ardent a fan as I ever was. I love pictures. I love the people that play in them. I collect stills, having some five hundred, many of them autographed. I never miss an issue of PICTURE PLAY. I have a stack of Lui Trugo's illustrations. I dote on them, especially the one of the typewriter with ears. And most of all, my optimism is undimmed. I know motion pictures are a great industry and I have faith in it. Even more now that the infant movie, learning to speak without saying "bloop!" is toddling into new fields and educating me as I never dreamed possible.

MRS. JOHN M. FINN.

1244 Hiatt Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A Pearl of Womanhood.

There is a woman on the screen to-day who, in my opinion, possesses the noblest character of any one I have ever seen. She radiates sweetness and goodness. Her name? Belle Bennett.

The first time I ever saw Miss Bennett was in "Stella Dallas." Since then I have been a willing captive to her charms. It seems a pity she isn't given an opportunity to appear more often.

Miss Bennett is a beautiful woman with a noble soul. In her glorious womanhood she makes some of the younger players seem shallow and colorless. I saw her wonderful performances in "Their Own Desire" and in "Courage." She lives her rôles.

She can never appear too often to satisfy me, as she is not only lovely in appearance and a wonderful actress, but she has nobility of soul and an understanding heart, two rare possessions in this day and age. More power to Miss Bennett!

B. G.

Evansville, Indiana.

Beauty That Hurts.

The great Garbo moves on, untouched by depreciation, jealousy, and criticism which have been directed at her from many quarters since she glided into the limelight. More surely and regally she edges away from the mob of puppets who call themselves actors, picking her way with quiet artistry, ultimately to reach the heights of fame. And those who have laughed and jeered and scorned will turn and smile and bow before her. How very, very funny!

Then there is the strange case of "Anna Christie." The finest dramatic effort of the past season, its reception was amazingly different from that accorded any film of its class. But a reception with all the attributes of a Garbo triumph. Intensely artistic, it rang not one, but half a dozen bells at the box office. Those who had smiled at the name of Garbo went, and returned to add their superlatives to the already mountain-high heap of lyric adjectives that had accumulated through the past four years. Those who had worshiped at the shrine of a mysterious goddess found but a woman of clay, and they left their theater seats to weep. And the whole fan world dropped its jaw and caught its breath when Greta muttered the now-famous line about the glass of whisky.

Greta's voice was disappointing, it was disillusioning, it was nasal, it was flat, gruff, coarse, harsh! Garbo illusions were

gone forever! These were some of the howls which rose from the fans. But through it all there were those who saw in the strange huskiness of that voice dramatic possibilities such as we have in no other voice on the screen. That superb reading of the rôle of *Anna* told them that Greta was not only the greatest actress of the cinema, but an actress whose real career had only just begun. Even the disillusioned muttered, "Yes, *Anna Christie* is a great performance, but what of the future?"

"Romance" is the answer. Because in "Romance" we have the beauty and the glamour of the Greta of old, with the supreme artistry of the vocal Garbo. You fans who have seen your dreams crashing down, here is an answer to your prayers. "Romance" will restore your illusions, for Greta the mysterious has returned, and the new Garbo, poised and mature, lingers on. The earthly woman who was *Anna* has passed into the history of the talking screen, but her soul has moved into a more beautifully garbed body, to give us *Rita Cavallini*, the Italian prima donna.

The voice of the woman is sweeter now, and it has none of the self-consciousness that permeated parts of "Anna Christie." But it still thrills one with its velvety tones and subtle changes of expression. Somehow the voice of Garbo will always shock me, because it is such an odd and amazing voice. It seems as though there should be silver in it, when instead there is melting gold. And the nuances, the little niceties, they will surprise the sincerest fans. There is a delightful episode at the beginning of the play, where Greta charms the young minister. It is utterly fascinating. She does it laughingly, whimsically. Can you imagine the great Garbo being whimsical? Well, neither could I, but wait until you see "Romance." And it came to me as I saw that part of the film again and again that Greta was equal to Chatterton, even in the lightest parts, and I knew then that Greta was not only our great tragedienne, but potentially a superb comédienne. It won't sound so incongruous when you have seen those first haunting minutes of "Romance."

The scented charm of "Romance" is not comparable with the rugged realism of Eugene O'Neill, but Greta takes the story-book creature that is *Rita Cavallini* and makes a woman of her, a woman who glows with warmth and life and is a strange mixture of tenderness and tragedy. Never has a rôle been so consistently conceived nor so deeply understood as this of *Cavallini*, and through it one can see into the heart of the real Garbo. A woman of great sympathy and richly sensitive, capable of expressing that ineffable something we call soul in her own way—in the shadows and lights which drift across her face as the character matures. A creature a bit lonely and weary, hurt by contact with the world, but within her heart a deep understanding of woman. It's heartbreakingly beautiful.

And yet it is the beauty of Greta Garbo that makes of "Romance" a thing of exquisite loveliness, aglow with the old Garbo glamour, but tempered and matured. It defies the efforts of the fan to describe it. Perhaps a poet might do it justice. Perhaps no one shall ever put it into sight or sound other than the magic sight of the screen and the mysterious sound of the talking picture. It is the beauty of all women blended into a perfect face, and the registering thereon of all the emotions woman has known since the beginning. It is beauty that hurts, and I can think of no greater tribute than that.

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.

Media, Pennsylvania.

Alas, Where Is He?

Among all the hundreds of letters from your many readers, I have never yet come across one written in praise, or otherwise, of James Murray, easily the most brilliant actor on the screen to-day. Can it be that any fan who saw "The Crowd" or "The Shakedown" failed to recognize that here was some one quite out of the usual run of young heroes, some one really an intelligent artist, with wonderful power of facial expression and a very delightful personality to boot? His speaking voice is also charming and absolutely natural. I sincerely hope we shall see and hear a lot more of this interesting young man's work in the very near future.

GLADYS PARROTT.

Goleen, King Edward's Grove,
Teddington, England.

Hurray for Kay!

I agreed with Lea McAllister's letter in a recent PICTURE PLAY, but for one name, and that is Kay Johnson's. She is the only one who can compete with Ruth Chatterton—and that is saying a good deal. I saw her in "Dynamite" and she was wonderful. She is a "full-fledged celebrity" and I would go anywhere to see her. I consider it an insult to class her with Mae Clarke, Jeanette MacDonald, and the like.

BARBARA TRAILL.

Hobson Crescent, Wellington,
New Zealand.

"Picture of Perfection."

My favorite star is Colleen Moore. I think she is the sweetest and cleverest star in the world. I shall never forget some of her silent pictures. I think "Lilac Time" was the best picture I ever saw. Her voice is great and oh, baby, how she can sing! "Smiling Irish Eyes" made a great hit in our town. I hope she does not leave the screen forever, because she is one star who can make you smile and be happy. Colleen won the popularity contest that was held in our school not long ago, and won by a great majority.

I don't like any of the stage stars, but please bring back the dear silent ones.

I hope Colleen reads this so she will not leave the screen. This letter was read by over a hundred girls and they all wish Miss Moore the best of luck.

BETTY JANE AND THE GIRLS.

Spokane, Washington.

Audiences too Particular?

What's all this racket about William Haines becoming a terrible bore? Just because of one picture that, though I admire him so much, I'll admit was wasted energy, every one is turning against him. Billy is all right, and he has a greater record of turning out dandy pictures than most stars.

What's wrong with Billy? Nothing! What's wrong with the public? Plenty! They are much too particular. And Billy works hard to please them. When he thought that his public was getting tired of his wise-cracking rôles, didn't he turn out dandy dramatic pictures? "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Excess Baggage," and "A Man's Man" were only a few of the pictures that he showed what a marvelous actor he could be, if given the chance. And what did the public do? They didn't even notice his great acting. They wanted him back as the wise-cracking, smart-Aleck type. And Billy went right along, acting "crazy," but only in "Speedway," just to please his public. Leave Bill alone! He can act and has proved it many times. Why turn against him because of one picture? Every star turns out at least

one poor picture in his career, and many even more than that. And if you'll look over Billy's list of pictures, you'll find more worthy ones than unworthy ones.

ANN STERN.

537 East 52nd Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

To Mary in Hollywood.

On reading a recent PICTURE PLAY, I was annoyed to read no less than three unkind and disparaging letters in the "What the Fans Think" about that dear little actress, Mary Brian. Often the letters in this department irritate me exceedingly, though of course some are very interesting indeed, but now that Miss Brian is being attacked, I really feel I must take up the cudgels.

Here in Melbourne this little lady is one of the greatest favorites on the screen, sharing honors with Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, and Janet Gaynor. Personally, I admire and love her not only as a very talented young actress who in each succeeding production gives a better and more artistic performance, but as the sincere, lovable, and unselfish girl that I know her to be. I should say she is about the most retiring actress on the screen. She never claims the limelight in any way, but just goes quietly on, living a good life, giving the very best that is in her to her rôles, and making all who know her love her. To me, Mary Brian is the very essence of sincerity and refinement, and she deserves every particle of good luck that comes her way. I have watched her gradual and unspectacular rise from the small parts which used to come her way, and which she always succeeded in making interesting, to the rich and colorful rôles which, thank goodness, seem now to be following closely on each other. For a young girl, without any stage training, to rise to the emotional and dramatic heights that were hers in "The Man I Love," "River of Romance," and "The Virginian," is, to my mind, complete evidence of a natural dramatic ability. And what a lovely voice Mary has; so rich and deep in emotional moments. There is an aura of refinement and purity around Miss Brian sadly lacking in so many of the stars, however beautiful and talented they may be. She is a great favorite with our critics here, and I can assure you they are critical. As for me—I love her and am thankful to her for the great pleasure she has given me, and for her sweetness and goodness.

Regarding her figure, I consider it quite one of the prettiest I have seen; she is slight without being thin and bony. But as for her displaying it in tight-fitting bathing suits, and such like, the day she does that, one of my most cherished dreams will go up in smoke.

L. F. W.

St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia.

From Wisdom's Fount.

Leaving my philosophy and history for a while, I chanced to pick up a copy of June PICTURE PLAY.

J. E. Andre's letter on "those college films" moved me to write my ideas. I attended the University of Minnesota, a coed school, and am now going to Harvard.

All the college pictures I have ever seen are the bunk. One might think collegians were a lot of booze hounds and women chasers. I suppose it would spoil the effect of the picture if one of the players showed even a sign of studying. College life to-day isn't run in the Alice White-Joan Crawford style. We have our good times, but we study plenty for

what we get. I don't think that prospective students should be encouraged to see Alice White do the Black Bottom on a table, or Joan Crawford being kissed in a rumble seat under a summer moon and think it is college life. College is synonymous with work, and I don't mean maybe.

Let's have a true representation of college life, not just a series of wild parties, liquor, women, and football games.

Harvard University, E. P. S.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"Alice Is a Peach!"

Turn about is fair play—and I've changed my mind about Alice White. Once I disliked Alice a lot, and I wrote a letter to "What the Fans Think" about it; but now I have a different opinion.

I've noticed a change in Alice for some time—but wouldn't acknowledge it. However, I do admit it now! Friends at the studio working with Alice say that I am right, and that Alice has changed—for the better! She's so much more sincere, so thoughtful of others, and a real person. She is much more interesting, and the change delights her friends.

I wrote Alice just how I felt, knowing that she had read my letter. She wrote me the nicest letter and told me that she appreciated ever so much more my saying that I liked her now, when I do, because I said I didn't when I didn't. Also, that she'd rather have won me over than have had me like her at first. Like myself, she was willing to admit her errors.

It pleased her to know that I thought she had improved. The letter was much longer and was the beginning of a real friendship. Alice is a peach!

LUCILE CARLSON.

206 East Main Street,
Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

Sad Future for Oettinger Heirs.

I have read Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview with Lily Damita in August PICTURE PLAY. Mr. Oettinger says: "Damita succeeds in being what Velez attempts to be—one of those madcap minxes." Mr. Oettinger strikes me as being of the frightfully narrow-minded *bourgeoisie*, so to speak, and I'd like to direct a few strong, clear words to him.

I have here, Mr. Oettinger, your interview with Lupe Velez some time ago. In it you elevated Lupe sky-high—all sugar-and-cream, so to speak. You praised her naïve antics and her madcap characteristics. You were Lupe's best press agent. Now you contradict yourself and say Miss Velez *attempts* to be so-and-so.

Lupe Velez is the same Lupe right this minute that she was five years ago in Mexico. True, she is naïve, but she *attempts* nothing else. She succeeds in being herself without overacting. She is a great little actress, and she is not in the least affected—something that cannot be said of your favorite, Damita.

Not long ago I was an unwilling spectator of "Sons o' Guns" on the stage. Lily Damita struck me as being frightfully affected, and if you can name any of her performances in pictures that can be compared with Lupe Velez's work, I'd advise you to do so. Lupe Velez could play Damita's rôle in "Sons o' Guns" ten times as well as Damita did.

Another thing. Who is in greater demand by the public—Velez or Damita? Velez, of course. That's the answer every time.

I don't want to wish you any bad luck, but I hope all your sons end up making hooked rugs.

YVONNE HOSKINS,
Box 94, Waunakee, Wisconsin.

Crocella's Spiritual Kin.

If "Eternal Idolizer" likes to hear about Barry Norton, I certainly enjoy talking about him. However, as Ann, his secretary and manager, says, "I think you said all there was to say in your last letter." All but one thing, I guess, and I can't keep that a secret.

By the time this is published, Ann, who is really Mrs. Salvador Romero, will have become a mother. Barry insisted that he was to be the godfather. So imagine my delight upon learning that I could be godmother if I wanted! Godparents are said to be spiritually related. So, needless to say, I'm taking advantage of this opportunity to become a kind of relative to Barry!

Barry, by the way, is doing splendidly in Spanish versions, and now, very soon, we shall hear him in English. He certainly is waiting patiently for this opportunity. Further information for Barry fans—his favorite beverage is milk and his pet delicacy apple pie. He thinks one of the most attractive qualities in a person is cleanliness and has been known to take six baths a day in warm weather!

The person who wrote condemning Buddy Rogers because a letter to him was answered by a card quoting prices of pictures, does the young man an injustice. Paramount handles the fan mail of their players.

CROCELLA MULLEN.

Hollywood, California.

Another Artistic Death and—

Will I commit any special kind of treason if I suggest that Paramount might cast Barry Norton as the hero in revivals of some of the Wallace Reid pictures?

Confess now! Wouldn't you like to see "The Ghost Breaker," "The World's Champion," or "Across the Continent" again? But, please, Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky, and all ye casting directors, don't cast Barry Norton as "He Who Gets Shot." Just one more artistic death on the part of Mr. Norton and I'll phone the florist for a wreath, instead of writing a fan letter!

JUDITH BARRIE.

60 Harper Street,
Rochester, New York.

The One Actress Discovered.

Why is it that most of the fans are exclaiming about Greta Garbo being such a wonderful actress? What has she done in pictures that any other actress couldn't do? Except flashing a striking personality, perhaps different from other stars. No, Garbo is not an actress by any means. She hasn't the facial contrasts or the poise of a real actress. No doubt she is clever and exotic, and manages to put her pictures over, which few of the great stars do. But to compare her with such stars as Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson is ridiculous. To acclaim her as a great actress is absurd. In my estimation there is only one real actress in the world today. That is Pola Negri.

ROY B. McALONEY.

Y. M. C. A., Nashua,
New Hampshire.

Those Vallée Dithers.

What in Heaven's name has induced American fans to get into such a state of excitement and dither over Rudy Vallée!

I have just seen "The Vagabond Lover," and I do most sincerely hope that I never again have to witness such an appalling exhibition of incompetence on the part of a starred player.

Mr. Vallée has neither looks, acting ability, nor personality, and his singing

suffered very badly in comparison with that of Stanley Smith, whose "Sweetie" appeared on the same program. Really, I should have thought that when the much-adored Rudy got his first eyeful of the play-backs of this film he would have returned quietly to New York and stuck to the radio! However, no doubt he thought he was grand. He looked as if he did.

Although I am English, I am a staunch admirer of American films and players, and consider the artistry of Ruth Chatterton, Gary Cooper, and Janet Gaynor, to name only a few, to be of the highest order—but, please, no more Rudy Vallées!

N. M. H.

London, England.

The Fates Place a Symbol.

I do not know how I can ever express my appreciation of Madeline Glass, who wrote "What Is His Mystic Power?" in August PICTURE PLAY. I have, of course, read many, many articles about Ramon Novarro, but never one which touched on my own feelings so exquisitely. Until I read Miss Glass's article, I thought I was the only girl in the world who idolized Ramon in the way she described; and I cannot say how happy I am to know that there are so many others just like me.

Since there is no other actor who received the adulation accorded Novarro I have concluded that it was a strange and wonderful purpose of fate which placed him on the pinnacle of fame, that he might be the symbol of gayety and romance to girls all over the world.

ELEANOR C. WEHLE.

94 Beach Avenue,
Larchmont, New York.

Give Stage Players a Hand.

It seems to me that most of the fans are against the stage recruits. Why, I cannot tell. There seems little or no reason for this prejudice. Certainly Broadway has given us some of the finest players in Hollywood.

The two male idols, Lawrence Tibbett and Maurice Chevalier, came directly from the stage. Both understand the necessity of making a warm contact with the audience; hence the charm and personality of each, particularly Chevalier, who, not having the golden voice of Tibbett, must make the most of his brilliant smile.

And what of Ruth Chatterton, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, and a score of others? Chatterton gave the screen such acting as it never before had seen. MacDonald, on the other hand, gave us the perfect singing voice, plus ease and ability to act, plus beauty and style. It is true that she has not received much praise, but she deserves plenty.

I agree that the screen has held its own. But why not give the stage stars a little praise? They deserve it!

PEARL A. KATZMAN.

601 West 189th Street,
New York, New York.

Her Rosary of Favorites.

What radical changes the talkies have brought about, and, much as I like them, there are some things that make me wonder. Buddy Rogers's voice—or lack of voice—for one thing. He's good-looking and has a fair amount of acting ability, with musical talent added; but he should never sing, because his voice lacks depth, training, and interest.

What is to be done about all these stage stars being forced upon us? Catherine Dale Owen—why, she hasn't any acting ability at all and isn't even beautiful. Color photography was far from

flattering to her in "The Rogue Song." Marilyn Miller may be all right on the stage, and I know she is, for I saw her in "Sally," but she hasn't anything to give to the screen, except being pretty, and there are so many pretty stars already, who have other talents as well. I haven't a thing against them, except they don't belong in the movies and should go back to the stage, where they do belong. That may be said for Jeanette MacDonald, Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray, and Mary Nolan. I admire Maurice Chevalier, Ann Harding, and Kay Johnson immensely, but they have real talent.

I've two favorites—supreme favorites—Greta Garbo and Ruth Chatterton. There aren't any others to be compared with them—Greta, for her great fascination and mystery; Ruth, for her wonderful personality and perfect voice.

Now just a note that may interest collectors. Through a friend's influence, Dolores Costello sent me a gorgeous announcement of baby Dolores—a portrait of Dolores, the baby, and John Barrymore, and printed below: "Miss Dolores Barrymore thanks you very much for your good wishes." It's beautiful!

ELINOR GARRISON HENDERSON.

521 Puget Street,
Olympia, Washington.

Heard by a Musical Ear.

I should like to express my opinion of a few movie matters. First, why all the excitement about Greta Garbo? She is a good actress, but there are a number of others just as fine and several better. To me, Marie Dressler stole "Anna Christie" right from under her nose. Miss Dressler's acting is so human and appealing. More power to her!

Secondly, why all the fuss about Bebe Daniels's singing voice? It is just a fair voice, and her work in "Rio Rita" showed sadly her lack of real musical ability or instinct. John Boles left her so far behind that Bebe's work wasn't to be considered—vocally. And as for acting, that was only average, too.

There is a star no longer on the screen with a much finer voice and, what is even more important, a real knowledge of music, and that is Anita Stewart. Perhaps some fans heard her on her recent vaudeville tour, and if they know anything about voice, they will know what I say is true.

Thirdly, the excitement about Tibbett or Chevalier occupying the throne. Why, when Novarro came through so splendidly in "Devil-May-Care"?

And why try to make singers of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, when neither can sing? And that goes for Buddy Rogers, too! Of the stars, I think Gloria Swanson and Anita Stewart have by far the finest singing voices, and, of course, Novarro leads the men. One of the old-timers, Lloyd Hughes, is possessed of a fine singing voice, and personally, I prefer it to that of John Boles—as fine as his is. Since living in California I have been to a number of the Hollywood premieres and want to say that most of the stars appear every bit as nice as they do on the screen. My biggest disappointments were Richard Dix and Louise Fazenda. Gloria Swanson is even handsomer off than on the screen, and Norma Shearer is very distinguished-looking. If any of the fans care to write on subjects mentioned in this letter, I shall be glad to hear from them.

THEODORE T. CAVANAUGH.

130 South Belmont Street,
Glendale, California.

Continued on page 96

**"I've Come to Take You Away from This—
To Marry You To-night!"**



In a sudden lull of the music, Wayne's words came tense and impassioned. Dozens of curious eyes sought the speaker. The other dancers began to crowd around the two men and the girl.

In that dramatic moment Valerie knew her heart. She must sacrifice her wealthy home and the affection of her father to elope with the poor man she loved.

Later, in the grim reality of poverty and the weakness of her husband, Valerie sought a new understanding of life, and the courage to rebuild her shattered dreams.

As an entertainer in a night club, Valerie's grace and exotic beauty carried her far. She rose above the bleakness of disillusionment and won the love and happiness she so justly deserved.

Those who have read "Nice Girl" and "Angel Face" will find all their glamour and sympathetic appeal in

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By VIVIAN GREY

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"Along Came Youth" is one title that won't be changed, for it perfectly describes the newest venture of Buddy Rogers. Gay, buoyant, carefree, and with incidental songs to emphasize these qualities, he is a young American in London whose financial difficulties force him to advertise the clothes of a fashionable tailor by wearing them. This adventure causes him blithely to seek others until he rides a horse to victory and wins the girl he loves, played by Frances Dee, the former extra who discovered that she could sing.



Norma Shearer proves what ambition will do to make a star.



Even more than a dancer Marilyn Miller shines as a personality.



Of all qualifications, charm comes first. Janet Gaynor has it.



Sensuous allure is the strongest attribute of Greta Garbo.



Joseph Santley starred in stage melodramas from the age of nine to eighteen.

What a Girl Needs

Any one of thirteen qualifications will put a star across, says Joseph and who possesses them. His opinions are startling and probably will be that he speaks with the authority of years on the stage, as well as the than usual knowledge

By Samuel

COME this January, twenty-six hundred years ago, Juno, queen of the big shots of those days, had a watchman named Argus. He was reputed to have a thousand eyes

and to be able to see with any part of his body.

Juno suspected her consort, Jupiter, of permitting his affections to stray occasionally and she set Argus to watch him. But Jupiter knew a trick or two himself. He lulled Argus to sleep and proceeded with his little flirtation, first taking the precaution of enveloping himself and lady in a cloud.

Juno noticed the cloud and, being familiar with the habits of the *cumuli*, knew they didn't ordinarily hover so close to earth. She brushed it aside, and found her husband and Io, the lady, in a rather compromising position.

I think she changed Io into a heifer, refused to let Jupiter out at night for a month, and she was so furious with Argus she took all his eyes but one and threw them on the tail of her favorite bird, the peacock. A few of the eyes went wild and they floated around in space for twenty-five hundred and some odd years until Joseph Santley came along. As the stork was bringing Joe through the air, he managed to grab those extra eyes and swallowed them before the stork knew what he was about. You know how children are always putting everything they can grab into their mouths?

And that is why Joe is reputed to have eyes in the back of his head as well as where they ordinarily are. Right? The eyes have it.

Unlike Argus, however, he seems never to sleep, and there is no one who so nearly personifies the slogan of the Pathé newsreel—"Sees All, Knows All"—as Joe Santley.

He has been on the stage since he was nine years old and was starred in melodramas from the time he was nine until he was eighteen.

When he was eighteen or nineteen he went into musical comedy, although he couldn't dance a step and his voice, as he has explained to me on more than one occasion, will never cause McCormack any worry. But by watching all the good dancers he saw, he developed into such a remarkable dancer himself that inside a few years he was again being starred—this time in a musical piece he had helped to write—called "When Dreams Come True."

One piece followed another with amazing rapidity—"Oh, Boy," "Oh, My Dear," "The Half Moon," "She's A Good Fellow," a couple of the Music Box Revues, "Just Fancy," and "Mayflowers."

And through all those years Joe was using every eye he ever had for the purpose of observation. Aided and abetted by a memory like an elephant's he has remembered most of what he has seen. And, baby, that's been *plenty*.

If there is a person in existence who knows exactly what it takes to put a girl across it's this same Joe Santley.

Knowing his analytic nature, it occurred to me that since associating himself with pictures as a director, he would be pretty familiar with what a girl needs to crash the gates of Hollywood in a big way.

"It's a funny thing," said Joe, "most people are scared to death of the number '13,' but I think there's a lucky psychology attached to it. Often I used to study girls in the chorus and small parts in my shows and figure out what they had that would put them across on the stage. And I found that if they had any one of thirteen qualifications they stood a pretty good chance of success."

"Since coming into pictures I've done the same thing and the same thirteen points hold true."



Sheer ability has put Ruth Chatterton where she is today.



Showmanship is the most valuable gift of Alice White.



Wit and humor lifted Marion Davies out of the chorus.



Beauty alone brought success to Katherine McDonald.

in Hollywood

Santley, who then proceeds to tell what they are challenged by the fans, but it cannot be denied experience of a motion-picture director with more of acting.

Richard Mook

"The first thing that would put a girl across is charm. Maude Adams had more charm than any one person ever on the stage. She was never considered a remarkable actress, but she didn't have to be. Just to sit in a theater and feel that charm envelop you was all most people asked. The extent to which she possessed that quality may be gauged by the fact that people remember her and clamor for her return after years of retirement.

"Another who possesses it to a remarkable degree is Ethel Barrymore. In her early days on the stage she had little besides her charm—the days when she played in innocuous things like 'Captain Jinks,' 'Carrots,' and 'Cousin Kate.' It was not until after she married and had a baby that she scored an outstanding success as an actress in 'Mid-Channel.'

"And on the screen Mary Pickford, Helen Twelvetrees, and Janet Gaynor have got by chiefly on the strength of this same quality. I don't say they haven't developed acting ability to support it, but it was their charm that captured public fancy in the first place.

"The second thing," he continued, "is personality. Next to charm, I think that is the greatest asset a player can have. I think it is what put Marilyn Miller across. She's a good dancer, but no better than Mary Eaton. She's pretty, but so is Miss Eaton. Yet Marilyn glows with warmth while Mary's natural friendliness deserts her when she steps on the stage. Marilyn isn't a great singer or a marvelous actress—it's just her personality.

"On the screen, the same may be said of Clara Bow. She has the most decided personality of any one in pictures and, while she has developed as an actress, it's her personality that people go to see.

"The third thing is ability. There are at least two stars on the stage who have succeeded on sheer merit—Jane Cowl and Katharine Cornell. Miss Cowl is also known as an opulent beauty, but it wasn't that which gained her recognition. She fought her way to the top

through years of work in stock companies by force of her ability.

"Katharine Cornell gave an outstanding performance in 'A Bill of Divorcement'—so outstanding that she was starred shortly afterward, and she has established herself as one of the foremost actresses.

"Their counterpart in the cinema is Ruth Chatterton. She is not a woman of outstanding charm, nor is she regarded as a great beauty. It is simply the workmanlike manner in which she goes about her characterizations, and the great finesse with which she plays them, that has caused her to be regarded as probably the most versatile actress on the screen."

I wondered what some of our stars would have to say when they read this pronouncement and felt a little sorry for Joe. Well, as Warren Hymer says over a corpse, "He was a great guy."

"The fourth thing," he went on recklessly, "is ambition. I can think of no more ambitious woman on the stage than Lynn Fontanne. She used to play supporting parts with Laurette Taylor when the latter was at her height as a star. Then Lynn was given the lead in 'Dulcy' and to say she was a sensation is putting it mildly. She went from one hit to another after that.

"Suddenly she left the commercial managers flat and went to the Theater Guild in the days when the Guild paid more in glory than in dollars. Lynn knew that they were putting on the best shows in the country and that she'd have more opportunity with them than with any one else. She's sacrificed the almighty dollar to golden opportunity. She deserves every bit of the success she's had.

"Norma Shearer typifies this same trait in pictures. Miss Shearer trekked from one studio to another for almost seven years, trying to get a start. She played extras, bits—anything that came her way. When nothing came her way she filled in the gaps by modeling for artists and by playing the piano in movie houses. It has only been an unswerving purpose and ambition that have put her across, for she had handicaps that the ordinary actress hasn't. My hat's off to both these girls."

His hat may have been off, but he figuratively committed suicide with his next utterance.

"The fifth thing," he said, "is beauty. When on the stage—"

"Joe," I interrupted, "we've been friends a long time and I'd hate to see anything happen to you. Not only on your own account, but I like Ivy and the kids. Let's just say the fifth thing is beauty and not mention any names. Some of the stars labor under great delusions about their looks."

"No," he answered firmly, "we'll call names."

What a Girl Needs in Hollywood



Specializing, even in baby talk, can make a star. Look at Helen Kane!



A mental picture of Ivy walking slowly behind him while the band played "Hearts and Flowers" upset me and I could make no further effort to control his rashness.

"On the stage there have been two outstanding beauties of all time—Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott. Their names were synonymous with extreme pulchritude, and no one will argue when I say their success depended chiefly upon that asset."

Miss Russell has passed on and Maxine has retired. Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson, Jane Cowl, Ethel Barrymore, and a few others may feel a little slighted at the omission of their names under this category, but Joe explained that all these others had something else besides beauty to offer.

"On the screen," this dare-devil went on, "I should say that Corinne Griffith, Billie Dove, and—if you recall her—Katherine McDonald all owe their success solely to their looks. There are several others, but these three are outstanding."

Well, he can't say I didn't warn him.

"Sixth comes sex. Lenore Ulric on the stage and Garbo on the screen. Both these ladies have other attributes, but it was their sensuousness, their voluptuousness, that attracted attention to them in the first place.

"Seventh is figure. Ann Pennington dances well, but when she started she was no better than a lot of girls in the chorus behind her. It was her cute figure that made them single her out as worthy of a chance. She studied and developed as a dancer, but it was her figure that started her.

"The same is true of Olive Borden. When Olive started in pictures it wasn't her face that was her fortune—it was her lines. Producers realized it and the stories and clothes they gave her were designed to reveal as much of the chassis as possible. That she was developed into a capable actress since then is to her credit."

"Joe," I pleaded, "don't you think we ought to stop here and just call the story 'Unlucky 7' or 'Unlucky Joe'?"



Sheer beauty is the first of Billie Dove's claims to stardom.

Olive Borden's figure—her lines and limbs—made her a star before she became a good actress.



"No," he answered sturdily, "there are thirteen points. You asked for them and you're going to get 'em. The eighth is showmanship—making oneself different from the herd. Take Gaby Deslys. She used to wear the most bizarre headdresses imaginable. It almost took an acrobat to balance them. That's what first attracted attention to her."

"I thought it was her little affair with the ex-King of Portugal," I murmured.

"But what caused the King of Portugal to notice her?" he demanded.

"I'll bite—what?"

"The headdresses. He saw a chance to feather his nest.

"And in pictures both Joan Crawford and Alice White put themselves across through their showmanship.

"Joan used two methods. First, she got herself on the reception committee to meet every prominent person who came to Hollywood. She was always right there with the big smile when they blew in. When the photographers from the local papers and the news cameramen snapped the arrivals and the reception committee, Joan was there with the tooth-paste grin.

"And another thing she did that drew notice was to dance in almost every contest in town. She had cute little trunks and dresses made so that when she whirled around they flew out and showed the trunks. She had a nice figure, she was a good dancer and the two combined won her many a cup.

"Alice White pursued different tactics. She used to go into the shops along the Boulevard and give the proprietors autographed pictures of herself to put in their windows. So everywhere you looked you saw pictures of Alice. And it registered with studio people so well that she was identified at least."

There was no stopping him, so I marked down a big "9" and sat back to listen.

"Specialty. Elsie Janis was a kid when she used to do imitations of prominent people in vaudeville. She mimicked so well that a big producer went to see her and starred her in 'The Vanderbilt Cup.'

"And Helen Kane's manner of singing baby talk differently than any one else is undeniably what induced Paramount to feature her in 'Sweetie,' and star her in 'Dangerous Nan McGrew.'

"The tenth is notoriety. This will draw sufficient attention to you to get you a chance, but you can't last unless you've something else to back it up with.

"Peggy Hopkins Joyce achieved at least a start on the stage simply on the strength of her husbands and jewels. And I think it was notoriety she got as Imogene Wilson that first got the present Mary Nolan a chance. Having found a chance, she was clever enough to know that notoriety wouldn't keep her on top so she went to Germany, changed her name to Mary Nolan, came back and put herself over as the latter."

I remembered the days in the pre-Hays era when every notorious murderer or murderess who was acquitted got an offer to star in pictures. But who was I to argue?

"The eleventh is chic. The ability to wear clothes kept Irene Castle going long after people had lost interest in her as a dancer. In fact I doubt that there are many people who remember her in the latter connection. They recall the girl who could wear clothes as few women could—or can.

"And certainly her smart appearance was no small factor in Ina Claire's success.

"The same can be said for Constance Bennett. Connie, as well as Miss Claire, has other things to recommend her, but not the least of her assets is her gift for putting on lovely gowns and making them look even lovelier because she wears them.

"The twelfth is wit. When Laurette Taylor was playing a minor part in a show I was starred in, called 'From Rags to Riches,' she used to keep the whole company convulsed



The ability to wear clothes is an art with Constance Bennett.



Motherly charm brought fame to Mary Carr just as it did to Margaret Mann.

Chic finds a brilliant disciple in Ina Claire.



with her wit. And if she went to a party after the show, you could depend upon her to be the life of it. Anything for a laugh, and that was no small factor in getting her a chance.

"The wittiest woman in pictures to-day, to my way of thinking, is Marion Davies. And it was her wit that first caused her to be picked out of the chorus and given a chance. She used to keep everybody giggling all the time and finally, because he liked her good nature and jokes, the director of one of my shows—'Stop, Look and Listen'—gave her a bit in one of the numbers. It was a song called 'The Girl on the Magazine Cover,' and just through her infectious humor Marion made that girl different from the other three in it. So different that she was given a small part in another show of mine called 'Betty.'

I remembered "Betty" chiefly because it was the piece in which Joe and his wife, Ivy Sawyer, met for the first time. They had brought Ivy from England for the leading part and Joe immediately picked her for another part—that of Mrs. Santley.

"The last," he continued undaunted, "is the lucky thirteenth—motherly charm. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen is past eighty and she gets an ovation every time she steps on the stage. In pictures we have Mary Carr and Margaret Mann, both of whom give performances that wring our hearts."

"Well, Joe," I said, "I hope that after this story is published we'll both live to share another lunch."

Whether some of the ladies mentioned take umbrage or not, here is one man who knows the theater from the ground up. And he has learned what it takes to put a picture across as well as he knows what it takes to make a girl a star.

Just Who Are

By Elsi

Erich von Stroheim has long considered himself Hollywood's sophisticate *par excellence*.

With all Hollywood announcing itself as having whirl at classifying the stars and analyzing

Clara Bow has her own individual brand of sophistication.

man who accompanied her to Hollywood and acted as her manager and sometimes as her leading man, was not, in truth, her husband!

The startling fact came out when he up and married another lady without the formality of a "divorce" from Alla. She took the blow on the chin, with the philosophy of the true sophisticate. But Hollywood in those days was outwardly as circumspect and conventional-minded as a ladies' aid sewing circle. It sympathized, perhaps, but it couldn't condone such liberal views, and turned thumbs down on the Russian. Her film career fizzled out like a wet firecracker.

To Joseph Hergesheimer must go the credit for making us sophisticate-minded, and Aileen Pringle was the lady he chose to exemplify our advance in worldliness.

It has always been a matter for wonder to us intelligentsia, as we like to call ourselves, what



THERE was a time, and not so far in the past, either, when no star, especially no lady star, dared admit any degree of sophistication. It wasn't considered quite nice!

But times have changed. The gishy pickfordness of Hollywood's Age of Innocence has vanished into limbo.

In those dear dead days Mary's curls dictated ingénue styles, and Lillian's stained-glass attitude was the accepted débutante pose.

The fans collected photos of mincing misses in bungalow aprons and garden hats, swinging on gates, or with their noses buried in baskets full of kittens, puppies, or other immature fauna, or frolicking in daisy fields with woolly lambs. Under no circumstances were they ever seen—for publication—petting anything more worldly-looking than a milch cow.

Hollywood emerged so gradually from the larval stage that it is a little difficult to trace its changes from pupa to hoop-loop-a-doop, which is as good a term as any to describe the present era. But, looking back, several incidents and personalities stand out like landmarks along the rocky road we have traveled in our journey from naïveté to sophistication.

Let it be understood at the beginning that we followed no precedents in arriving at our goal; in this, as in everything else, we were original. The Hollywood brand of sophistication is a strange and gaudy efflorescence unlike any other in the civilized world.

It is a curious fact that we had some simon-pure sophisticates in our midst long before we'd ever heard the word. These choice spirits were regarded simply as "queer," and tolerated rather than admired. Nazimova, for instance. The once-great Russian lit the film colony like a bursting bomb, scattering Continental ideas all over the place.

Who can forget the shock of discovering that the gentle-



If Ruth Chatterton is sophisticated, what of Alice White?

Constance Bennett is a leader of the movement.



the Sophisticates?

gone sophisticated, a brilliant observer takes a their qualifications for this doubtful distinction.

Que

happened to Joe that started him writing articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, glorifying the almost ruthlessly primitive Aileen and her domino parties.

Up to that time we didn't even suspect that the puissant Pringle was addicted to dominoes. But evidently she is, or was, and the novelty of it hit Mr. Hergesheimer for a row of Coronas.

He wrote maudlin reams about it, not failing to mention that Aileen's gum-chewing was the best he had ever seen in the amateur class, and that her lively manner of speech, which is marked by a facile use of improper nouns, had him tied in knots of admiration.

That, for some strange reason, is how the sophisticate vogue started. Not that we would cast any aspersions on Aileen's right to a place among the elect—far from it!

One enlarges upon the incident simply to point out that from the first the Hollywood

Wheezer is the only player who makes no claim to worldly experience.

Lupe Velez leads the child-of-nature school of sophistication.



concept of sophistication was decidedly different from ideas prevailing elsewhere on the subject.

The Old World sophisticate is comparable to a pale fungus, dependent on the mold of centuries for its peculiar qualities, and sending forth a delicately decadent aroma which is agreeable only to hypersensitive nostrils. The Hollywood variety is a vigorous air plant, swinging lianlike through the studio jungles, spraying its orchidaceous

blossoms in lush profusion over every fount of bathtub gin.

The arrival of stage people in large numbers has caused some sharp cleavages of opinion as to our sophisticate rating.

If Ruth Chatterton is one, then how shall we classify such girls as Clara Bow, Alice White, and Joan Crawford, formerly regarded as leaders of the movement? Constance Bennett, too, has caused us to make some hasty revaluations.

It is true that on her return to Hollywood she was hailed by one well-meaning but misguided press agent as "beautiful as a summer dawn, and sophisticated as a night clerk," a crude comparison which must have jolted her carefully cultivated Parisian savoir-faire. Being a Bennett, she is doubtless innured to comment more pungent than polite; but that went a little too far!

We have only to compare the poised and subtly elegant Constance with that child of nature, Lupe Velez, of the vibrant torso and the serpent's tongue, to realize how far afield we strayed in some of our earlier classifications.

It is an actual fact that in some quarters Lupe was hailed as an ultrasophisticate, simply because of her propensity to bite her young man's ears in public!



Ina Claire's worldliness is her greatest charm.

Gloria Swanson knows the secret of true sophistication.



William Powell enjoys his complete disillusionment with life and is blasé, world weary and cynical.

Ivan Lebedeff was hailed as a sophisticate when he kissed the first hand that greeted him in Hollywood.



Aileen Pringle started the quest of sophistication, and for a while she was queen of the intelligentsia.

Mary Pickford is the most truly sophisticated woman in Hollywood, in the best sense of the word, says Elsi Que.

Of course, even Constance, who has stirred up such discussion in Hollywood since she came back to the fold with the much-heralded million-dollar settlement and a nice, refined divorce, is a mere amateur, judged by European standards. Connie couldn't get away with it over there, where they do it so much better, as she can in Hollywood. Is that, perhaps, one reason why she decided to let Paris and Biarritz worry along without her? Those Bennetts do adore the center of the stage!



Gloria Swanson was, for a time, determinedly sophisticated, but has happily forsaken the pose. With wider and more varied experience than falls to the lot of most women of her age, she may have discovered a secret which seems to have evaded the majority of Hollywood aspirants, namely, that the essence of true sophistication is being oneself.

Anyway, she's the most interesting woman in Hollywood, and unless she suffers the sad fate of most American actresses, in being plucked and thrust aside before she's had a chance to ripen, will one day be counted the screen's outstanding contribution to the art of acting.

Speaking of Gloria brings to mind Kay Francis, reputed to be her friendly rival at the moment for the elusive favor of Ronald Colman.

Kay is a sort of brunet edition of Lilyan Tashman—a little too sleek to satisfy the punctilious demands of aristocratic taste, always striving for a perfection of sartorial detail, which, because of the fact that it is a studied perfection, defeats its purpose.

Hard, glittering like the synthetic stones of the costume jewelry they choose so carefully, these former showgirls perfectly fulfill the butter-'n'-egg man's dream of sophisticated femininity.



Adolphe Menjou was formerly Exhibit A among Hollywood's masculine contingent, but a change has come over him since his return from a sojourn in France. Perhaps the fact that his diet has included more pie than caviar of late has affected his spirits.

We have a simple system of classifying our male sophisticates. If an

actor can bend and kiss a lady's hand without giving the impression that he has been suddenly taken with a severe cramp, we promptly pin the first-class medal on him.

This gives the Europeans a big advantage, and has resulted in some bitter and contentious feelings among the native-born, especially those hailing from the corn-and-hog States, where hand-kissing isn't practiced to any large extent.

Erich von Stroheim has never been backward about pushing his claim of being the only genuine, dyed-in-the-wood, aged-in-the-wood sophisticate in Hollywood, but other contenders for the title assert that he is disqualified because of professionalism. Von does make rather a business of it. Runners-up among the Continentals are Joseph Schildkraut, Nils Asther, and Ivan Lebedeff.

William Powell is going in for the sophisticate pose with ingenuous enthusiasm. We know of no one so naïvely proud of his complete disillusionment with life as is Bill. His model and close friend, Ronald Colman, is more gracefully sardonic, more whimsically weary with it all; but Bill does mighty well for a comparative beginner.

Lack of space prohibits an enumeration of all of Hollywood's pretenders to sophistication. They are legion. With the possible exception of Mary Ann Jackson and Wheezer, of "Our Gang," there are no prominent unsophisticated filmites any more. [Continued on page 111]



Photo by Preston D. Man

DON'T let the serious expression on Dorothy Lee's countenance mislead you, for she is never serious. Known to her intimates as "Midge," on account of her diminutive size, she bubbles over with the joys and enthusiasms of youth. She was born right in Hollywood, but had to go to New York and get an engagement on the stage before she could be discovered for the films. She swims like an eel, lives at the beach for five or six months of the year, is tanned to the color of a nut, is always late for engagements, doesn't like formal dresses for an occasion, and is as irrepressible as she is pretty. In addition to attracting attention in "Rio Rita," "Half Shot at Sunrise," and "Dixiana," Midge has added to her glory by getting herself engaged—again.



Not As the

What care the cinema great if it is not nice to sleep in bathtubs? For they are not slaves to tivation of an idiosyncrasy or two,

By Margaret

Buddy Rogers is the nine-o'clock man in mad Hollywood.



Clara Bow rises at two in the morning to prepare a hearty meal.

IN a world which provides ever-increasing worry for the poor census taker, individuals are somewhat difficult of identification. The features of one mouse are easily distinguished, but surround one with a rodent community, and it is just an oft-repeated number. So it is with human beings. There are so many of them. In mass formation they are merged into a people, rather than a group of persons. Which is all very well for a third-act finale, but ordinary mortals would be disconcerted by continual participation in a Max Reinhardt mass effect.

Noses, eyes, and such are all pretty much alike—arranged in approximately the same positions and serving the same purposes. But idiosyncrasies are another thing again. By these are the individuals distinguished. Even more perceptibly than by Poirot are persons clothed in their special peculiarities.

On a thickly populated planet, individuals are discernible to the naked eye only by those little accidents which occur to the best-regulated patterns. Due to some cosmic carelessness while the mold is on the fire, or on ice, or however it is these things are celestially accomplished, little defects mar the pattern. A penchant for black shirts, a habit of sleeping in bathtubs, a desire to go up escalators that are coming down—and the damage is done. Such products are detrimental to the established standard of quality—"no two unlike." These deplorable errors are marked "seconds" and they become musicians, pugilists, poets, communists, and movie stars.

The indulgence of little whims and foibles is one of the privileges of greatness. It is also, being a lack of repression, a part of greatness itself. Freedom from obedience to code can occur only when respect has previously been established. The king can do no wrong—a pale-pink morning coat would be no faux pas in royal circles. But Mamie Jones would hardly dare, however Garbo-smitten, to wear old sneakers to a dinner party. It just goes to show you.

Eleanor Boardman once remarked that one of the most valuable rewards of cinema success was the escape it afforded from slavery to opinion. With the security of definite attainment comes release from all the petty politics which must be played along the way to the top—being nice to the right people, behaving exactly as the Romans, wearing the clothes they do, observing all the little *clichés*. It is difficult for the

Romans Do

walk up escalators that are coming down or convention like the rest of us, thanks to the cult—the very first step toward distinction.

Reid

Norma Shearer eats dinner at noon, and is quaintly punctual for engagements.



less than successful to be themselves. Only the great and near great, as a general rule, need not conform.

But not all idiosyncrasies are indulgence of previously suppressed tastes. As many of them are unavoidable birthmarks, the little oddities with which otherwise standard mortals are born. Such as Mary Pickford's precision of speech and manner. Such as Gloria Swanson's nose. Such as Jim Tully's pugnacity. Such as Marion Davies's stammer. Such as Cecil DeMille's puttees.

Or such as Greta Garbo's passion for the sun. California weather is of equal importance with California film-canning to the Garbo. On location trips, she deserts the company between scenes and, finding a solitary sunny corner, stretches full length on the ground. Between scenes at the studio, she sits outside the stage door on the sunny side. At home she lies on her back in the sun for hours at a time, never moving, just luxuriating somnolently in the warm rays.

The Garbo ensemble is almost perpetually, despite occasion, tennis shoes, camel's-hair coat, and slouch hat. She walks with her hands in her pockets. And she walks a great deal, always alone. And especially in the rain. She never eats lunch in the studio commissary, disliking to eat among people. She lunches in her dressing room on cream soup, a sandwich, two slices of Swiss cheese, and stewed fruit. She has the longest eyelashes in Hollywood and a nose that never shines. She is notoriously laconic, never speaking unless she has something definite to say.

William Haines is restive if he hasn't perpetrated at least one practical joke during the day. So catholic is his pleasure in this type of humor that he even enjoys practical jokes on himself. He delights in shocking strangers with his remarks and pranks. He has a marked weakness for leather coats. He reads art catalogues in preference to novels. He runs his home with surprising competence. His luncheon is of lengthy duration, because he laughs so much.

Lola Lane won't wear diamonds, but spends considerable sums on what she calls "junk jewelry." She loves novelty and sport jewelry, buying every version as soon as it appears. Although one of the best-dressed girls in Hollywood, she won't wear gloves. She always carries an immaculate pair with her, as concession to



The Garbo ensemble sets Greta apart in the town that frills built.

She can't pass one without rushing in and emerging with an armload.

Joan Crawford is expert at finding bargains and is proud of her record of never being gypped at a bargain counter. She devotes meticulous care to her finger nails, which are always well-groomed, long, and gleaming pink. She would rather work on her never-ending succession of hooked rugs than go to the theater. She always eats a large salad at lunch, with four pitchers of French dressing. She drinks too much coffee. She never uses rouge. She hates to wear stockings, and does only when necessary.

Buddy Rogers says "Yes, ma'am!" and "No, ma'am!" when addressing a lady. Except on the very rare occasions when he goes dancing or to the theater, he goes to bed at nine o'clock. Between scenes at the studio, he plays the piano on the set, or goes to his dressing room and practices exuberantly on the dozen or so instruments he keeps there—trombone, violin, banjo, traps, all the paraphernalia of the jazz that is so dear to his heart.

Punctuality is as much a part of Norma Shearer as is her good complexion. She is never late for any appointment, however trivial, and orders her routine so competently that she has plenty of time for everything.

She dines at noon and is satisfied with tea and toast and cereal in the evening. She loves green, particularly apple green, and keeps as much of it about as possible. She has her Christmas shopping finished and all the packages neatly wrapped a month before Christmas. She always has fresh flowers on her dressing table.

Gary Cooper never eats meat, scorning even fowl. When he is tired and nervous after a trying studio day, he goes for a solitary walk up a hillside near his home. The top of the hill is deserted and there Gary sits, looking

Joan Crawford is our candidate for the only bargain hunter who was never cheated.



Leila Hyams always carries a novel, a cross-word puzzle book and a deck of cards to the studio.

proprieties, but refuses to don them, detesting the feel of them on her hands. The only kind she will wear without rebellion is pigskin for driving an automobile.

Ramon Novarro won't drive a car. He uses studio cars between his home and work. He appears well-dressed only under pressure, being indifferent to clothes. He has a small piano in his dressing room and spends leisure moments playing and singing. He has an uncurbed passion for chocolate éclairs. He prefers little Spanish restaurants in the Mexican district of Los Angeles to the swanky restaurants of Hollywood.

Marie Dressler wears pearls at all times. She refuses to own a car or a house. She rents a car and chauffeur by the week, and leases her beautiful hilltop home by the year. For seventeen years she has had the same maid—Mamie, a colored woman, without whose devoted vigilance Miss Dressler would be helpless. Flower shops are a constant challenge to Marie.

William Haines likes to say shocking things to strangers.



down over the valley and smoking. One of his favorite amusements is to go over his relics of the plains—old saddles, spurs, lariats, sombreros, belts, chaps. In such moods, he even puts on the Indian regalia presented to him by an admiring tribe.

Clara Bow always wears ankle-length socks. She sleeps during the day much more easily than at night. Nocturnal slumber generally eludes her, and at two or three in the morning she goes into the kitchen and prepares a hearty meal which she eats in happy disregard of normal schedules.

Bessie Love makes up faster than any one in the business. She wears sweaters and skirts at all possible times. When she reads, she lies on the floor. She is always in a hurry, on her way from somewhere and just a trifle late for somewhere else. She seldom walks, but usually runs. On each shopping expedition, she valiantly plans to buy at least one blue or green dress, but inevitably ends up with yellow.

It is doubtful if Lon Chaney owned a hat. He was seen only in caps. He refused to sit for still photographs or make public appearances. He stopped work regularly at five thirty and would not work at night or on Sundays. He gave every woman employee of the studio a glove order for Christmas. He sat at the same table in the studio commissary and was served by the same waitress for five years. He always carried his stage-hand union card, relic of previous days.

When Gary Cooper goes into a mood, you might find him trying on his Indian trappings.



Lola Lane adores imitation jewelry and won't wear gloves.



Ramon Novarro will not drive a car, and hates to dress.

William Powell goes swimming at night. On the servants' day out, when he has to answer the telephone himself, he uses a broad Italian dialect until he finds out who the caller is and decides whether or not he wants to talk to the person.

Leila Hyams would rather play bridge than eat, and would rather work cross-word puzzles than play bridge. She always carries the most recent novel, the newest cross-word puzzle book, and a deck of cards with her in the studio.

What the well-dressed young man will wear holds no charm for Charles Bickford. He wears sneakers, duck trousers, a sweater, and cap. He has a passion for argument and will take any side. He eats vanilla ice cream every noon. He is always prowling about garden nurseries, buying strange, outlandish trees and shrubs which he plants in the garden of his beach home.

Ruth Chatterton wears men's caps on the beach and would walk considerably more than a mile to hear a good Negro spiritual.

[Continued on page 112]





Joan Marsh indulges prettily in pleasant relaxation after signing a contract with Metro-Goldwyn, though it must be mental strain rather than writer's cramp that inspires this charming pose.

Hollywood High Lights

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

Cavorting about in the picture world to capture news items and gossip about its players.

THE place is filled! The wheels move on! Wallace Beery will inherit the rôles Lon Chaney was to have played.

Such is the reported decree of the high gods of studio destinies. And we scarcely know any one who, by virtue of long association with pictures, not to say ability, is better qualified to carry on than Wally.

Chaney had no rivals. He hewed a way for himself more individual, perhaps, than any star, and he held onto success with greater persistence than the majority of film folk.

Even if Beery does appear in the stories Chaney was to have made, namely "Cheri-bibi"—this is less certain—and "The Bugle Sounds," these will be materially changed. No one, not even Wally, could hope to play them just as Lon would, and he would be the last in the world to attempt it.

The Colony Pauses.

The tribute to Chaney at the time of his funeral was of more than usual solemnity, for the reason that work was suspended at practically all studios for a brief space of time in his honor. This has been done only in occasional instances, for Wallace Reid and, we believe, Rudolph Valentino.

The extremely simple chapel service was attended only by the family group and a few friends from the stellar world, like Lew Cody, Polly Moran, William Haines; Eddie Gribbon, Maurice Costello, and Ruth Roland.

The most touching moment was when the melody, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," was played by two musicians who had worked with Chaney during the filming of most of his productions.

A Provident Star.

Chaney died a comparatively wealthy man. His estate was valued at \$550,000, most of it going to Mrs. Hazel G. Chaney. Chaney's son, Creighton Tull Chaney, was provided for, and a special bequest was made to John Jeske, designated as a "faithful servant," but who was really a companion of the star. He was left \$5,000.

Cleva Creighton Bush, Chaney's first wife, was also mentioned in the will. The actor was divorced from her more than twenty years ago. She is the mother of Creighton, but the boy almost always lived with his father.

The Prince Royal.

Almost coincident with the Chaney death came the birth of the Thalberg-Shearer son and heir. One might term this baby the crown prince of the Metro-Goldwyn establishment, since his father is one of its highest executives, and his mother one of the brightest stars.

Mother and son did well, and Miss Shearer left the hospital in exactly two weeks. There was a veritable storm of flowers and congratulatory messages while she was confined there, which will be remembered most keenly, perhaps, by the hospital attendants who, in a sort of continuous procession, had to deliver them to Norma's suite.

Right in the midst of the Thalberg-Shearer celebration came the arrival of the Nicholas Soussanin-Olga Bacanova son.

Ladies, Beware!

"Sez you!" and "Sez me!" will be partners again. Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen are to do their famous impersonations of *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* in a picture called "Women of All Nations," to

be made this winter. It's the third of the series, including "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-eyed World."

So far all we can learn about the picture is that Raoul Walsh, who directed the other two, is to be at the helm once more, and that Eddie and Victor are to forsake their khaki uniforms for the very best dress-parade garb of the marines.

All we have to say in that case is that the ladies—of whom there are to be many and beautiful—had better look out. If Eddie and Victor dress up there'll be no stopping them.

Siren Lily Returns.

Which calls to mind that Lily Damita, who was the chief siren in "The Cock-eyed World," is with us again, playing in "Fighting Caravans." Trust Lily to be mixed up with a battling film!

Most of the time she has been working on location for this picture, but she is expected to brighten the studio when she starts on "Sons o' Guns," with Al Jolson. Lily was in the stage play last season, from which the picture is being adapted.

Jolson has been in Germany of late, starring in a talking picture in the language of that country. Al surprised Hollywood with his qualifications as a linguist.

"Sons o' Guns" will be his first production for United Artists. The Warner contract, which appeared to cause much temperamental friction, is finally over, and Al is, from all reports, happy in his new association.

"Jenny Lind" Survives.

All rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, "Jenny Lind" is not shelved. We are assured and double assured of this by official pronouncements.

The rumor was broadcast that Grace Moore's film was not so torrid, and that it would not be released—also that work was stopped on the feature before it was finished.

Only the last statement, it seems, was really correct, the suspension being due to Miss Moore's assignment to the "New Moon," with Lawrence Tibbett.

Two pictures starring Tibbett had to be rushed through in order that he might start on a recital tour. He has been working like mad, and has already all but finished up his second film, "The Southerner," which immediately followed "New Moon." Miss Moore has meanwhile been quietly completing her own starring production.

Song is Stilled.

Not so fortunate is Mary Lewis, whom Pathé has under contract. It looks as if "The Siren Song," already much delayed, would be indefinitely postponed, or never made.

Lack of demand for musicals is blamed for this situation, and Mary's trim and pretty figure, acquired by careful dieting, has therefore all gone for naught, so far as films are concerned.

Ambitious Scions.

Up comes the younger generation again! Big doings for some of the stellar children, who seem bent on following their parents' glittering trails.

First there's Frances Rich, eldest daughter of Irene Rich. She spent the summer in the studios doing extra work, more or less as a lark. Her mother insisted that she shouldn't succumb to the movie bug, however, and so Frances has returned to Smith College, from which she will be graduated next summer.

Then there's Ian Torrence, who has gone into sound-recording work at the RKO studio. He is the son of Ernest Torrence, and for the past five or six years has been testing his talents in various studio departments. Sound recording seems to be his *métier* now, and what's more, he is doing so well that he recently wedded a Beverly Hills débutante, Miss Liliore Green.

Still again, there's Noah Beery, Jr., who is playing in "Beau Ideal," which, like "Beau Sabreur," is a sequel to "Beau Geste." You may remember that Noah, Sr., was the celebrated heavy of the earlier film.

"Beau Geste" Sequel.

It is interesting to note that Ralph Forbes is enacting the same character in "Beau Ideal" that he portrayed in "Beau Geste." As you may recall, he was the only brother who survived the siege against the desert fortress. He connects the plots of the two stories.

In addition to Forbes, the more important rôles are presented by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Don Alvarado, Leni Stengel, Paul MacAllister, and Otto Matiesen. Miss Stengel has been identified as a vamp, but in "Beau Ideal" she will be cast as the *Angel of Death*. Which does seem rather esoteric.

Mildred Gloria's Sister.

There is a lucky little girl named Peggy, who, if all progresses favorably, is to be the adopted sister of Mildred Gloria, the Lloyds' daughter. The two look enough alike to be related, anyway.

Harold and Mrs. Lloyd didn't want their child to be lonely on their estate in Beverly Hills, and some time ago they decided it would be best to adopt a child. They heard of a woman who was giving her life to the care of homeless youngsters, and arranging for their care by others.

When they paid a visit to the woman's home, the first child they saw was Peggy, whose full name is Marjorie Elizabeth, and they were captivated by the youngster.

For several months now Peggy has been residing at the Lloyd home, and she and Mildred Gloria are ideal companions. They are just a year apart in age, little Mildred being six and Peggy five.

Certain legal formalities remain to be settled before the adoption can be completed, but it is virtually certain that there will be two children in the Lloyd household from now on.

Name Tradition Followed.

No fitful whimsies seem to guide the actor folk in their choice of names for their offspring. Witness the selection made for the Barrymore child. She is called Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore. Dolores is for her mother, Ethel for her aunt, Ethel Barrymore, and Mae in remembrance of Dolores Costello's mother, Mrs. Mae Costello.



Marjorie White, who is surely one of the most energetic comédiennes, smiles over the noise she will make in "Stolen Thunder."

Hollywood High Lights



Photo by Fraker

Without stage or screen experience, Richard Cromwell steps out of obscurity to play *Tol'able David*, the rôle made famous by Richard Barthelmess in silence.

Both John Barrymore and his wife are apparently faithful to the tradition that names should be picked from the family tree.

We'll venture that if the child had been a boy he would have been called John Lionel Maurice Barrymore. The Maurice would have been very appropriate since Barrymore's father was Maurice Barrymore and Dolores' parent is Maurice Costello.

Jonah Takes New Turn.

Persistent to a terrific extent is the George O'Brien jinx, for at this writing we hear that there are some differences over his salary, which may lead to breaking his connection with the Fox organization.

Of course, the mere ending of a contract does not always spell bad luck for a player, but it is not considered the most fortunate sort of event at present. Things are too upset in movieland, and a whole host of stars who were formerly drawing weekly salaries, are now on the idle list.

O'Brien has just about completed five years under the Fox banner, and five years is generally the life of a contract. A brand new one has to be entered into at the end of that period.

So, with the jinx as rampant as it is, we hope George's negotiations will culminate happily.

Cliff No Social King.

Cliff Edwards, familiarly known as "Ukulele Ike," has no ambitions to be a cotillon leader. He denies being even a mild social light. It all came out in his divorce trial.

Cliff has been having a legal argument with his wife about an alimony settlement, and Mrs. Edwards has asked \$250 a week. The question arose as to why she needed that much money. She declared she had to maintain her social position. She was asked what she meant by that.

"Well, I have to keep up appearances befitting the social standing of Mr. Edwards," she answered.

"Hey, there!" burst out Cliff. "Don't let her call me 'Mister.' I'm just plain Ukulele Ike. She doesn't have to worry about appearances on my account. I haven't any social standing."

Those Pallid Fortunes.

Is there money in the movies? One may well ask, after hearing of the valuations placed on estates left by two actors who died not long ago. One was Dustin Farnum's, the amount being \$10,000; the other Rudolph Schildkraut's, reported to be only \$2,000.

Farnum's was the biggest surprise, for it was estimated some time ago that he was the possessor of a half-million-dollar fortune. But all that he had, it seems, was some property in Maine.

The most ironic thing about Farnum is that at one time he could have had a fourth interest in the Paramount corporation. This was when Jesse Lasky and Cecil DeMille started making pictures in California. Farnum preferred to take spot cash for his part in the enterprise, instead of the interest in the business. Had he taken the latter, he would have been a millionaire many times over, in all likelihood, at his death.

New Queen Acclaimed.

The lady of the hour—Ann Harding! All signs point to her sudden supremacy in movieland. "Holiday" brought her such great acclaim that the producers evidently decided she shouldn't have any time off at all.

Her own organization, Pathé, immediately began laying plans for her to do "The Greater Love," with Clive Brook and her husband, Harry Bannister, in the other leading rôles, while Fox insisted on borrowing her for "East Lynne." Then, too, she may soon play in "Rebound," possibly going abroad to film some of the scenes. In "East Lynne" she will also have Brook as one of her leading men, Conrad Nagel being the other.

Meanwhile Ann has had time to help her youngster, Jane, celebrate her second birthday, and has completed the child's quarters in her hilltop home. These include a modernistic Mother Goose room, a bathroom done in blue, and a miniature swimming pool, right next to the larger one that serves for father and mother and their guests.

Wedding Speeds Career.

Another star much in demand right now is Bebe Daniels. Her marriage seems to have added stimulus to her career. Certainly the desire to have her and Ben Lyon together in a picture had much to do with the efforts made by Warner Brothers to engage her for "Ex-mistress."

Ben was under contract for the leading rôle when Mary Nolan was slated to play it, and doubtless the Brothers Warner saw exploitation possibilities in having the two together. Evidently, too, RKO was quite willing to lend their star, as "Ex-mistress" gives promise of being a popular hit.

Bebe and Ben also enjoyed the experience, because it provided a continuance of their honeymoon. The company was on location most of the time, yachting and at Catalina Island.

From "Ex-mistress" Bebe went directly into the production of "Reaching for the Moon," with Douglas Fairbanks.

Debacles Are Scarcer.

Some hopes for a happier Hollywood may be drawn from the fact that the divorce courts are unusually quiet of late. There has been no suit involving prominent couples for several months. Jean Harlow, leading woman of "Hell's Angels," has had a fracas in the courts over

a property settlement with her husband, Charles F. McGrew II, and Peverell Marley and Lina Basquette were divorced after a brief legal tilt, and aside from these cases and the difficulties between Cliff Edwards and his wife, all goes more calmly than in several years.

The Love God's Winnings.

Just to add to the golden outlook several couples chose the fall, or late summer, as a marital time. John Garrick was married to Harriett Bennett; Sammy Cohen to Doris Roach, and June Clyde announced her engagement to Thornton Freeland, the director.

Anna Q.'s First Party.

Twenty-five years wed—that will be the record of Jimmy and Lucille Webster Gleason next year.

Just a few weeks ago they celebrated a sort of preview to their silver anniversary, and whenever the Gleasons extend invitations folk flock to their Beverly Hills home.

The guest who attracted the most attention was Anna Q. Nilsson. It was her first party since she came out of the hospital. She was carefully helped from her automobile, and placed in a chair on the edge of the swimming pool, where throughout the afternoon she greeted and conversed with her friends.

Anna looked happier and better than we have seen her look in several years. She is anticipating a complete return to health very soon, and will then once more be seen on the screen. The bone-knitting process, following the grafting operation, has necessarily been slow, but Anna is not a bit disheartened.

One of the lovely things she did, quite characteristic of her, during her stay in the hospital, was to knit tiny layettes for new-born youngsters. She remains as always one of the most charming and whole-hearted personalities of pictures.

Meet June Walker!

June Walker is staying on for another picture. She is the interesting stage actress who will make her screen debut as the lead in "War Nurse," with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Robert Ames, and others. Miss Walker is considered one of the cleverest younger comédiennes of the footlights, and should bring a wealth of bright talent to the screen. She won a notable triumph a few years ago in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

M.-G.-M. has an option on her services for a second production, and may thereafter sign her on a permanent contract.

Morris Turns Sheik.

Approve the choice or not, but there is a probability that Chester Morris will star in a revival of "The Sheik," Rudy Valentino's famous hit of the silent days.

Morris has just completed "The Bat Whispers."

Another Landmark Gone.

One way or another the old landmarks of the movies are going. A studio once occupied by Charlie Chaplin, when he made comedies for Essanay, was destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. It was the first studio, in fact, that he used in Los Angeles after he became a star on his own. He made his burlesque of "Carmen" there, in which he played the rôle of *Darn Hosiery*.

Kerry in Comeback.

One "East Lynne," it seems, is not sufficient. There are to be two, but the second will glory in the name of "Ex-flame," which fits in with the modern "Ex" idea.

"East Lynne" No. 2, or perhaps it will prove to be No. 1, is being produced with Marian Nixon in the leading feminine rôle, and Neil Hamilton and Norman Kerry as the other principals.

Kerry is making his return in this picture after an absence of almost two years. We have not seen him since "Annie Laurie," though he has played once or twice in small films since that.

Chester Morris is all ready to star in "The Sheik," if the producers decide to revive the picture that made an idol of Rudolph Valentino.



Photo by Miehlo

The Passing of Milton Sills.

Will it be the "fatal three" again?

This familiar question was being asked in Hollywood when the shocking news of Milton Sills's death came within three weeks of the passing of Lon Chaney. Two veterans of the colony in such a short space of time! Enough, indeed, to revive an old movieland superstition.

Sills's career was but little less brilliant at certain periods than Chaney's, though he achieved his success in entirely different fashion. He was best known for his portrayal of vigorous and rugged types, his earlier conquests dating from the time of "The Honor System," and his later ones from "The Sea Hawk." These two pictures constituted the milestones of his fame.

Few finer-spirited men have ever engaged in film acting than Sills. He was a thorough believer in the artistic side of pictures, and was for many years regarded as the chief spokesman for the film people. He was nearly always chosen to represent them at any public gathering, where something was to be said in behalf of the movies.

The last time we saw Sills was at a small committee meeting of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, at which he presided. He looked thinner than usual, but was in excellent spirits. He had just finished "The Sea Wolf" and was very hopeful about what the picture would mean for him. This was only a few weeks before his death.

The memory of Sills will be cherished by the fans, because his many good performances, especially in "The

Continued on page 106

One in a Million

Now and then the home-town girl gets past the hard-boiled doorman and slips into a studio to visit a player, and once in, she carries on in such a manner that from then on the gates are locked and double locked.

By
Romney Scott

Illustrated by
Lui Trugo



SAY, 'dja ever hear the story of the girl who had a friend who was a star in the movies, and the girl went out to Hollywood, telling you, "Just wait'll Jennie sees me. She'll die!"

Well, Jennie probably died all right—but not from joy. By and by your friend comes home, and nowadays when Jennie's name comes up, she doesn't have much to say. And maybe if you ask her if she saw Jennie, she'll tell you the truth and say no, and maybe she'll fib a little to save her face, as the Chinese so quaintly put it. Because 999,999 of a million people who set out to see friends in the studios never get to them. The one who does crash the gate carries on in such a manner that the other 999,999 can't get in.

One morning I was on my way over to the RKO lot to see Betty Compson. As I passed through the outer office, the weather eye being in good shape, I noticed a strikingly pretty girl—still speaking of shapes and one thing and another—so I stopped to untie and tie my shoe string. And the pretty young thing was having quite an argument with the hard-boiled doorman. It went something like this:

"I'd like to see Betty, please. I just can't go home without seeing Betty—Betty Compson, you know."

"No, I don't know," said the h.-b. d. "Is she expecting you?"

"Well-I-I, no, not exactly. But we're old friends, and I just *know* she'd be glad to see me."

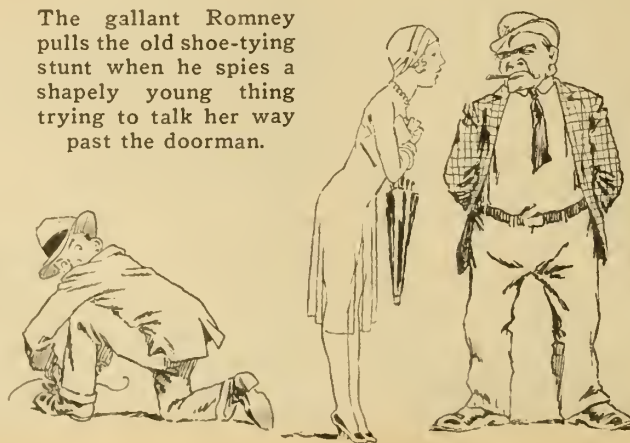
"Well, I can't let you in, unless you have an appointment. You'd better go home and write her a letter."

"Couldn't you phone and ask her?" persisted the p. y. t.

"No, I couldn't," snapped the grouchy old doorman.

All my Southern chivalry rose to the surface, and I was on the point of offering such assistance as I could render when, in lifting my hand to raise my hat, I accidentally bumped my nose which was still a little swollen from the last time I put my oar in where it wasn't needed. So, as I passed in alone, I made a mental note to tell Betty about the visitor outside. But somehow when Betty smiles at you, and looks so bright and fresh on a Monday morning, you forget about the people outside—shapes or no shapes.

The gallant Romney pulls the old shoe-tying stunt when he spies a shapely young thing trying to talk her way past the doorman.



And a few minutes later Glenn Hunter came in. And what with arguing with Betty over whether Glenn was better in "Clarence," or "Merton of the Movies," or "Young Woodley," or "Behold This Dreamer," or "Spring Is Here," or the dozen and one other plays he has starred in, I completely forgot the damsel in distress outside.

Well, the first thing you know Betty is called to the phone, and she comes back dimpling like a schoolgirl and announces that Vivian Phelps is coming in to see her. "Isn't that sweet of her to bother?" Betty asks us. "She won't be in Hollywood long, and imagine her taking time to find me!"

And presently Betty's maid returns with Vivian in tow, and who should Vivian turn out to be but the little girl from outside! "How did you finally manage to get word to Betty," I asked when the introductions were over.

"Oh, I just waited until I saw a pretty girl with make-up on coming out, and I rushed up and stopped her, and told her I was Betty's cousin and *would* she mind getting word to Betty that I was here, and she did. I can't stay but a few minutes," she added, "as I parked my car in front of a fire plug."

"Who was the girl you got to run your errands?"

"I think she said her name is June Clyde. Is she in pictures?"

"I believe so. She's being starred shortly."

About twelve thirty Betty, Glenn, and I set out for Pearl Eaton's dressing room, where we had been asked for lunch. Although Vivian could stay only a few minutes and had already been with us for half an hour, she jogged cheerfully along, chattering like a magpie.

"I always go about looking for the stars, and I never fail to recognize them. It's the *funniest* thing! And in New York it's the same way. I lived there two years and I know all of them by sight. Where are you from, Mr. Hunter?"

"Oh, I'm one of the New York Hunters," Glenn answered carelessly.

"Really? What do you do in New York?" went on the interlocutor.

"Just hang around the theater a little."

"How interesting. I wonder where I could see Richard Dix. He's my favorite actor, although I seldom go to see his pictures. But he's just the

type I admire. I'll simply *die* if I don't get to see him."

And by this time we were in Pearl's dressing room and Vivian had been introduced to her and to Hugh Trevor.

"And what do you do, Miss Eaton?" bubbled Vivian, determined to be friendly with every one.

"Nothing much," said Pearl, who was première danseuse for several years with the Ziegfeld "Follies." "In my spare time I stage dances for the musical numbers here on the lot."

"How *interesting*," murmured Vivian.

Hugh started into the next room for some lemonade. He had his make-up on and as he went out, Vivian asked in a stage whisper, "Is *he* a celebrity?"

"Oh, no," said Hugh, without pausing. "just a young fellow trying to get along."

When order had been restored, Vivian resumed with gusto. "I seem to be monopolizing the conversation, but really, I *always* say that the stars are just like anybody else, if you'll just let them see that you aren't awed by them, and are perfectly willing to meet them on their own footing and be one of them—oh, I forgot all about my car! It's still parked in front of the fire plug! Would one of you go out and move it for me?"

"I was just telling Betty," she continued, without waiting for an answer, "I think she ought to come up to Spokane and visit me. It would do her a world of good just to get up there and relax. And if some of the rest of you would like to come, you could: I have five bedrooms and my husband and I still occupy the same room—*tee-hee!*—so that leaves four. He's always joking, too. He said he wanted a vacation, so he sent me down here on this lovely trip. What *am* I going to do about Richard Dix?" she went on, addressing the crowd at large. "I just can't go back without meeting him. Couldn't you phone and ask him to come here?"

"I'm afraid he isn't working to-day," Betty soothed her, "so he isn't at the studio."

"Well, couldn't one of these gentlemen phone and ask him to come to our little party? Wouldn't *you* do that for me, Mr. Martin?" she went on, addressing Mr. Hunter.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't met Mr. Dix," said Glenn.

"*Tchh, tchh, tchh*," Vivian reproved him. "At home I do nothing but go to the movies. We have five theaters and I go to all of them every week. But I seldom pay any attention to the story. I criticize the clothes. I think they ought to have some one out here to tell the girls what to wear. Now some of the things Norma Shearer wears are all right, but Norma Talmadge always looks as if she had a Christmas tree hung on her. You'll notice how simply *I* dress."

"There might be an opening for you out here," said Glenn very gravely. "I understand the Will Hays office used to employ Howard Greer as fashion supervisor, but a couple of women wrote in making the same complaint as you, so they had to let him go. You might get his job."

"Would you take me *right up there?*" Vivian demanded breathlessly. "I think," she went on, warming to her subject, "that Mr. Greer ought to be *ashamed* of himself. Probably all he was interested in was the salary he was getting, and selling gowns out of his



Young girls who have spent a week-end in Hollywood are likely to go into exclamatory reminiscences when they attend the movies.

own shop. And he ought to have sense enough to know that a French frock doesn't fit into a set laid in New York, or some other American city. He ought to see the pictures *first*, and get an idea what they're all about, and *then* design the clothes.

"Most of the girls in pictures, like Alice White, and Joan Crawford, and Lilyan Tashman, came from humble beginnings, and they can't be expected to know what's what. I'm *sure* that if some one with the proper background was willing to work with them and teach them the right thing to wear, they'd appreciate it."

"I'm sure they would," I enthusiastically agreed, remembering what a merry little hell Joan Crawford raised once when the head of the wardrobe department insisted upon her wearing a gown he had selected, in preference to one she had picked out for herself.

"Why, with Betty's gorgeous figure," Vivian raved on, "there's hardly *anything* she couldn't wear!"

"Oh, do you like her figure?" Glenn asked, giving Betty a wink. "I thought she looked pretty sloppy lately. You know she almost lost a part in one picture because she was too thin. They just had to throw the clothes on her."

"Really? Well, I feel better now. At home they're always telling me that *I'm* too thin and that a person who weighs less than 120 pounds looks undernourished. I weigh just 120," she added modestly. "I wonder what I'm going to do about my car. I haven't moved it yet."

Mr. Hobart, who is the head of supervisors at RKO, came in. "Possibly Mr. Hobart would move it for you," I suggested sarcastically.

But the sarcasm was wasted, for Vivian breezed right up to Mr. Hobart. "Mr. Hobart, I parked my car in front of a fire plug when I came in. *Would* you move it for me? I left the key in the lock, so if a fire *did* break out, they wouldn't have any trouble getting it out of the way."

Mr. Hobart stared at her in glassy silence, but Vivian misinterpreted his silence. "And if you run across Richard Dix, *please* drag him in here. And if you can't find him, will you find out where he is, and I'll make one of these boys take me to see him."

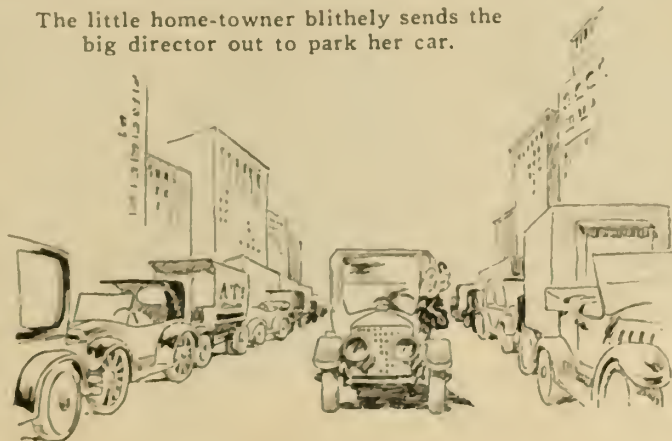
"And speaking of Betty's figure," she went on, after Mr. Hobart had safely fainted away, "she used to have the loveliest hair. A soft chestnut brown. I wonder why she dyed it?"

"That's a wig she has on," Glenn explained. "I saw her put it on this morning."

"And I think," Vivian continued, as though she

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The little home-towner blithely sends the big director out to park her car.



Another Three Cheers!

Our Manhattan explorer discovers Carol Lombard, another beauty who is on her way up, equipped fully with all that it takes.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

A PUBLICITY office at best is no fairy bower. Even when it is coolly situated in the white turret of the studio with windows facing north and east, automatic typewriters, built-in office boys and decorative secretaries, a publicity office is a trifle drab.

Yet when Carol Lombard climbed in the fourth floor window with a cheery "Hello!" the spot blossomed into a place of charm and enchantment.

She should be seen to be appreciated, and once seen, never forgotten. A Hollywood graduate with more than the usual honors, Carol has progressed from comedy falls at Sennett's scraggio of slapstick to the Motion Picture Academy kisses of Warner Baxter, no less. Still in the low twenties, she faces a future filled with what people like to term promise.

Lombard is slim and shapely and her hair taffy-yellow. Her mouth is full, her eyes amused in a tolerant way. She has crowded a lot into her brief span, I should guess. She is sophisticated but not bored, wise but not bitter. She has heard all the questions a beautiful woman hears, and she knows the answers. Hollywood, she says, is a delightful spot for a person with a sense of humor. She should be happy there.

In the first place some misguided soul christened her Carol Lombard, which isn't her name at all.

Jane Peters was visiting in Los Angeles when a picture director saw her and said, "My dear, come round to the studio for a test at three to-morrow," meaning no harm whatsoever. That is what makes this an amazing story. She was not forced to sacrifice all in order to get her big chance. Half an hour after the test had been screened before a small but pompous group of high-pressure studio executives, Jane Peters had been signed to play opposite Edmund Lowe, in a Fox picture called "Marriage in Transit." That's how hard it is to break into pictures, but don't try it.

"Your name," the executives told Jane, "is too plain. Jane Peters hasn't any 'box office' in it. But we'll fix that." And of course they did. Supervisors have been fixing things, permanently, in the cinema industry, ever since Cecil DeMille launched the first bathtub. They decided to call her Carol, after the sparrows and thrushes, and Lombard for the Lombardy poplars, hoping this would make her pop'lar with the public. For a supervisor, that was a fair pun.

Carol Lombard she was. She didn't care for the label, but who was she to say no? At that early stage of the game, before even a crank had been turned, remonstrance was out of order. And at sixteen one doesn't demur at the names one is called when a leading rôle goes with it.

"I was pretty terrible in the picture," Carol said. "I rather expected I would be, having had no experience in pictures and no stage training. Besides I was pleasingly plump and that was no advantage, either."

"So when the picture was finished, I left Fox to apply for work at Mack Sennett's, the school of hard knocks. There I started working up from the bottom."

Then Carol told me what other Sennett graduates have told me—that comedy under the Gaelic master is the best schooling for getting camerawise, for spacing a movement, for timing a laugh. When one considers that Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Beery, Raymond Griffith, Betty Compson, and Chester Conklin all came from the pie-slinging lots, the truth of the assertion is apparent.

"Sennett's was the most delightful madhouse imaginable," said Carol enthusiastically. "Life was one fall after another."

There was a lusty, rowdy spirit of freedom there that I've never encountered anywhere else. I recommend it. It exposed the sham of pretension, it exploded the petty hypocrisies of people in high places, it flung pies at false dignity. What's more, Sennett's develops the sense of humor, toughens the constitution, nurtures ambition, and teaches you the game as it should be played. Two years there gave me a thorough grounding. I left fully prepared to face the world."

Pathé had seen her in a full-length Sennett called "The Girl from Nowhere." Impressed, Pathé signed her. In a year the blond Lombard played in half a dozen features with Alan Hale, William Boyd, and other Pathé luminaries.

Every year a dozen or more beauties from the short-comedy field apprentice themselves to DeMille or Fox or Metro, pose for publicity stills, and awake in the cold gray dawn to find their options lapsed. Carol Lombard fared better. Her year with Pathé introduced her to a wide public, and incidentally established her in the minds of producers.

When Fox told Alfred Santell to do a sequel to "In Old Arizona" he seized upon Lombard for the interesting rôle of the adventuress.

"We went bye-bye for eight weeks," said Carol. "In the desert for two months, living in tents. Dandy. Then we saw the picture! It could have been made in a week in somebody's backyard. But it's making money and that's the answer."

Free-lancing along, Lombard next visited the Paramount lot to do an excellent assignment opposite Charles Rogers. Those who saw "Safety in Numbers"

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Carol Lombard has heard all the questions a beauty hears, and knows the answers.





Photo by Herman Zernner

ON the crest of success, Carol Lombard recalls humorously and appreciatively her "past," meaning her arduous training in slapstick for two years and the falls and hard knocks that made her what she is to-day, says Malcolm H. Oettinger, opposite.



Photo by William A. Fraker

ALL of a sudden Barbara Stanwyck has become not only a general favorite, but a pet of PICTURE PLAY's army of fans. And that means they will fight for her, because she gave them "Ladies of Leisure." Her next, "Roseland."



Photo by Otto Dyar

WHEN you saw "Anybody's Woman" you admired the beauty and distinction of Juliette Compton, as the ex-wife, and regretted when the rôle ended. There is compensation in this mad world, though, as you shall see when she appears in "New Morals."



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

REX BELL became famous, and Harry Richman hot and bothered, when Clara Bow proclaimed him her new boy friend and displayed his photo inscribed, "To my little pumpkin, from Rex." Well, Rexie will show some of the reasons in "To-night and You."



Photo by Irving Childs

EVERY one who knows Ilka Chase says that she is not only a new note in the Hollywood symphony, but one of the grandest girls living. You see, she's civilized without advertising her sophistication, and funny without being a cut-up.



Photo by Hurrell

A MOP of blue-black hair, twinkling eyes and a gurgling accent —there you have Fifi Dorsay, who adds enough of that *je ne sais quoi* to make her unlike anybody else. You'll see it all in "Those Three French Girls."



Photo by Hurrell

THE darling of the gods and of every one who has a heart, a sense of humor and love for humanity—our own Marie Dressler. For it is these qualities within her that sound a call no one can resist.



A VAGABOND, a drifter, the despair of his home-loving parents. Such was Richard Arlen before chance brought him to Hollywood, and even afterward. On the opposite page a friend traces, accurately and sympathetically, his amazing history and splendid reformation.

Photo by Otto Dyar

Waster, Drifter— Then Star

Richard Arlen came to Hollywood with no future and he didn't care particularly for one. How he got a grip on himself and found success is what you want to know.

By Ann Sylvester

HOLLYWOOD'S habit of transforming people takes curious turns sometimes. It can, and has, made skeptics of believers, practical men of dreamers, show-offs of the reticent, and grooves for the individualists. All in all, its influence is a little disillusioning, as a rule. But like every other rule, it has its exception. Perhaps two or three of them. Once in a while, in a capricious mood, it builds where it might destroy, and restores ideals to the scoffer in spite of himself. Not often—not to be expected, but just in rare instances. For example, Dick Arlen, who was born Richard van Matimore.

Of all the stories of Hollywood remodeling, his is the most curious and reversed.

In the first place, he came to Hollywood as bitter and cynical a man as I have been pleased to know. He was young, and fate had seen fit to strip him of most of his illusions before he ever reached Hollywood. Because there is no disillusionment as bitter as that of extreme youth, he believed tremendously in *nothing*. Not even himself.

For years Richard Arlen lived a vagabond's life, the despair of his home-loving parents.

Before he was twenty-one he had been a husband, father of a little girl, and a divorced man. He had also been a drifter, a restless seeker after something he could not find. His family of conservative, home-loving people had given up trying to understand this moody offspring of theirs. He was the odd one, the deep one.

Most of the time they did not know in what part of the country he was. Now and then he would drift back to them—as unhappy as ever. As restless.

His first marriage was a mistake. With his type and his temperament, he was the last person in the world to attempt the kind of matrimony he did. The settling-down kind—raising a family. The kind of matrimony that goes for you and me and the bookkeeper at the bank and the girl next door. It is possible to imagine him setting forth on a vagabond honeymoon with a girl of tremendous nervous restlessness, like himself; but not a domestic honeymoon, with the memory of a bottle of cream to be brought home for dinner that night. It failed, just as it was doomed to fail. Nobody's fault, particularly. Not the girl's. Not Dick's.

Everything he attempted was a failure. The same restlessness that drove him from town to town, drove him from job to job. He drifted along from office jobs to laborer in oil fields. Once, during his varied experiences, he made a bit of money. I believe it was somewhere in Texas or Oklahoma. He spent it instantly. It did him more harm than good, but the trail of extravagance accidentally led him to California and Hollywood. It did that much.

At first he had no thought of going into pictures—not while his money lasted. Days were too indolently pleas-



Photo by Richee

ant for him to think of work. They began at noon and lasted until the small hours of the morning in a round of self-indulgence.

A house he had rented was the rendezvous of a gang of movie fellows, who worked as extras by day and as spongers at night. They were always sure of a free meal, and a good one, at Van's. Most of them lasted as pals as long as the money held out. When suddenly and unexpectedly he found himself broke, he, too, drifted into extra work.

Such was Dick's background and mental attitude at the beginning of his career.

He was quite untroubled by ambition—at first. He was by no means the first extra to arrive on the set—but invariably he was the first to leave. While the male star was going through a technique that might have offered pertinent tips to any extra who cared to watch, Dick would be calmly asleep in a corner, or wisecracking with the gang outside the set. He did what he was told to do. No more, no less.

Once he was picked for a bit in a picture starring Bebe Daniels. He played it so badly, so irritatingly, that the director flew into a rage. "You're a lousy actor," he yelled. Whereupon Dick muttered something under his breath and kicked his beautiful costume toward the feet of the director. Dick's admiration for Bebe Daniels dated from then. She ran after him. "Don't be discouraged," she told him, "you'll do better next time. It's hard at first." Suddenly he wished very much that he could have another chance in a Bebe Daniels picture sometime. It was the first fluttering of ambition in a heretofore indifferent man. [Continued on page 112]



ONCE in a blue moon, or maybe not quite that often, according to reports that reach us, some one in the movies gets a chance to do what he really wants. And so well has Ramon Novarro done many things he didn't want to do that, as a reward of merit, Metro-Goldwyn is permitting him to direct the Spanish version of "Call of the Flesh" besides, of course, playing the leading rôle in it. You see him, above, in one of those rare moments when he is able to get entirely away from the studio and its cares to become himself—the Ramon so many dream about, but whom so few really know.

The Big Goat-getter from Boston

Charles Bickford fairly bellows his opinions of Hollywood and movies—moronic movies, he calls them—and film people scuttle to cover to protect sensitive toes when he lets go, for he spares nobody from producer to extra.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HE was Greta Garbo's school-days sweetheart. He was born in the South Seas, knew *Sadie Thompson*, and grew up on a ship. He mined for gold in the West, farmed in Rhodesia, and fought in a South American fracas.

That is, Charles Bickford said he did. And Hollywood, naïve Hollywood, was just too thrilled, my dears!

His conceit as Homer as his bulk, he tongue-lashes the movie people and makes 'em like it. Petty rules are swept aside with powerful strokes of sarcasm. "Dynamite," they call him, not only in remembrance of his first picture, but because he is that way. A chance comment serves to ignite the spark.

He finds fault with stories. He likens Hollywood to "a perpetual close-up, mugging its daily dozen of expressions." He considers most of the men who make movies of infantile intelligence, and art a commodity foreign to this gigantic factory where amusement is canned. He ruffles their vanity, necessitating extra yes-men to restore it.

When executives saw that his superb confidence was grounded upon ability, they became alarmed, though his weekly walkout always ends in a stroll around the block. The man actually can act, as well as orate. Most of our oral radicals can't, as you may have observed. He thrashes through his gusty drama, shading it with quirks of humor, occasionally with an apparently unwilling tenderness—a rare art, that.

Some of his vitriolic opinions, delivered with all the delicacy of Vesuvius erupting a morning greeting, are:

"The Germans make artistic films because they are grounded in the theater and its allied arts, and not graduates of sweatshops and secondhand clothing stores." "The stage is a profession, the movies only a racket." "Theatrical producers are heavy brains compared to movie men"—though he *did* find it necessary to argue principles with them.

He claims a major share of the credit for his good films. He derides "Dynamite" as a large dose of hokum. Yes, it would be *possible* for him to make a mistake. "It was a shame to waste a good actor on *Matt Burke*," he thus disposes of "Anna Christie." He did not want the rôle, because it cramped his self-respect to support a woman star. That he played it so magnificently is due to the fact that he and *Matt* share a colossal conceit! He adds bits of business to stories, refusing to make ones he considers poor.

"I'm not finicky," he asserts. "Don't call me a stubborn artist, but I won't double-cross my convictions."

He has very carefully appraised his stock. M.-G.-M., the concern which has the luck or the misfortune—it's all in the viewpoint—to be agitated by his tempestuous presence and benefited by his talent, is aware that his work is worth both price and trouble.

"Don't call me a stubborn artist; but I won't double-cross my convictions," says Bickford.



Photo by Hurrell

Mr. Bickford modestly claims a major share of the credit for his good films.

The public, struck by his smashing personality, steps dizzily back for more. He can rage, if he likes, just so he sticks around.

His vitality stands out like a Warner Brothers billboard. His personality is as big as his girth. He dominates, even in a rare silence. A shock of red hair, tangled over a large head, falls into a rough frame for clear blue eyes. His red face is carved by wrinkles of humor.



Photo by
Louise

Charles Bickford learned to act in the rawest school, majoring in roughneck characterizations.

A devil a bit of a brogue has he, excepting when it's good business. He can get stuck in the verbal peat with the best of the thick-tongued blarney boys; or he can converse with all the didactic precision of a Boston schoolmaster. As he lunches with the youthful gang in the commissary, in preference to the more secluded stellar balcony, we have engaged in several tilts. His spontaneous humor peppers the conversation with a steady stream of chuckles. I armor myself with a barricade of mockery, disbelieving every utterance on general principles.

Only once did I succeed in drawing his anger. I remarked that he had hooked onto the stage caravan streaming Westward at the smell of caviar. He flushed a shade that paled even his hair and spat back between his teeth: "For five years the moronic movies made overtures to me. I was not concerned, thinking the screen weak as an art form. The talkies, however, offer a wider field. They picture life with more realism. So I agreed—I consented. Understand?"

"Why," I once inquired blandly, "were you acting with Lenore Ulric, if you were Greta's childhood hero?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" His eyes pitied my ignorance. "Ulric is our child."

The seriousness of some lady reporters afforded him such amusement that he decided to be generous with his information. He invented and guilelessly confided a new tale for each. Soon he was involved in strange headlines, keeping the publicity department in a chaotic state making explanations and smoothing ruffled feathers. He will regret that these facts of his life story must rip away much of that colorful embroidery.

Charles Ambrose Bickford is the son of a retired coffee importer. Born in Cambridge, he got out at an early age, fearful of the atmospheric influences. But he was not to escape schooling. They have them in Somerville, too, also in Everett, where later they lived. He had to strain a few mental ligaments at Massachusetts Tech. Oddly, he wasn't interested in routine athletics, though he sparred some fast ones with his brother Tom. His

first job was mere exercise. He was a piano mover. An uncle, an official of the street-car company, then put him to work. But things happened. As his car tore down Broadway, in Somerville, a truck appeared, usurping the track. After clanging his bell, Charlie removed the truck from his right of way; next he removed the driver from his line of vision, and proceeded.

His stage bow was made in his teens, in a hick rôle with another uncle who was presenting a sketch at an Everett theater. His mother approved. She believed in his ability, though some years intervened before he proved it. The rest of the family remained tactfully silent.

Why did he saunter away from home, with sails set, to see the world? Because, he replied, he met a widow. Did he, I asked solemnly, make her a widow? No, she was one already.

As a matter of fact, he moved on because he thought school a waste of time and the sea more exciting. Besides a seafaring hitch in Uncle Sam's pay, Charlie has scrubbed the decks of vessels ranging from yawls to yachts, from whalers to traders. Once he journeyed to the Emerald Isle of his ancestors' birth. He likes to talk of those Irish forbears who were rebels and fought under the motto, "Truth on our lips, virtue in our hearts, strength in our arms." One of them, he boasts, was hanged for smuggling.

Between wanderlust spells, he concentrated on higher math and physics and managed to become a construction engineer.

He was dared into acting as a profession. As well wave a red flag before a bull as to question the Bickford ability. An actor from a burlesque show, with whom he had become fraternal in a San Francisco water-front saloon, boasted a five-dollars-an-evening salary and derided Charlie's possibilities as a mime. He was treated to a fine exhibition of temperament, enjoyment of which was mitigated by a bump that grew on his head.

The big boy squared front, headed for the theater,

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A Little Girl's Big Bluff

As an usher in Grauman's Theater, Raquel Torres watched the stars before seeking work in the studios, and all to good purpose, for her start in films was as sudden and unusual as you'll find in a Hollywood novel.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

HER mother, she is told, was beautiful—half French, half Spanish. She died when her youngest child was a year and eleven months of age, and the girl we know as Raquel Torres was too young to remember her. Vaguely Raquel sometimes recalls an oval face in which are set eyes large, and tender, and soft. But the vision vanishes before its features are clearly revealed—fades into nowhere, just as dreams fade, leaving barely a memory. Still Raquel believes that the apparition is that of the beautiful woman who gave her birth.

Raquel's father was a German mining engineer who married her mother in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Before he died he used to tell her from his bed, where he long lay ill, about the goodness and tenderness and sweetness of the señorita he married in that hot-blooded republic of the South. But he had no pictures or little keepsakes from that "land of long ago," because all had burned when their home caught fire.

In the living room of her cottage at Malibu Beach, little Raquel Torres talked to me about the days she would like to remember. She told me what she believed her mother was like. And she told how she wanted her, now that she and her brother and two sisters are orphaned and on their own. She revealed, too, incidents of the courageous fight she made for recognition in Hollywood.

"I just had to make a name and earn some money," she said, "and I buckled down to it. Ow! what I deed not do!"

Raquel was Billy von Osterman—a name impossible for the screen—when she arrived in Hollywood to besiege the studios. Restless, irrepressible, confident, in her blood was the passion of the Spaniard, the volatility of the French, and the tenacity of the Teuton. Her eyes are brown—a deep brown which sometimes borders on black. Slender, full-chested, graceful, she attracted attention wherever she went.

The little Mexican took the first job offered her, a job as usher at Grauman's Chinese Theater when it was opened with "The King of Kings," in 1927. Her first work was to pose as a statuette in Chinese costume. She earned sixteen dollars a week. What she really desired in taking the job was to see the stars, how they dressed, and what they said and did, in order to learn something about them.

"I had no idea of remaining an usher," Raquel told me. "I just did not want to be a greenhorn when I applied to a studio for work. I put in five weeks at the theater just watching.

Introduced as a Spanish dancer at a party, Raquel put over a bluff that started her career.





The lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas" took Raquel Torres out of two-reelers.

"Then a manager who had become interested in my sister Renée wanted her to go to the Christie studio for a screen test, but she told him she did not want to go into pictures, did not want to be a screen star. 'Take me!' I said, 'I will be ze star.'

"Which is exactly what he did. As we were going up the steps to the studio, he asked me what name I expected to use. 'Billy von Osterman,' I replied. 'You know my name!'

"'It'll never do!' he told me. 'You got to have something short and attractive.' My brain spun. I didn't have any name to tell that guy, but one had to be found right there on those steps. A moment more and I would be standing before the ogre.

"'But I have none!' I cried.

"'You've got to have one! Remember you are a Spanish dancer, just arrived from Mexico City.'

"'I a Spanish dancer?'

"'Absolutely.'

"By that time we were at the door and I *had* to say something.

"'My name is Raquel Torres!' I blurted.

"What brought the suggestion, where I ever had heard anything like it before, I do not know. I was introduced to Al Christie by that name and he seemed pleased. He took me through the studio, and told everybody that I was a g-r-eat dancer from Mexico City, and pretty soon I became frightened. I had never done a Spanish dance in all my life. What if Mr. Christie should ask me to do one?

"And then—I got it!



Raquel is Spanish, French, and German, and her name used to be Billy von Osterman.

"'Miss Torres,' he said, 'we're giving a barbecue to-night, and I'd like to have you with us. You'll meet a lot of stars and have a chance to show them some of your famous steps. Won't you come?'

"'Caramba!' I thought to myself. 'Now, Raquel, you're up against it. What are you going to do?'

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to be present and to dance. I accepted the invitation.

"When I arrived wearing a beeg Spanish comb in my hair, a borrowed costume, and carrying some castanets, I was greeted royally. Every one was deferential to 'the little Spanish dancer,' and after a while they cleared off a table and put me on it, so all might see my 'wonderful work.' The orchestra started up 'La Paloma,' and I assumed a pose I'd seen in a picture. Then I began executing some of the strangest gyrations human eyes ever saw. 'Great!' shouted the guests, calling for an encore. 'Marvelous!'

I protested that the table was too poor a place on which to dance, and I'd rather wait for a more opportune time and a better floor to show my best dancing. *And I got away with it!*

"Yes, that did take nerve, but it pays to take chances. Mr. Christie gave me bits to do in pictures, paid me seventy-five dollars a week and told me to keep working in his comedies while he went to Europe, promising me a contract on his return. I had my start."

This amazing dance adventure, with its

surprising sequel, gave confidence to the girl from Hermosillo. Frankly, though, she did not like being butted around and dumped into pools and summarily upset, as players in comedies are. Besides, she had ambitions. And these led to her next big adventure.

Raquel heard that Metro-Goldwyn was seeking an actress for the native girl in "White Shadows in the South Seas," opposite Monte Blue. It was the leading feminine part. Getting it probably would mean a long contract with one of the largest companies. Her career would be assured. She would try.

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Within an Inch of His Life

Harold Lloyd goes to great lengths, as well as small ones, to make "Feet First" his most thrilling picture in years.



In "Safety First," some years ago, Harold Lloyd made the whole world gasp at his daredevil stunts on the side of a building hundreds of feet above Broadway. And in his new picture he promises to do even better. In the first place, he has spent more time on it, to say nothing of money, and those closest to him say that he hasn't worked so hard in two years. For not only is he determined to maintain his individual place among the few comedians who have survived time and the talkies, but he is equally determined to entertain with novelty and human appeal.

In "Feet First," Harold Lloyd plays a timid shoe clerk whose quiet life acquires speed when he finds himself an unwitting stowaway and hides in a mail sack to avoid discovery. He succeeds so well that when finally he cuts himself out of the sack he finds himself on a painters' scaffold a hundred feet above the ground. His efforts to reach the street are shown in the scenes on this page, with a suggestion of the accidents and obstacles that make his progress painfully slow to him and laughably exciting to the spectator.



Virginia Valli has set a record for reading plays.

Over the Teacups

By The Bystander

Fanny the Fan breathlessly relates the latest events in Hollywood's invasion of New York.

IT'S just as well we didn't go out to Hollywood," Fanny remarked breezily as she slid into the chair opposite me, flung purse and fur aside, summoned a waiter, and waved to some friends all at the same time.

And before I could say "For whom?" she answered, "For me, of course. I wouldn't want to be out there when all Hollywood is descending on Broadway like a conquering army."

"Or the boll weevil," I suggested, unnoticed.

"Simply everywhere you go you see old friends from Hollywood," she went on with rising enthusiasm.

I knew she was bursting with news, because she wouldn't even stop to order—just told the waiter to carry out—or in, rather—his own ideas.

"The great interest in screen idols is getting downright fantastic," Fanny confided. "Some people are so anxious to be seen speaking to Al Jolson that they all but knock down defenseless women and children who get in their way. Down at the tennis tournament at Forest Hills I saw the most beautiful woman, lead-

ing a little boy by the hand and rushing around simply distracted. It was Beverly Bayne. She was supposed to meet Conrad Nagel there and, of course, Conrad was about ten deep in autograph seekers, and no one could have found him without an X ray.

"The theater is to be littered with screen stars making their debuts this winter. Colleen Moore, and Virginia Valli, and Vilma Banky, and Rod La Rocque, and Olive Borden are all here rehearsing, or getting ready to, and every train from the West brings another detachment from the film colony. If stage producers had their way, they would lure Conrad Nagel back to the fold, but he likes living in California too well. Just imagine, this is his first trip to New York in seven years."

Fanny spoke in the gasping tone reserved for comments on savages.

"He really is a very amazing person; he has so many interests in life. Lots of other people lend merely their names to charity organizations and culture-seeking groups, but Conrad puts his whole heart into anything he



Colleen Moore is rehearsing a stage play.

sponsors. Every time I see him I am so impressed by his air of poise and contentment that I vow I'll reform and stop to consider what it's all about. And then suddenly I remember that I'm late for a date somewhere, and I get so busy covering ground geographically that I haven't time or energy for mental exertion. But if you're the thoughtful type—and sometimes I suspect you are, because I don't see you around much—just remember that Conrad and people like him seem to have found a radiant happiness that doesn't flourish in night clubs."

Only the threat that I would send the waiter out for a soapbox from which to continue her oration would make her stop.

"Who else is in town?" I asked, idly glancing around the Warwick dining room with a fair idea that I would see the answer to my question.

"Marion Davies, at last," Fanny fairly chirped with glee. "I thought she would never tear herself away from her European vacation. She will be here for a while before going on to Hollywood. And Dorothy Mackaill is here, too. You aren't apt to see her around much, though. After surviving airplane trips all over Europe, London fogs, and a twenty-two-hour-a-day routine of gadding about, she arrived in New York and meekly toppled over with gripe."

"There will be loads of picture people here this winter. Paramount has decided that there's something inspiring about the East that makes people turn out better pictures, so they're to make a great many at the Long Island studio. Ruth Chatterton is to make pictures in the East, and so is Claudette Colbert. Neither of them has arrived yet, but they will almost any day. Then there are Miriam Hopkins and Carol Lombard. They did so well in 'The Best People' that they have been given contracts, and they will both make most of their pictures here. Ina Claire and Mary Brian are working at the studio now, and so is Florence Lake, Arthur's kid sister. She's making shorts. She's having such a marvelous time here she wants to stay, and I do hope some producer humors her in that idea."

"And that isn't all——"

Fanny didn't even pause for breath.

"Alice White is headed for New York. I am curious to see her. I have heard so much about her becoming subdued and refined, and I simply can't believe it. She isn't taking any one into her confidence about her plans after she gets here, but I have a feeling she's going on the stage. First National decided they could get along

Olive Borden has a contract for stage appearances.



Ruth Chatterton will make future pictures in the East.

without her, you know, and the other companies didn't exactly clamor for her services, so it's up to her to try the stage, make a huge success, and then make them pay plenty to get her back.

"I can't imagine what show she will go into, unless it's Earl Carroll's 'Celebrities' revue. She can't sing or dance very well, but she showed in a few pictures that she could undress effectively, so she must be headed for a Carroll show."

"Marilyn Miller is rehearsing a new show, and won't do another film until next summer. It's always hard to remember that only one of her films has been shown. She's so popular with fans that she seems like a veteran."

"And if Nancy Carroll had had her way, she would have been in a stage play. She wanted to do the lead in her husband's play, 'Frankie and Johnnie.' Paramount wanted her to do another picture right away, though, so she couldn't, and perhaps it is just as well."



Stage offers have failed to lure Mary Duncan from California.

The cast and author and most everybody else connected with the show were arrested during the out-of-town try-outs for giving a lewd, indecent, obscene, and objectionable performance! And about all they did was to say out loud things that *Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* suggest by lip movement.

"Ann Forrest, who used to be in Paramount pictures years ago, played the part Nancy wanted to play. And she probably will appear on Broadway in it, because every one expects the injunction against the play to be dissolved, or whatever it is they do to silly blue-nose injunctions."

"Stop!" I commanded when she finally paused for breath. "You've mentioned about a dozen things I want to know all about, and you skipped past them so fast I can hardly remember what they were."

"But wait," Fanny insisted. "Before I forget, I simply must tell you a lot of things. Gloria Swanson is really, actually to arrive here soon. She's been expected for two months, at least, but she's surely coming this time. And you really ought to be warned that after this week all your ideas about screen idols are likely to be changed."

"If any one should ask you who the next favorite is to be, just say Leslie Howard. After 'Outward Bound' is widely shown, I wouldn't give a nickel for any one else's chances in a popularity contest. He is entirely

Florence Lake is making shorts for Paramount.

different from any other actor on the screen; he isn't buoyant or sparkling or dominant or even handsome. He looks a bit like a young absent-minded professor, but what charm he has! Take seven handkerchiefs with you, and don't put mascara on your eyelashes when you go to see the picture, or you will come out looking like after the typhoon.

"And speaking of acting, or weren't we? If you think Helen Kane isn't an emotional actress, just go down to the courthouse where she is appearing this week. The show is going over without a single comic song or boop-a-doop. It seems that some old creditors' representative dragged Helen into court in an effort to find out why a manufacturer turned fifty thousand dollars over to her just before his firm went into bankruptcy. And Helen's feelings are so hurt over their prying into her private affairs that she does nothing but crying scenes on the witness stand."

"Maybe she will lose some weight worrying," I suggested hopefully.



"And who wouldn't," Fanny demanded, "at the prospect of having to give back a lot of money that she says wasn't a gift, but just repayment of loans?"

"Well, I don't care, anyway," I insisted, "I want to know—"

"Oh, have you heard about Mary Duncan?" Fanny went on, paying no attention to my wishes at all. "She has had several offers to do stage plays in New York, and she is so crazy about California she hates to leave there. Her last trip East was just too depressing. She was awfully sick, and the play she was in wandered around the try-out towns getting rewritten and never reaching Broadway. She's learned a few camera tricks now, and every one says she looks and sounds infinitely better in 'Kismet' than she ever did before."

I asked for news of Virginia Valli.

"Well," she hesitated, "Virginia's not so happy. Several theatrical managers want to put her on Broadway, but she won't sign a contract with any one, until they find a play that she really likes. She has been reading them at the rate of two or three a day for the past fortnight, and she has just about decided that most of the active playwrights in America are potential coal-heavers.

"She is homesick for California. She caught a cold when she first got here, and when a very important young man out West phoned her she couldn't say a word.

"She and Colleen Moore came East together, and they figured that being just two girls from the wild and uncouth West, a little exposure to New York's polish and sophistication wouldn't be amiss. And right in the heart of New York—in the Hotel Plaza, to be precise—they were kept awake by the roaring of lions in the Central Park Zoo!

"Colleen has started rehearsals for her stage debut, and she's as nervous as if she had never shown off before the public at all. She gets panic-stricken at the thought of facing a New York



audience, so she has stipulated in her contract that she is to have at least six weeks of try-outs in the Middle-West. Better start rehearsing a good, loud round of clapping so that your hands will be toughened to stand a long siege on her opening night. Or maybe you had better not go to the opening. It's the third and fourth and later performances she's worried about. She knows perfectly well that she has enough friends here to fill the house with applause the first two.

"Some friends of mine who just came back from the Riviera tell me that Norma Talmadge is reading all the Broadway news with keen interest. If other film players make a hit, she may decide to go on the stage. She seems perfectly happy now, just wandering around Europe and having a good time, but she has worked ever since she was a youngster, a habit that's hard to break.



"Sex in Business" is the title of Claudette Colbert's next picture.

"And reports from Paris are that Pola Negri would just love to be urged to come back here to make pictures. All these people who are so bored with America and its rough, crude ways, and who want to go back to their beloved France, get a little *ennuyant* with it after they've been there a while and they realize that American theaters haven't had to fold up because of their absence.

Picture producers may be indifferent to Alice White, but stage producers aren't.

"Even Maria Corda, who wasn't what you would call a rousing success in pictures here, has come back.

She's preparing to study for a few months and then go on the stage."

Now I have never held any brief for Miss Corda's work in pictures, but there was one thing about her I liked, and that was her clothes.

"Have you seen her?" I asked eagerly. "What was she wearing?"

"Black and white," Fanny informed me, as if it were the most absurd of questions. "Lots of black—yards, and whirls, and billows of dull-black silk, with a little white here and there. She looked stunning, of course. Isn't it a pity that an actress is expected to do more than dress well and look stunning?"

"But you never should have got me started on the subject of clothes. Most of the designers and clothes

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"Go to it, baby," Larry whispered, giving Jane a little shove. "If anybody finds

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

JANE HAGGERTY, a Nebraska girl who has lived on the Spanish island of Majorca for years, is given a screen test by Larry Bishop, a news-reel man, which wins her the lead in a film. She is renamed Carmen Valencia, and is fêted in New York as a Spanish actress of note. She goes on to Hollywood, where she encounters studio routine and outside gossip until she is sick at heart. She recognizes a rival for Larry's love in Paula Wilding. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Markham, adds to her misery while waiting for her picture to start, with her doleful recollections and predictions. At last Larry is coming home, and he will help her.

PART IV.

AS she hastily applied make-up and slipped into a pale-yellow chiffon frock, Jane pondered over Polly's remark that she ought to go to this party of Angie Clement's, as she might acquire an extensive education that would do her some good later on.

This town of Hollywood seemed to be a weird place, in which no rules of conduct that were good anywhere else meant a thing. Certainly nothing worked out as you'd expect it to. And the people were so queer. Larry'd been right when he said they were a lot of babies, babes in Hollywood!

"You look pretty swell!" exclaimed Polly when Jane came downstairs, her frock fluttering about her slim body. "Probably you'll get a lot of good offers if you go around looking like that."

Babes in

Our heroine is still getting by as a Spanish actress, some close calls in this installment of the story

By Inez Sabastian

"But what would I want with offers—I have a contract now," Jane reminded her, as they went out to the little roadster which Polly drove herself.

Polly's mouth twisted in a crooked smile.

"I didn't mean offers for pictures," she answered. "Speaking of pictures, how are you making out? Gone to work yet?"

Jane exploded.

"I've made the publicity stills, and been asked to double for Paula Wilding's hands," she blurted out. "I sit and wait and wait——"

Polly chuckled.

"Everybody goes through that," she said consolingly. "Remember, Garbo got the same run-around when she



fault, tell 'im that's the way they do it in Spain."

Hollywood

although Jane Haggerty, once of Nebraska, has that goes behind the surface of movie-making.

Illustrated by Xend Wright

first arrived. First thing you know, you'll be sitting pretty and working from the crack of dawn till midnight. Have a good time this evening—it'll be your last party in weeks and weeks, if they start your picture to-morrow."

Jane couldn't help feeling a bit dubious about that good time. People here were so peculiar. If you didn't know any one, didn't understand the strange language they spoke, couldn't remember who'd made which pictures and was working on which others, you were lost in this strange town.

"Don't let that worry you," advised Polly, as she confided her woes. "Just say, when you're in doubt, 'Oh, I thought your last picture was marvelous!' and the man

or woman on the other end of the conversation will simply lap it up. Now here we are. Don't let anybody razz you, and everything will be swell."

She dragged Jane out of the car, abandoning it to the mercy of some one who drove it away, and rushed into the house, shouting "Martha! Martha!"

Jane looked around her in all eagerness. This was the sort of house she had always wanted to have—beautiful yet comfortable; no wrought-iron gates and towering statuary such as characterized J. G.'s home; no huge oil paintings, no enormous fur rugs.

Everywhere there was the sound of laughter. Still clutching her by the hand Polly towed her through room after room nodding to the bridge players, crap shooters and dancers they passed on the way. One young man with a sandwich in one hand and a glass in the other attached himself to them; he looked like Robert Montgomery but he also looked like some one else. Jane was always being worried by such resemblances; some people looked so different off the screen.

"Martha!" howled Polly as they went into the gardens, and down to the swimming pool. Softly colored lights illumined it from beneath, making the bodies of the swimmers look like strange, tropical fish. A girl in a pale silk bathing suit was just making a beautiful

dive, and Jane stood entranced.

"Is that Norma Shearer?" she demanded, but Polly was exclaiming "Martha!" delightedly and kissing an attractive young-looking woman with white hair, who promptly kissed her back again and began making apologies.

"Angie had to work late at the studio—she wanted everybody to go right ahead and have a good time—"

"You ought to make a record of that explanation, Martha," Polly told her. "Angie always has to work late when she's giving a party, poor kid. Martha, this is Carmen Valencia, our newest heart-breaker. Pray that she doesn't get shunted off into foreign versions. Carmen, this is Angie Clement's mother, Martha, the grandest woman in Hollywood."

Smiling into kindly dark-gray eyes, Jane felt that she had found a real friend, one whom she could intrust with the truth about herself, if need be; one whom she could trust if she ever got into one of the awful predicaments that seemed to be planned by a jealous god for the affliction of Hollywood's favorites.

Martha Clement promptly took her about, introducing her to people—all but the young man who looked like Robert Montgomery, who insisted that he preferred to be known as the mysterious stranger. Jane was urged to dance, to eat, to swim, to play bridge or backgammon or ping-pong, almost simultaneously.

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Nasal—but Nice

Jean Arthur is found to be just naïve enough to be interesting, and free of those plagues of Hollywood, yearning for big things in literature and cultivating a complex, and she is not at all nasal off the screen.

By Edward Nagle

I WAS sitting in the publicity office of Paramount, chuckling over the preamble to Jean Arthur's biography which some well-meaning individual had thrust into my hands.

It read, "My ambition," Jean Arthur is not unwilling to say, "is to own a farm with a big, rambling old house. I want a cow and at least one each of every other domestic animal." She is that sort of person."

Mebbe, I reflected. But how fortunate that she doesn't photograph that way!

At this point the door opened and a pretty girl entered. She smiled in a friendly fashion, stood there a moment and walked out, leaving me to ponder on the general excellence of California's girlhood.

A moment later she again entered with a lady of the publicity department in tow, who introduced her as Jean Arthur.

While I apologized to Jean for not having recognized her, the publicity lady tiptoed out, shutting the door behind her. Somebody else closed the window from the outside. These little touches were calculated, I gather, to assure me that I might



"The story of my life is so long and sad I hate to go into it," says Jean Arthur, looking frightfully upset as she explains her marriage annulment.

Jean wants meaty rôles instead of romantic innocents—but she'd rather not do heavies altogether.



probe into Miss Arthur's soul in privacy and peace, and to impress upon me that her revelation of all was important, not to say sacred.

"Must I wax autobiographical?" Jean began. "The story of my life is so long and so sad that I hate to go into it."

There is something in what she says. Six years ago Jean came to Hollywood armed with a reputation of being one of the most beautiful artist's models in New York, a year's contract with Fox, and a letter from Winfield Sheehan about her latent talent.

"'Latent' is the word," laughed Jean: "and it became more and more apparent during that first year. When my contract with Fox expired, they kicked me out, and even at the time I couldn't blame them. I was terrible."

Followed a year of Westerns in which Jean did nothing but pose between the camera and the cattle. Then a lead in an independent picture with Ralph Lewis. After that Jean became a featured player in independents, making about three a month. She was quite excellent in them, too, as you remember, unless you patronize the movie cathedrals to the exclusion of the little chapels. So excellent that Paramount sent for her, despite the fact that she photographed exactly like their Mary Brian.

Her first picture for Paramount, "Warming Up," brought her to the favorable notice of the reviewers, and her second, "Sins of the Fathers," in which her light shone brightly despite the presence of such incandescents as Jannings, Chatterton, and Barry Norton at his best, won her a Paramount contract. Every picture she has made since then, except "Young Eagles," has carried her a little farther along the road to stardom.

The reviewers didn't care for anything about "Young Eagles," nor did they spare Miss Arthur.

"Do most players mind what the critics say?" Jean wanted to know.

"Probably not," I told her. "At least they pretend that they don't."

"Well, I do terribly. After reading a review of 'Young Eagles,' in the Los Angeles Times, I died for weeks."

"Cried, Miss Arthur?"

"No, died. You see, I had hoped that it would be another milestone in my career like 'The Saturday Night Kid' and 'Halfway to Heaven.' I worked so hard on it that it hurt awfully to have it flop."

But it wasn't her fault that it failed. Everybody at the studio knew that "Young Eagles" soured in the cutting room.

"I'm so afraid that I shall have to go back to playing gals," Jean continued, "and I don't want to play any more of them. I mean the incurable innocents upon whose virgin breast the bounding juvenile rests his manly head, in the fade-out. I want to characterize. I've got to characterize."

"Look at this face," she said. A pleasure! "It's only a face."

I started to protest.



Photo by English

Jean Arthur hates bridges and teas, and shades of *Pollyanna*, she has her heart set on a farm equipped with a nice clean cow.

"Oh, you needn't be gallant," she said, smiling. "I have no illusions about my beauty. That's why I realize I should have a meaty rôle into which I can sink my teeth. Mary Brian could go on playing romantic leads forever and ever, because she's so beautiful, but I can't. That's why I prefer to play heavies. Of course I shouldn't want to do heavies exclusively. I'd like to do a talkie version of 'So Big.'"

Although fully aware of what she'd like to do, Jean cannot bring herself to storm the executives with suggestions. She wishes she could make her presence felt at the studio as Nancy Carroll does, but Jean is much too diffident.

Perhaps that's why she's so popular with the studio help. Toward the lesser workers she does not assume the exaggerated graciousness of a grand lady patronizing the hired hands, but rather a simple friendliness.

She prefers to play opposite actors like William Powell and Paul Lukas who, she says, inspire her to do her best work.

"I'm too old for players like Buddy Rogers. I prefer some one more——"

"Adult?" I baited.

"Mature," she finished. "Buddy is a sweet kid and all the fun in the world, but I'm not at my best playing opposite him. The most stimulating player with whom I've worked is Clara Bow. She's electric. Her energy sustains you long after your own is exhausted. Generous, too. There can be no question of stealing a scene from Clara. She hands it over."

About a year ago Jean's marriage to Julian Adler

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Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



Photo by Hurrell

ACCORDING to reports, a devoted admirer presented to Robert Montgomery—Bob to his friends—the polo pony you see pictured with him, above. And of course there was nothing left for Bob to do but to buy a polo outfit, including, maybe, some more ponies, and take up the game. But the speculative look in his eye is not occasioned by worry as to whether he will be able to stay on the horse or hit the ball, but by wondering whether the eagerly awaited arrival in the Montgomery home will be a boy or a girl. As soon as that is definitely settled, Bob can turn again to the business of making pictures to delight those fans who have acclaimed him the most popular leading man from the stage.

Through the Mill with Miljan

A fight over a chicken dinner caused John Miljan to be an actor instead of a priest, his career starting when a tent troupe picked him up as a runaway boy doing janitor work in a barber shop.

By Madeline Glass

I'VE always been lucky," says John Miljan. Lucky!

Hali orphaned in infancy, on his own at the age of twelve, his entire youth spent at hard labor—usually with poverty dogging his steps—in spite of all this he insists that he has been lucky.

Perhaps he has been lucky. Doubtless his life could have been more difficult. Still I believe it was courage rather than luck that brought him to his present secure position on the screen. In a profession where failures and disappointments are many, John Miljan, with quiet Slavic determination, forges ahead and conquers. During the present reign of terror in Hollywood he is one of the few who is in no danger of the guillotine, for he has served a thorough apprenticeship. And this apprenticeship was not the result of luck.

John's parents were natives of Dalmatia, a country so small and so far away that many Americans do not know of its existence. His father came to this country and made his way to the Black Hills of South Dakota, in the hope of profiting by the gold strike there. Those were the pioneer days, and such turbulent characters as "Calamity Jane" and "Wild Bill" Hickok added color to the northern country.

As soon as he could save the money, the father sent for his family, and in the rough mining town of Lead, John was born. When he was two years of age his mother succumbed to pneumonia.

Life, under the circumstances that John knew it then, was anything but a bed of roses. He can tell you how the family hovered about the kitchen stove on bitter-cold winter days, wishing for spring to come. And when it did come there was always plenty of work to do, usually in the mine.

When John reached the age of twelve, his father decided to educate him for the priesthood. The boy had not manifested any religious tendencies, yet he stoically accepted this dictate, and was bundled off to St. Martin's Academy.

On Sundays it was the duty—or privilege—of one of the boys to drive the pastor out to a country mission. These visits were enjoyed by the boys, for they were always given a chicken dinner at a farmhouse. On the Sunday when it was John's turn to go another boy out-generated him and went instead. Result—a fight, suspension, and a return to the family roof. John's father gave him the choice of going back to the academy or leaving home. John accepted the latter, and calmly

"I've always been lucky," Mr. Miljan says, but his secure footing on the screen indicates more than mere luck.



Photo by Harrell



Photo by Murrell

The portrayal of a crazy man retarded John Miljan's progress, for he was made to play four of them.

walked to the nearest town and got work at anything he could find to do.

It was while he was working at three or four different jobs—janitor in a theater and a doctor's office, working in a barber shop, and doing various chores—that he was noticed by a man who expressed surprise at seeing him in so many places.

The man turned out to be the head of a theatrical troupe which was then in the town. His wife was also with the company. When John subsequently met her he absent-mindedly replied, "Yes, sister." On questioning him and finding that he had just come from a Catholic school, she explained that she had previously taken the veil, but had renounced the sisterhood to become an actress.

Young John's brightness and energy being obvious, the couple asked him to go with them on their tour. The boy was more than willing, and soon he resolved that he, too, would be an actor, a resolution that never faltered, no matter how rough the road became.

During the next two years he was general handy man of the troupe, playing small rôles or large ones, old men or young, distributing handbills at five o'clock in the morning, selling tickets, laboring as expressman or janitor, or at any other work which came to hand.

"My work began at five in the morning and lasted until about one," said he.

"One in the afternoon?" I asked.

"No, one that night."

Nice, agreeable hours for a boy who should have been in school!

"I was strong and hardy," he continued. "The hard work didn't hurt me. What I disliked most was that they wouldn't pay me any salary. All I got was a place to sleep, my meals, and such clothing as I needed. When I said anything about money they threatened to send me back home, and that always silenced me."

Back home! Back to the mines and the bitter-cold winters!

After two years, however, John struck for five dollars a month, and when this was refused he walked out, having no money for any other mode of transportation, and did such odd jobs as he could get, until he fell in with another vagabond theatrical company.

New York was his goal, of course, and he scorned no opportunity that would help to fit him for a chance on Broadway.

While still in his teens he signed a contract, after merely glancing at it, to play juvenile leads with a new company in Kansas City. And like all unread contracts, this proved to have several objectionable clauses.

John went to meet the manager, his only wardrobe being that in which he stood. When asked where were his trunks he said that he had left them in another city. They were not worth sending for, he added. On learning that his newly acquired leading man was without clothing and broke, the manager advanced enough money for Miljan to buy some new things. And every cent, to be sure, was deducted from the actor's wages.

Being deeply in debt to the manager, he had to stick through thick and thin. The theater consisted of a tent, with furnishings which were moved from town to town on wagons.

After the first performance a heavy storm came up, and John went and stayed in his cheap hotel room. Later the manager came in, hot and fuming.

"Why didn't you come down to the theater when the storm broke?" he wanted to know.

"Why should I want to get wet?" inquired John.

"You are supposed to help hold down the tent during storms," snapped the manager. "If you look you'll find that in your contract."

And sure enough, the contract said something to that effect.

Later Miljan was given a pair of overalls and gloves, and ordered to help load the theater seats and tent onto the moving vans when the company prepared to go to another town. When he protested, the manager informed him that he would find that also stipulated in his contract.

So Miljan assumed the additional labors of a drayman. Scarcely had he recovered from his astonishment when the manager broke the news that he was to do make-up and costume and, for half an hour before each performance, to sell tickets at the box office. This scheme was designed to stimulate business, as girls and women were believed to buy reserved seats more readily if the tickets were sold by the leading man of the play.

Miljan objected, only to hear again the manager's theme song, "It's in your contract."

John didn't think much of his contract, but the experience taught him never again to sign a paper without first reading it.

Then one day the manager asked Miljan if he played any musical instrument. That, John thought, wasn't in his contract, but he admitted that he had learned to play

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Romance"—Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's portrayal of opera singer whose "past" caused her to dismiss the man she loves is great—tender, poetic, poignant. Her every thought and feeling registers. Lewis Stone capital. Gavin Gordon the hero; Florence Lake delightful.

"Raffles"—United Artists. Most civilized current film—gay, ironic, intelligent melodrama. It will appeal to all. Ronald Colman, Kay Francis, David Torrence are like human beings. Good dialogue. Frederick Kerr, Alison Skipworth show their value on screen.

"Dawn Patrol, The"—First National. War story without love interest gives Richard Barthelmess, Neil Hamilton, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., opportunities capably exploited. Life among Royal Flying Corps, showing hideous actualities of war. Barthelmess's best in years.

"Big House, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Savage picture of life behind prison walls, finely wrought drama depending upon character rather than studied plot. Wallace Beery, sly, hardened criminal; Chester Morris, slick forger; Robert Montgomery, new convict. Revolt of prisoners stirring scene.

"Holiday"—Pathé. Well-known play, with good cast. Poor rich girl mopes over having too much money, finally wakes up and escapes from her Park Avenue "prison." Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames good. Monroe Owsley outstanding; Edward Everett Horton, Hedda Hopper.

"Caught Short"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran as rival boarding-house keepers. One makes a haul on Wall Street and goes haywire. A son of one loves the daughter of the other. Enough said. Excellent support from Anita Page, Charles Morton, T. Roy Barnes, Herbert Prior.

"All Quiet on the Western Front"—Universal. Faithful screening of the most realistic novel of World War, with no happy ending or girl appeal. Strongest film document against war. Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, "Slim" Summer-ville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, John Wray outstanding in big cast.

"Devil's Holiday, The"—Paramount. Human, sympathetic characterization by Nancy Carroll, every inch the star. Manicurist out West sells farm machinery to customers, and finally marries son of big wheat man, and complications set in. Nice old hokum. Phillips Holmes, Ned Sparks, Hobart Bosworth, James Kirkwood.

"Free and Easy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Low comedy at its best, with Buster Keaton escorting a beauty-contest winner, Anita Page, to Hollywood. Old idea with new treatment, with glimpses of many screen notables at the studios.

"Song o' My Heart"—Fox. John McCormack central figure in gentle Irish story, with eleven songs beauti-

fully recorded. Finely directed, excellently acted, with new ingénue, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Tommy Clifford, both from Ireland. John Garrick, J. M. Kerrigan, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI—Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectively, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's debut on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Dynamite"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's debut perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormack, Leslie Fenton.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Old English"—Warner. George Arliss in character study of old man who holds onto what he has got through craftiness, and his rebellious end. Intelligent cast includes Murray Kinnell, Doris Lloyd, Betty Lawford, Henrietta Goodwin, and others from stage.

"Anybody's Woman"—Paramount. Ruth Chatterton again leads the stage caravan as chorus girl who marries a lawyer while he is drunk, and their adjustment and eventual love. Intensely interesting with the compelling star and Clive Brook, Paul Lukas, Juliette Compton.

"Common Clay"—Fox. Relic of the stage, with claptrap drama that relieves the tear ducts and gives a woman wonderful chance to be sorry for women, particularly her own forlorn self. Girl tries to go straight, but alas, those men, those men. Constance Bennett, Lewis Ayres, Beryl Mercer.

"Rain or Shine"—Columbia. Joe Cook's humor is refreshing, and you'll be glad he came to the screen, even in a circus story. Young man of society loves girl trying to run sawdust ring. Joan Peers, William Collier, Jr., Louise Fazenda.

"Way Out West"—Metro-Goldwyn. William Haines's freshness blossoms on

a ranch, opposite Leila Hyams. Haines cheats some cowboys with roulette wheel and they take him home to work out the money. Polly Moran, Francis X. Bushman, Jr., Jack Pennick, Buddy Roosevelt, Cliff Edwards.

"Hell's Angels"—United Artists. Million-dollar airplane maneuvers and photography and a thirty-cent story make unbalanced film. James Hall and Ben Lyon miscast. Jean Harlow the heroine who causes brothers to do strange things behind the trenches. Planes and Zeppelins are the stars.

"Moby Dick"—Warner. John Barrymore's revival of his old film is exciting, but without the subtle terror of the silent version. The well-known epic of the treacherous brother, the girl, and the sea beast. Joan Bennett stays pleasingly girlish as others grow old. Lloyd Hughes satisfactory.

"Good Intentions"—Fox. Brightly told crook melodrama, with Edmund Lowe's best performance, Marguerite Churchill excellent, and return of Earle Foxe. A silk-hatted crook and a trusting girl. Regis Toomey, Eddie Gribbon, Owen Davis, Jr., Robert McWade.

"Grumpy"—Paramount. Cyril Maude, the English actor, gives mellow stage-like performance, with appeal for older fans. Not one "Oh, yeah?" Mild story about a nephew, a crook, and a diamond. Frances Dade and Phillips Holmes.

"Our Blushing Brides"—Metro-Goldwyn. Be nice, sweet maid, and you'll get a millionaire for your man, with doggy cars and all. This is the message of too many films to the world, and its new version is thinly redressed. Joan Crawford's best performance recently. Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett.

"Manslaughter"—Paramount. Prosecutor causes his ladylove to be convicted for reckless driving that resulted in death of a policeman. He quits job, and finally wedded bliss looms ahead. You must accept theory that married couples never bring up the past. Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Natalie Moorhead.

"Man From Wyoming, A"—Paramount. War film in which captain marries nurse, is reported killed, returns to find gay party at home, and he turns away—but there's a proper ending. Gary Cooper better than ever; June Collyer triumphs. Regis Toomey and E. H. Calvert.

"Let Us Be Gay"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dowdy wife lets husband drift, turns tables by becoming social bird of paradise, reduces her man to dust, and takes him back—favorite cigarette dream of losing wives. Norma Shearer a hit. Marie Dressler, Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, Raymond Hackett.

"Wild Company"—Fox. Frank Albertson excellent in rôle requiring variety of moods, proving him one of the best of juveniles. Story of father who gives son money instead of guidance. H. B. Warner the father, Claire Mc-

Continued on page 138



"Abraham Lincoln" reestablishes D. W. Griffith as a marvelous director who receives superb coöperation from Walter Huston and Una Merkel.

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

A critical inspection of the new films yields causes for enthusiasm as well as regret.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN," as produced by D. W. Griffith, is doubly significant. First, because it is a rare picture—beautiful, human, inspired by intelligence and sincere feeling and, second, because it is the work of a pioneer whose influence on the screen since the earliest days attains a splendid climax in one of the noblest pictures either he or any other director has ever contributed. Respect, enthusiasm, and thanksgiving are commingled in a tribute to Mr. Griffith for re-establishing his leadership.

Reverently, but not self-consciously, he has approached the task of visualizing the life of the great American, yet with none of that meticulous precosity which often obscures the drama of a biography. Lincoln's story has all the elements of a great drama and one's response to it is enhanced by the knowledge that every pictured detail is authentic, every character real.

It begins with the birth of Lincoln and ends with his assassination. Over this spacious canvas moves the great man, always simple and sincere and always understandable, neither romanticized nor pitied, his gaucheries as evident as his deep feeling and awareness of his responsibilities.

In bringing this extraordinary character to the screen Mr. Griffith has the coöperation of Walter Huston, whose triumph is not one whit less than that of the man who conceived the picture as a whole. In his short career on the screen, Mr. Huston has contributed nothing less than superlative characterizations, and his *Lincoln* naturally surpasses them all. His transitions

from youth to middle age never depend on make-up merely, but are seemingly wrought by time itself. And so close does the actor come to the spectator that one ceases to think the picture is episodic, as naturally such a biography tends to be. Instead, he maintains continuity of thought with such high inspiration that one's imagination follows *Lincoln* when he is not actually visible.

Of the cast I like best Kay Hammond, as *Mary Todd*, who succeeds admirably in being a termagant without loss of sympathy, and whose humanness is on a par with that of every other character in the picture, down to the least. Una Merkel, as *Ann Rutledge*, Lincoln's first love, is interesting and an excellent actress, but I cannot accustom myself to her infantile voice which, though expressive, reminds me too much of conscious cuteness. Ian Keith is superb as *John Wilkes Booth*, a barnstorming actor whose murder of the president is plainly actuated by a frustrated desire for the center of the stage at last. Other players are Hobart Bosworth, Henry B. Walthall, Jason Robards, and many others, all without a flaw in the perfect whole of a great picture.

Life After Death.

"Outward Bound" is strangely different. It stands apart in the welter of mediocrity that floods the screen. You will not place it among the most entertaining pictures you have ever seen, but you will recognize its arresting quality and its originality, to say nothing of admirable acting on the part of all concerned. Par-

ticularly will you note with pleasure the screen debut of Leslie Howard, whose reputation as a leading man on the New York stage is second to none. I think, too, that you will commend Warner Brothers for their courage in producing a picture that deliberately avoids the pattern of routine plots and situations and achieves genuine individuality.

Of course you want to know what it is that makes "Outward Bound" unlike other pictures. In the first place it deals with life after death. Not, however, in an imaginary heaven, but on board an ocean liner slowly making its way through mist and fog toward immortality. The passengers are a pair of young lovers, an overbearing capitalist, a snobbish dowager, a clergyman, a neurotic drunkard, and a scrub-woman. They neither know how they happen to be aboard nor where they are going, until gradually it is made known to them by the steward that they are not living but dead. *The Examiner* makes his appearance and by means of questions and parables uncovers the sins and shortcomings, the virtues and vices of the group, denying to some the privilege of "landing," to others meting out punishment. The young lovers, for example, are denied immortality because of their suicide while on earth, and the dowager must expiate her betrayal of her husband by nursing him in a villa on the Riviera.

Thus you will glean that the picture bears no relation to current success, yet I think you will like it in the way you approved "All Quiet on the Western Front" for its departure from the conventional in war pictures.

Besides Mr. Howard, there are Beryl Mercer—as the charwoman, of course—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler, as the lovers—the latter giving her best performance so far; Alec B. Francis, Montagu Love, Dudley Digges, who was the warden in "Condemned," and Alison Skipworth, who proves her claim to the title of the dowager queen of the stage.

Romance and Roulette.

The fabled gayety and devil-may-care spirit of Monte Carlo are missing from the picture named after the resort on the shores of the Mediterranean. Diverting at times, it is distinctly dull at others and at no time is it exhilarating. It is form comedy with incidental songs, which means that they are less irrelevant than if the piece were a musical comedy, with intrusive choruses, dresses that never saw the light of day anywhere, and all the rest of the impediments of the musical show. For which a profound sigh of relief is heaved from this quarter. Furthermore, it is directed by Ernst Lubitsch, which means that it is punctuated with reasonable frequency by deft touches, amusing, ironic, and cynical, such as established Mr. Lubitsch among the leaders in the days when the screen said its say in silence. The trouble is there aren't enough of these touches to produce effervescence. And that is because the material at the director's command is feeble and shopworn.

You will agree when you realize that ninety minutes are consumed in relating the *romanza* of Countess Mara who runs away at the moment of wedding Prince Otto and arrives at Monte Carlo with her maid, Maria. There she attracts Count Rudolph, who masquerades as a hairdresser in order to be near her, while Mara gambles away what little money she has. Whereupon Rudolph announces that he has won a huge sum at the gaming tables and, like all devoted servants, he offers his all to



Leslie Howard makes his screen début in "Outward Bound," a most unusual picture which gains much through the presence of Beryl Mercer.

his employer. About this time Mara attends an operatic performance of "Monsieur Beaucaire," in which a duke woos his innamorata while in the guise of her hairdresser, and the truth of her suitor's identity dawns, somewhat belatedly, upon Mara. Of course flirtation, misunderstanding, bridding, and haughtiness eke out the course of this tepid amour, but one hasn't forgotten at its conclusion that an hour and a half were given to it. The songs are pleasing, but hardly better than the mediocre melodies one hears every week coming from the screen.

The performance of Jeanette MacDonald, as the heroine, is the best she has so far given and wins for her all the honors. She adds the novelty of sprightliness to her acting and displays a sense of humor that shows her to be a *comédienne*. Jack Buchanan fares not so well. An unusual dancer on the stage, he is deprived of the opportunity to do that in which he excels, to play a "straight" hero, in which he doesn't shine at all. In fact as a Continental nobleman the British favorite is miscast as is also Claude Allister, who plays Prince Otto von Seibenheim with the haw-haw and monocle of an old-time Piccadilly Johnny. Zasu Pitts is quaveringly effective, as usual, as Maria, and Donald Novis sings beautifully the too brief rôle of *Beaucaire*.

Spy Against Spy.

If you know your screen well, you remember "Three Faces East" as it was played in silence some years ago by Jetta Goudal and Clive Brook. It reappears with dialogue and Constance Bennett and Erich von Stroheim. Well done, of course, it hasn't, to me, the old appeal and suspense. Possibly because it is familiar, possibly because Miss Bennett, for all her sophistication—just what does that mean, anyway?—isn't as suggestive of mystery, of spying and secrecy as the one and only Jetta. Good though her performance is—the best,



"Dough Boys."



"Dixiana."



"Call of the Flesh."



"The Spoilers."

in my opinion, she has ever given—still she is too obvious, too girlish to convey the dark secrets Miss Goudal's mere presence indicated. While comparisons often are odious, not to say unnecessary, when two actresses play the same rôle they invite a challenge whether they wish it or not. And here is one reviewer who yearns for the return of Jetta, whether silent or audible.

Be that as it may, the picture concerns secret service activities during the late war, with Miss Bennett as *Miss Hawtree* and Mr. Von Stroheim as *Valdar*, the butler in the household of *Sir Winston Chamberlain*. *Valdar*, a spy of the German government, is deceived by *Miss Hawtree* into believing that she is a confederate, but at his last gasp he learns that her motto is "God Save the King."

A bit old-fashioned at this late day, the picture nevertheless is better than many, and if the story is new to you it becomes better still. Mr. Von Stroheim is effective, more because of his dramatic presence than his voice, which is not that of an experienced actor, but a Hollywood novice learning to talk. The other rôles, played by William Holden, William Courtenay, and Anthony Bushell are good enough. Those who remember the silent version will recall Robert Ames in the rôle played currently by Mr. Bushell, and comparison will establish the superiority of the mute melodrama.

In Gay Seville.

After showing us that there is no gayety in Madrid, according to the findings of the screen, Ramon Novarro moves to Seville and restores our illusions of Spain in "Call of the Flesh," his most agreeable contribution since "Devil-May-Care." His humor, charm, and sincerity dominate a story that would be less than important without him, but which is extremely worth while because of his delightful acting and singing. He is *Juan*, who sings and dances with Renée Adorée in a *cantina* which is surprisingly near a convent where Dorothy Jordan, a novice who has not yet taken her vows, falls in love with the sight and sound of him. She steals away from the convent and ingenuously appeals to him for protection, *Juan* whimsically adding her to his household as cook. All goes as merrily as a pretty fairy tale until Miss Adorée appears on the scene with the girl's brother who is bent on avenging the wrong he thinks has been done his sister. For dramatic purposes *Juan* sacrifices his love on the eve of the wedding, and is thus enabled to sing "Ridi, Paglaccio" in a Technicolor excerpt from the opera. Of course everything comes out all right.

Miss Adorée is piquant and deft, Miss Jordan is well cast as the little innocent, and Ernest Torrence and Mathilde Comont add much to the gayety of the proceedings.

There's Gold in Alaska.

If your knowledge of screen history goes back many years you will remember "The Spoilers" as it was done ages ago, when William Farnum was a name to conjure with and Tom Santschi and Kathlyn Williams belonged to that glorious company of pioneers who made pictures something to talk about. To many, however, the revival, with dialogue, will be a new story. Mind, I don't say a novel one. It is another yarn of the gold rush, taking place two years later than the events that transpired in "The Trail of '98." It shows the efforts of villains from the East to defraud the valiant sourdoughs of gold they have wrung from the earth. Among the latter is *Glenister*, the hero, who leads the resistance against *McNamara* and *Judge Stillman*. Of course *Glenister* triumphs, the interlopers are confounded, and *Glenister* wins *Helen Chester*, who is half engaged to *McNamara*.

All this is enlivened by considerably racy detail supplied by such experienced actors as Harry Green, Slim Summerville, and James Kirkwood, the latter being especially good as *Glenister's* uncouth, philosophic pal. However, the picture as a whole is only moderately interesting, partly because it is rather slow and partly because one does not feel keen interest in the characters, excellently as they are played. Life in Alaska has been pretty thoroughly exploited on the screen and there seems nothing more to say about it.

Gary Cooper is, of course, entirely satisfactory as *Glenister*, Kay Johnson's beautiful voice is a joy to ears worn by uncultivated accents, and William Boyd, of the stage, is an attractive villain whose fight with Mr. Cooper is properly violent and sanguinary.

though it lacks the horror and suspense of the historic conflict in the original. The same may be said of the entire picture as compared with the first version.

Moonlight and Mardi Gras.

Ah, di, mi, "Dixiana" is of such dullness! Here is a romantic musical about New Orleans, the Mardi Gras, a duel, with suggestions of the old plantation, gambling, and a bride unworthy of the planter's son. In fact all the moss-grown traditions of Southern fiction are employed, with a song now and then, comedians to relieve the operatic heartbreak, a soubrette to help them along, and a Technicolor sequence at the finish to make you think you have spent an expensive evening. But everything fails to disabuse one of the ideas that it is all only mild pastime, even though Bebe Daniels is present in the leading rôle, looking handsome, singing well, and lending an air of legitimacy to the proceedings. She is a music-hall girl of New Orleans in ante-bellum days, who is separated from the aristocratic young man she loves by his unfeeling parents. Then, to prove her love, she cheats him at cards to protect him from his villainous rival and the end of the picture finds them united for a life of bliss.

It is all quite silly and Miss Daniels is faced by the enormous task of carrying the picture. She fails in this, but succeeds in being charming and capable, though at a disadvantage because of the lack of such music as "Rio Rita" provided. Everett Marshall, baritone of the Chicago Opera Company, lends a fine voice to the hero's songs, but as often happens, he is permitted to sing too little and to act too much, the latter with painful results. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, not as funny as usual, are the comic relief, aided by the pert and provocative Dorothy Lee, and Rafi Harolde is effective as the florid villain.

A Naughty Dressmaker.

"On Your Back" represents a good idea gone wrong. What might have been a light and entertaining story of a humble dressmaker's climb to the position of a famous modiste turns out to be the uninteresting saga of a woman who couldn't make a go of it when operating ethically, so she resorts to the expedient of equipping poor chorus girls with expensive clothes and then providing wealthy admirers to pay for them. There is, of course, the inevitable fashion show.

Miss Rich has never looked lovelier nor acted with less finesse. One never before saw a person make such a point of being happy in drab surroundings, and her coyness increases as the picture progresses.

Raymond Hackett, as the son for whom she slaves, and the ascetic H. B. Warner, of all persons, as a sugar daddy, are miscast.

Ilka Chase contributes one of her customary humorous characterizations of a hard-boiled chorus girl and Marion Shilling, whose fresh prettiness seems wasted, makes the most of her opportunities.

A Musical College.

Think of the silliest collegiate comedy you have ever seen, add to it music and musical-comedy atmosphere, and you have "Good News." Quite the most trivial and unreal picture of college life you have ever seen, it is, however, redeemed by Bessie Love. Not that she is able to make it entirely entertaining, but at least she puts herself across as a versatile actress who in a pinch could play *Madame X* one night and little *Era* the next. In fact all I found in "Good News" to make the sight and sound tolerable was the presence of Miss Love. The rest of it is a rah-rah hodge-podge of all that is trifling in pictures of coed life. But if it gives you a thrill to see the ancient Varsity Drag performed on the screen, then by all means don't pass up "Good News." Also, if old songs please you, this picture will revive memories of tunes you might otherwise forget.

Really, I don't know what it's about except that two girls are in love with a football hero and one gets him in the end. Besides Miss Love, there are Cliff Edwards, rather shopworn for a college boy, but pleasant nevertheless; Stanley Smith, as a Little Lord Fauntleroy of the gridiron, Lola Lane and Gus Shy, a newcomer from the stage who belies his name.

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"Good News."



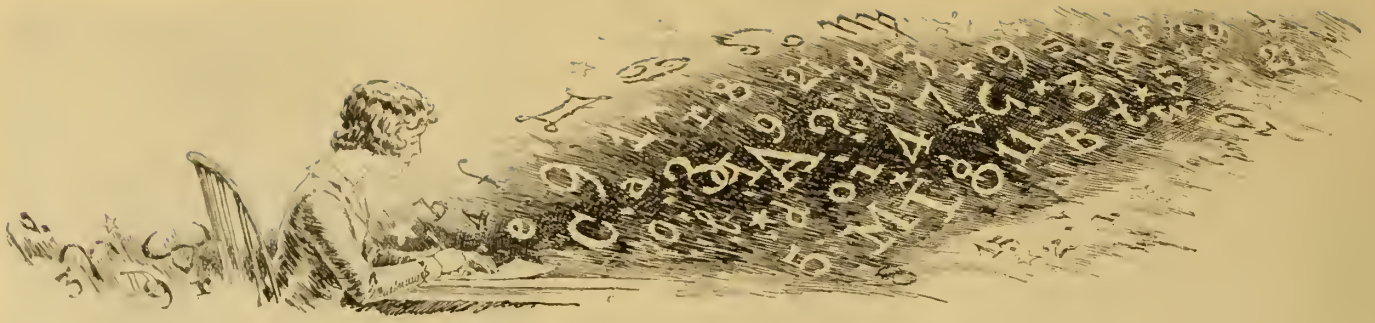
"Let's Go Native."



"Follow Thru."



"Three Faces East."



THIS is a personal letter to you, dear PICTURE PLAY readers, to tell you how delighted I am at your own pleasure in this reading of names. Our department has certainly been a huge success, as many of you are charming enough to write and tell me. Every few days I open a letter that says, "You can't imagine how much I enjoy the readings of the names of the 'lucky stars'"; or, "I don't see how in the world you could know me so well"; or—and these are the ones who are really excited about their own names—"Please, can't you tell me more."

I should indeed like to tell you a great deal more through PICTURE PLAY, but you would realize how impossible that is if you saw the thousands and thousands of coupons that come to me. The informing part of it is the fact that all of them must have been cut from the May and June numbers of the magazine. I can just see old copies being retrieved from the pile that is meant for the winter furnace, or confiscated from little brothers who want to make a fortune selling waste paper, and little sisters eager to cut out the pictures of the stars.

Now all of you who do receive an answer, even if it does take a long time, can take comfort from the fact that no matter if it is brief, it is correct, and applies directly and personally to you. It is exactly the very first thing that you would be told face to face, in a personal reading, or would learn if a reading were published for you in the magazine. The points you learn are the most important factors in your life and affect you from birth to death, no matter what else may happen or under what circumstances you may have to live.

Most of the coupons are very carefully filled out and their senders live up to all the requirements. But there are many that are defective somehow, and in a large number of cases, especially in the past three months, I receive names with or without a birth date and with no coupon at all. It is too bad, but the best I can do, if there is a self-addressed, stamped envelope, is to send the slips back, explaining that there must be a coupon for *every single name* that is to receive a reading.

Think of the deluge I should otherwise be inviting. And think how unfair it would be to those who do follow the rules. One name—one coupon; two names—two coupons; three names—three coupons. No more, no less!

If you want a coupon, just send the price of a copy of PICTURE PLAY to the Subscription Department of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., specifying that you want the May or the June number, 1930. And when you send the coupon to me, be sure that your full name is there—not Elsie D. Parker, but Elsie Dorothy Parker—and that the date of birth is complete, as "May 15, 1909."

Would you believe that many, many people forget to put down the year, or mention two different years? They say they have forgotten, or were never sure. Well, I don't blame them, they were too little to notice details like that at the time! But I really can't help them out, can I?

Then there are the lovely, perfect coupons that arrive

The Mystery

In this fascinating department will be found an examples of its influence on the lives of the

By Monica

minus a return envelope, or minus a stamp on that envelope, or with a foreign stamp inclosed. Not one of the hopeful senders hears from his coupon again, and I do feel sad about it, because most of this is hurry and forgetfulness. Take your time.

Those readers—and I have discovered to my great pleasure that there are hundreds of them—who live in foreign lands, must go to the trouble of buying an international correspondence coupon from their post office. They may never have heard of them before. Neither had I. Well, there they are, to be bought like a stamp and inclosed instead of a stamp in a letter that is to receive a reply from a different country.

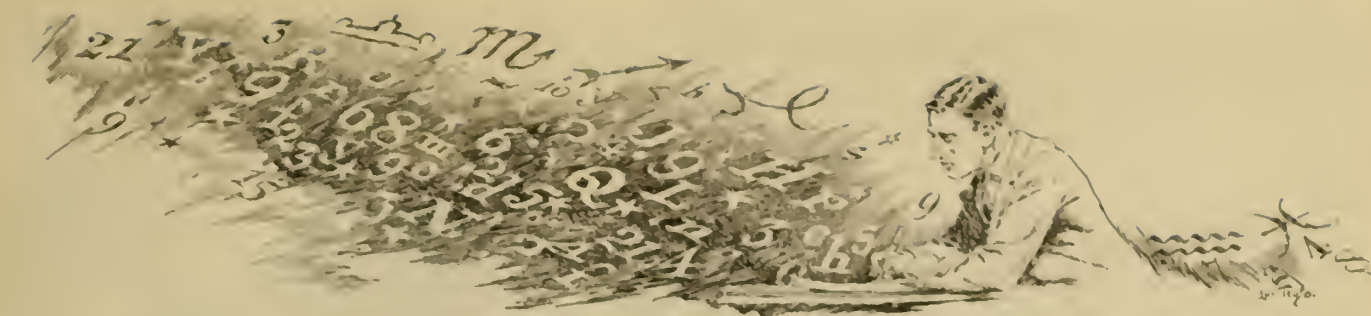
Foreign stamps, whether on or off an envelope, and foreign nickel and copper coins, are of no use to me at all. But I feel regretful every time that I think of those readers in Hongkong, Dublin, Johannesburg, Paris, and Berlin who may wait for their replies in vain. Nor are these large cities all. There are coupons from all kinds of delightfully out-of-the-way places, rectories in Sussex and villages on the Swiss lakes, and every one of them means an enthusiastic reader of PICTURE PLAY. Some of them do manage to send American stamps, and some send silver coins, and some send the international coupons, but quite a few are bound to be disappointed. But I do hope that this will no longer be the case.

I am not mentioning Canada as a foreign country, because the thousands of our readers who live there are such near neighbors to us that they seem like home folks, but they have the same stamp problem to deal with as if they lived in New South Wales.

Last in the list of derelicts come the coupons with the right stamp and the right envelope, and no reason why they should not be read, except that I cannot read them—literally! The writing is partly illegible, or smudged and crossed over and spoiled. Now nobody can help ruining a coupon once in a while, but in that case inclose with it a new, clean slip on which you have rewritten the required information. Then I shall know that you have certainly done your best.

Almost all of you are very, very sensible in the questions you do ask, although I admit that I cannot answer *any* questions, except in a published or a private reading. But I do have to smile when a dear little girl asks hopelessly—and I am sure that she believes I can give her an answer—"Please, where are my pearl beads?"

Continued on page 104



of Your Name

explanation of the science of numbers. Besides stars, the names of readers are also analyzed.

Andrea Shenston

What Dolores del Rio's Name Tells

YOU are Lilith, dear Dolores, Lilith, the first wife of Adam, but you have also hidden away within you the greater wisdom of Eve.

What an unconscious power to draw men, so that they rise to your subtle emanation as the tides rise to the cycle of the moon! What a silent, mysterious force to hold them, a secret that the wisest cannot penetrate! And yet what a charm and vivacity for all men, the expression of a nature intensely attuned with love and beauty and burning with the blaze of the fire within!

There are shadows always in your path, the shadows of great stone walls that cut off your way. In spite of your activity, you have the birth path of silence and waiting, and of continual obstacles to be overcome. But your heart is a stubborn fortress that refuses to be destroyed by enemies without or within, and there are hidden places in it that you have never yet penetrated to the full.

You have spent what seems to you a lifetime fighting your way out of this darkness, not with a great show of force, but with the stubborn, slow advance of a little smoldering fire eating its way through the heart of a wall of oak.

A very powerful intuition was one of your chief qualities before marriage, and even as a child you had the delightful quaintness of old wisdom in a charming little human form. You will always act most successfully through complete spontaneity. You could not, in fact, behave in any other way if you chose, for there is no trace in you of measure and balance and making two and two add up each time exactly to four. "That is for clerks and for shopkeepers!" If you want to make two and two equal five at one time, and seven at another, why not? And strange to say, it works for you!

You are exceedingly sensitive, imaginative, emotional, and while you like to pretend that you do not care a rap for the opinions of others, you do care so much for them if good, and worry so much about them if bad, that you are in a con-

stant turmoil. All any one has to do is to say, "This is the right thing, Dolores," and you think, "Oh, I'm sure it is!" But in practice it works very badly indeed, and your greatest need, materially, emotionally, and spiritually, is a very wise and very strong hand to control or rather to guide you.

But what a lover you are! No gentle smile, no light touch, no quiet holding of hands will satisfy you. You pour out your devotion like a torrent, whether in love or friendship, and you ask for the same warm expression in return. But you are also the kind who never grows entirely cold to old friends, and when your ardor has died, as it does, you are still charming, and no real liking you have felt can ever die. You are as likely as not to burst in upon an old friend you have almost forgotten for a year, with new devotion, just because you have suddenly remembered her distinctly in contrast with recent disappointments that you have felt.

In little things, on the other hand, you are easily changed, a regular April day of smiles and tears. No matter what misery you are in, a little love, a little kiss can raise you to the skies. A pretty dress, a dinner, a dance, a drive in the moonlight, and sorrow is forgotten—until the next day. Then sorrow may be more bitter than ever, but joy was there, just the same.

There was a great deal of trouble around you during the first two years of your life, and you were not a strong child at all. But by the age of four you were active and wiry and very bright. When you were about seven there was some one in your home who was very ill, near death, in fact, but I believe that he did survive. When you yourself were thirteen or so, you fell or hurt yourself in some way, so that the lower part of your back was not as strong as it should be for about three years.

You were always full of a practical idea of love, as well as romantic emotion, and when you had a choice of two men at least, at the age of seventeen, you chose the one who seemed able to give you the most, although he was a good deal older than you. And after marriage, Dolores, very soon after, things went all to pieces! You had everything you wanted, and yet you were worse off than before.

The vibrations of your name after marriage took away from you a good deal of that wonderful intuition, but on the other hand they made you much more of an artist. You

You will find life much more peaceful, Dolores del Rio, but there will always be music, dancing, and loving wherever you are.

found a joy in the expression of beauty that you had never known before, in spite of

Continued on page 104

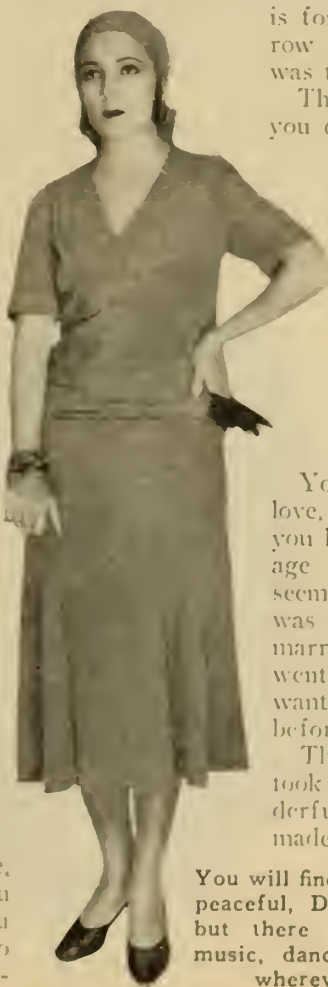




Photo by Bruno

Arthur Lake and David Rollins wrestle on the beach with the abandon of healthy puppies.

Meet Those Baby Bachelors

Though you know their fine work on the screen, this sympathetic article describes the viewpoint as well as the pastimes of a group of younger players whose kinship to youth everywhere makes them human and understandable.

By Myrtle Gebhart

WANT a date with a baby bachelor? O. K., you cradle snatcher, I'll negotiate and call you back. Park and await the next reel. Or would you rather preview a trailer of our demi-tasse stimulants before you add your phone number to the list?

You'll have to be some cookie, if the idea of stepping out on the merry ha-ha with one of Hollywood's juvenile elect has lodged in what passes for your brain. A flat tire, to our knaves in knickers, is just so much hoocy, as archaic as mum movies, flappers, and "It."

They take the bonbons and bitters of life at high speed and with ravenous gulps, but regard the troublesome sex with philosophical detachment. Miniature Circes are preferred, cool peaches-and-cream ideals instead of bonfires, when they crave company in their low-necked speedsters. Vamps are just so much cold tea, they sneer, though I've a suspicion they are a trifle embarrassed at even the thought of an amour.

They aren't an organization, thanks be. Hollywood has a club on every corner. They are too busy with acting, eager to get ahead, and too occupied with autographing life in large flourishes, to waste precious, golden hours on tiresome red tape. They are just an aggregation of kindred, buoyant spirits that, through that irresistible attraction of youth, gravitate together.

Anybody who can't contribute a lot of humor to their informal soirées is absolutely minus; these junior troubadours can't bother to raise wrinkles, unless it's likely to prove worth while.

Stanley Smith, an apostle of correctness and serious-mindedness.



So you'll have to be prettier than Mary Brian, their chronic honey, more ladylike than the exquisitely mannered June Collyer, more demure than Marguerite Churchill, more fun than Dorothy Lee of the vest-pocket voice. If you combine all these essential qualifications to a superlative degree, you may get a break with these jaded juveniles of countless beach parties.

After sifting the matter to a gnat's eyelash, however, my mind is hung on a question mark's hook. While some have proved weak creatures, the majority give the panics the go-by, their main concerns being the attainment of success and as much noise as possible, at both of which endeavors they click up surprising records.

And you might be disappointed. No frenzied love-making for these sheikies. They treat the current spasm to hot dogs and pop, or do the Venice concessions, amid much horseplay.

We shan't include in this solemn conference those old guys, Charlie Farrell and Charles Rogers, or Barry Norton, who is twenty-five, or the comical Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin. Time for them to be taking up golf seriously, and inquiring as to the merits of hair tonics, and reviewing their lives with that melancholy retrospect of age.

We're roll-calling the boy friends of Hollywood's real baby starlets. You spot them, clad in white flannels and sweatshirts, dusting the highways in their roadsters. Indeed, you can't miss them, attacking the waves with youthful vigor, or making pretty speeches that they got out of movies to the beach

blossoms—behind a wink. Their shouts ring out from tipsy surf boards, over ping-pong scores or coffee-pot replies, in excited quarrels over games of volley ball or on the pygmy golf courses.

They remove chairs suddenly as pompous dignity is about to sit; they blow up balloons and let them die out against your startled ears in strange noises. They wire sofas with electric currents and chortle over your embarrassment. At their moonlight beach picnics, they harmonize around the fire in tunes most enjoyed by themselves; they pile into Arthur Lake's motor boat, aesthetically named the *Gedunk Sundae*, and leave for distant shores—invariably showing up at dinner time with ravenous appetites. How they do stow food away!

Several belong to the Thalias, that club of young Thespians vitally concerned with the higher art of having a good time. The Thalias started out with noble intentions of being highbrow and instructive, or something equally portentous, but the idea, fortunately, got misplaced. Concentration and Guggenheim are so much more fun, with twenty questions as a corker for real intellectual spells.

They are polite to you, if the occasion suggests the advisability of it, such as an interview, but they'll be darned if they'll apple-polish you.

You take 'em rough—and like 'em.

They get up impromptu parties at their homes, leaving things in considerable *mêlée* after hectic games of murder, anagrams, and charades. They threaten all sorts of wild dissipations, but if you are discreet you will not hold your breath awaiting the materialization of this hinted *diablerie*. For special events, they doll up in the tuxedo and take the semisiren, with a grand gesture, to a capital-letter premiere, or to the Coconut Grove, to mingle with the stiff shirts, horribly embarrassed when the great men notice them and shake hands, pleased but red-faced when a bystander requests an autograph. Almost bursting with pride recently, when some one mentioned approval of his work in a new film, Arthur Lake beamed and admitted, "You know, you're the third friend who has spoken of liking that!"

They are a clean, fun-loving bunch of kids, each interesting by right of personality, each a potential star. Collectively speaking, they aren't particularly excited over girls, though none is actually against the species, several have steady weaknesses, and some are not insusceptible to the mysterious dramatic possibilities of a "blind date" now and then, provided the young lady's charm is highly recommended.

They speed their "oil cans," which look as if life were hard to them, if not to their owners, to the beach, where they take to the water sports in noisy exuberance. They patronize the new ice-cream emporiums where you are served in your car. Their vocabularies are outbursts of slang often unintelligible to the more mature twenties. They are forever concocting stunts, delighting in practical jokes and imitations of Hollywood's pompous personages that jerk the crowd in to ribald laughter.

They do not drink, as a rule, the occasional cocktail temptation into which they fall being a rather wild spree of "life." Their next-morning contrition brings a



Photo by Brown

William Bakewell is always the ringleader in any kind of fun.

welcome rebirth of faith in the younger generation's inherent fineness and which, incidentally, must be viewed with the solemnity such a transgression merits.

They are refreshingly modest, and regard the older actors like Novarro and Colman with awe, and are intensely ambitious to succeed.

It is easy to see in this juvenile coterie the kid types of any small town, except that their clothes are snappier, their cars more rakish or adorned with more eye-blinding devices. They are Gopher Prairie gone grand.

Picture them in an average townlet. Billy Bakewell, you know right off, would be the ringleader who exclaims, "Wait'll I throw the old bean into high gear and see how far I can go on a gallon of thought," and, as a result, devises a stunt bound to mean considerable consternation for somebody before the evening is



Bruce Rogers, brother of Buddy, says that his aim is tragic emotionalism.

Meet Those Baby Bachelors



Photo by Thomas

Russell Gleason is one of the few baby bachelors who has a steady, Marguerite Churchill.

over. Stanley Smith, on the other hand, would be conducting the glee club and starting those uplifting movements which the others would follow with periodic enthusiasm.

Frank Albertson? Wouldn't he be going to see the chamber of commerce about building a scaffold for a new ski jump, or about staging a civic show on the lake, in which event, naturally, they would all take part? Frank, by prior claim of personality, would take charge of such things. Frank with his serious aims expressed in flippant wisecracks, as befits a go-getter.

Since he has grown up to man's estate of twenty-two, William Janney deplors the perennial youth which restricts him to brother rôles, when the growing pains in his ambition urge him to a nobler delineation of life. In "Carnival," they did recognize his maturity by casting him as

a college youth, and not brother to anybody! Quite adult, indeed—didn't he love a sophisticated show-girl who committed suicide because of his infatuation? Ha, that was showing Lowell Sherman how!

"Little Brother" won his title by his realistic characterization with Mary Pickford, in "Coquette." But the producers, seemingly, couldn't grasp the fact that he was merely *acting*. They had the ridiculous notion that he was just being himself.

This Billy never had a sweetheart. That is, not since he grew up and got a proper perspective on things. In those distant childhood days when they attended a school for professional children in New York, he wove dreams around a fellow pupil, Ruby Keeler.

"She must have forgotten all about me," he shrugs, "because she married Al Jolson."

I wonder if brooding over this shattered romance caused him to lose weight to the alarming state that now he must drink milk and cream in an effort to acquire ten pounds? It hardly seems likely, though, for he is engrossed in his art. He admits admiration for Mary Pickford, but thinks all the girls he knows "lack something." He didn't say what. Maybe he hasn't figured out in what the discrepancy between a fellow's ideals and the actuality consists, or else he is just a gentleman.

He lives in an apartment with his mother, takes her to the movies, drives his car with a degree of carefulness, and is bent on self-improvement. Spare moments are whiled away listening to Mary Pickford, Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel, Richard Barthelmess, and Monte Blue, all recently hatched. They are his canaries, named for his favorite big sister and brothers. His mother banks his salary. He can have whatever he wants, anything that is within reason, but living at the beck and call of some jitney Juno doesn't appeal, so when a lilting voice trills his name over the phone he disguises his, practices will power, and insists deeply that Mr. Janney is out for a very important engagement.

Arthur Lake? Can't you picture him, without overworking the mental equipment unduly, parked at the soda fountain, wrecking one malted milk after another? A freckled Arthur, declaiming vociferously, with "Gees!" and "Goshes!" imaginary exploits and conquests, but shying at the actual swish of a skirt?

That bashful baby has his tribulations in a studio where sophistication is the theme line. It's a joy to watch him being interviewed on that bewildering subject of love. Enveloped in serious consideration, he squirms when other actors from near-by tables in the commissary call out helpful hints or ask confusing questions, until the poor lad is involved in a splutter of explanation and self-defense.



Photo by Jones

Lewis Ayres is scared of parties and remains aloof from group activities.

"Ever have a dangerous experience?" Nick Stuart calls, and Art shuffles, his face flaming into a tomato sliced by a weak grin.

"Aw, heck, let up, folks, won't you?" he begs seriously.

They don't mean to be unkind, nor are they forgetful of the pains of adolescence which some of them have left behind not ever so long ago. It's just that Arthur has a genius for blundering when he discusses that portentous subject, life, and its equally disconcerting tributary, love.

When he finally gets steamed up, he rattles off that he has two girls, his ma and his sis, Florence. He has taken Mary Brian places, but that's no solitary honor. Mary's smile beckons a fraternity. If it isn't Arthur, it's Buddy Rogers, or Billy Bakewell, or Phil Holmes, and for a time it was Rudy Vallée.

Arthur is twenty. His pal is Billy Bakewell. Boys don't like that word Pollyanna, but what's the masculine for the bright child? Anyway, Arthur is indubitably it—a dear kid, as naïve as any youngster of the bucolic byways. He is the eternal spirit of youth—the kidding, mischievous, impetuous youth hung with opalescent dreams, too weird and too beautiful for words. His merriment bubbles continually, until one touches on the distressing topic of love.

He was born in Corbin, Kentucky, but didn't stick around long enough to rust. The Silverlakes toured most of the vaudeville routes, a lap of luxury for even a six-a-day it seemed at times, and caravanned in tent shows, the make-shifts of car shows doing one-night stands. As soon as he could wobble out on unsteady legs, he strutted his stuff in the act, sold tickets and candy, and learned to maul the drums. At intervals, he was interned in school, but managed to survive, not noticeably any the worse for the experience.

The tall and gangling blue-eyed boy established his forte, professional as well as personal, in "Harold Teen," and probably will continue in many a movie to give puppy love that perfect art of naturalness.

Despite the meager fifteen-dollar-a-week allowance from his salary per-

William Janney names his canaries after stars he has played with.

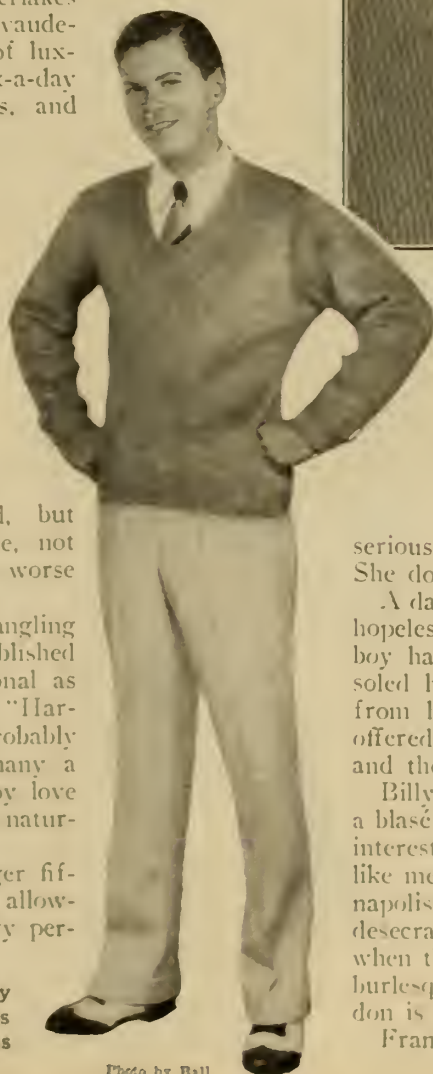


Photo by Ball



Frank Albertson's wisecracking in company conceals a serious mind.

mitted by his financial manager, Russell Gleason finds life a pleasant journey. He can entertain in a home where fun rules. Everybody has a grand time at the Gleasons'. Upon attainment of his majority last year, he was given his own suite, with private stairway, making him feel to an extent on his own.

His weekly pittance allows no budgets for orchids, but serious-minded Marguerite Churchill isn't registering any kick. She doesn't care to do marathons around town.

A dark chapter in Russell's life must be recorded. Once he was hopelessly in love with Phyllis Haver, who married another. The boy had that high-and-dry feeling—for several days. He consoled himself by sending the bridal wreath of orange blossoms from his own tree in the Gleason garden, a retaliation which offered a certain lugubrious solace. His recovery was sudden and thorough—when he met Marguerite.

Billy Bakewell, despite his twenty-two winters, has not acquired a blasé manner. Life is his own pet cookie. There are too many interesting things to do, and, once in a while, a great adventure like meeting Calvin Coolidge, and those location journeys to Annapolis and West Point. Epochal events, and you must not desecrate their memory by failing to register sufficient awe. But when the gang gets together informally, Billy puts on Barrymore burlesques that are choice, and his impersonation of Harry Langdon is virtually art.

Frank Albertson's happy disposition clothes a steady determina-

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The Trouble with Being a Lady

It is really a handicap, this having such a reputation to maintain, Kay Johnson asserts, and she tells how she has had to steel her nerves against her emotions while stars not catalogued as ladies felt no scruples about cussing out a studio crew.

By Edwin Schallert



Photo by Hurrell

A DeMille discovery, Kay Johnson lends vocal distinction to society films comparable to Gloria Swanson's pantomime.

EXCLUSIVE of a few singers, male and female, there are just three voices in the talkies. And when I say voices I mean *voices*!

There is the suave musical one of Ruth Chatterton; there is the dulcet, velvety, and sonorous one of Ann Harding, and there is the exquisite chiming voice of Kay Johnson.

These are among the first real phenomena of the talking screen. They give us a thrill that was never known in the silent movies. They achieve that wondrous thing known as word coloring.

Of these voices I sometimes think that the most enchanting is Miss Chatterton's. One turns almost immediately, though, to the reposeful quiet of Ann Harding's. But then, ah then, what is one to say of the exotic charm and overtones of Miss Johnson's syllables?

Hers is, after all, the vocal cord raised to a high degree of perfection. For less than either of the other two is she a screen type in the old sense of the word. And therefore greater, perhaps, is her victory in aural films.

Kay Johnson is not a beauty in the conventional movie sense. She is a vastly attractive girl to meet. She holds you with her magnetism and insnares you with a radiance of sound echoing, even after you have left her, like the tinkle of a crystal.

As yet Miss Johnson has played in but one effective picture. This was Cecil DeMille's "Dynamite," her first.

DeMille chose her for this because she "talked and acted like a lady." She was playing on the stage in Los Angeles when he saw her. One of his scouts had seen the play, "The Silver Cord," by Sidney Howard, and suggested that DeMille "look over" the rather tall girl who was appearing as a rebellious daughter-in-law.

It didn't sound altogether promising, but DeMille went to look and listen. He had searched all Hollywood for a suitable heroine for his new society opus. There was none who fitted all the requirements.

DeMille saw only an early scene in the first act, and his mind was made up. Here was the find he wanted. There was something in the way Miss Johnson acted during a comparatively unimportant episode that captured him—a note of refinement and quality.

In "Dynamite" Kay Johnson made her debut as a society girl. For contrast, she was cast opposite the burly and explosive Charles Bickford. There wasn't a shred

of reality to the romance between the two, but somehow or other Miss Johnson succeeded in carrying off her part of the performance with high honors.

The critics praised her intelligence and her polish. Some even went so far as to identify her as a rare and beautiful picture type. DeMille himself observed that she was the Gloria Swanson of voice, having in her tones a quality to parallel the Swanson pantomimic ability in the silent drama.

Since "Dynamite" Miss Johnson has been seen in two rather mediocre program pictures. More recently she has finished playing the heroine in "The Spoilers," and she is soon to dazzle under the DeMille guardianship again in the spectacular "Madam Satan." For this last she was elected only after due consideration of other candidates. DeMille wanted to be sure that his discovery was the ideal choice for a film which demanded pictorial effulgence, as well as vocal harmony. The costumers provided the *mise en scène*, and Miss Johnson qualified in both visual and aural aspects. It is expected she will score a renewed hit in this elaborate production.

Kay Johnson is vital, real, and a very delightful person. Her hair is light golden. She is not as tall as she seems to be on the screen. She has the air of sophistication, blended with animated youthful vibrancy.

She was newly married when she came to California and had given up all intentions of pursuing her career either on stage or screen. She is the wife of John Cromwell, who directs for Paramount, and who was also noted for the plays he presented in the theater.

Kay met him when she was rehearsing for a play in the East. She stood in awe of him because of his position and his efficiency. She was almost overwhelmed when he asked her to lunch with him one day. She didn't have the least idea of what to talk about, but somehow she managed to survive.

Then she came to Los Angeles for a visit. Cromwell was appearing there in "The Racket," and she went to see her former director act. Before she left the theater, she had thought to go back stage to see Cromwell, and congratulate him on his performance. When the final curtain fell, she decided she wouldn't, and she and her companion started away.

She altered her intention again before they got halfway up the aisle. "Yes, I'll do it," she told her escort. "No, I won't," she exclaimed when she reached the stage door.

She admits to about nine or ten changes of mind in half as many minutes, and finally, after she had entered a taxi, she succeeded in making her choice to the accompaniment of her companion's wrath, protestations, and derision.

When she *did* knock on the door of Cromwell's dressing room, and he came out with his face still smeared with make-up, they both knew that they were in love with each other. Later they were married in New York, and immediately dashed westward again, where Cromwell had to work in a picture.

Kay's romance is as much like her as anything. She has a flamelike way about her—a flame caught in fitful gusts of moodiness, perhaps, but burning steadily despite this.

She can't compromise willingly. She wants to do things thoroughly. And she is a very positive girl. But when she is uncertain about

the character of a rôle, or picture, or anything, sudden moodiness pervades her.

She didn't like coming in at the last minute in "Billy the Kid," for instance, to assume the leading feminine rôle. She felt that she could not get into the spirit of the picture fully at that time. However, M.-G.-M. desired to have her in the part, because it was necessary to build up the picture with an actress who had the qualifications, and who was also acquiring a box-office following. Hesitantly, therefore, Kay proceeded, but with every evidence of sportsmanship.

The secret of Kay's voice is no mysterious one. "Maybe I acquired it playing boys' rôles in our amateur theatricals," she smilingly told me. She was born at Mount Vernon, New York, and educated at Drew Seminary. Also she had a course at Sargent's school of dramatics. It may be noted, incidentally, that she comes of a very good family. Her father drew attention as the designer of the Woolworth Tower.

"It sounds foolish to say, perhaps, but if I have an attractive voice, then it must be God-given," she continued. "I haven't lavished any more care on it than seemed absolutely necessary. I've studied singing with Mrs. Major, but only since I've been in California.

"I do know this, that I always live in dread of losing my voice. And I actually did lose it several times on the stage while playing a screaming scene in 'Crime.' I'll tell you about it, only I think it is a terribly long story.

"'Crime' was such a different play from any that I had appeared in. I had always been cast in the more ladylike parts, and here I was doing the rôle of a hard-boiled gangster's sweetheart. Al Woods didn't believe I could play the part, but Sam Shipman, the author, felt differently about it, and they gave me the opportunity.

"First of all, the profanity that I used shocked staid Philadelphia, and some of the newspapers criticized me for enacting such a rôle. Then when we went to New York, I found that the screaming scene in the play was beginning to tell on me. I was supposed to go off-stage, and upon viewing the body of my lover, who had been killed by his fellow gangsters, to emit a blood-curdling shriek.

"I did my shrieking as usual one night, and when I came back onto the stage, I couldn't speak even in a whisper. My voice was gone.

"I went to see a doctor the next day, and he told me I would have to leave the stage for weeks, maybe months. The prospect wasn't pleasant, but I decided it was the only thing to do, and went away to a lake resort and rested.

"Then, just before the play was leaving New York, Mr. Woods asked me whether I didn't think I could come back for the Chicago opening. My voice seemed much better, so I told him that I would. He asked me to play one final performance in New York, so that I might get into the spirit of the play once more. I agreed. [Continued on page 110]



Photo by
Grimes

Kay Johnson is not a beauty in the old film sense, but her vocal charm and magnetism will get you.

Too Many Don'ts Mean *Do*

From his earliest games and reading to his marriage, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has had to revolt against advice, every speech ending with "Don't do it," in order to live his own life.

By Samuel Richard Mook

HOW would you like to have some one continually saying to you "Don't do that"? It's what Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been up against all his life. Everything that Douglas has ever wanted to do has either been given up, or done against some one's wishes. Everybody connected with him has tried to live his life for him. People are constantly saying to him, "Don't do it. I've been through that myself and I know what I'm talking about. You'd better profit by my experience."

"If I did everything people told me to do, and never did any of the things they tell me not to do, I might lead a very sheltered existence and save myself lots of heart-ache," says Doug, "but I'd sure live an uneventful life. I don't want to go through life on other people's experiences; I want experiences of my own. Some of them might be unpleasant, but at least I'll have gone through the deep shadows as well as the high lights. I don't think there's anything more uninteresting than a Pollyanna—even though Mary Pickford's film representation of her was so delightful.

"When I was a kid I was quite delicate and often sick. I had a weak heart, and every once in a while it would skip a beat. It still does occasionally, but it's from a different cause now. When we are going out in the evening and Joan comes into the room just before we leave, looking like a vision, I think, 'Gee! This is my wife!' and my heart misses several beats. In fact, you might say it flutters.

"Well, to get back to the youthful heartskips. I was terribly interested in athletics of all sorts. The doctor and the family thought they were the worst thing in the world for me, and there was a lovely row every time they caught me at any of them. But I thought there was no use living if you couldn't have any fun, so I went ahead with them anyhow. And the funny part of it is that instead of being harmful they really strengthened my heart."

Looking at him to-day you'd never think he had been sick a day in his life. Bronzed from the outdoor se-

quences of pictures and the golf that no one tells him not to play any more, he looks exceptionally fit.

"Then," he continued, "when I was ten or eleven years old I was—er—quite—shall we say highbrow?—in my literary tastes. I had memorized 'Richard III,' and read scarcely anything except classics. I've wised up now and read everything from Zane Grey to Robert W. Chambers, with all intervening stops.

"In my early years it was always a battle to read the things I wanted to. 'You mustn't read things like that—they'll make you morbid,' they'd say to me and offer me Horatio Alger, Jr., and James Henty, and Oliver Optic.

"Well, for kids who like that sort of stuff they're fine, but I didn't care for them and I think the things I read stimulated my imagination as much as trash ever stimulated other boys'. And I had the advantage of assimilating the vocabularies of really worth-while authors and of being able to remember and carry through the years with me the things I read, while most boys have to forget the junk they fooled away their time on."

I wondered about that. It seemed to me that any boy who didn't read boys' books lost an awful lot of fun. But Doug didn't agree with me. He thinks it is just as easy to cultivate a taste for fine things

as for cheap. And if they had a morbid influence on his character at the time, he feels that that same morbidity broadened it.

When he was quite young his parents separated, and Douglas and his mother went abroad to live. Doug studied only the things that interested him—history, war maneuvers, philosophy. Mathematics never interested him. Neither did geography. His father used to say to him, "Don't grow up that way, with a slipshod education. I want you to be a gentleman, with a gentleman's education. You go to Oxford." But Douglas didn't.

To-day I don't know that it makes much difference. Probably his way was right, for when he was fourteen



Photo by Chidnoff

Doug, Jr., was warned that marriage would "kill" him and Joan Crawford in films.



Photo by Harrell

Happy as Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are now, it was not always so with them, particularly Doug. For he married his wife against the advice of virtually every relative and friend. In fact, he has been beset by "Don'ts" all his life, to such an extent that it is a wonder he has grown up to be the stalwart, self-reliant, and successful young man that he is. This little-known fact is brought to light on the opposite page, together with much else of interest to admirers of the young couple.



"War Nurse"

The popular novel finds its way to the screen, with June Walker, one of the more interesting stage luminaries, together with players already well known to followers of the screen.

Marie Prevost and Zasu Pitts, at top of page, have a little dispute that enlivens their routine as nurses behind the firing line.



Anita Page, above, as *Joy*, who has just left school to become a war nurse, meets Robert Ames, as *Robin*, only to learn that he is married, when it is too late to escape the consequences of their love.

Miss Walker, right, is helped by Helen Jerome Eddy, as "*Kansas*," to get ready for her date with *Wally*.



June Walker, above, as *Babs*, asks Robert Montgomery, as *Wally*, if he really loves her. It is an old question, but in this story it has a new answer, for *Wally* says that he loves her "in a way."



The loss of Lon Chaney to the fans is as great as his loss to Hollywood and the motion-picture industry, for he was loved and respected both as actor and man. Born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, April 1, 1883, he was the son of deaf-mute parents. He left school at thirteen and earned his first money as a mountain guide. Drifting into the theater as a property man, he later became a dancer and comedian. Stranded in California, he made his way to Hollywood, where he worked as an extra. With this foothold he made his way slowly, painfully to the point where he played rôles and gained some recognition, until "The Miracle Man" established him as a star. Since then his financial success was assured, but his efforts to maintain his position were harder, and it is believed that he was weakened and injured in simulating the deformities that characterized his rôles.





Sunshine

Marilyn Miller radiates it wherever she goes on her twinkling toes, and in her new picture, "Sunny" she is the spirit of light.

All her life Marilyn Miller has danced to express her gayety, her rippling, overflowing spirits. But when fame came to her she was not content to be known only as a dancer—she learned to act and sing until, step by step and song by song, she became the highest-salaried star in musical comedy, and last year her popularity extended to the screen. She is seen, left, in one of her amusing disguises in "Sunny."



Just Drifting

Both Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich are disillusioned by life in "Morocco," but love brings them together.

Gary Cooper, above, as *Tom Broten*, a soldier in the Foreign Legion, meets Marlene Dietrich, as *Amy Jolly*, a girl from nowhere, who drifts into a *café chantant* and is hired to sing. Before long a common understanding awakens the sympathy of one for the other, which soon changes to love. But their path is broken by perils until nothing matters except their love for each other. Miss Dietrich, right, is seen in her dressing room with Adolphe Menjou, as Mr. Cooper's rival.





A Bride in Name Only

She is Clara Bow, in "Her Wedding Night," which means that a marriage entered in haste is enjoyed at leisure.



Clara Bow has a rôle that she should play convincingly if any one could. For in her new picture she is a film star who goes to Paris incognito to escape the excitements—largely masculine—of her crowded career in Hollywood. There is no such relief for her, however, and soon she is embarked on an adventure that causes her to sign a marriage register in the belief that it is a hotel guest book. Miss Bow, right, with Richard Gallagher.

"Father's Son"

He's very much mother's, too, in the picture of that name, because Irene Rich claims him. And what boy—or man, either—wouldn't be proud?



Leon Janney, above, the attractive and talented boy who scored a hit in "Courage," plays the leading rôle in "Father's Son," that of a youngster whose father does not understand him, but whose mother does, until circumstances bring the man around to the boy's point of view and the family are united in happy understanding. Young Janney above, as *Bill Emory*, heeds the gentle admonitions of Irene Rich, as his mother. Miss Rich, left, in a beautiful mood.



Among the Rich

"The Best People" promises to throw light on the surprising goings on among the moneyed elect.

Miriam Hopkins, at top of page, comes from the stage to play the rôle of a rich girl who falls in love with the family chauffeur, while Henry Wadsworth, as her brother, chooses his ladylove from the chorus.

Carol Lombard, outer right, is the beautiful chorister who attends a party with her friend, played by Ilka Chase.

Miss Chase, left, also of the chorus, attempts to induct Miss Hopkins into a dance routine.





Dawns Another Goofy Day

A round of the clock in the movie capital falls into a pattern, and from sun to sun a community log would include all the vagaries and foibles of the great, plus those peculiar to the thousands less favored by the cinema gods.

By Carroll Graham

SIX THIRTY A. M.—Six thousand alarm clocks in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Culver City, and way points arouse six thousand persons from slumber to answer "on-the-set" calls for eight thirty. Three thousand of them are extras, who gladly spring from bed to clutch a day's pay check. Two thousand are electricians and carpenters, who arise grumbling. Five hundred are minor actors, who turn over to sleep for another half hour. The rest are stars and directors, who throw the clocks out of windows and decide to be late and let the producer complain if he dares.

Seven a. m.—Eighteen members of the producers' association rush to Hollywood Boulevard broker's office for an anxious glance at the ticker before they decide whether to start a new super-production, or lay off some more stenographers.

Eight thirty a. m.—Three thousand extras and two thousand carpenters and electricians arrive on the various sets and, observing that stars and directors have not arrived, complain about the soft life some people lead.

Nine a. m.—Phineas Gagg, president of Monstrous Pictures Corporation, decides to change the title of his talking version of "Hamlet" to "Flaming Danes."

Nine thirty a. m.—A dialogue writer, who has been thinking steadily for an hour, writes his first bit of dialogue for the day. "James Davenport, you cad, you know that gold can never buy the heart of Myrtle van Rensselaer."

Ten a. m.—Two actors meet on Hollywood Boulevard and explain to each other why they have not yet appeared in a talking picture.

Ten thirty a. m.—Fifteen Broadway playwrights leap off a Santa Fe train—eight from the cushions, the other seven from the rods—hoping to write dialogue for the talkies.

Eleven a. m.—Almost all the stars and directors with the eight thirty calls are at work by this time.

Eleven thirty a. m.—Hollywood bootleggers open up shop for the day and answer eighty-seven hurry calls from boys and girls who were the life of the party last night and, as a consequence, are dying.

Noon.—Directors and stars who didn't arrive for the eight thirty calls decide to knock off for lunch.

Twelve thirty p. m.—Twenty-seven song writers gather at the Brown Derby and steal tunes from each other during lunch. Visiting Iowans mistake eight of them for Al Capone.

One p. m.—Arthur Caesar, the Broadway feeding-hand biter, utters a wisecrack which hurts the feelings of Warner Brothers, for whom he works.

One thirty p. m.—A magazine interviewer lisps, "Don't you feel your art has a greater chance for expression in the talkies?" to an actor fresh from Broadway, who unused to Hollywood ways, wonders what in the world you're supposed to say to a crack like that.

Two p. m.—Four scenario writers, unemployed, start a game of pool at the Writers' Club, and between shots, curse the man who invented talking pictures.

Two thirty p. m.—The two actors, having explained to their mutual satisfaction why they haven't appeared in any talkies, decide to call upon a third Thespian who may possibly have some money.

Three p. m.—Phineas Gagg, president of Monstrous Pictures Corporation, decides to change the title of "Flaming Danes" to "Passions of a Prince."

Three thirty p. m.—The dialogue writer who had his first inspiration at nine thirty sneaks out of the studio and plays golf.

Four p. m.—Twenty-two Broadway playwrights board eastbound trains, some one having read the talkie dialogue they wrote.

Four thirty p. m.—The producers' association meets and issues a statement that 1930 will be a year of unequaled prosperity in the film industry. This makes them all feel better about the stock market.

Five p. m.—The stars and directors who didn't make the eight thirty calls decide to call it a day.

Five thirty p. m.—All the telephone lines at the Studio Club are busy now as the Hollywood rakes try to line up dates for the evening.

Six p. m.—Six thousand directors, stars, actors, carpenters, electricians, and extras decide to go to bed early to-night, so it won't be so tough making that early call in the morning.

Six thirty p. m.—Nineteen extra girls stroll casually into Henry's to see if they can promote a dinner from some gullible Patsy.

Seven p. m.—Eighteen assorted Hollywoodians decide to drop into James Cruze's house to see if there is a party going on that they can crash.

Seven thirty p. m.—Eighty-six Hollywood husbands are dragged by their wives to neighborhood movies, their protests that they make the accursed things all day, and don't want to see them at night, not having the slightest effect.

Eight p. m.—First editions of morning papers come out with headline, "MOVIE ACTRESS JAILED IN RAID." No one on Hollywood Boulevard buys a paper, because every one knows the actress will turn out to be a waitress in San Pedro.

Continued on page 117



Nix on the Actor's Life

Do you know that there are people in Hollywood who scorn a career in the movies? For example, Andy, the studio grip, who has seen stars come and go, and has some amusing thoughts on glamour and glory—and the fade-out.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Grugo

WOULD you like to act in pictures? Then you ought to have a talk with Andy, the studio grip.

Andy knows the actors' lives from the under side. He is with them during all their working hours, while he shifts reflectors, rigs contrivances, and makes himself handy in a hundred ways on the set or on location. He knows some actors personally; he is stuffed with inside information about players, as individuals and as a class, that circulates through the studios, but seldom gets to the ears of the public. Actors scorn Andy's long hours of sweating toil, at a laborer's wage, but Andy doesn't envy them.

In a small way, Andy has been an actor himself. Several times a director has called upon him to step into a scene and do a bit, for he is a good type. But ask him why he doesn't quit hustling props and go into acting. He will retort, eloquently, "Me act? Not while I'm conscious!"

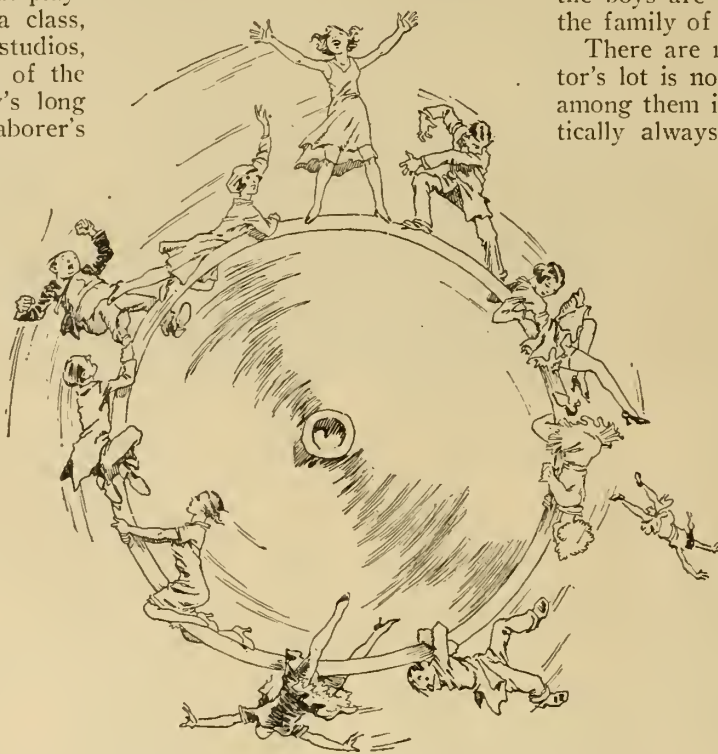
Andy is not the only one of the movie-wise who looks upon the actor's lot with a cynical eye. Many a man who has the opportunity to make good as an actor prefers to work behind the camera lines. Let the actor have the glory! Those who make the wheels go round usually occupy more enviable positions.

There's a very seamy side to being an actor. In spite of all the stories that have been circulated about the struggles and hazards of the Hollywood Thespian, the public really knows very little of what he is up against. Andy knows. The crowd merely sees the successful actor shooting up into the heavens like a skyrocket, in a blaze of glory. But Andy watches the manufacture of the skyrocket, the lighting of the match, and the fall of the burned-out stick in the darkness. What's more, the descending stick, so to speak, sometimes strikes him in the back of the neck. Many an actor acquaintance comes to Andy for lunch money.

Andy knows, among other things, that a certain kid comic got his funny walk from the effect of malnutrition on his growing body when he was begging casting directors for a chance. He knows that a once-popular charmer will never work again in pictures, although she has been pathetically besieging the studios for six years. He knows that So-and-so is in a sanitarium, and that the boys are taking up a collection for the family of a former idol.

There are many reasons why the actor's lot is not to be envied. Foremost among them is the fact that he is practically always job hunting. Even the contract player finds, more often than not, that his contract is just a brief interruption in the quest for employment, with troubles of its own.

Job hunting in any field of work is an ordeal, but in movie acting it acquires new and gaudy tortures. When a casting director has a call for a certain type, he is apt to protect himself by rounding up all the actors who might fill the bill. Phones ring merrily all over town, and actors come scurrying from all points of the compass. Many of them have spent their last dollars on clothes pressing, shoe shining, and bus



The thrills and spills of the dizzy whirl of stardom make Andy all the more content with his job.

fare. An actor must make his best possible appearance, if he has to go hungry to do it.

From the crowd of candidates the director picks one, and the others return home to wait for the next call. The lucky actor finds, in many cases, that his job will last for only a few days, and then he will be back among the employment seekers.

There are hundreds—thousands—of players trying to make a living in this haphazard way. They are continuously campaigning for work; always on their best appearance, forever trying to make an impression, no matter how discouraged they may be. A day's work is

success: a part that keeps them on the pay roll two or three weeks makes them jubilant. They must keep in constant touch with casting offices, no matter how fruitless it may be. They must relentlessly hunt down every will-o'-the-wisp. They must keep in the good graces of all who might help them to get employment. They find that some casting directors are considerate in their treatment, while others are not; they play favorites. They are fresh with girl applicants and overbearing with men.

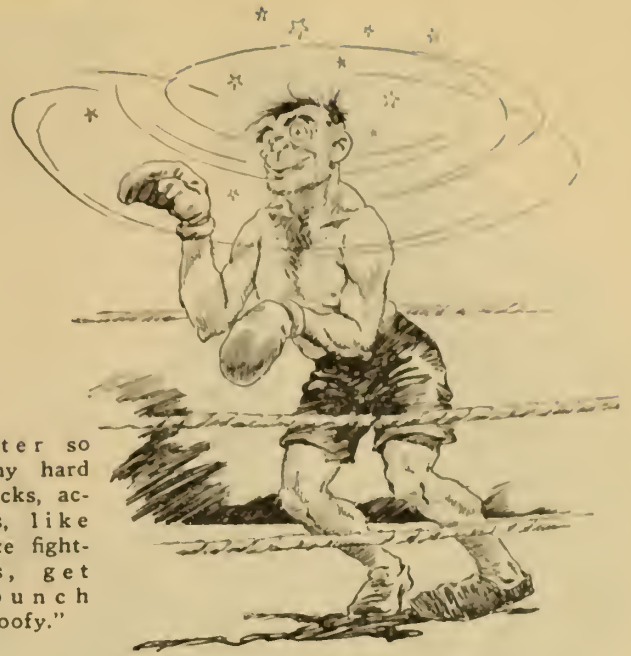
They are accustomed to such evasions as, "He's in the projection room. Come around to-morrow," and, "I was looking for you everywhere yesterday for that big part—it's filled now." They are being perpetually yanked out of the pit of despair only to find it is the preparation for another sickening downward swoop. False hopes are built on false hopes. They are stalled off, flattered, lied to, abused, yet they can't afford to take offense. And in it all there is the fascination of gambling, the thrill of watching the roulette wheel spin toward one's number. Coffee and doughnuts to-day, a banquet at the Coconut Grove to-morrow—or, just as likely, not even coffee and doughnuts.

Of course all actors don't live on a hand-to-mouth basis. Take the case of the featured player who has signed a contract to appear in a picture at the studio where Andy works, at \$800 a week. That's more than the small studio likes to pay, and they have planned the shooting schedule so that her part in the picture will be finished in two weeks. No more \$800 checks until she lands the next job. And how she campaigned to get that one! The lavish entertaining of people who might help her get work, the upkeep of her magnificent home, the big car! One can't do things on an economical scale while gunning for Hollywood's big money. The player's two \$800 checks probably will go toward paying off past debts. She would rather work regularly for half the money she gets, but she is afraid of lowering her caste.

Does Andy, the grip, envy this \$800-a-week butterfly who spends most of her time lavishly entertaining and seeking work? Not while he can count on putting \$8.30 in the bank every week, and she can't.

The notion that a director always has his eyes open for new talent is the bunk. Not only does many a director look by, over and through the most promising unknown without a cerebral ripple, but sometimes a director will know players by their first names, go to parties with them, admit that they have possibilities, and

After so many hard knocks, actors, like prize fighters, get "punch goofy."



still not give them a real chance. Sometimes he doesn't want to take a chance with an unknown; sometimes he is forced to push other players who have influence; sometimes it's just procrastination or inertia. The job seeker may expect "plenty grief" in winning the attention of those who can help him.

But the actor's troubles are far from over when he has obtained the prized contract. The star, of course, gets the best rôle, the lighting, the close-ups. The actor in a subordinate part seldom is able to appear at his best advantage. If he is miscast, or made to do things which show him in a poor light, he has to grin and bear it.

Stardom brings troubles of its own. Imagine how a star of reserved nature feels to be constantly on view to the public, as if she lived in a glass house! Favor seekers trailing you wherever you go; an army of reporters writing that you're engaged every time you speak to a member of the opposite sex, urging you to reveal for publication your inmost feelings, the details of all your amours, with names and dates, please! You've got to grin and like it. You can't pull a Lindbergh and figuratively slam the door in their faces. Chaplin can yank down the blinds when he has his fill of public staring—although he atones later by amiable, democratic gestures—but the average star wouldn't dare to follow his example. Oh my, no! One must be as chummy with everybody as an old pal in a theme song.

The actor's life has an emotional stress and strain that is unknown in other fields of work. The player not only bounds from the heights to the depths of feeling in his own very uncertain life, but at a director's order he must pump up grief, joy, or what do you want? Many directors are hard to please, and some, particularly the star makers of the old school, use the technique of the football coach who accuses his men of a yellow streak to arouse their fighting spirit and make them give everything that is in them. Many an emotional masterpiece has been achieved through insulting a player to tears. Actors respect a director who can tear the hearts out of them, and the director, in turn, may feel as if they were his own children. But it all goes toward making the actor's life a hard one.

Continued on page 116



Mary Brian, left, is no longer the demure little heroine when she blossoms out in pink chiffon.

Carnival Time

The masquerade spirit, aroused by talkies and players gleefully dig out the gaudiest

Cleopatra, as impersonated by Thelma Todd, center, has become rather modest since we used to see her pictured in books not on the high-school reading list.



"Oh, yeah?" thunders Jack Haley, left, as *Cæsar*, in "Follow Thru," at the same time drawing his trusty sword.



Imagine our astonishment to find Regis Toomey above, hidden under the gay togs of *Romeo* for the masquerade sequence of "Follow Thru," which proves that one never knows when an actor will reveal a new side of himself.

Billie Dove, left, is a lively addition to anybody's party when she turns out as a harlequin, as she does in "One Night at Susie's."

in Filmdom

Technicolor, has spread over the studios, and the treasures of the costume rooms.

The highland lass portrayed by Nancy Carroll, right, in the fancy-dress sequence of "Follow Thru," is one you'd like to take roamin' in the gloamin'.

Victor Moore, below, in "Dangerous Nan McGrew," is pop-eyed with innocent surprise at what he sees.

What girl would not approve of the choice of Nora Lane, right, to be Juliet at the bal masque in "Madame Satan"?

Buddy Rogers, lower right, is that dashing adventurer, d'Artagan, in "Follow Thru."



Reginald Denny, above, as *Rolín Hood*, gives *Madame Satan* the once over when she enters the ballroom.



Mona Maris says that the actress must study and imagine the way a character will act.

IT has already been remarked that actors are not as other mortals. Now we face another question. Why do these celebrities differ from the rest of humanity? The answer is—because they are actors. Acting is to blame. And what is acting? Far be it from this lowly scribe to state that acting is madness; but he might well be pardoned for thinking so.

In the good old days B. T.—before talkies—when stars were stars and made studios smile with delight when they gave them a smile, and tremble with fear at their frown—Nazimova was the empress of emotion.

The old Metro lot, now deserted and empty, has all the aspects of a former madhouse—a grim abode where strange things once occurred.

It was reported that Nazimova was the most temperamental star in existence. Before

Is Acting

The writer of this clever article says that it
amazing instances of aberrations

By William

a very emotional scene was to be shot, she became pale, even through her make-up, starting to tremble and shudder with the force of her transformation. Then, like one possessed, she tussled with her rôle, mauled the leading man, or whatever it was that she had to do in the name of acting.

This over, the great Nazimova moaned, swaying from side to side. Sometimes she fainted. Or she collapsed with the intensity of her emotion and had to be borne out. Quite often she became hysterical and had to be held down, like a mad person, until her temporary excitement subsided.

In spite of her strangeness, Nazimova was undoubtedly one of the great actresses of her day. Yet did not she, like others, find herself caught in the scorching heat of the flame of genius which she wooed?

Every player is attracted to this white flame of genius. It is dangerous, though. The danger being whether the player will be able to control the flame, or be consumed by it. This combat probably accounts for the queer spells of many.

I recall the strangeness that often attacked Pola Negri, when the Polish firebrand emoted in Hollywood. Pola walked slowly onto the set, her pale face tense, her eyes staring straight ahead as if at nothing. Then the fireworks began. Emotion and passion were given terrific play. The episode finished, the star staggered like one crazy.

Secretary, maid, hairdresser, all ran to support her tottering form and guide the exhausted artist to her chair. *Kümmel*, or some other stimulant, restored her to sanity until the next scene, after which another restorative was necessary.

During the trial scene in "Barbed Wire," Pola was staggering to a seat when a spark dropped from one of the arcs onto her bare shoulder. Snatching the nearest object—which unfortunately happened to be my arm—she shrieked expletives to high heaven and other remote places.

The rescue crew arrived. Even then, *la*

Barry Norton never ponders over his acting, but dives right into a scene.



Madness?

is, and proceeds to prove it by describing some among the stars while on the set.

H. McKegg

Negri, shudderingly still, refused to loosen her hold on me. So I, too, had to go with her and her supporters to the star's throne.

No frenzied person could have gripped an arm with more fury than Pola gripped mine. It was black and blue for weeks afterward. But such marks were dear to my heart, having been caused by the strangle hold of genius while in the throes.

The calm and collected individuals in the movies are not great actors, nor are they interesting persons. Consider Conrad Nagel. Only those who are publicly torn by emotion possess a spark of the divine flame of genius. But how oddly they act!

Temperament and temper are closely allied. A person possessing a fiery temper is not normal. It is well known that temper is temporary madness.

Yet, are the players to blame? Does not acting encourage them?

Acting affects Greta Garbo in a stranger manner than it does any other star.

In reality Greta is almost childlike in her simplicity. She is by no means the ravishing vamp she appears to be on the screen. Yet, once before the camera, she is slowly transformed, becoming a glowing, seductive siren, symbolizing sex at its strongest.

Argue as much as you like, acting causes Garbo to become possessed of a force that grips her and changes her into another being. Her acting enervates her, too—like a madness.

I saw Janet Gaynor tremble with utter weakness after playing certain emotional sequences in "Seventh Heaven." So much strain was placed on her in "Sunrise" and "The Four Devils," that she had a nervous breakdown after each production was finished.

What could be closer to madness than the terrific, frightening force that swept Jeanne Eagels up into its whirlwind? Was it not madness brought on by acting that really caused the death of this talented actress?

Here was a player whose genius was obviously that gained from the heights of art. Within fifteen years she fought her way up from obscurity to the top. She became one of the first stars of the theater in America. For the greater part of five years she played the intensely dramatic rôle of *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain"—the play that made her a star.



Janet Gaynor felt the emotional strain of "Sunrise" and "The Four Devils" so severely, that she had a nervous breakdown after each.



After an emotional scene, Pola Negri's tottering form was supported by her retinue to a chair.

One would imagine that reaching such heights Jeanne Eagels would have been a calm young woman, able to take life calmly. Instead, one met a vibrant, overstrung person. There was nothing sane about Jeanne's method of doing things. She was restless. A strange, nameless fear haunted her, causing her sleepless nights, weakening her physically and mentally.

All the while the public saw her on the heights, she was like one being consumed by some livid flame within her.

Jeanne's temperamental fits were uncontrollable. It was like a periodic madness that seized her. These spells became more frequent toward the end. Finally the flame of genius spread beyond her control and consumed her. Her passing was sadly premature, brought on by the very force that made her a great actress.

One player who soared near the heights, but turned back, is Blanche Sweet. Here is an actress who approached the flame of genius. It almost



Nazimova moaned, swayed and sometimes fainted after a scene, when she was the great star of her day.

caught her up in its clasp, and would have, except that she looked back.

A player told me no actress should ever fall in love. At least never with one man. For once she has beheld the flame of genius all other forces wane in power.

Blanche turned from the splendor she faced and regarded the world. Not many years ago, one saw her traipsing the Boulevard, a sad-looking creature. Dowdy clothes, hair carelessly dressed, a fright of a hat. She wandered here and there by herself. No one knew where she was going, or what she intended to do.

She certainly wasn't normal during that period.

The greatest admiration should be given Blanche Sweet, because she was able to fight and reinstate herself among the lights. Yet she can never recapture the heights she once approached, and lost. That can be done only once in a lifetime.

Once again—what is this madness called acting?

Sir Henry Irving, acclaimed the greatest actor of his day, was asked this very question by some eager soul. Calmly Sir Henry summed up the whole matter in two words, "Imagination, sensitivity."



"The flame of genius cannot be handled lightly," says Lenore Ulric, meaning what?

Most of Hollywood's stars refute this simple statement by their own strange behavior while acting. But how should one act?

Shakespeare made *Hamlet* say to actors, "Let your own discretion be your tutor . . . to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

How many actors know what discretion is?

Warming up, *Hamlet* further said: "O, there be players that I have seen play and heard others praise . . . that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Since the talkies, *Hamlet's* advice bears added bitter truth.

Yet, like actors, was not *Hamlet* inconsistent in several ways? He scorned the people round him for being crazy, yet he only begins to be interesting as a character when he feigns madness.

Hamlet's love, *Ophelia*, is likewise just so-so while she is normal. In fact, she is rather insipid. She becomes attractive only when she starts shrieking, "Come, my coach!"

Both these characters are interesting only when one feigns madness and the other is mad. And most of the really great among the stars are only interesting when they act—when they are aglow with the flame of genius. Call it madness if you will.

I've heard some actors declare they must live every one of their rôles—feel emotionally every act and thought of the character they portray. Others insist that real acting should only be mimi-

cry, but so real as to move an audience to tears with the seeming reality of it.

Barry Norton declares he could never ponder over his acting.

"I've got to do things spontaneously," he remarked, ready to strike out at the slightest sign of an argument. "When I can't dive into a scene and do it then and there, I'll know I am no longer an actor but a technical player."

Barry has said at various times that he has no imagination. Therefore he cannot be expected to put Henry Irving's maxim to full use. Personally, I should say it is rather the other half of the maxim that Barry lacks. However, far be it from me to cause another argument.

Different from Barry is his charming compatriot, Mona Maris.

"A player should study the rôle she is to enact," Mona asserts. "How can you sing a song without knowing at least the melody of it first? To play a rôle, you must know

exactly how the character you are playing will act. When the time comes to play it, cover your own personality with it, just as you would throw on a cloak.

Continued on page 116



THE LOTTERY BRIDE

JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery Bride," among the hit-headliners of the current season. Don't miss this one.

Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and now you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **FOLLOW THRU**, with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **HELL'S ANGELS**, with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences; **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**, with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY**, with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION**, with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS**, all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE**, starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

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With
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Karl Dane

A FIGHTER TO THE END—A LOVER UNAFRAID!

A great motion picture has come to the theatres of the world. A drama of love, power, revenge, greed! King Vidor, who created "The Big Parade," has brought to the talking screen this amazing story based on the life of that notorious "bad man" of the lawless West—Billy the Kid. In this picture M-G-M has produced for you the most thrilling frontier drama ever filmed! You'll want to see the mighty Wallace Beery give one of the greatest performances of his career—equal to his masterful triumph in "The Big House." Never before have you felt the power, the might and majesty of the Great West as you will experience it in "Billy the Kid."



A Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer

PRODUCTION

Five Famous Pests

You've heard about them a great deal, particularly old John Doe, but never before have so many mythical characters been tracked down and brought to light.

The harassed gentleman on the right, my hearties, is John Doe himself, alias Benny Rubin. No wonder he's in a dither of apprehension, for think of the countless warrants and indictments out against him.



Now we meet Joe College, above. Eddie Nugent in leisure hours. Joe is fresh in college—and out—and the book he's scanning is nothing less than a text on campusology.



Little Sophie Glutz—Gwen Lee—the gal who always raves about your rival—"and funny? He's a skuh-re-ccam!"—is puzzled, because you have asked her what this chap, your rival, says that's so funny. Naughty you!

Karl Dane, left, shows you Joe Doakes, the big rough-and-ready guy who starts and stops fights with the same graceful nonchalance.



John Law is impersonated by Cliff Edwards, left, who warns you against driving too fast down Main Street, or too slow through the dark outskirts of any small town, and to stop—oh me, oh my!

Babes in Hollywood

She decided to dance, and was whirled away across the terrace overlooking the pool, in the arms of the stranger. He talked in a caressing, insidious voice, but Jane couldn't listen. Everywhere there were familiar faces; she kept turning her head quickly, trying to see them all. Was that Bebe Daniels with Ben Lyon? Wasn't this Joan Crawford? Oh, surely the girl in white was Patsy Ruth Miller! Jane felt like Alice in Wonderland.

"There's that Polly Barker," she heard some one say. "Isn't it funny, she's just a script girl, but she goes everywhere she wants to—people seem to be crazy about her, yet she can't be earning more than fifty dollars a week."

"And how long is it since you weren't making even that, darling?" came the retort. "Polly Barker is the brains of any picture she's on. She ought to be cleaning up as a scenario writer or assistant director, or what have you, but she's just one of those people who are so good at their job they'll never be promoted. Say, did you see the Spanish beauty over—"

Jane strained her ears, but could hear no more. If only she could know what people thought about her here, whether she was getting by as a Spaniard, or whether they saw through her masquerade. Well, Larry would be home soon, and he could tell her. Her heart warmed at the thought of seeing him again, and she smiled so sweetly at her partner, without meaning to, that he tried to kiss her.

She heard her name mentioned again at supper. She was sitting at a small table, one of a group of them placed in a huge sun parlor, all very close together, and the people at the next table spoke of her casually.

"Seen that girl Larry Bishop discovered?" a man asked. "She looks like—"

"I wonder when Larry's coming home," a woman cut in. "If I only knew—"

Jane, imbued with the spirit of friendliness that was so strong in this gathering, turned to them quickly, with an eager smile.

"He is to be here in three days," she exclaimed, and then, in explanation, "I'm Carmen Valencia, and I had a wire from him—"

The girl who had wondered about Larry smiled back at her, as she interrupted.

"Larry picked a winner in you. Nice boy, isn't he? Tell me, did he make love to you?"

Jane's cheeks grew hot.

"Of course he did—he always does," another girl remarked. "Which

story did he tell you when he made his get-away, Miss Valencia? The one about a wife and three children in Sacramento?"

"Don't be unpleasant, honey," urged one of the men, and then, to Jane, "Did he tell you about the time he got arrested, the night before Easter, because he was drunk and showed up at an all-night restaurant with a bundle of lilies, determined that each waitress should have one?"

Jane managed to smile at that, but the first girl was talking again, laughter running through her words.

"He did tell one woman that he had a wife," she insisted, "and he told another that he had leprosy, when he was bound she'd marry him. Oh, Larry's our best little heart-smasher, my dear. Have you heard about what he did to Paula Wilding? Listen, honey, you play safe and collect some nice young man—"

Jane was on her feet, her face blazing, her hands clenched.

"I tell you—" she cried furiously. "I tell you—"

But the man who had interrupted was on his feet, too, and at her side.

"Don't let them rag you, Miss Valencia," he said quietly. "It's a custom out here to get a person's goat—I mean, play little jokes on them. Do you understand? Did you see those two young men who have been clinging to the telephone all evening? They've been phoning their friends, and pretending to be some one else. They told one that he would be considered for a movie version of 'Macbeth' if he'd have the part letter-perfect by morning; that's why he isn't here—he's at home memorizing it. They called another actor and gave the name of a big director from England, saying this man would call on him at once, to discuss a contract for making pictures abroad. He's sitting at home waiting. Last week one young woman went to bed early, dog tired. A friend on whom she had played a joke the week before telephoned a lot of people, urging them to come right over to her house, as she was giving a party. She got back to bed at three in the morning!"

"Are they crazee?" demanded Jane.

"Oh, no. Just having a good time. Anything for a gag—that's Hollywood's slogan. So you mustn't mind if people have a little fun at your expense."

Jane managed to smile, and finally to laugh.

"Theese joke was on me?" she asked.

"Not such a joke, after all," one of the girls remarked beneath her breath, and the other replied, "If

she's fallen for Larry, I'm sorry for her."

"Bet he promised to stop drinking for her sake," murmured the first one, and they both laughed.

For Jane the party ceased to be fun at that moment. When she had gone to bed, hours later, she lay awake to wonder if there was any truth in the things these people had said. She wasn't quite sure, now, that she wanted Larry to come home.

Mrs. Markham woke her the next morning when it seemed to her that she had just got to sleep.

"They want you at the studio," she exclaimed. "Right away! Got in pretty late last night, didn't you? Listen, honey, when you get in late you call me—I thought I'd hear you, but I dozed off at two and just slept right on. I could rub your ankles and back so's you'd be rested—have to look your best all the time out here, you know." She scrutinized Jane's face anxiously. "Here's your coffee—drink it quick and I'll bring you some ice. Better let me rub it on your face for you—too bad there ain't time for a regular massage."

Jane rushed to the shower bath, and within an hour was starting for the studio. Oh, surely they'd let her work in her own picture this time!

She was hurried to a dressing room, where a hairdresser awaited her. Some one else put on her make-up—a clever-looking girl, whose fingers worked like magic. Deftly she shaded Jane's eyes, making them larger; critically she stood off and stared, then bent forward, to add just the touch that made Jane's mouth more piquant, her cheeks more oval.

"How have you learn to do this?" asked Jane admiringly, surveying the finished countenance, which hardly seemed to belong to her.

"Wanted to be a portrait painter," answered the girl bitterly. "To-morrow I can do better with you—I have to get to know a face before I can do my best."

On the set things went less swiftly. Jane, gazing upon the front of a castle and the gardens beneath it, thought the set was perfect, but everybody wanted to change something. And when everything else was ready, a man who, some one said, was the head cameraman, knelt down in front of the cameras, glanced things over perfunctorily, and said a few curt, biting sentences, whereupon the director threw up his hands and walked away and people rushed around, changing things back again.

Jane sat in a canvas chair with her name on the back and waited. Finally she ate luncheon in her dressing room, had her make-up touched up.

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The Gang Claims its Own

Miniature golf was invented for just such pocket-size players as these.



There are no golf widows in this gangland, for the dames go right along wit de guys an' dey likes it, and thus it is that our Tom Thumb golfers have solved one of the problems of life—if you take all those jokes seriously and admit there is a golf problem. But meet the kids: Wheezer, left, top picture, and just left of him sits Pete in high scorn of glorified roly-poly; Farina, who is getting a few tips on form and the like; then there's Fatty, Dorothy, and Mary Ann Jackson.

By way of making conversation—or starting the ball rolling, if you will be that way—just how many wives do you really know who grow pale and wan from neglect while hubby plays golf? And that some boy brings us to Wheezer and Dorothy, left middle, who take a recess to stroll down the cotton-seed green. And to their right are Mary Ann Jackson and Jackie Cooper. For a kiss Jackie agrees with Mary Ann that 167 wins over 91. These screen ladies catch on so young. And, lower center, Farina is about to try a Babe Ruth.

Continued from page 92

and waited some more. About three in the afternoon she and the famous female impersonator, to whom she took an instant dislike, did a few scenes, which seemed to consist of nothing but going in and out of doors, and then she was dismissed for the day.

The next day was better. A lot of extras rushed about in a scene in the market place, and Jane made her way through them, supposedly in anguished search of the female impersonator, who in real life was standing off at one side, discussing a recent prize fight with the publicity man. Also, the director announced that they were ready for one of Jane's songs, the one she had sung for Larry when he made the test of her.

Trying not to show how nervous she was, she sang it.

"That's great!" he exclaimed. "A perfect love song."

"It's a lullaby," Jane objected.

He stared at her blankly, and the cameraman said something about directors who didn't read their scripts.

"I'll tell you," the director exclaimed. "We'll just have you say to him 'I love you so much that I feel like a mother to you'—that'll lead up to it. The scenario writer should have written in a scene like that."

"She did!" came in stentorian chorus from every one around him.

He looked slightly disgruntled, and said hastily that the song wouldn't be recorded till the following day. Meanwhile they'd go on with the next shot. Whereupon he was informed that the set wasn't ready for it—"as he knows perfectly well," some one remarked.

"No wonder the production cost runs up, when I get no coöperation around here!" he stormed. "Now, to-morrow I want things ready! We'll shoot your dance to-morrow, Miss Valencia—be ready."

So tired that even her eyelids ached, Jane went home, ate some bread and milk and then locked her door. She'd have to do something about this dance. For a moment she thought of consulting Tilly Markham, who seemed to know everything, and would probably recall a Spanish dance that somebody had done in a picture she had worked in.

But that wouldn't do, of course. How was it that those Spanish dances went? Doggedly she set to work, striving to remember the steps of a tango some one had danced at Angie Clement's, trying to recall the movements a street dancer in Majorca had made with her fan.

The dance was postponed till afternoon the next day. When at last she stood up to begin, Jane was so cold her teeth chattered, and her knees

were trembling beneath her long gauzy skirt. The extras were assembled, the principals stood about, carefully placed, the orchestra finished a final rehearsal.

"Oh, I can't do it," Jane moaned. "I can't!"

"Sure you can!" exclaimed a man's voice, just behind her. A familiar voice that had talked and talked to her, all the way from Majorca to Paris, a voice that had said "Good-by, darling," when the boat pulled out at Cherbourg, leaving her desolate.

"Larry!" she cried, whirling around. "Oh, Larry!"

"All right, Miss Valencia," the director exclaimed impatiently. "That's your entrance music."

"Go to it, baby," Larry whispered, giving Jane a little shove. "If anybody finds fault, tell 'im that's the way they do it in Spain."

Her heart thumping a joyous tattoo, Jane glided out into the lights, head tilted coquettishly, one arm holding her fan high.

She hardly knew that she was dancing. Larry was here, was watching her, waiting for her!

"All right," the director said when she had finished. "Of course, I know that's real Spanish stuff, but couldn't you change it a little—do a few kicks, for instance, to show your legs? That's what the public wants."

Larry stepped forward.

"You certainly know your box office, Bill," he exclaimed. "But—well, you know, J. G. wants this picture to be a knock-out in Spain, as well as here, and the Spanish are pretty touchy—they might not like it if this dance was Americanized."

"Well, I thought of that, too," the director agreed hastily. "We can leave the leg stuff to the chorus, of course. All right, Miss Valencia—just run through it again, please."

Jane shuddered. How on earth could she do that dance again when she'd made it up on the spur of the moment?

"I—I weel try to make it more like you say," she told the director, and began again, swaying, bending, twisting, adding a kick or two when she couldn't think of anything else to do.

Off the set at last, and at liberty for the day, she turned eagerly to Larry.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come!" she whispered. He held her hands tightly in his and looked down into her eyes as if he would never look away—she had to talk fast, almost at random, to avoid losing control of herself. "I'm scared. They've held up this picture so long—"

"I know; I heard about it," he answered. "Never mind, honey; we'll have a long talk to-night—"

"Well, if it isn't my little play-mate!" Both turned, to see Paula Wilding advancing, her hands out. "Larry dear!" She stood on tiptoe to kiss him. "You've come back just in time!"

"Just in time to see you looking more gorgeous than ever, darling," he answered, apparently quite sincere.

Jane drew away. He was talking to this other woman just as eagerly, looking at her just as adoringly, as he had talked to *her*!

"You're better looking than ever, yourself, handsome," Paula retorted. "And you have a lot of explaining to do, young man. I'm going to take you home to dinner with me—come along to my bungalow while I change."

She stood there, one hand thrust possessively through his arm. Larry turned to Jane.

"See you to-morrow," he said casually. "Are you working?"

Jane couldn't speak. Rage constricted her throat, made her lips feel as if they would never move again. She could not even walk away, could only stand there, motionless, hating him.

She knew that he wanted to say more; knew, somehow, that this engagement with Paula was not to his liking, yet she was too angry to believe what her heart told her. What if his eyes did beg her to understand? The very first night that he was home he was giving to this Wilding woman!

"Or, if you'll be home, I'll come to see you there," he went on quickly.

Jane lifted her head proudly, found her voice somehow.

"To-morrow I am ver' beeze," she said coldly, and walked away.

She went home without taking off her make-up, to the great interest of the group of tourists who were being turned away by the doorman as she left the studio. Warily she dragged herself into the house, to find Tilly Markham gloomily awaiting her.

"That interpreter fellow you had the first day, he's suing you, like he said he would," she announced. "And you got a cablegram from that place you come from, I guess, saying somebody's broke her leg. And a man was here who said he'd wrote you and sent you a diamond bracelet on approval and you never sent it back. And there's some letters that was forwarded to you from some foreign place—I ain't opened those—but I guess you'd better."

Obviously she expected the worst, even from letters. So did Jane. When she got around to them, after learning that it was her mother whose leg was broken, she found that Mrs. Markham's expectations were right.

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They Won the War

Those noble lads who stood heroically at their posts in the company kitchens are at last properly honored.



Jack Oakie, above, in "Sea Legs," seems to be reflecting on life and how potatoes have a habit of showing up at every turn, an old spud custom long lamented by fat people who invariably find them a part of every meal.

"Spud he bane no good," mutters El Brendel, below, assigned to K. P. duty on location, after he peels a potato and finds that it is like the little boy's apple after he's given his brother a bite of it—he'd better keep the peeling.

Barry Norton, right, who once worked as vegetable boy in a Hollywood restaurant, ranks with the dough boy K. P. heroes by virtue of the enormous appetites along the Boulevard that must be satisfied, especially during the hours that players meet the local scribes to frame up stories about agricultural and philosophical yearnings of the gifted.



"You're in the army now," Buster Keaton, center, sourly reflects as he doggedly goes on making the world safe for calories and comedy in "Dough Boys."

"Yeah?" quirts Eddie Foy, Jr., below, to Irene Dunne, in the gentle tone of a fighting man assigned to lead the preliminary skirmish against the Irish tubers, in "Leathernecker."



Frederick Better than Chatterton.

Here's to Emma Hartcorn, whose letter I read in PICTURE PLAY. I should like to congratulate her on being the first fan with whom I entirely agree, and I concur with her in everything she has written about Pauline Frederick and Ruth Chatterton.

There are many, of course, who will uphold Ruth Chatterton as the reigning queen of tragedy on the screen, placing her great success against the infrequent appearances of Miss Frederick. I should like to remind fans that since Ruth Chatterton has been a star she has been given good stories and intelligent dialogue, whereas Miss Frederick never seems to get a rôle in which her great talent is done justice to. But she is still the queen of tragedy on the screen, and there is, as yet, no other actress to take her place.

When I think of Miss Chatterton's portrayal of *Madame X* and likewise Miss Frederick's, on the stage as well as on the screen, it is the latter's portrayal that stamps itself indelibly in my memory. I think Miss Chatterton is more fitted for the subtle, sophisticated rôles that she plays in such films as "Charming Sinners" and "The Laughing Lady." For me she does not hold any tragic appeal, and her voice seems a little too perfect; one you love to listen to, but which fails to touch the heart.

Consider Pauline Frederick. Can her admirers ever forget her truly tragic genius? She is tragedy, her very name spells it, and she is the only actress who really looks the tragic rôles she portrays. There is a sadness in the depths of her eyes that none of the other stars who have attempted tragic acting possess. I may be wrong, but I do not think Ruth Chatterton possesses this outward expression of inward feeling. Neither does Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, nor Pola Negri. Every one of them, in my opinion, is the epitome of real tragedy.

RUTH STAGG.

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Genius and Negative Fluff.

It is lamentably tragic that America's best actress, Lillian Gish, should be ignored by producers and fans alike. Why should such genius as the Gish absent itself from the screen, while undue fuss is made over negative fluff like Clara Bow, Alice White, Billie Dove, and Anita Page?

Who can ever forget Miss Gish's amazing histrionics in "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," "The Scarlet Letter," and last but not least, "The White Sister"?

There are only three other actresses on the screen to-day who can be classified in the Gish category—Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, and Ruth Chatterton.

Even the current sensation of the hour, Greta Garbo, cannot hold a candle to the Gish. Always the same personality, she does not rise to the artistic standards set for her in "Anna Christie." It takes more than a personality to put artistry into a rôle. That is why Marie Dressler ran away with the artistic honors in this picture.

If personality counts first, topping that of genius, then the Garbo has triumphed over the Gish—a regrettable situation.

GEORGE A. ABBATE.

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As They See Themselves.

Recently, PICTURE PLAY, with a stinging

What the Fans Think

criticism from London's Miss Leonara de Furneaux, aroused my wrath to the nth degree. We don't believe here in America that only flappers have fun. What is fun to the sixteen-year-old is utter boredom to the twenty-one-year-old. The term "flapper" is *passé*. Miss 1930 is not the gin-toting, blaspheming flapper of 1925. She is a girl smart in her dress, her manner, who dances until dawn, perhaps, rides, swims, plays golf and tennis, drives her own car, is perhaps in the business world, straightforward in her dealings, detesting shams, deceit, and believes in "live and let live."

Anita Page, Sue Carol, and Joan Bennett are the personification of American youth. Ridicule them, you are making sport of thousands of girls who love clean, sparkling, gay times. What is a dance without its chic Joan Bennett? Why throw cold water on William Haines, the wisecracker who can be serious or make you roar with his smart-Aleck ways? He's a real person, the sort you love to have drop in on you any time.

Worst of all, Miss de Furneaux writes that Rudy Vallée is an incompetent adolescent. When is adolescence? Rudy Vallée, class of '27, Yale, age thirty, height five feet ten and one half inches, an adolescent? Absurd! He has been the target of unfair criticism, which he doesn't deserve.

Miss de Furneaux, wouldn't you adore having Rudy Vallée beau you around through New York's supper clubs? Or William Haines chase the little pill over a sun-baked course with you? Or take tea with Anita Page? Then play cricket and admit that the five persons you gave the cold water to aren't so bad, after all. We all love good sports.

Any more brickbats for the younger generation? We aren't going to the dogs, neither are we clinging vines.

MARGOT EILEEN DRAPER.

Elbridge, New York.

It's the Manner, Not Accent.

In September PICTURE PLAY H. T. Bradley, an Englishman living in America, expressed the opinion that England can never produce pictures like those filmed in California. Well, Mr. Bradley, until last year I would have agreed with you. I had always rated American silent films the best, with the exception of German productions, which were unfortunately few and far between. Since talkies have come into being, however, there seems to have been a revolution in film matters in this country, and now Britain is producing talkies equal to the best that America can offer. They are, naturally, not so profuse, but the quality is excellent. They are founded on good plays and stories—not the vulgar, empty, showy stuff one sees so much of these days. I love the really good American talkies, such as "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "Bull-DOG Drummond," but British productions such as "Atlantic," "Blackmail," and "The Crooked Billet" are every bit as good.

I have a great many favorites among American stars. They include Ruth Chatterton, Norma Shearer, Pauline Frederick, Kay Johnson, and Lois Moran. I love them, not only for their excellent acting, but for their speech. It is good to hear stars who can talk in an educated and refined manner, whether with an English or American accent. That is a matter of personal taste, and I am impartial. What really counts is that an artist talks in a cultured fashion. I have observed that the "Oh, yeah" type of actress is usually playing the flimsy sort of films which one enjoys in passing and forgets. I think,

Mr. Bradley, that in Britain there are fewer films and players in this category.

M. R.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

Necking Divorcées and Dizzy Youth.

Why can't we have more pictures like "Ben-Hur"? Pictures full of cabarets, hooch parties, flirting widows, and necking divorcées, who have no regard for the sacredness of motherhood and real love, should be eliminated from the screen. They certainly don't put high ideas in the minds of our young folk. The field of literature is so big and full of fine books, why waste money, time, and talent in filming cheap literature? Pictures made from Shakespeare, Dickens, et cetera, would be of great value to students.

This country is jazz-mad. The young people are a bunch of hair-raising boop-boop-a-doopers in a hurry to get somewhere and no place to go when they get there. Well, let them have their jazz. Surely there is enough of it written without taking music from the great composers, chopping it up, mixing it with popular music, and then playing the whole in one mess of howls, whines, and squawks. There certainly should be a ban upon classical music being played in the theater, unless it is played the way it is written. I know there are people who will say: "Classical music is old-fashioned. People don't like it nowadays." Well, they show their ignorance.

There is nothing more disgusting, vulgar, and degrading than some of the comedies and screen vaudeville. I like a good comedy and can laugh as much as any one when I see something funny. But I see nothing funny in ridiculing and cheapening love. Some of those short selections made to take the place of vaudeville simply reek with vulgarity.

GWENETH JOYCE.

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Ralph Rises to Remark.

In September PICTURE PLAY there were two letters that stood out. One from a girl in Peoria, Illinois, was absolutely correct. She came right to the point and stated that Greta Garbo had neither good looks nor talent. The second letter was signed by a lady in Toronto, Ontario. I never read a more ridiculous group of statements in my life. She said that Greta Garbo is the greatest actress in Hollywood or anywhere else. She also said that in all her films she has brought her leading men to fame, including John Gilbert and Nils Asther.

On the contrary, she has been completely outclassed by her supporting cast in every picture in which she has appeared in America. The way the producers continue to palm her off on the public proves conclusively that P. T. Barnum's famous saying is correct.

There is somebody else that I would like to make a complaint about—Buddy Rogers. According to me, he ranks second to G. G. in being the most publicized person in the country. He is good-looking, but he has no monopoly in that matter. Stanley Smith, who is the same type as Mr. Rogers, is far better in looks and talent. Rudy Vallée completely outclasses him in every way.

RALPH PORTER.

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Arlington, Massachusetts.

Twenty Joys and Woes.

Why I think the man who invented talking pictures:

Continued on page 100

Shanghaied

That's what happens to Jack Oakie, in "Sea Legs," but he suffers no hardships, for he finds aboard the *Quatre Juillet*, which is French for Fourth of July, none other than Lillian Roth, to say nothing of a bevy of other girls.

Mr. Oakie, right, as "Searchlight" Doyle, begins as lightweight champion of the navy, but soon finds himself a sailor bound in loyalty to Sainte Cassette, a mythical island republic. Supposed to be a man who is trying to evade service in the toy navy, *Searchlight* is treated as a slacker until he is identified as an American—surely not a hard task for any one!—and what with songs now and then, a sailors' fracas in a pastry shop, as well as the vigorous comedy which has lifted Mr. Oakie to stardom, there promises to be not a dull moment in the picture.



Eugene Pallette, left, as *Hyacinth Nittouche*; Lillian Roth, as *Adrienne*, and Mr. Oakie are a high-spirited trio whose sense of fun never needs to be coaxed to come out of hiding by director or scenario writer. It's always there, just waiting for the camera to grind.

A Pearl Diver's Peril.

Because of Richard Arlen's popularity—based on good acting and an agreeably honest personality—"The Sea God" is worth seeing, even if it isn't a picture to cheer about. "It's an interesting film, though, something on the order of an installment of a serial, and that's saying a lot in these days of pictures retarded by dialogue. Action and suspense predominate, whether you believe them or not. We see Mr. Arlen as "Pink" Barker, owner of a ship in the South Seas, who is beset by a villain about to steal his sweetheart from him. We see also rival expeditions to the Solomon Islands, where pearls abound, according to the dying words of a derelict named "Pearly Nick." Also there is Mr. Arlen's descent to the bottom of the ocean, the sudden appearance of savages who attack the crew aboard his boat, his cutting of the line that connects him with the upper world, and his miraculous appearance among the cannibals as a "Sea God."

Just how *Pinky* manages without air in his progress from the ocean's bed to the savages' lair is something you mustn't ask me. He rescues his girl from the aborigines, saves also Eugene Pallette, and while you see him with none of the pearls for which he risked his life, he manages nevertheless to be the central figure in a picture that isn't boring.

Fay Wray is the girl, most excellently presented, and Robert Gleckler, the villain, is good, too. Ivan Simpson, as *Pearly Nick*, portrays the most believable character of all.

Shipwrecked—With Music.

"Let's Go Native" seesaws between high excellence and low dullness, but there is enough of the former to make it rather entertaining on the whole. Its merit lies in a quality of mad comedy that, in spots, is nothing less than inspired lunacy; its defects consist of a puerile story and the intrusion of song for no reason at all. For this is a throw back to the time when musical comedy had its day on the screen. A chorus emerges from nowhere to execute a precision dance on the deck of a steamer, and conversation between two characters is interrupted by a duet about "springtime in my heart" or something similar. However, the comedy is brilliant at times and the cast is of the first order—Jeanette MacDonald, Jack Oakie, James Hall, William Austin, Kay Francis, and Richard Gallagher. Miss MacDonald gives evidence of that flair for comedy which makes her acting so admirable in "Monte Carlo," but it is Mr. Oakie who runs away with the

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picture, though it was made before he became a star. As *Voltaire McGinnis*, a taxi driver, he is splendid. He, with the rest of the characters—an oddly incongruous assortment of humans—is shipwrecked and cast upon a South Sea Island where Mr. Gallagher, late of Brooklyn, is king. It's that sort of absurdity.

A Toy of Fate.

Mary Nolan grows more and more interesting as her pictures grow less and less important. This is unfortunate, for it makes all the more difficult the uphill climb before her until she reaches the position she deserves, if ever. With such beauty as hers, talent might be taken for granted. But such is not the case. Miss Nolan's command of emotions is certain and sure, and she is more sympathetic than the situations. All this is evident in "Outside the Law," a tolerably interesting crook opus in which the characters—even Miss Nolan—are just a bit too hard-boiled and strive rather too hard to talk out of the corner of their mouths to be real. Owen Moore monopolizing this doubtful feat. The plot is reminiscent of many since the picture was produced twice in the silent era. A gang leader, a gunman, and his moll, and the child of a policeman who stirs the girl to maternal yearnings, their eventual capture and sentence, with the inference that freedom will bring the wanted baby. The policeman's boy is played by Delmar Watson, who is touchingly natural in the rôle, even as Billy Kent Schafer was in one of the film's silent incarnations some years ago.

A Quartet of Lunatics.

For those who like the Marx Brothers—and judging by the crowds which throng theaters where their picture is shown, it seems there are few who do not—"Animal Crackers" comes as a verdant oasis in a month comprised principally of pretty dull films. Designed simply as buffoonery to exploit the talents of the stars, the picture keeps audiences in gales of laughter. People who want to take home from the theater something to think about may find fault with it, but the others—and they seem to be in an overwhelming majority—accept the film at its face value, one long guffaw, and let it go at that. It comes to the screen as an unusually faithful adaptation of the stage musical of the same name, with Groucho in almost complete charge of the proceedings. Harpo, Chico, and Beppo lending their customary assistance. Most of the stage cast have been retained and give a good account of themselves. For picture

purposes Lillian Roth has been added—possibly, as one unkind critic remarked, for the purpose of filling out a contract.

A Misfit in Khaki.

Buster Keaton's new comedy, "Dough Boys," is rather worth while, especially if Mr. Keaton is a cult with you, though when all is said, it is diverting rather than remarkable or original. As you gather, it is a comedy of the army, with Mr. Keaton in his unusual characterization—that of a goofy misfit whose adventures have wistful appeal. When he undergoes examination for enlistment, he says that he is associated with his father, and when pressed for his father's business, he says that he is retired. From which you know that is letting himself in for a great many difficulties. There's a girl, a hostess at a canteen, most agreeably played by the pretty Sally Eilers, and there is also Cliff Edwards who shares with Mr. Keaton all the misadventures in no man's land. Brutally realistic is Edward Brophy, who was such an important factor in the comedy of "Our Blushing Brides." Here he is a bullying sergeant to the life. He plays the rôle with more adroitness than you might expect and adds greatly to the vigor of the picture.

"The Last of the Duanes."

"The Last of the Duanes" is a fast-moving Western, considerably above the average, particularly in the earlier sequences. *Buck* returns unexpectedly to his home to find that his father has been mysteriously killed a few days before. He swears vengeance and the scene in which his mother seeks to dissuade him is one of the high lights of the picture.

Through force of circumstances he eventually kills his father's murderer, and wins a pardon for himself through his capture of a band of outlaws.

George O'Brien is fast establishing himself as the foremost portrayer of Western rôles. Certainly his voice is one of the most agreeable the talkies have given us.

Lucille Browne, as the girl he loves, is pleasing in a negligible rôle, although she suffers through proximity to the finished and very beautiful Myrna Loy, of whom there is not enough. Blanche Friderici, as the mother, and James Bradbury, Jr., as *Buck's* pal, are pleasing in small parts.

Golfing in Technicolor.

Tut, tut, what's the matter with "Follow Thru"? Beautifully photographed entirely in Technicolor, Continued on page 100

Spanish—More or Less

Whether or not our gifted favorites masquerade successfully as Spaniards or Mexicans, they attempt it often enough to appear in their recent characterizations on this page.

Antonio Moreno, left, is better qualified than any other actor to portray a realistic don, for he was born in Spain, spent his boyhood there, and speaks the language fluently. That is why he, above all others in Hollywood, was chosen to play the title rôle in the Spanish version of "The Bad Man."

Victor Varconi, right, returned from Europe to appear in his first talkie, "Captain Thunder," and there isn't any doubt that all the fans who admired him in silent pictures have a treat in store when they hear his rich, melodious voice.



Basil Rathbone, above, who, incidentally, has returned to the New York stage, appeared as a Spanish grandee at a magnificent fancy-dress ball that was given in his honor.

Gary Cooper, left, in "The Texan," wasn't exactly Spanish but he went to South America and succeeded in convincing an elegant señora that he was her son—in English.

Don Terry, right, is a nice, blond Spaniard in "A Border Romance," whose muscular prowess is such that he can knock any one cold who doubts his nationality.



showing plainly that Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll have the skin you love to touch, it still is a rather tiresome affair. So far as these eyes can see it is because musical comedy is *passé*, and there isn't any real singing among those who lift their voices in song. On the stage "Follow Thru" was lively, tuneful, and funny. While the screen version scrupulously follows the original, it is not lively and fun is almost completely absent, while the songs are too familiar to strike one as tuneful. It is just pleasantly soporific.

As a matter of record, you may care to know that it's about the rivalry of female golf champions, their competition made keener because the heart and hand of Mr. Rogers are

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the capital prize. Besides those already mentioned, there are Thelma Todd, Eugene Pallette, Albert Gran, and strangers from the stage include Jack Haley, Zelma O'Neal, Margaret Lee, and Don Tompkins.

Song-and-dance Marines.

"Leathernecking" is a story of life as it isn't lived among the marine corps. This might better have been called hijacking as charging admission to this picture is what it really amounts to. Eddie Foy, Jr., as a private in the marine corps falls in love with a so-called society girl who mistakenly thinks he is a captain. Afraid of losing her if she discovers his true position, he steals a captain's uniform

to carry out the deception and attends a ball she gives.

During the picture, the studio is reported to have employed a technician to see that the military details were correct. The technician objected to a private's stealing a captain's uniform and wearing it. "He *could* do it," said the director, "for a laugh."

"Yes, he could," retorted the technician, "but he wouldn't."

But in the picture he did and the rest of the film is in keeping.

Mr. Foy, Fred Santley, and Irene Dunne are far from inspired in their performances. Lilyan Tashman, in her burlesque of a society girl, stands out and provides a bit of entertainment in an otherwise dull film.

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For giving us Kay Fraueis and Lillian Roth, the two best bets from Broadway.

For bringing back Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, and Bebe Daniels.

For giving us adorable Mitzi Green.

For Maurice Chevalier, Helen Kane, Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers, Bernice Claire, and Winnie Lightner.

For letting us know what splendid voices our silent stars have, without aid from the Gay White Way. Ramon Novarro, Buddy Rogers, Janet Gaynor, and Charles Farrell have all shown us just what good voices they have.

For "Song o' My Heart," "Rio Rita," "King of Jazz," "Paramount on Parade," "The Love Parade," "Vagabond King," "Sarah and Son," and "The Dawn Patrol."

For giving Richard Barthelmess another chance.

For Neil Hamilton and Lloyd Hughes ditto.

For making Joan Crawford, Jack Oakie, and Richard Arlen stars.

For sending the most beautiful girl in pictures to Hollywood, Joan Bennett, and making her sister Constance the dramatic smash of the year.

Why I mourn:

Because one of the greatest actresses in the world is being ruined by bad pictures and publicity—Clara Bow.

Because the man I always loved to hate is being made into a hero, and we'd so much rather have him the villain—William Powell.

Because Edmund Lowe is being made into a tough when he is really a gentleman.

Because the most beautiful blonde in the world has been exiled into vaudeville—Esther Ralston.

Because Fanny the Fan has not yet been put out of her misery by some long-suffering reader.

Because Colleen Moore has gone on the stage, leaving a dark void that probably will never be filled.

Because some saps actually compare Helen Twelvetrees with Lillian Gish.

Because Alice White still insists on strutting before the camera when she should have left us long ago.

Because Lupe Velcz lives.

Because Lon Chaney, the greatest artist of all, is gone. "DIMMY."

312 Read Street,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

What the Fans Think

Gilbert's Love Life Analyzed.

This letter is in praise of the most human and most brilliant actor on the screen to-day—John Gilbert. I feel that he needs bouquets of appreciation and gratitude more than ever before.

Away back in 1925, the entire country was thrilled by "The Big Parade." This year I saw Mr. Gilbert's first talkie, "His Glorious Night," and his voice thrilled me much more than Richard Dix's, Barthelmess's, or Barrymore's. Any one who says that John Gilbert is through is very much mistaken.

He is thoughtful and kind. He may be selfish and egotistical, but most of us are, too. That's why he is the splendid actor that he is; he is just human. He may be snobbish, but only to persons who are pretenders—never, I am sure, to his real friends.

John Gilbert will always be the only real genius of the screen, and like all geniuses, he will never be happy as other men are. His love life reached its highest and most tragic peak when he married Ina Claire. I believe, despite all publicity yarns, that Greta Garbo could have made John Gilbert the happiest man in the world had she married him. I believe that Mr. Gilbert admires his wife, but he isn't happy. He idealized the glorious Greta and gave her his admiration and love. Why Garbo didn't marry him, I don't know. It is tragedy, mysterious tragedy, tragedy that will leave wounds worse than any inflicted on the body. If I am wrong in my beliefs, I offer my most sincere apologies.

Once more, John Gilbert isn't through. He is king of them all, surpassing even Barrymore, because he has known the other side of life, the side that knows hardships, sorrow, and hunger; he can act them because he has felt them. He has made his way up the ladder alone, whereas Barrymore has had fame and comfort all his life.

STELLA L. SIMMONS.

M. R. A. Box 305,
Corsicana, Texas.

Such Looks Are Dangerous.

I am angry! And all because of Malcolm H. Oettinger's article, "The Incomparable Chevalier." Not that I don't like Maurice. I do, very much, and I *did* want to read all about him. But every

time I tried, would get as far as, "And now Paramount has counterbalanced Buddy Rogers by bringing us Chevalier!"—and I would fly into a rage, fling the magazine across the room, and yell to all and sundry, "Oh, yeah?"

As if Buddy needed any counterbalancing! Even by the inimitable Chevalier, who isn't inimitable at all. If there is any one who can outdo Buddy in looks, charm, wholesomeness, and ability, he'd better keep it a secret. He would be killed by popularity. And furthermore, if such a person did appear, and some writer had the cheek to say he needed to be counterbalanced, there would simply be nothing left of that writer but a spot!

And what's this? "Conceit, Rogers is thy name." Well, of all things! Did it ever occur to you, B. M. K., that Buddy probably never even saw your friend's letter? Or that his secretary undoubtedly reads hundreds of others similar to it every day? Or that he *might* have got the addresses mixed? Or that it is silly to knock a star's acting because of an error his secretary made? Be yourself!

PHYLLIS HUSTON.

661 Picree Street,
Birmingham, Michigan.

Now It's Lew Ayres.

While many fans are telling us that Alice White cannot act and how much they dislike Clara Bow, may I step in and tell you what I think about a certain player who has just recently attracted attention? He is none other than young Lewis Ayres. Players can come and players can go, but give me Lew Ayres. His ability is unlimited, and as for personality, he's a knock-out! "All Quiet on the Western Front" was a history-making film, and who had the biggest hand in putting it across? Lew Ayres! He was perfect as that German schoolboy. Show me another who could have done half as well. He has the ability of Dick Barthelmess and as much, if not more, personality and looks as Buddy Rogers, yet he isn't conceited. Lew hasn't been in pictures much over a year, yet he is the outstanding juvenile to-day. Watch Mr. Ayres, and when some of our ga-ga personalities of to-day are forgotten he will be on top!

Lincoln, Illinois.

J. W.

Continued on page 106

To the Far Corners

These athletic players hop on some old prop bicycles and ride, and ride, and ride clear to the ends of the studio lot, which proves that they are regular guys, all right.

"What ho! Thar's villains in them hills," bellows Chester Conklin, left, as a stalwart captain of police, and no sooner said than the captain straddles his rusty wheel and he's off and at 'em.



But with Pauline Garon and Grant Withers, center, it is another story. Their expressions show that it is all the same to them whether they get across the lot or not.



Lillian Roth, above, rolling homeward on one of the earliest models, takes a short cut across the grass, because, darn it, one doesn't take the longest way 'round on one of these machines.

Jeanette MacDonald, left, winner in the five-second bike race, stands at the goal—Ernst Lubitsch, the director—and laughs at the frantic balancing of the others.

When your grandfather a-woeing would go, he impressed the girls with his skill in riding a contraption such as David Manners, right, is trying out. Just look at the spokes and you'll get an idea of Davy's speed.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By the Picture Oracle

FRIVOLEZ.—Will I oblige you? Absolutely! "Obliging Olaf" is what my friends call me—sometimes shortened to Oaf. Mary Astor is playing opposite Barthelmess, in "Adios." Mary is five feet six. Charlie Farrell is a tennis player in his off moments. Madge Bellamy was the star in "Wings of Youth" and in "Sandy." Virginia Valli was born in Chicago as Virginia McSweeney, June 10, 1900. She likes to play golf and ride. "The Lost Zeppelin," released last February, is her latest film. Virginia is five feet four. Lloyd Hughes is six feet tall and David Newell six feet two.

CELUI-DE-MYSTERE.—That's not much of a mystery to me, with my nineteen French words. See FRIVOLEZ above. Rudy Vallee is about six feet tall, and I believe is taking voice training now. Fredric March is six feet tall, Kay Francis five feet five. Billie Dove and Mary Brian have hazel eyes. Maureen O'Sullivan is about eighteen; I think that is her real name. Sorry, I don't know any players with birthdays on April 30th. Gwen Lee is about the tallest actress now on the screen; she is five feet seven. Constance Talmadge is also.

DICK SIMKINS.—How can a good-looking fellow get into the movies! I'd suggest making good on the stage first, Buddy, and just letting those producers see how good-looking you are! Dorothy Lee is about twenty and is engaged to James Fidler.

JUST ANOTHER FAN.—Kay Francis is forced. Noel Francis, I believe, is playing in Fox pictures, but it's impossible for me to keep a record of productions of any but established players.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—Back again, asking enough questions for three people! Rex Bell, as George Beldam, was born in Chicago, October 16, 1905. He attended Hollywood High School and then became a building material salesman. While selling materials to the studios in May, 1927, he was grabbed by Fox. He is still single. Did you see him recently in "Courage"? Rex Lease's films since "Sunny Skies" were "Hot Curves," "Wings of Adventure," and "The Utah Kid." You can see Richard Gallagher, in "Let's Go Native," Loretta Young, in "At Bay," Pat O'Malley plays Charles Newton, in "The Fall Guy." Hugh Trevor was born in Yonkers, New York, October 28, 1903. His real name is Thomas. His screen ca-

reer began in 1927, when Richard Dix made a film test of him. He is not married, but is now playing beau to Betty Compson. Did you see him in "The Cuckoos"? His new one is "The Losing Game." John Mack Brown is busy on "Great Day."

MISS MOVIE FAN OF CHICAGO.—Well, Miss Movie Fan, you'll miss some of your answers. The most popular actor and actress in Hollywood, indeed! That's just a matter of opinion. As to the highest-paid stars, I wouldn't believe any of those salary figures, unless I saw the checks! Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He has brown hair and eyes and is six feet tall, weighing 160. Robert got into movies via the stage. He is married to Elizabeth Allen and Junior is on the way.

VIOLET M.—It was Helen Millard you saw in "Their Own Desire" and "The Divorcee," who looks like Ruth Chatterton. No, Miss Chatterton did not appear in "Gold Diggers of Broadway"; she never plays minor rôles.

HEELS.—As to my joining a circus because of those two hairs that stand up on my head, gosh! I'd have to learn tight-rope walking besides. George O'Hara has long since turned to writing scenarios instead of playing in them. John Boles's three-year-old daughter is named Jane Harriet, and his older child is also a girl.

A CURIOUS BLONDE.—I suppose curiosity doesn't kill blondes as it does cats. It was Rex Bell who interested you in "True to the Navy." See ME, MYSELF, AND I. He is now with Paramount. Fredric March was born August 31, 1898. Yes, he is married to Florence Eldridge. If Clara Bow marries Harry Richman, I'll be surprised, but I've been surprised before.

A PICTURE-HOUSE LOVER.—That's a new one, loving the house! Harold Lloyd's new film is "Feet First," and it should be released by the time this appears. You can reach him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Harold's only fan club is directed by Hal Granger, Westboro, Ontario, Canada. Harold was born in Burchard, Nebraska, April 21, 1894; he is five feet ten and weighs 160. He is married to Mildred Davis, and they have a daughter, Gloria Mildred. Lillian Roth did not play in "Captain of the Guard." Her next is the new Jack Oakie film, "Sea Legs." Lillian

has played in pictures for a year; I think that is her real name. There is no fan club for her, as Paramount discourages clubs for its players. Neil Hamilton was born September 9, 1899. He is five feet eleven and weighs 155. "The Cat Creeps" is his new film. Dorothy Devore was born on June 22nd.

B. M. MITCHELL.—Lia Tora was just talked out of American films, though she may be playing in Spanish versions. Buck Jones has signed for a series of films with Columbia, the first one already released as "The Lone Rider." Conrad Veidt returned to Germany, as he did not go over well with the American public. And now talkies! Vivienne Siegel is the daughter of a surgeon in Philadelphia. Fan clubs consist of members who correspond with one another; there is no Lillian Roth club. Dorothy Wollaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio, has a Ramon Novarro club.

CAROL WOODS.—Perhaps it's just temperament that prevents Joseph Schildkraut from working oftener—just as it caused his divorce from Elsie Bartlett. Joseph was born in Vienna, October 9, 1896. He is not making a picture at present.

MARY RODESKY.—You forgot to send your address to the Betty Compson club in applying for membership. Harry Wood, president, 704 Calhoun Avenue, Houston, Texas, would like you to send it.

COWGIRL.—You picked out questions harder to answer than it is for you to milk the cow. Identifying an extra in a picture would be some job, as even the casting office would have only a list of names with no parts listed—because, after all, extras don't play parts! Richard Tucker is an institution on the scene, and was on the stage years ago, with Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, et cetera. He entered pictures in 1914 with Edison. Write him at the Masquers' Club, Hollywood. Daphne Pollard is a stage comédienne engaged for a few screen comedies. I don't know where she can be reached now. Alma Rubens has been playing in vaudeville, and I believe Ricardo Cortez has also, though not with her.

VITELLA LEE.—I'm sorry to report no luck about Frank Merrill, but he's quite an obscure player. Natalie Kingston was born in Sonoma, California, May 19th—but she doesn't say which May 19th. She

Hold that Line!

Marion Shilling, below, is a newcomer, but not because she is wanting in the essentials to register with the fans—she's just young, or has been hiding out behind the footlights.

In football and movies, holding the proper lines is important, and exercise helps in both cases.

Jean Arthur, right, has her daily dozen every morning, rain or shine, since she is not one of those sensitive souls who forget their good resolutions when the barometer isn't just so.



Rosita Moreno, below, cultivates artistic poses when exercising.



To be able to spread the hands on the floor without bending the knees shows that Lillian Roth, left, is keeping her school-girl figure.



Try this some lazy morning and see if you can do it as easily as Frances Dee, right, but as for the rest of us, we'll take only eleven of that famous dozen, if this is all.



your emotional troubles. You also became an idealist, as far as love was concerned, and what you had previously looked for was no longer enough. That was the core of your unhappiness, and no one was to blame.

Your own feelings tore you to pieces to such an extent that you ran after anything that offered to quiet them, whether work or play, and as a result you were seriously ill before you were nineteen. By that age you began to acquire a little wisdom in dealing with circumstances, you found that you had originality, creative ability, and that there was a business value to your peculiar power. There was a good deal of difficulty, financial as well as otherwise, between twenty-two and twenty-four, but no serious unhappiness.

Since then the trouble began all over again, but fortunately you were able to put an end to it completely. You were ill, too, but not with anything serious or chronic, and you have the wonderful ability to go on with your work no matter how you feel.

Now you are in love again, and again married. I am glad to say that after this long, sad story you are going to find life much brighter, much more peaceful, much more satisfying than ever before. Oh, don't be afraid that you are going to turn into a nun!

The Mystery of Your Name

There will always be plenty of emotional excitement, plenty of music, plenty of dancing and singing and loving wherever you are. But your nerves are going to become much steadier, and you will accept life with much less strain.

The unstable, excitable, impressionable Number Two in your large digits has given place to Number One, which will alter your point of view into one of universal understanding, peace, good nature, pleasantness for you and for all concerned. There will be plenty of fire, for light and warmth and joy, but it will not burn you as it has before. You will hide a great deal in your heart, as you always have, although people think you so expressive, but it will not so often be pain.

I am not deceived by pictures and star rôles and publicity and all the paraphernalia of a great success. You have been a personal success as an actress, for you are born to act, and will never earn anything in any other way. But you have not had any financial success to compare with your power and ability so far. You are an artist to your finger tips, with a more powerful magnetism than a dozen others combined, but it has not done you as much good as it should, even if, generally speaking, you have done very well. The trouble has been that no matter what you earned, you

have had to spend more, not from choice, but from necessity, and you would have felt bankrupt, even if you had been a millionaire.

For the next twelve or more years you are going to find your material path of life perfectly satisfactory, regardless of the size of your income, and that will be a heavenly relief to you, I am sure. I do not mean that you will be really rich—you never will, with this name—but you will have something better, a contented spirit and the joy of successful expression.

I am sure that you will not be surprised to hear that there are at least two more marriages in your name. How could any one man hope to hold forever such a leaping flame as you? But do not be too willing to take what comes in love and money. Your birth path indicates shadows, and your only real power will appear when you are able to conquer the shadows by determination and self-control.

One thing has grown stronger with every change in your name. That is the vibration of love and charm and attraction and beauty—in you for others, in the world of beauty for you. It is your life, and I am sure that no matter what name you attract to you, it can never be one that will destroy the basis of all that you really are.

The Mystery of Your Name

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Why, my dears, this is not fortune telling, or looking at tea leaves, or some kind of mind reading. This reading of names is an analysis of the vibrations that you take on at birth, the pattern of this one particular life of yours, indicating the kind of vibrations under which you live as a whole, and also the definite vibrations that affect you at different times and thereby make you attract the same kind of thing to yourselves.

It is perfectly true that if you are in a very low and negative and generally destructive vibration for two or three years, you are likely to lose things and very unlikely to find them again. But where they are? No, really!

So when you read of somebody's dark-haired boy friend, or of the pretty widow that somebody else admires, do not imagine that I have some kind of magic, real or pretended, by which I can see the person I describe. All I positively do know is that a certain somebody now lives under a vibration that causes her to attract dark-haired boys more than any others, or that another somebody

is bound to fall in love with a woman who has been previously married, or she with him, as the case may be, just in the years of which I am speaking.

You, dear Mamie, are sure you would be just as wild about Bill as you are now, no matter how he looked. I know, on the other hand, that if you were not crazy about Bill you would be like that about some other boy of the same general build and complexion and hair and eyes, because you are living in a vibration that attracts that physical vibration to you. Exactly this appearance is what makes Bill seem so wonderful to you, whether you know it or not, so there you are!

Did you ever know any one to go around looking and thinking and feeling and perhaps exclaiming, "Nobody loves me!" who suddenly developed a wonderful and successful love affair? No. Did you ever know a man with push and optimism and determination and ability who did not somehow do better than his neighbor who exuded an atmosphere of poverty and incapacity and suspicion and general hopelessness at every turn?

If you take several years of their lives into account, certainly not!

I do not say that you can change all your feelings and reactions and vibrations by thinking about them, but you certainly can get a great deal of good out of knowing about them, and that is what I want to help you to do.

This has become such a long letter that I have no more space this month to tell you about some new aspect of numbers. But next month you shall hear about professions—about lawyers, teachers, writers, physicians, and such, if I can get them all in. There are such hordes of people who are misfits, even in a profession they love, because that love is not accompanied by the particular kind of physical and mental activity that could make their success possible, and there are many others that make a wonderful success, even without any signs of dazzling intelligence or great learning, because every activity in them is coordinated with the others to their chosen end.

Oh, and by the way, a word to

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and working for Paramount they had some difficulty with the school authorities who thought Doug should be studying instead of working. To prove their point, they sent over a set of examination questions that were used for the graduating class and the kid passed them.

He made his contract with Paramount for a starring engagement. It was a well-known fact in Hollywood at the time that his father was bitterly opposed to the move. For one thing, Doug, Jr., was still very young and Doug, Sr., wanted him to continue his schooling. For another thing, Doug, Sr., was still a comparatively young star and it wouldn't help matters to have it known that he had a son almost grown.

But Doug, Jr., went ahead with his plans and made one starring picture, "Stephen Steps Out." The outcome was not altogether happy and he returned to Europe with his mother. When he came back to this country it was with another Paramount contract—this time for work in their stock company playing bits and small parts. It was not until he played in "Stella Dallas" that he attracted any further notice, and not until "The

Toilers" that he became an actor of importance.

Then the inevitable "don't" popped up again. Casting directors started telling him "Don't play heavy parts like that. Your forte is comedy." But Doug is nobody's fool. He realized that drama is much easier to play than comedy. It is a far simpler matter to make people feel sorry for you than it is to make them laugh. He was just getting some good opportunities, and he wasn't going to take a chance on mulling them. He held out for the dramatic rôles until he was surer of his technique. He plays both types of rôles now with equal facility, and is probably even better in the comedy parts than in more serious ones.

It was about that time that he met Joan Crawford. If there had been a steady fire of "don'ts" in his life before, it became a regular barrage now. Wherever he turned, wherever he went, it was the same thing. "Don't marry her. It will 'kill' you both as far as pictures are concerned." And again Hollywood was let in on the secret that it wasn't altogether interest in the son's welfare that motivated parental objection.

Neither Doug, Sr., nor Mary were what is popularly known as spring chickens, and both felt that having a married son would not add to the illusion of youth they inject into their pictures. And worse than that, there was that bugaboo of possible children. Joan and Doug, Jr., as a young married couple would present a pretty picture. But Doug, Sr., and Mary as grandparents was an altogether different story.

Apparently Doug, Jr., decided he couldn't go through life protecting his father's and stepmother's careers, for all of a sudden he married Joan.

"And that," says Junior, "is the one perfect thing that has ever come into my life. If ever I needed proof that each of us must decide things for himself, I've had it. For if I'd listened to people I'd never have had Joan. We've helped each other immeasurably, and I can't imagine what life would be without her."

But somehow, perfect as the marriage is, happy as they are, those "don'ts" still creep in. For as he goes out the door the last thing he hears is, "I'll miss you. Don't stay too long."

A TEAR, A SMILE

Betty Bronson, gay *Peter Pan*,
The boy that would not rise,
And grow, and be a man—
We love you, despite your size!

Cinderella, dreaming dreams;
Enchanted halls, and prince.
The real *Cinderella*, in moonlight gleams,
Could not have gone more eager-eyed thence.

And now, companionate Betty,
In love; Western Betty, with Zane Grey;
Worldwise Betty, just as pretty.
Is playing sweetheart rôles to-day.

Peter Pan, the boy that revelled
And played in forests shady,
And would not grow, has, alas, rebelled,
And grown up to be—a lady!

BRONSON FAIRWAY.

THE LAST WORD

A moving picture of distress,
He waited for his wife to dress;
He ground his teeth—he tore his hair—
He registered extreme despair.

"We're late now, as it is," he cried,
"We've twenty-seven blocks to ride;
A moving van *might* take us there
Before you'd finished with your hair."

What think you, then, that made him wild?
The wedding of his dearest child—
A party that they must not miss?
Nay, none of these—but list to this:

His wife returned in accents clear:
"But surely you forgot, my dear,
A thing I'm sure you ought to know.
Remember, there's the second show!"

EDITH PIERCE JONES.



Continued from page 31

Sea Hawk," indelibly add to the history of the screen.

A fine actor and an unusual and strong-minded man!

A Touching Deception.

The most tragic phase of the Sills death was its effect upon his wife, Doris Kenyon, and his children, Dorothy and Kenyon. They were all with him at the time of the heart failure, and were stunned by the suddenness of his passing.

To make light of the death for Sills's three-year-old son, the little boy was told that his daddy was away on location. The child understood this as something not unusual, and so the kind deception was continued. The little boy and his father were very devoted to each other.

Ronald's New Beginning.

No star is secure; no cast need stay put. This seems to be the new law of filmland. Hence there are frequent shake-ups in the personnel of the studios and of pictures.

Ronald Colman is one of the latest to have made a new start on a production, with a different group of players surrounding him. His film, temporarily titled "The Prodigal," was not up to standard after about ten days of shooting, and Samuel Goldwyn decided he had rather sacrifice an investment of \$75,000 than continue.

A young actress, Constance Cummings, brought out from the East, was replaced by Loretta Young, borrowed from First National, and Myrna Loy was assigned to a vampish rôle originally Joan Clare's.

Playing with the popular Ronald will prove a good break for these girls, and also their engagement is proof that experienced film players are still holding the fort.

Other Shake-ups in Casts.

Two other last-minute changes were made recently. One concerned Jean Hersholt in "East is West," replaced by Edward G. Robinson, and the other Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is not to be seen in "Beau Ideal."

Hersholt was doing the rôle of the Chinese, *Charlie Jong*, in "East is

Hollywood High Lights

West," and it was deemed necessary to retake some of the scenes in which he appeared. Jean had other engagements, in "The Third Alarm" and "Sutter's Gold," and so Robinson, who had gone East to appear on the stage, was recalled.

It does seem rather injudicious to have cast Jean in a Chinese-accented rôle, since in speaking he always has a trace of his native Danish inflection.

Young Fairbanks was called back to the Warner studio for work before "Beau Ideal" was started, according to the official announcements. The Warner company wanted him for another air warfare film to follow "The Dawn Patrol." Lester Vail, a newcomer from the stage, takes his rôle in "Beau Ideal."

Lilyan Will Warble.

And now Lilyan Tashman makes her début as a singer. In "Escapade," starring Evelyn Laye, with John Boles, she will be heard in a number called "I Belong to Everybody."

"Escapade," formerly called "Lilli," is described as a picture of "great class," and is expected to lead to the renewal of Miss Laye's activities next spring.

She is now visiting her home in England and going on a stage tour.

Divorce Jinx Resumes.

Our optimism over the divorce situation, set forth earlier in this column, has come to naught. At that moment we were not aware that Douglas MacLean and his wife were severing their domestic ties in Reno, while Jocelyn Lee and Luther Reed, the director, have broken up their very recent alliance.

Consolation may be found in that there are now among the marrying Jetta Goudal and Harold Grieve, the fashion designer, and Dorothy Sebastian and William Boyd, formerly Elinor Fair's husband.

Friendly Enemies.

Not a bit of malice between them! Friends of James Cruze and Betty Compson now concede that there is no buncombe to this old wheeze, as pertains to these two divorced folk.

Why, didn't Jimmy engage Betty for the picture "She Got What She Wanted," and didn't Betty step right into the rôle without a question?

Such is the case. Even though they were only very recently separated, and Betty charged various disturbances of her peace of mind to her husband, they were both on the friendliest terms imaginable while working together on the picture. Indeed, Betty prefers being directed by her ex-husband to almost anybody, we hear.

In the cast with Miss Compson were Alan Hale, Lee Tracy, and Gaston Glass.

Marie's New Conquests.

Marie Prevost may step up and receive the big bouquet of crysanthemums.

We hear that she deserves all the flowers and the applause for her excellent work in "War Nurse," which so pleased Metro-Goldwyn that they have signed her on a long-term contract. Marie is scheduled for important work now in "Within the Law," starring Joan Crawford.

Waiting Wins Reward.

Rewards sometimes come to those who wait. That's the case right now with Bela Lugosi, the Hungarian actor who will be seen in the leading rôle of "Dracula."

Lugosi appeared in "Dracula" on the stage, playing the weird rôle of a legendary vampire, in a play that sent the shivers up and down one's back with its atmosphere of mystery.

About two years ago Lugosi took part in a Coast production of the play, and there was talk of its being done in pictures. So he decided to stay on and wait, fighting his way along in small rôles in a variety of films, but doing nothing outstanding. Between times he would play on the stage again in revivals of "Dracula."

Finally when it came to the making of the picture, things began to look rather dismal. Other actors were mentioned for the rôle, and it is said that tests were made of some of them.

Thus waiting around in Hollywood paid this time.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 100

Buntree! Buntree!

If this letter is published people will be writing me down as a confirmed crank and grumbler, but this effusion is called forth by the many letters about Corinne Griffith. Well, Corinne never was a favorite of mine, but she never got so thoroughly on my nerves as in "Lilies of the Field." This picture is my idea of a big waste of time. The only thing worth seeing in it was the clothes, and I guess

a clothes prop in a modiste's window would have displayed them as intelligently, if not a darn sight more so, than Corinne.

If she would only change her expression now and again, and wipe that simper off her face—she wouldn't be so utterly unreal. Was it the influence of the orchid personality that we hear so much of that changed Ralph Forbes from a rather likable, if unintelligent, juvenile into a milk-and-water small-town imitation of a man

of the world? My dollar and a half would have been utterly wasted for me had I not seen some animated drawings before Corinne flashed—or should I not say dripped?—on the screen. Anyway, they were animated—which is more than I can say for the orchidaceous Griffith.

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A Little Girl's Big Bluff

Little Raquel appeared at the office of Hunt Stromberg, attired in her nicest dress, and asked to see him. She stated her mission, and was told to sit down and wait. Which she did until she got tired. Then she asked the secretary if it was customary for Mr. Stromberg to keep all "the great actresses" waiting in such manner. She added that she was due at another studio immediately, and if Mr. Stromberg would not see her she would leave. Which, strange as it may seem, won her immediate admittance.

"I put on my best Spanish accent," says Raquel. "I said, 'O-o-o, Meester Stromberg, I hear you look for ze girl to play in South Seas picture? I come to show you. Look at me, Meester Stromberg. I think I am zat girrul.'"

The producer looked. He saw a preening little peacock flashing a radiant smile, and replied:

"Let's see you walk across the floor."

"Let me see you walk feerst, Mr. Stromberg," said Raquel. "You show me how you want me to walk and I do eet."

The executive smiled—and *did it!* A little later he took Raquel to the make-up room to prepare her for a test.

Back at home, Raquel's father lay in bed, slowly sinking from an ill-

ness that had continued over a period of years. A short time before he had called Raquel to his side and said:

"My child, I do not want you to go in the movies. Not while I am living, my dear."

And Raquel had crept to her room with her heart aching, to sob herself to sleep. Her parent had not known of her work at Christie's, but believed her still an usher at the theater. Now she was standing on what she believed to be the threshold of a career, while her father's strength was ebbing and his one request was ringing in her ears. If she won the rôle in "White Shadows in the South Seas," she must go to Tahiti, where the picture would be filmed. If she were offered the rôle and refused it, she probably would never be given another chance.

There came a telephone message—"M.-G.-M. wants you at the studio immediately."

Raquel's blood surged. And as quickly receded.

"The contract is ready to sign," Mr. Stromberg said when Raquel stole in.

"I—I—want to take it home and read it over," she said hesitatingly.

"Very well, Raquel," the executive replied. "And, by the way, you're an American citizen, aren't you? Passports will be necessary and your

nationality will have to be established."

That evening Raquel sat by her father's bed revolving in her mind the greatest dilemma of her life. Her usual chatter was stilled. Her soul was crying for guidance. After a long silence she leaned forward,

"Father," she asked, "am I an American citizen?"

"Why of course you are," he replied. "I took out my naturalization papers. They were destroyed in the fire that burned our house, but their issue could be traced. Why do you ask?"

"I just wanted to know," replied Raquel.

Her problem was told to her brother.

"Shall I sign the contract?" she asked.

The question was debated from every angle. Finally her brother said, "I think I would, if I were you."

The contract was given her December 17, 1927. Raquel signed it December 19th. Her father died December 24th—Christmas Eve.

And that is why little Raquel Torres still goes to the mausoleum to say her beads before a crypt where flowers are kept constantly blooming. She kneels and murmurs prayers for forgiveness and for peace to her father's soul.

Nasal—but Nice

Continued from page 57

was annulled. The newspapers said that the union was broken up because Jean was worth more at the box office as a single girl.

Discretion is the duller part of valor, so I said, "Miss Arthur, your fans have been wondering about your marriage."

Her face clouded. "Tell them," she said, "it is my own private affair."

I realized that such a direct attack had been wrong, so I tried again, reasoning with her that it would be better for the fans to know the truth, rather than go on believing the far-fetched story the papers had carried.

"There isn't much to tell," Jean said finally. "I made a mistake, a foolish, childish mistake, and realized it instantly. I thought it best to correct it before it muddled my mind with bitterness. Paramount had nothing to do with the annulment. I'd marry a man I truly loved this second, and count my career well lost. I don't know how that absurd story came to be printed. I wanted to deny it at the time, because I felt it made

me seem so utterly characterless, but the office thought it best to let the thing blow over."

To change the subject, I asked Jean if it were true that she yearned toward the soil with bovine trimmings.

"What I really meant," she said, "was that I should like an estate, with no immediate neighbor, a nice colonial house with pewter and things, and a well-kept lawn around it."

"And a cow, Miss Arthur?"

"Well, I like animals when they're clean—sheep for instance, and yes, a nice clean cow."

Jean isn't domestic or literary, not even for publicity purposes. Her idea of a large evening is to collect the boy friend and dance and dance.

She hates bridge and teas and has no girl chums. She dotes on horse-racing and New England landscapes.

Off the screen her voice does not seem nasal. She insists that the whiny tones were merely part of her characterization in "The Saturday Night Kid," but as her voice recorded nasally in several other pictures, I'm

going to put her down as nasal but nice, just to keep that title.

Summing Jean up, I'd say she is girlish, but not ga-ga, sweet but not saccharine, intelligent and ambitious, with just the right amount of naïveté to complete her charm. After all, ingenuousness is becoming to an ingénue.

Despite her disparaging comment on her own beauty, she is truly lovely, with the most luminous blue eyes I've ever seen, and a way of using them which makes sane men break down and ask for an autographed photo.

For a few final facts let's return to the report of the inspired publicity writer.

"Jean is five feet, three inches tall and was born on October 17, 1907. She lives in Hollywood with her parents, who abandoned (pardon his dramatic verbs) their New York residence several years ago. She has two older brothers, and in the East two nephews who, she has decided, will live with her some day in her colonial house and help her take care of her cow and at least one each of every other domestic animal."

The Mystery of Your Name

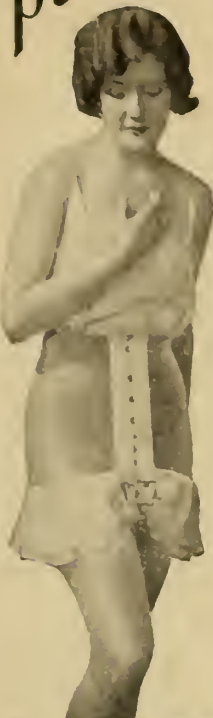
Continued from page 104

those who have written personal letters asking questions or requesting private readings. So many, many of you have omitted your address, or even given a wrong one! While I can tell you about the mystery of your name, unfortunately I can't solve the mystery of your address!

B. W. H. G., June 29, 1904—Ever since you can remember, there has been trouble around you, hasn't there, dear? Is it wasn't on thing it was another, and you even went out of your way to borrow other people's troubles and help them along. Before marriage you had a great deal of balance, and got along well enough, but since marriage, which was between eighteen and twenty-one, oh, dear! You became emotional, oversensitive, much too excitable in love, and also very dominating and pretty stubborn. The wonderful judgment you had seems to have completely deserted you. Either you are in the clouds or burying your head in wretchedness, although you often could hardly tell why, and you don't get much comfort at home either, for that did not turn out as you expected. You have not been at all well for the past five years. Some of it is due to worry, but there is also trouble with your digestion, and that is really a nervous trouble, too. For the past year your finances have just about hit the bottom. I hate to tell you so much about trouble, but there it is, right in your name. However, you will not keep this name through life, for there is both widowhood and divorce in it, so that you will have two more combinations of letters and vibrations that will affect you, I hope, ever so much for the better. As you pass thirty you will come unexpectedly into a good deal of money.

P. S. C., September 12, 1905.—You are very independent, impulsive, self-assertive, aren't you? You lead, because you are naturally a leader and taking orders makes you positively ill. But you are also very sensitive, and people have to be careful not to step on your toes, or there is war. You let your imagination run away with you a good deal of the time, and that has been the greatest cause of your unhappiness so far. During the past two or three years you have had a very hectic love affair, that has broken you all up, and the chief cause of the trouble has been your touchiness and your too lively imagination. But you are very, very honest and sincere, and when you get over your stubbornness you are always glad to give in and do things to please others. This trait will be very much more pronounced from now on, and the best reason for it will be that you will certainly be married within two years, and very happily, too, to a tall, fine-looking man with light-brown hair and blue eyes, who will worship the ground you walk on. It will be almost too good to last. Very much later, at about fifty, there is another marriage for you. When you were very small there was quite a bit of confusion in your home, but at about four or five a good deal more money came into it than before. You were ill with some chest trouble at about eight, and between seventeen and twenty-one you were ill again and, while it was not very severe, the unhappiness you have had to endure since has kept you from perfect recovery. But you are getting over the last of it now.

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The Dancer in the Shadow

By Mary Frances Doner

The music stole through the dimness of the studio and there came the dancing figure of Ursula Royle, the daughter of a proud old family, who could snatch away men's senses by the sheer magic of her art. They called her dance "The Moth and the Flame," and to her flame there came the moth, Glenn Mortimer, one of her own people, aristocratic, sophisticated, madly in love with the beautiful girl.

But there was still another moth, whose wings had carried him into an atmosphere far different from that which surrounded Ursula and Glenn. This was Andrew Cameron, the vaudeville singer. He, too, loved Ursula, and for his sake she left the luxuries of her Washington Square home to take up with Andrew the fantastic life of the road.

And then there came into their lives adventure that carries the reader along in breathless pace to the thrilling climax.

"The Dancer in the Shadow" is a story of New York of not so long ago and of love and of high romance with a quality about it which is indeed distinguished.

75c

75c



The Trouble with Being a Lady

Continued from page 73

"But one scream finished my voice again, and I can't tell you how depressing that was. Nevertheless, I did go on to Chicago. They held off the opening for a few days while I partially recovered my powers of speech.

"They agreed then that I should have a double for the screaming. They tried out a number of applicants without success, because, for some reason, the idea seemed foolish to all of them. Then at the last minute my colored maid offered to scream for me. I gave her the proper cue for it when I came off stage by giving her my handbag. Everything went well on the opening night up to the screaming scene. I dashed offstage where the maid was waiting, handed her the bag, and waited.

"There was a prolonged silence. She stood there in abject terror. Actually her face was white. My astonishment was so great that I forgot to scream myself.

"I gesticulated at her, and somehow she managed to find her voice, but the sound that she let out was a howl more like a steamboat whistle than anything human.

"The actors on the stage were convulsed and so was the audience. After that, I determined that cost what it might I would have to do my own screaming, but soon I had to retire from the cast."

Kay says she finds only one thing difficult just now, and that is to live up to the reputation of being a lady.

"It does place a terrible responsibility upon one," she said, laughing. "On location not long ago, and a very dreary location it was, a star paying a visit there expressed herself emphatically, and didn't mince swear words, either, about the whole thing. I felt that way myself about the place, and wanted to say just what she did. But this being officially a lady does impose some undesirable restraints upon one."

All the same, I believe that Kay enjoys this business of growing famous as a social luminary of the movies. She can't help comparing pictures with the stage now and then to the disadvantage of the films, because on the stage one can lose oneself in a rôle, thanks to the two weeks' preliminary rehearsal. But at all events the new game is exciting.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 53

buyers from the studios are here and what a flurry they're in! They can't decide whether to ignore Paris and New York styles and dress the girls in pictures in some little idea of their own, or to beg the producers to get rid of most of the present incumbents and employ girls who look well in the new fashions.

"There's a big conference on daily at the fashion showings. 'Do last year's stars fit this year's clothes?' is the burning question. And the answer is a decisive 'no.'

"Out of all the girls in pictures there are only a few who look well in the new fashions, according to the experts. Lilyan Tashman, Ina Claire, and Gloria Swanson, of course. They have a way of adopting any fashion and making it look as if it were invented just for them.

"Their real difficulties arise when they are confronted with the problem of dressing the cute little girls like Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, and Besie Love.

"Almost any girl could look smart in the simple sports clothes of last year and those felt *cloches* that framed the face. But when all the

new hats are just a little crushed trifle draped around the ears and falling off the back of the head, what can they do about the girls who are short of forehead?

"Fashion experts think that Loretta Young, Carol Lombard, and Joan Crawford might rate with the really smart-looking women of the world, if they were properly dressed.

"Marion Davies came back from Paris disgusted with the clothes there, but more because of the prices than because of the designs. Just because they had heard that Marion makes a lot of money, they thought they could make enough to pay off the national debt by selling her a few simple frocks. Little did they know Marion! When people try to charge her outrageous prices, she just spends a quiet day at home and makes herself a dress or two.

"Marion was up at the Central Park Casino the other night at the party for the French flyers. So was Marilyn Miller. They looked like two youngsters out of school at their first party. I don't see how they do it. It's only the very young girls in

Continued on page 113

Through the Mill with Miljan

Continued from page 60

a cornet, although at the time he had no instrument. The manager, being dissatisfied with the midget proportions of his orchestra, said that he would attend to getting a cornet for the actor, and pay him five dollars more a week if he would help in the musical end of the business.

He got the cornet—and deducted the price from Miljan's next pay check.

Leaving there he worked with various other traveling or stock companies, and at last got to New York, the promised land of actors. There he was reasonably successful in getting work, although the wolf was often close by his door. In those days actors were not paid during rehearsals, and often, after weeks of preparation, a play in which he appeared would open, run one night or a week, and close.

Came the war and John enlisted in the marine service. After two years he was released and returned again to his profession. But theatrical companies were springing up everywhere, both the sticks and the cities being overrun with them. Starving actors were more prevalent than ever. Although John had previously scorned the movies, he now turned a speculative gaze toward Hollywood.

In the movie mecca he found his progress blocked by the fact that he had no motion-picture experience. A few years later he would have been signed to a contract by the time he reached Albuquerque. Having made the rounds of the studios with no success or encouragement, he ac-

cepted an offer to appear in a vaudeville sketch with Willard Mack, whom he had known in New York.

Before taking the playlet to a Coast town to break it in, Miljan went to say good-by to a girl in the Fox casting office who had been kind to him. The girl suggested that he meet their new casting director, but Miljan objected, saying that he knew the result of such a meeting. However, the girl introduced them, and Miljan was sent to see one of the directors on the lot. A test was finally given him and on the afternoon of the day that his vaudeville sketch opened he signed a contract.

After entering pictures, life was for John comparatively easy sailing, and when the talkies came in he went halfway to meet them. There was only one period when he became a bit discouraged with his picture work and that was when he made such a hit playing crazy men that he was given four such characters to do in succession.

"I don't want to be catalogued as a crazy man!" he protested.

John Miljan is a thoroughly likable person, clean-cut, athletic, and as fresh and unlined of face as young Frank Albertson. His chief interest when away from the studio is gardening. Recently he bought a home in Beverly Hills with a big garden.

While driving me home from the studio he made a wide detour so that he might see again a willow tree and some shrubbery that he had planted in the yard of a former home.

"A man always returns to the scene of his crime," he remarked.

Just Who Are the Sophisticates?

Continued from page 22

Even Mary Pickford, who stood with reluctant feet where the brook and river met for a matter of fifteen years or so, finally decided to chuck the brook and take a whirl in the river.

But in justice to Mary it must be admitted—and this will surprise some of her faithful followers—that she is perhaps the most truly sophisticated woman in Hollywood, in the better sense of the much-abused word.

Life has made her that way. Almost from infancy she has rubbed shoulders with the world, has known the intoxication of its worship and the poignant bitterness of its disappointments.

Long before the golden curls were sheared and laid away in a satin-lined

casket, Mary's worldly wisdom and business acumen had left their permanent mark on the industry, the development of which has been, from nickelodeon days, a personal triumph for her.

Out of the struggle has come a mellow philosophy, an understanding and tolerance which is the essence of sophistication.

Mary knows that the battle of the sophisticated mind to subdue the eternally simple heart is in the end a losing battle. She has based her career on that, and it has paid handsomely. However posterity may rate her as an actress, she will certainly go down in history as one of the best-known personalities in the entertainment world.

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Waster, Drifter—Then Star

Continued from page 43

But Hollywood was just beginning its metamorphosis of young Van Mat-timore, later to become Arlen. Like a bolt from the blue he fell deeply in love with a girl, well established in pictures, professionally far ahead of him. Her name was Jobyna Ralston.

I wish I could preserve the sit-by-the-fire idea of Jobyna you may have gained from her curls and generally ingenuous appearance. As a matter of truth she is the most practical, the sanest, the most humorous person in the world. Simpering is as far out of her line as Garbo's. She has a way of squaring her shoulders and meeting life eye to eye.

At first she was not in love with Dick. Not particularly. She was merely intrigued by him. He had happened to drop in one afternoon with a group of her friends. She thought him cynical and wisecracking, but certainly a handsome young man. But she came to love him gradually, and influenced him accordingly.

Jobyna mentally whipped Dick into action. She scoffed at his lack of ambition. She ridiculed his inertia. Then she encouraged him, insisted that he could succeed if he wanted to. She refused to agree that fate had licked him before he had a fair chance. It was Jobyna's theory that every fellow's greatest enemy was his own shadow. The night she told him she loved him, and would marry him, that flicker of ambition that had been born on the Bebe Daniels set, began to flame!

Dick was almost pathetic in his efforts to rehabilitate himself. He shed his coat of nonchalant independence and donned the modest garment of docility. No job was too far away for him to investigate. No rumor of a part too slight not to be run down. No wait too long. He spent hours in anterooms waiting to see moguls who might become interested in him. The merest bit on the set became a painstaking attempt at characterization. He was eager to

learn. In due time he earned a stock job with Paramount.

Actually it was little more than glorified extra work—but to Dick it was opportunity with a capital O. He made it his business to know the stories of pictures on the verge of production and to introduce himself to the director as a candidate for certain small parts he would pick out for himself. Now and then he got them.

There was a special coming up called "Wings." It was Paramount's biggest picture of the year. There was a rôle that Dick Arlen wanted more than anything else in the world—except Jobyna. I spent the evening with them the day that Dick took a test for the rôle.

He came into Joby's little bungalow and threw himself on a couch, face down. He was waiting for nothing else but that telephone to ring.

The rest of his story is pretty well known—his success in that rôle, his recent stardom by Paramount. But the part that continually tickles me is that the makings of a grand sophisticate has turned *Babbitt*.

The same boy who couldn't stay at home now goes in for better street lights for North Hollywood, his community.

The drifter weeds his own garden and gossips over his wall with the neighbors.

The cynic who trusted no one allows his doorbell to be the summons point of local disputes, and he even promotes community parades.

The husband who wanted a vagabond sweetheart now raises thunder when his wife wants to bob her hair and spouts about a woman's place being in the home.

The waster who ran through a small fortune in less than a year is operating on a budget plan, and Heaven help the butcher who charges a pound and a half for a pound.

Truly, Hollywood can be capricious!

Not As the Romans Do

Continued from page 27

Janet Gaynor never eats breakfast until noon, no matter how early she rises.

Nancy Carroll always rearranges her entire coiffure, after the hair-dresser has painstakingly perfected it.

Richard Arlen won't substitute a coat for an old sweater, unless Jobyna Ralston insults him into it.

The Nordic Nils Asther is unhappy

unless surrounded by Spanish or Chinese furnishings.

John Barrymore doesn't wear garters, and a glimpse of bare Barrymore ankles may always be had for the looking.

In short, by their eccentricities, as much as by their profiles, shall you know them.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 110

pictures who look old. Take Mary Brian, for instance. She is so quiet and sedate that even though she has a baby face, she gives the impression of rapidly approaching middle age."

Fanny must be thinking of two or three other people, because if she could have seen Mary Brian as I saw her the other night, she wouldn't ever associate stolidity with her. Mary and Florence Lake are the champion hikers of New York. Mary has so much energy that she isn't the least bit tired when she gets home from the studio. She makes it a rule never to go out to theaters or parties when she is working, and she just has to work off all her surplus energy somehow, so she walks. She and Florence set out from the Warwick on Fifty-fourth Street and before they got even well started they realized they were at Thirty-fourth. What a treat fans would have had if they could have seen those girls dodging through traffic, giggling at each other!

"Oh, I forgot to tell you—"

Fanny suddenly came to life after staring at every one in the room.

"Lillian Roth is coming East to go into vaudeville. She will get here almost any day now. I feel kind of sorry for the kid, because she means well. She just couldn't get along with the people at the studio, though. They say she is difficult to manage. Probably she is, but so are most people who are at all good in pictures. Anyway, Lillian will arrive in time to see what a hit she is making in the Marx Brothers picture."

Friendship can go to no more ridiculous lengths than that. As if any one had anything to do with the success of a Marx Brothers picture but Harpo! When the Academy awards for the best work of the year are given, the first will just have to go to Harpo for any of those scenes where he chases the blonde.

Babes in Hollywood

Continued from page 94

Her uncle from Nebraska, the wealthy uncle, was in Hollywood, her mother had written.

"Please look him up," the letter ran. "Remember, he has lots of money—and you'd better be nice to him, for when this movie business blows up, as it will soon, you won't have a cent. He won't know you under this new name, of course."

Jane slumped into a chair. If only she could ask Larry to help her! But that, naturally, was the last thing she could possibly do!

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Another Three Cheers!

Continued from page 34

will remember her smart characterization, her seductive costumes, her adroit handling of saucy lyrics.

There is in all her work a nice deliberation, a reassuring poise, an easy naturalness. Her subtlety is welcome on a screen boasting none too much, her underplaying delightful in a welter of overacting. Even in "The Arizona Kid," a sorry vehicle, Lombard displayed superb talkie technique, making at least one rôle believable in an altogether false picture.

Following "Safety in Numbers" Paramount sent Carol East to decorate "The Best People"—a stage play that enjoyed some success five years ago.

"We have a troupe composed of New York actors," said Carol. "Frank Morgan, and Miriam Hopkins, and Dave Hutchison, from 'Sons o' Guns.' And it's all quite dignified. Correct, you know. No horseplay. A far cry from the water fights we staged at Sennett's during any old picture. In the middle of a scene you could expect a bag of water

on your head. It was real sport. Then you'd fill a bag and dash after the enemy. In Manhattan it's all different. It seems we're *artistes* here."

When Al Woods saw Miss Lombard at luncheon one day he told his aid-de-camp to see her about doing the lead in Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," presented early in the fall on the stage. But Paramount stepped in and signed her for its exclusive enjoyment. So she has definitely shaken off her comedy classification.

"I had a hard time convincing people I could do straight parts," she said. "But once they saw me do them, they believed me when I said I could. Skeptical, you know."

Offstage she resembles Constance Bennett. Both are wide-eyed, striking blondes with memorable mouths. On the screen Carol is a distinct type unto herself. She has the equipment to play high comedy or slapstick, gold digger or débutante. She should go far. In fact she is already on her way.

The Big Goat-getter from Boston

Continued from page 46

and stampeded them into giving him a job. His feelings matched part of his first costume, the red necktie. It became his banner. He almost always wears one.

Thus began sixteen years on the stage, beating a bumpy path through the hinterlands, but mostly spent in stock at Newport, Providence, and Lynn, and a two-year stretch at the Castle Square Theater in Boston. Once a year he went to New York to look over plays, and abruptly departed. They weren't good enough. He is said to be the only actor ever to choose stock in preference to Broadway and poor dramas, and to win a reputation as a radical in advance of his appearance in New York.

Broadway recognized the fact that the Boston actor had the stuff. He flung his back-o'-me-hand accolade, learning the rudiments of the fine art of insulting movie people, and strode off to the sticks. He played everything, directed his own companies, learned drama in its toughest, rawest school, majoring in the roughneck characters which were to make him known.

"Dark Rosaleen," "Bless You, Sister," "Chicago," "Glory Hallelujah," "Zander the Great," and "Gods of Lightning" occupied him. Rousa-

bout heroes stir him. He likes to get his teeth into meaty drama. Rough-and-ready, two-fisted, hot-tempered fellows, whose work keeps them close to the soil or the sea, and whose emotions are simple, and therefore primitive and rugged. Miners, construction workers, seamen—the thick-necked, brawny lads.

He admits two ambitions: to acquire an acting technique better than any man's and to obtain a huge amount of money.

His side rackets net him, he claims, more cash than his film contract, though his stipend is greater than his verbal scorn would indicate. Two garages, two gasoline stations, two markets, a restaurant, a farm for training animals for movie work, hog farms, and a whaling business operating three vessels out of San Pedro harbor, are among his investments. In each of them he takes an active hand.

His business decisions are based upon quick consideration. Driving into Los Angeles, he bought a gasoline station for four thousand dollars before even entering the city. It paid for itself in a few months. Another returns him one thousand dollars a month net profit. His local hog ranch promises to rival the output of

his Dover, Massachusetts, farm where he breeds porkers and sells four thousand annually.

One day he remarked, "I'm lunching with three underwear men. Their proposition looks good. Everybody wears underwear." Next day he was part owner of a concern making garments. He believes that the money is to be made out of staple commodities rather than luxuries.

While at the Castle Square Theater, he met Beatrice Allen, a Boston girl acting under her mother's name of Loring. Maybe she thought he needed domesticating. If she did, now, after thirteen years, she probably realizes the futility of such a notion. Possibly he stampeded her. Or else—and sure, it is possible—she just loved him, the very contrariness of him. Anyway, she took him for better or worse, and won't say which

it turned out to be. What with him, and their two children, she hasn't much idle time.

He paints well—a weakness he never would confess to Hollywood. Those who have seen his oils—seascapes and dogs—that hang in the family home at Malden insist they are good.

He is attempting, by an apparent disregard of insinuating remarks, to live down the inevitable references evoked by his being cast in "The Passion Flower." He insists he is not the floral half of the title, and I tell him that the rôle was given him to match his sunrise dome. Kathleen Norris's story concerns a California fruit grower whom "the other woman" tries to transform into a boulevardier. It is perfectly tailored to the measurements of his sweeping talents.

Meet Those Baby Bachelors

Continued from page 71

tion. Beneath his humorous front is a serious application. Frank, now twenty-one, has been in pictures off and on since he was thirteen, hard times at home prompting him, as much as any Thespian yearnings, to seek a screen future. Always he has had a practical and an inventive turn of mind. In high school he laboriously learned to thump a drum in the hope that he could make the band of the reserve officers' corps—not that he had a suppressed musical soul, but because the government furnishes the army breeches worn by these lucky individuals!

He really desired to be an important—and skillful—cameraman; so he worked as messenger boy in the Paramount lab, and did chores in garages, a tailor shop and wherever he could park his bright face and willing feet for a few dollars. He got his first acting chance in Dave Butler's prep-school movies. "Wild Company" and "Just Imagine" gave his cheery personality and amusing wisecracks ample opportunity, while "Men Without Women" presented the more serious aspects of his ability.

The unassuming Stanley Smith was singing in a school operetta when Lenore Ulric saw him and persuaded David Belasco to give him a rôle in "Kiki." He toured in "What Price Glory?" and "The Royal Family," then turned picture-minded.

If you prefer shyness, perhaps you'd like a date with David Rollins. Provided, of course, that Nancy Drexel doesn't mind. What a cute couple they make, quiet blond Nancy and David's blue eyes serene, his

black hair always neatly brushed, his every act a little, thoughtful courtesy.

David was born in Kansas City all of twenty-one years ago. You will see him next in "The Big Trail." His chief charm is that boyish sweetness which flutters feminine hearts with the desire to refashion the world for him when it goes all awry.

Bruce Rogers, Buddy's brother re-titled from the "Bh" that had served back in Olathe, Kansas, all of his twenty years, is even more naïve than his older brother. His aim is tragic emotionalism. Sensitive to the implied criticism which he faces as Buddy's relative, he has a double battle to win. In school even kids he hadn't met voiced their preconceived opinion that he *must* be conceited, just because he was kin to a famed movie name. Bruce stays home nights, not yet having fallen for a bijou beauty, thinks Buddy the grandest fellow, and is getting acclimated before he selects friends and playtime interests.

A lad well liked but who remains aloof is Lew Ayres, scared of social affairs and apparently unaware of girls. You went right through the heartaches and ecstasies of "All Quiet" with *Paul*. Lew, who is twenty-two, and of winning personality, carries a certain romantic air of which he seems totally unconscious.

Occasionally you see John Darrow, James Ford, Matty Kemp, or Rex Bell with the baby bachelor fraternity, making play out of work and enjoying life with that ingenuous intensity possible only to youth.



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Is Acting Madness?

Continued from page 90

You are underneath. People first of all see the cloak, admire it. Then they see you inside it.

"Jumping right into a part, without knowing what it is about, would be like flinging on some one else's cloak—probably finding it a size too small, or too large. Then people notice you first and the misfit after."

Wisdom from Mona. And not so bad.

The mysterious, calm Jetta says that a strange force does seize you while you act. One cannot escape.

"Work of any kind exhausts you," *la Goudal* said quietly, as if chanting a song. "A writer often feels depleted after he has written a story. An interpretive dancer experiences a strange lassitude after she has appeared on the stage.

"If you ride in an airplane you feel giddy when you stand on earth once again. The same sensation comes to you if you have taken a long train ride. For a while you have been swept out of your habitual surroundings—just as when you portray a rôle."

La Goudal has had enough experience on the stage and screen to know what she is talking about.

Having once listened to a remarkable discourse on acting by Lenore

Ulric, I must add something she told me about this strange force that sweeps a player hither and yon, if he's not careful.

"Yes, there is that unseen force we call the flame of genius," Lenore said, knowing whereof she spoke.

"All the forces of nature can be understood and handled if the human being first studies them. An ignorant person, rushing blindly into surroundings he doesn't know, will be overpowered by the strange forces he must face."

Once again I ask—is acting madness? The oddest actions are observed among the gifted. The more gifted they are, the odder their actions.

One thing seems certain. Once a player soars to the heights, he must control the flame of genius, or be consumed by it.

All actors, it appears, crave the flame of genius. But most of them meet the fate of Phæthon who, desiring to drive the chariot of the sun, was dashed to earth by his ignorance of not knowing how to control the terrifying forces confronting him. And most actresses are like Semele who, demanding to face supernal glory, was consumed by its unearthly flame when she beheld it.

Nix on the Actor's Life

Continued from page 85

The player's career, too, is uncertain to an extreme degree. He never knows where he stands, whether on the verge of a new success, or permanent withdrawal from the screen. Everything conspires to delude him about his future, and he deludes himself.

A few years on the screen means the end of nearly every career. Then the players are out—right back where they started from, a good deal demoralized by the sudden shift from the artificial life they have lived to the brutal matter-of-factness of a clock-punching world. A little older, a little tired. The people who work behind the camera are still there; untroubled by their added years and changing appearance. That's the peculiar hazard of the actor's life; the thing that clips one's career short just as one is beginning to learn something about the profession.

Other jobs in the movies are insecure and beset with troubles, but the player's wins the palm. True, it has its compensations. It has glamour, and thrill, and money for the

minority who are wise or lucky enough to hold onto it. Some crave life of that type, and are happier as struggling actors than they would be at anything else.

But Andy, the grip, has seen hundreds come and go, and hope and starve, and throw away fortunes and then ask him for fifty cents. He doesn't envy them. Their hectic ups and downs, their sudden, demoralizing successes and failures, their delusions, would tend to unbalance even the strongest will. Many of them can't seem to take care of themselves. When a prize fighter has taken too many beatings, he becomes "punch goofy," and that's the term that Andy would apply to some of his hard-up actor acquaintances.

Andy thinks the actor's lot is all right for those who like it. He'll take his small wage every Saturday, as he has been doing for several years. And if his studio job turns into one of those now-you've-got-it-now-you-haven't propositions, he'll promptly leave the movies for something that's regular.

Dawns Another Goofy Day

Continued from page 83

Nine p. m.—Famous star walks into drawing-room in Beverly Hills and finds three of his ex-wives present comparing notes.

Ten p. m.—Man sharpening razor blades in drug-store window on Highland Avenue attracts great throngs, who ignore Gloria Swanson riding by in her limousine.

Eleven p. m.—Parties are well launched in ninety-two apartments in the crazy sector of Hollywood. Three night clubs on the Boulevard decide to close up, because the waiters are getting lonesome.

Midnight.—Prominent star, while dancing at the Montmartre, falls down.

Twelve five a. m.—Five reporters telephone erroneous reports to city editors that the star had a fight with Mickey Neilan.

One a. m.—Most of the six thousand persons who decided to go to bed early are in bed now.

Two a. m.—Ninety-two complaints are registered at Hollywood police station about too much noise from parties in the crazy sector of Hollywood.

Three a. m.—Phineas Gagg, president of Monstrous Pictures Corporation, unable to sleep for worrying about his big Shakespearean production, decides to change the name back to "Hamlet."

Four a. m.—All but seven of the six thousand persons are in bed by this time, and of these, all but two are at home.

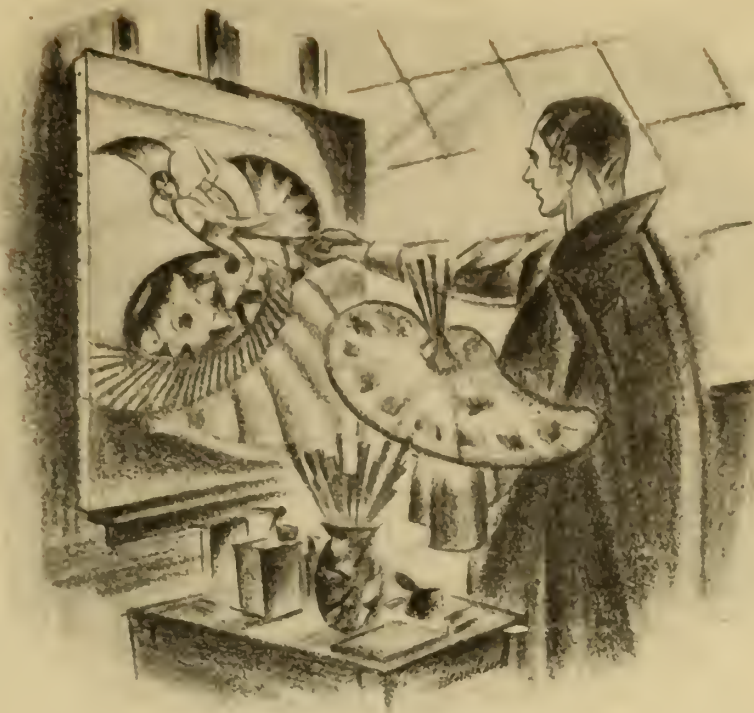
Five a. m.—Phineas Gagg, president of Monstrous Pictures Corporation, receives an early-morning telegram from the home office not to make "Hamlet," because author is not well known.

Six thirty a. m.—Six thousand alarm clocks in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Culver City, and way points, arouse six thousand persons from slumber to answer "on-the-set" calls for eight thirty. Three thousand of them are extras, who gladly spring from bed to clutch a day's pay check. Two thousand are carpenters and electricians who arise grumbling loudly. Five hundred are minor actors, who turn over to sleep for another half hour. The rest are stars and directors, who throw the clocks out of windows and decide to be late and let the producer complain if he dares.

One in a Million

Continued from page 33

were disclosing secrets of the ages, "those false eyelashes she wears are the *trickiest* things. I wish I could



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The Lonely Heart

By

Mary Frances Doner

"Rose stood in the chill dusk with brilliant early stars rocking in the windy heavens, waiting."

In this fashion begins a story which has in it all the elements that make for the best of good reading—suspense, romance, intrigue, adventure. For Rose was waiting to see David Marsh pass by—David, whose coming to the little town had caused such a fluttering of the local doves. To Rose, it seemed as if a star had fallen down into the darkness of her lonely heart, and David were that particularly bright star.

Here is no usual story of the city man and the small-town girl, though Heaven knows that the Midwest town where Rose lived, and whither David had come from sophisticated Harvard, was small indeed. As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the usual in the entire unfolding of the tragedy of a lonely heart which the author so deftly portrays. It is a strangely moving, deeply felt, tender love story that brings quick tears to the eyes of the most hardened reader, and yet at the end there is the sort of true happiness that comes only after suffering.

75c 75c

CHelsea HOUSE
PUBLISHERS
79-89 SEVENTH AVE.
NEW YORK CITY

get a set. I'd just love to spring them on the girls at home."

The third assistant director stuck his head in the door to tell Betty and Hugh that they were ready for them on the set. As we left Pearl's dressing room, Vivian was saying to Mr. Hobart, "Now, please, Mr. Gocart, move my car before you get busy," and Betty's maid was running in six directions for a bottle of smelling salts and some aromatic spirits of ammonia, for Vivian had a firm hold on Betty's arm, and it looked like a

long, hard afternoon for the home team.

As I emerged from the studio, I noticed Mr. Hobart driving frantically up and down the street, vainly looking for a place to park Vivian's coupé.

And that, my pets, shows one of the many reasons you can't get into a studio to see Betty Compson, and Richard Dix, and the hundred and one others whom you've adored on the screens of Salt Lake City and points north and south.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 61

Dowell the mother. Kenneth Thomson, Sharon Lynn, Joyce Compton.

"Lawful Larceny"—RKO. Wife recaptures her husband from toils of adventuress and takes her money besides, in film providing capital dramatic acting for Bebe Daniels. Lowell Sherman leading man and director. Olive Tell, Kenneth Thomson, Purnell Pratt, Helene Millard.

"For the Defense"—Paramount. Another fine performance by William Powell in film that has moments of inspiration. Lawyer bribes juror in effort to save man he hates for woman he loves, and his plans crumble. Kay Francis the girl, who promises to wait until Powell returns from prison.

"Safety in Numbers"—Paramount. Buddy Rogers lives with three chorus girls and remains pure and innocent, even though the girls' conversations could not be printed. Even so he does right by little Nell and marries the coyest. Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, Josephine Dunn.

"So This Is London"—Fox. Amusing caricatures of the Englishman and American, as imagined by ignorant on opposite shores. Love affair brings families together, enmity of fathers separate them for a while. Will Rogers irresistible. Lumsden Hare leaves nothing undone. Maureen O'Sullivan sweetly real; Frank Albertson, Irene Rich.

"Rough Romance"—Fox. Superb scenery is background of ordinary lumber-camp yarn. George O'Brien proves that he is excellent in talkies, as lumberjack in love with storekeeper's daughter. Some shady deals brew trouble. Heroine is Helen Chandler. Antonio Moreno, Noel Francis, Eddie Borden.

"Florodora Girl, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Much-heralded film is disappointing, if you expect too much. Supposed to be life in gay '90s, but incorrect as to details. Marion Davies excellent as vapid show girl of past. Lawrence Gray all right as leading man.

"Lady of Scandal, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Drawing-room drama with the old, reliable plot of show girl and gentleman of birth, and hostility of gentleman's family. English accent rampant. Ruth Chatterton wasting her talent, Basil Rathbone, Ralph Forbes, Nance O'Neil.

"Ladies of Leisure"—Columbia. A party girl falls in love with an artist, who, like most screen artists, has a grand dame of a mother whose objec-

tions make the plot go round. Barbara Stanwyck good. Ralph Graves, Lowell Sherman, Marie Prevost, Nance O'Neil. Humor saves it.

"Big Pond, The"—Paramount. Maurice Chevalier, almost songless. Frenchman brought to this country by chewing-gum king to show him up and break romance with American's daughter. What does he do but show our boys how to make gum, and win the girl, too? Voilà! Claudette Colbert good.

"Man from Blankley's, The"—Warner. John Barrymore in broad farce, as nobleman taken for a hired "guest" to fill in, because he becomes drunk and gets into wrong house. Emily Fitzroy, Loretta Young, the latter turning out to be the visitor's old sweetheart.

"Journey's End"—Tiffany. Faithful reproduction of outstanding stage war play. Devoid of love interest and dramatic formula of screen, but strangely revealing life in a dugout. Cast includes Anthony Bushell, Charles Gerard, Billy Bevan, Colin Clive, Ian MacLaren, David Manners.

"Lady To Love, A"—Metro-Goldwyn. Vilma Banky's first all-talking effort is admirable. A grape grower picks a waitress for his wife, sends her a young man's photo as his own, and things happen. Edward G. Robinson brilliant, Robert Ames satisfactory as young man.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Sins of the Children"—Metro-Goldwyn. Hokum melodrama about woes of parenthood, the scenes being tearfully chewed by Louis Mann, of the stage. All the tricks of the footlights. Robert Montgomery, Elliott Nugent, Leila Hyams, Mary Doran, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

"Eyes of the World, The"—United Artists. Funny curiosity unless you're one of the boasted million or two Harold Bell Wright tribe and have an inner light on the meaning of his things. Wicked city folks and adolescent nymph of hills, shocked innocence, gun play. Una Merkel, Fern Andra, Nance O'Neil, John Holland.

"On the Level"—Fox. Decidedly below level is the plausibility of this story of sweetly trustful steel worker, Victor McLaglen, and vampish member of crook gang, Lilyan Tashman. The latter gives picture certain attraction. William Harrigan, Fifi Dorsay.

"In Gay Madrid"—Metro-Goldwyn. Neither gay nor in Madrid, it is a college-campus film supposed to be a chapter in the life of a gay young chap whose many loves make up his education. Ramon Navarro, Dorothy Jordan, Lottice Howell, and numerous others.

"Redemption"—Metro-Goldwyn. Tolstoi's "Living Corpse," without philosophy and analysis of character, is thin remnant, not compensated by John Gilbert's acting. Hero falls in love with fiancée of friend, marries her, later pretends suicide so wife can marry his friend. Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adoree.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

is five feet six, and has brown eyes and golden-brown hair. She was "discovered" for movies by Cecil DeMille in 1924. She is married to George Andersch. You can reach her at the Motion Picture Guild, Hollywood.

MISS NORMA STILLMAN.—Fannie Brice and Belle Baker are both famous Jewish comedienne of the stage, whose films were not successful enough to warrant continued screen careers. Guinn Williams was the hero in "My Man." He played recently in "The Big Fight," "The Bad Man," and "College Love." Norma Shearer is twenty-six. She is Mrs. Irving Thalberg and had a son last August. Chester Morris is twenty-eight and married to Suzanne Kilborne. Lewis Stone is fifty-one and divorced from Florence Oakley. Josephine Dunn asked to be released from her Metro-Goldwyn contract in order to free lance, and then the free-lancing business turned out badly. Al Jolson will soon make "Sons o' Guns." Noah and Wallace Beery are brothers. I have nothing to do with placing pictures in the magazine, but I'll tell the editor who you would like to see.

EMILE ARSENAULT, 26 Central Avenue, New Bedford, Massachusetts, would like to correspond with other movie fans from all over the world. Any candidates? I never heard of an official upholsterer around the studios, Emile, but perhaps you could create a new job.

BILLY BIRD.—Do you warble or trill? Alice White, christened Alva, was born in Paterson, New Jersey, July 25, 1907. She was educated in Roanoke, Virginia. She took a business course, became a secretary, and was a script girl at the studios in Hollywood when she got her first film chance in 1926. She is five feet tall and weighs 105. She has brown eyes and her hair is usually red. Clara Bow's latest film is "Her Wedding Night." Colleen Moore has made no pictures since "Footlights and Fools." Ann Pennington is thirty-four.

PERRY JAMES WARFIELD.—Hey, hey, have a heart! A list of all Ramon Navarro's films, with his leading ladies! Do you want this whole page? His first was "A Lover's Oath," with Kathleen Key. With Alice Terry he played in "Prisoner of Zenia," "Saramouche," "Where the Pavement Ends," "The Ara," and "Lovers"; with Barbara La Marr, in "Trifling Women," "Tyr Name Is Woman." Enid Bennett was his heroine in "The Red Lily." May McAvoy, in "Ban-Har," "Harriet Hammond," in "The Midway Man." Norma Shearer was *The Girl*, in "The Student Prince"; Marceline Day, in "The Road to Romance" and "A Certain Young Man";

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Send the name of the movie star you have selected as your favorite (only one name accepted from a person). Send your suggestion for his or her nickname, no matter what it is, on a post card or letter, and you will be qualified for this wonderful opportunity to win one of ten prizes of \$600.00 each (or a brand new latest model Chevrolet 2-door Sedan).

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTURE PLAY, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1930.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of PICTURE PLAY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cera A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 12, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

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Joan Crawford, in "Across to Singapore." Renée Adorée made "Forbidden Hours" charming; Anita Page was in "The Flying Fleet"; Dorothy Janis, in "The Pagan"; Dorothy Jordan, in "Devil-May-Care," "In Gay Madrid," and "Call of the Flesh."

ALL FOR RAMON.—Yes, my identity is a secret, and I'll bet people like mysteries better than they like me! Ramon Novarro, christened Ramon Gil Samenciegas, was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6, 1899. He was formerly a dancer on the stage. He's the oldest of ten children, and several sisters are nuns. See above. Dorothy Jordan is the heroine in "Singer of Seville," renamed "Call of the Flesh." She can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn studio. Write Loretta Young at First National and Arthur Lake at RKO.

M. A. L.—Many of your questions are answered elsewhere on this page. Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, May 26, 1897. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905, and his real name is Alfredo de Bira-ben. He is unmarried. Barbara Stanwyck is in her early twenties and is Mrs. Frank Fay. Leila Hyams's name is pronounced Hy-ams, accent on Hy.

MARY HUNTER.—Keeping track of Molly O'Day's weight is like saying the sun sets every night at eight, or something equally variable. Didn't you know her weight ruined her film career? John Gilbert was born July 10, 1895; he weighs 135. Hedda Hopper is five feet seven. Mona Maris is twenty.

A TRUE CLARA BOW FAN.—I can't understand why your English magazines should give Clara's birth date as August 4th; ever since she first became known, her

birth date has been given at July 29th. Her late films are "Dangerous Curves," "Saturday Night Kid," "True to the Navy," "Love Among the Millionaires," and "Her Wedding Night." I don't know which of her pictures have had photoplay editions, but perhaps if you write to the publicity department of Paramount-Publix Corporation, Paramount Building, New York City, they will be able to tell you. No, she has not married Harry Richman.

CHRIS.—I'd never kill you for the few questions you ask—there are many better candidates for killing! It's beyond me whether Lupe and Gary Cooper will ever marry. Janet Gaynor has kissed and made up with Fox and will be seen again opposite Charlie Farrell. Jackie Coogan is to make "Huckleberry Finn." I don't know whether Alice White ever attended Public School No. 4 in Paterson, New Jersey.

BEAUTIFUL.—You needn't beseech me to put your answers in the magazine. I don't neglect any one, but old man time has to elapse before the answers appear. William Powell uses his real name; he was born in Kansas City. As to stars born in Oklahoma, there's Will Rogers from Claremore, and Kay Francis from Oklahoma City. Anita Page is twenty. Marion Shilling is from the stage.

FRANKIE.—I'm sorry, but my Boy Scouts failed to do their good deed one day and they have brought me no information so far about Charles Kaley. But be patient, and I'll learn.

DOROTHY FISHER, 7 Ailsa Street, Poplar, London, England, would like to correspond with an American fan—or any other fan. All right, boys and girls, take your pens in hands.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Marion Shilling, Bruce Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Ruggles, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, Phillips Holmes, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Mary Doran, Charles King, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Conrad Nagel, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Charles Bickford, Catherine Dale Owen, Gilbert Roland, Joan Marsh, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Al Jolson, Evelyn Laye, Joan Bennett, Dolores del Rio, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Sidney Blackmer, Inez Courtney, Marilyn Miller, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Lupe Velez, Mary Nolan, Lewis Ayres, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Fred Scott, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, Russell Gleason, Constance Bennett, Eddie Quillan, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Phil Dorsey, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, David Rollins, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Irene Delroy, Grant Withers, James Hall, Joe E. Brown, Winnie Lightner, Marian Nixon, at the Warner Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Pebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, Sue Carol, Ar-

thur Lake, June Clyde, Irene Dunne, Karl Dane, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.

George Duryea, 5959 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Neil Hamilton, 6118 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Margaret Livingston, and Dorothy Revier, 1839 Taft Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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